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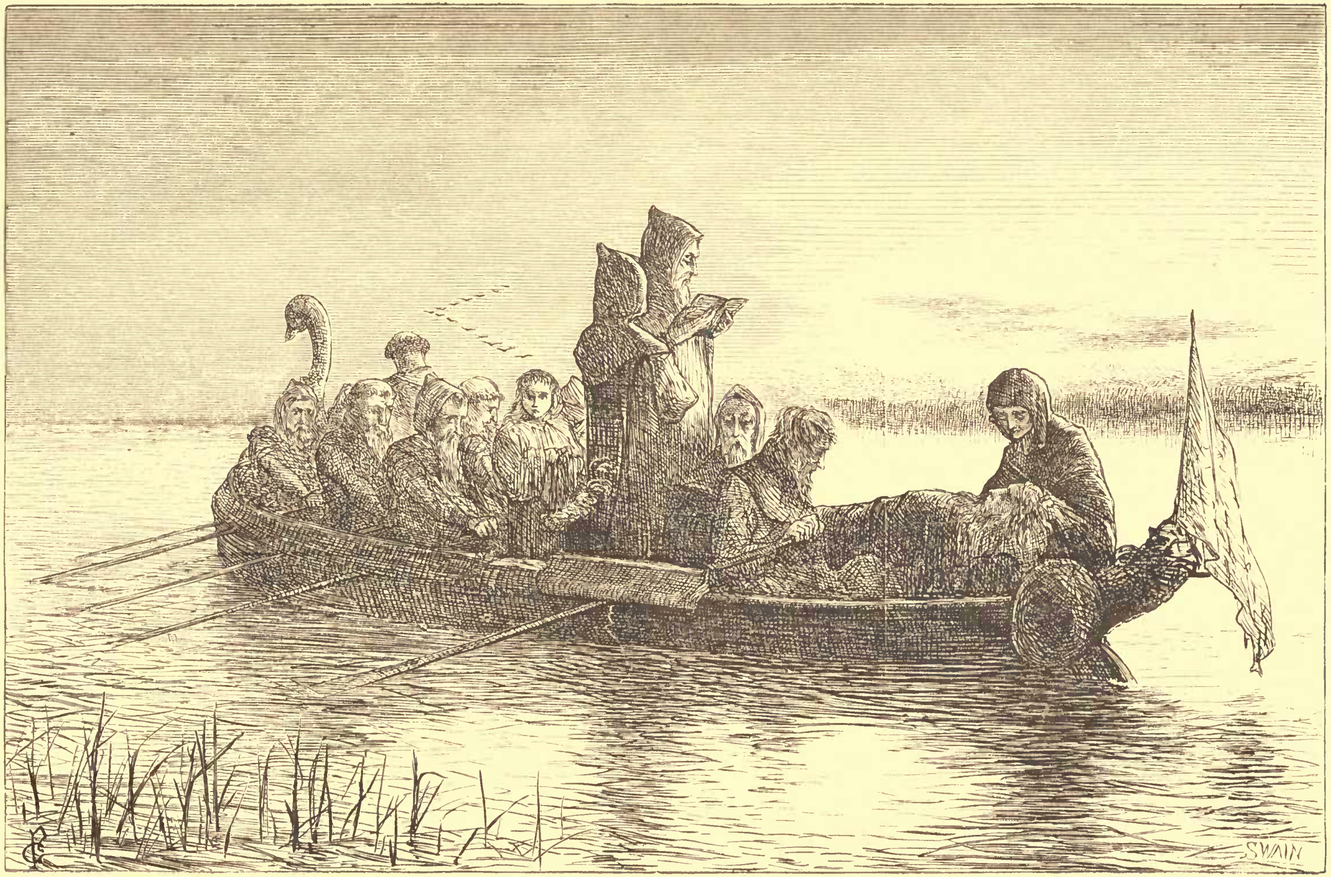

THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

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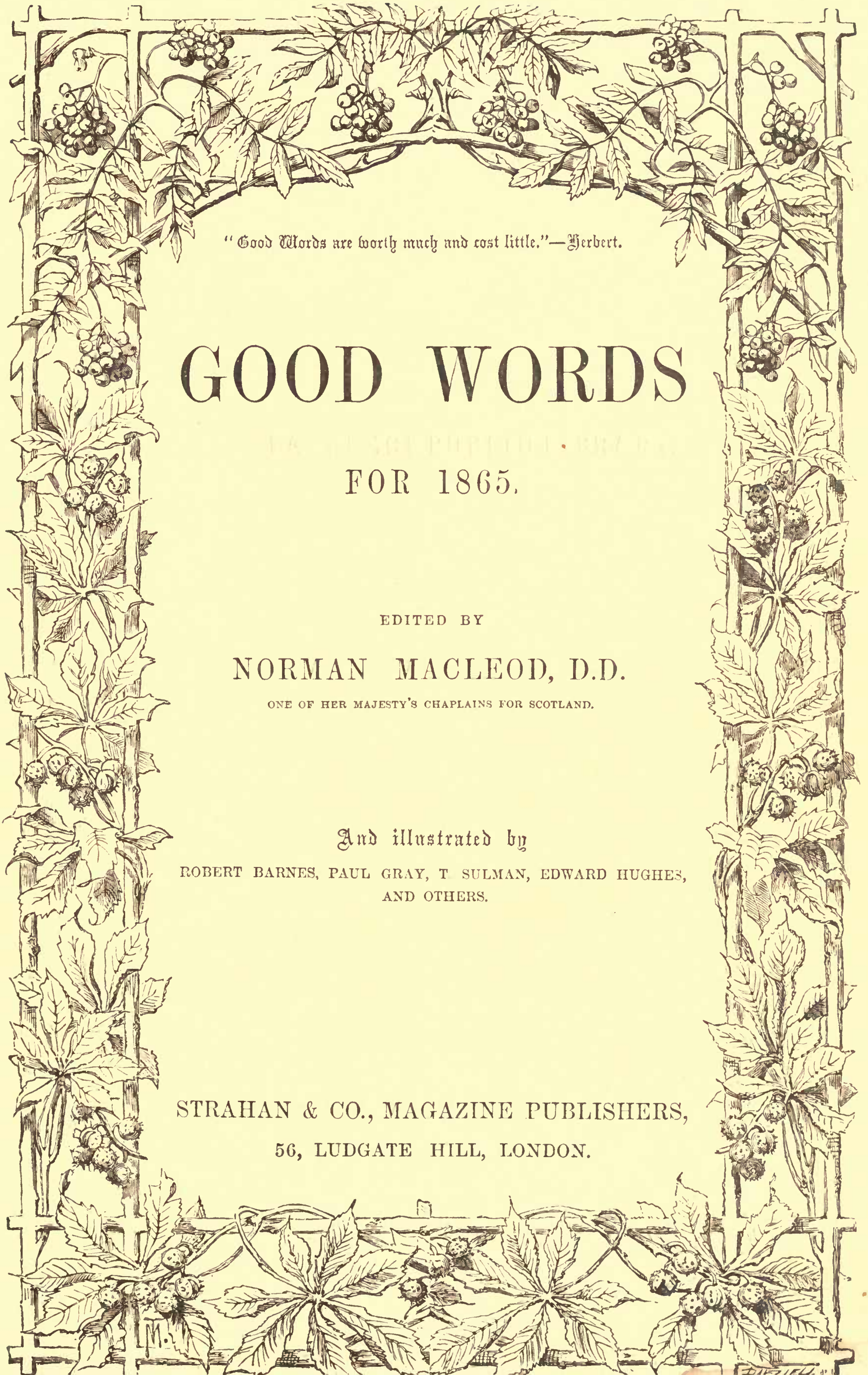

"Good Words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1865.

EDITED BY

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND.

And illustrated by

ROBERT BARNES, PAUL GRAY, T. SULMAN, EDWARD HUGHES,
AND OTHERS.

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GOOD WORDS
FOR 1865
T. MACQUOID

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Prelude.

THE heroic deeds of Highlanders, both in these islands and elsewhere, have been told in verse and prose, and not more often, nor more loudly, than they deserve. But we must remember, now and then, that there have been heroes likewise in the lowland and in the fen. Why, however, poets have so seldom sung of them; why no historian, save Mr. Motley in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," has condescended to tell the tale of their doughty deeds, is a question not difficult to answer.

In the first place, they have been fewer in number. The lowlands of the world, being the richest spots, have been generally the soonest conquered, the soonest civilized, and therefore the soonest taken out of the sphere of romance and wild adventure, into that of order and law, hard work and common sense, as well as—too often—into the sphere of slavery, cowardice, luxury, and ignoble greed. The lowland populations, for the same reasons, have been generally the first to deteriorate, though not on account of the vices of civilization. The vices of incivilization are far worse, and far more destructive of human life; and it is just because they are so, that rude tribes deteriorate physically less than polished nations. In the savage struggle for life, none but the strongest, healthiest, cunningest, have a chance of living, prospering, and propagating their race. In the civilized state, on the contrary, the weakliest and the silliest, protected by law, religion, and humanity, have chance likewise, and transmit to their offspring their own weakliness or silliness. In these islands, for instance, at the time of the Norman Conquest, the average of man was doubtless superior, both in body and mind, to the average of man now, simply because the weaklings could not have lived at all; and the rich and delicate beauty, in which the women of the Eastern Counties still surpass all other races in these isles, was doubtless far more common in proportion to the numbers of the population.

Another reason—and one which every Scot will understand—why lowland heroes "carent vate sacro," is that the lowlands and those who live in them are wanting in the poetic and romantic elements. There is in the lowland none of that background of the unknown, fantastic, magical, terrible, perpetually feeding curiosity and wonder, which still remains in the Scottish highlands; which, when it disappears from thence, will remain embalmed for ever in the pages of Walter Scott. Against that half-magical background his heroes stand out in vivid relief; and justly so. It was not put there by him for stage purposes; it was there as a fact; and the men of whom he wrote were conscious of it, were moulded by it, were not ashamed of its influence. Nature among the mountains is too fierce, too strong for man. He cannot conquer her, and she awes him. He cannot dig down the cliffs, or chain the storm-blasts; and his fear of them takes bodily shape: he begins to people the weird places of the earth with weird beings, and sees nixes in the dark linns as he fishes by night, dwarfs in the caves where he digs, half-trembling, morsels of copper and iron for his weapons, witches and demons on the snow-blast which overwhelms his herd and his hut, and in the dark clouds which brood on the untrodden mountain-peak. He lives in fear: and yet, if he be a valianthearted man, his fears do him little harm. They may break out, at times, in witch-manias, with all their horrible suspicions, and thus breed cruelty, which is the child of fear: but on the whole they rather produce in man thoughtfulness, reverence, a sense, confused yet precious, of the boundless importance of the unseen world. His superstitions develope his imagination; the moving accidents of a wild life call out in him sympathy and pathos; and the mountaineer becomes instinctively a poet.

The lowlander, on the other hand, has his own strength, his own "virtues," or manfulnesses, in the good old sense of the word: but they are not for the most part picturesque or even poetical.

He finds out, soon enough for his weal and his bane, that he is stronger than Nature: and right tyrannously and irreverently he lords it over her, clearing, delving, dyking, building, without fear or shame. He knows of no natural force greater than himself, save an occasional thunder-storm; and against that, as he grows more cunning, he insures his crops. Why should he reverence Nature? Let him use her, and eat. One cannot blame him. Man was sent into the world (so says the Scripture) to fill and subdue the earth. But he was sent into the world for other purposes, which the lowlander is but too apt to forget. With the awe of Nature, the awe of the unseen dies out in him. Meeting with no visible superior, he is apt to become not merely unpoetical and irreverent, but somewhat of a sensualist and an atheist. The sense of the beautiful dies out in him more and more. He has little or nothing around him to refine or lift up his soul; and unless he meet with a religion, and with a civilization, which can deliver him, he may sink into that dull brutality which is too common among the lowest classes of the English lowlands; and remain for generations gifted with the strength and industry of the ox, and with the courage of the lion, and, alas! with the intellect of the former, and the self-restraint of the latter.

But there may be a period in the history of a lowland race when they, too, become historic for a while. There was such a period for the men of the Eastern Counties; for they proved it by their deeds.

When the men of Wessex, the once conquering race of Britain, fell at Hastings once and for all, and struck no second blow, then the men of the Danelagh disdained to yield to the Norman invader. For seven long years they held their own, not knowing, like true Englishmen, when they were beaten; and fought on desperate, till there were none left to fight. Their bones lay white on every island in the fens; their corpses rotted on gallows beneath every Norman keep; their few survivors crawled into monasteries, with eyes picked out, or hands and feet cut off; or took to the wild wood as strong outlaws, like their successors and representatives, Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslee. But they never really bent their necks to the Norman yoke: they kept alive in their hearts that proud spirit of personal independence, which they brought with them from the moors of Denmark and the dales of Norway; and they kept alive, too, though in abeyance for awhile, those free institutions which were without a doubt the germs of our British liberty.

They were a changed folk since first they settled in that Danelagh;—since first in the days of King Beorhtric, "in the year 787, three ships of Northmen came from Hæretha land, and the King's reeve rode to the place, and would have driven them up to the King's town, for he knew not what men they were: but they slew him there and then;" and after the Saxons and Angles began to find out to their bitter bale what men they were, those fierce Vikings out of the dark north-east.

But they had long ceased to burn farms, sack convents, torture monks for gold, and slay every human being they met, in mere Berserker lust of blood. No Barnakill could now earn his nickname by entreating his comrades, as they tossed the children on their spear-points, to "Na kill the barns." Gradually they had settled down on the land, intermarried with the Angles and Saxons, and colonised all England north and east of Watling Street (a rough line from London to Chester), and the eastern lowlands of Scotland likewise. Gradually they had deserted Thor and Odin for "the White Christ;" had their own priests and bishops, and built their own minsters. The convents which the fathers had destroyed, the sons, or at least the grandsons, rebuilt; and often, casting away sword and axe, they entered them as monks themselves; and Peterborough, Ely, and above all Crowland, destroyed by them in Alfred's time with a horrible destruction, had become their holy places, where they decked the altars with gold and jewels, with silks from the far East, and furs from the far North; and where, as in sacred fortresses, they, and the liberty of England with them, made their last unavailing stand.

For awhile they had been lords of all England. The Anglo-Saxon race was wearing out. The men of Wessex, priest-ridden, and enslaved by their own aristocracy, quailed before the free Norsemen, among whom was not a single serf. The God-descended line of Cerdic and Alfred was worn out. Vain, incapable, profligate kings, the tools of such prelates as Odo and Dunstan, were no match for such wild heroes as Thorkill the tall, or Olaf Trygvasson, or Swend Forkbeard. The Danes had gradually colonised, not only their own Danelagh and Northumbria, but great part of Wessex. Vast sums of Danegelt were yearly sent out of the country to buy off the fresh invasions which were perpetually threatened. Then Ethelred the Unready, Ethelred Evil-counsel, advised himself to fulfil his name, and the curse which Dunstan had pronounced against him at the baptismal font. By his counsel the men of Wessex rose against the unsuspecting Danes; and on St. Brice's eve, A.D.

1002, murdered them all with tortures, man, woman, and child. It may be that they only did to the children as the fathers had done to them: but the deed was "worse than a crime; it was a mistake." The Danes of the Danelagh and of Northumbria, their brothers of Denmark and Norway, the Orkneys and the east coast of Ireland, remained unharmed. A mighty host of Vikings poured from thence into England the very next year, under Swend Forkbeard and the great Canute; and after thirteen fearful campaigns came the great battle of Assingdown in Essex—where "Canute had the victory; and all the English nation fought against him; and all the nobility of the English race was there destroyed."

That same year saw the mysterious death of Edmund Ironside, the last man of Cerdic's race worthy of the name. For the next twenty-five years, Danish kings ruled from the Forth to the Land's End.

A noble figure he was, that great and wise Canute, the friend of the famous Godiva, and Leofric, Godiva's husband, and Siward Biorn, the conqueror of Macbeth; trying to expiate by justice and mercy the dark deeds of his bloodstained youth; trying (and not in vain) to blend the two races over which he ruled; rebuilding the churches and monasteries which his father had destroyed; bringing back in state to Canterbury the body of Archbishop Elphege—not unjustly called by the Saxons martyr and saint—whom Tall Thorkill's men had murdered with beef bones and ox skulls, because he would not give up to them the money destined for God's poor; rebuking, as every child has heard, his housecarles' flattery by setting his chair on the brink of the rising tide: and then laying his golden crown, in token of humility, on the high altar of Winchester, never to wear it more. In Winchester lie his bones unto this day, or what of them the civil wars have left; and by him lie the bones of his son Hardicanute, in whom, as in his half brother Harold Harefoot before him, the Danish power fell to swift decay, by insolence and drink and civil war; and with the Danish power England fell to pieces likewise.

Canute had divided England into four great Earldoms, each ruled, under him, by a jarl, or earl, a Danish, not a Saxon title.

At his death in 1036, the earldoms of Northumbria and East Anglia—the more strictly Danish parts—were held by a true Danish hero, Siward Biorn, alias Digre the Stout, conqueror of Macbeth, and son of the fairy bear; proving his descent, men said, by his pointed and hairy ears.

Mercia, the great central plateau of England, was held by Earl Leofric, husband of the famous Lady Godiva.

Wessex, which Canute had at first kept in his own hands, had passed into those of the furious Earl Godwin, the then ablest man in England. Possessed of boundless tact and cunning, gifted with an eloquence, which seems from the accounts remaining of it to have been rather that of a Greek than an Englishman; himself of high—perhaps of royal—Sussex blood (for the story of his low birth seems a mere fable of his French enemies), and married first to Canute's sister, and then to his niece, he was fitted, alike by fortunes and by talents, to be the king-maker which he became.

Such a system may have worked well as long as the brain of a hero was there to overlook it all. But when that brain was turned to dust, the history of England became, till the Norman Conquest, little more than the history of the rivalries of the two great houses of Godwin and Leofric.

Leofric had the first success in king-making. He, though bearing a Saxon name, was the champion of the Danish party, and of Canute's son, or reputed son, Harold Harefoot; and he succeeded, by the help of the "Thanes north of Thames," and the "lithsmen of London," which city was more than half Danish in those days, in setting his puppet on the throne. But the blood of Canute had exhausted itself. Within seven years Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute, who succeeded him, had died as foully as they lived; and Godwin's turn had come.

He, though married to a Danish princess, and acknowledging his Danish connection by the Norse names which were borne by his three most famous sons, Harold, Sweyn, and Tostig, constituted himself the champion of the men of Wessex, and the house of Cerdic. He had murdered, or at least caused to be murdered, horribly, Alfred the Etheling, King Ethelred's son and heir-apparent, when it seemed his interest to support the claims of Hardicanute against Harefoot; he now found little difficulty in persuading his victim's younger brother to come to England, and become at once his king, his son-in-law, and his puppet.

Edward the Confessor, if we are to believe the monks whom he pampered, was naught but virtue and piety, meekness and magnanimity; a model ruler of men. Such a model ruler he was, doubtless, as monks would be glad to see on every throne; because while he rules his subjects they rule him. No wonder, therefore, that (according to William of Malmesbury) the happiness of his times (famed as he was both for miracles and the spirit of prophecy) "was revealed in a dream to Brithwin bishop of Wilton, who made it public;" who, meditating in King Canute's time on "the near extinction of the royal race of the English," was "rapt up on high, and saw St. Peter consecrating Edward king. His chaste life also was pointed out, and the exact period of his reign (twenty-four years) determined; and when inquiring about his posterity, it was answered, 'The kingdom of the English belongs to God. After you, He will provide a king according to his pleasure.'" But those who will look at the facts will see in the holy Confessor's character little but what is pitiable; and in his reign little but what is tragical.

Civil wars, invasions, outlawry of Godwin and his sons by the Danish party; then of Alfgar, Leofric's son, by the Saxon party; the outlaws on either side attacking and plundering the English shores by the help of Norsemen, Welshmen, Irish and Danes—any mercenaries who could be got together; and then—"In the same year Bishop Aldred consecrated the minster at Gloucester to the glory of God and of St. Peter, and then went to Jerusalem with such splendour as no man had displayed before him;" and so forth. The sum and substance of what was done in those "happy times" may be well described in the words of the Anglo-Saxon chronicler for the year 1058. "This year Alfgar the earl was banished: but he came in again with violence, through aid of Griffin (the king of North Wales, his brother-in-law). And this year came a fleet from Norway. It is tedious to tell how these matters went." These were the normal phenomena of a reign which seemed, to the eyes of monks, a holy and a happy one; because the king refused, whether from spite or superstition, to have an heir to the house of Cerdic, and spent his time between prayer, hunting, the seeing of fancied visions, the uttering of fancied prophecies, and the performance of fancied miracles.

But there were excuses for him. An Englishman only in name, a Norman, not only of his mother's descent (she was aunt of William the Conqueror) but by his early education on the Continent, he loved the Norman better than the Englishman; Norman knights and clerks filled his court, and often the high dignities of his provinces, and returned as often as expelled; the Norman-French language became fashionable; Norman customs and manners the signs of civilization; and thus all was preparing steadily for the great catastrophe, by which, within a year of Edward's death, the Norman became master of the land.

Perhaps it ought to have been so. Perhaps by no other method could England, and with England, Scotland, and in due time Ireland, have become partakers of that classic civilization and learning, the fount whereof, for good and for evil, was Rome and the Pope of Rome: but the method was at least wicked, the actors in it tyrannous, brutal, treacherous, hypocritical; and the conquest of England by William will remain to the end of time a mighty crime, abetted—one may almost say made possible—as too many such crimes have been before and since, by the intriguing ambition of the Pope of Rome.

Against that tyranny the free men of the Danelagh and of Northumbria rose. If Edward the descendant of Cerdic had been little to them, William the descendant of Rollo was still less. That French-speaking knights should expel them from their homes, French-chanting monks from their convents, because Edward had promised the crown of England to William, his foreign cousin, or because Harold Godwinsson of Wessex had sworn on the relics of all the saints to be William's man, was contrary to their common-sense of right and reason.

So they rose, and fought: too late, it may be, and without unity or purpose; and they were worsted by an enemy who had both unity and purpose; whom superstition, greed, and feudal discipline kept together, at least in England, in one compact body of unscrupulous and terrible confederates.

But theirs was a land worth fighting for—a good land and large: from Humber mouth inland to the Trent and merry Sherwood, across to Chester and the Dee, round by Leicester and the five burghs of the Danes; eastward again to Huntingdon and Cambridge (then a poor village on the site of an old Roman town); and then northward again into the wide fens, the land of the Girvii and the Eormingas, "the children of the peat-bog," where the great central plateau of England slides into the sea, to form, from the rain and river washings of eight shires, lowlands of a fertility inexhaustible, because ever-growing to this day.

They have a beauty of their own, those great fens, even now, when they are dyked and drained, tilled and fenced—a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom. Much more had they that beauty eight hundred years ago, when they were still, for the most part, as God had made them, or rather was making them even then. The low rolling uplands were clothed in primæval forest: oak and ash, beech and elm, with here and there, perhaps, a group of ancient pines, ragged and decayed, and fast dying out in England even then; though lingering still in the forests of the Scotch highlands.

Between the forests were open wolds, dotted with white sheep and golden gorse; rolling plains of rich though ragged turf, whether cleared by the hand of man or by the wild fires which often swept over the hills. And between the wood and the wold stood many a Danish "town," with its clusters of low straggling buildings round the holder's house, stone or mud below, and wood above; its high dykes round tiny fields; its flocks of sheep ranging on the wold; its herds of swine in the forest; and below, a more precious possession still—its herds of mares and colts, which fed with the cattle in the rich grass-fen.

For always, from the foot of the wolds, the green flat stretched away, illimitable, to an horizon where, from the roundness of the earth, the distant trees and islands were hulled down like ships at sea. The firm horse-fen lay, bright green, along the foot of the wold; beyond it, the browner peat, or deep fen; and among it dark velvet alder beds, long lines of reed-rond, emerald in spring, and golden under the autumn sun; shining river-reaches; broad meres dotted with a million fowl, while the cattle waded along their edges after the rich sedge-grass, or wallowed in the mire through the hot summer's day. Here and there, too, upon the far horizon, rose a tall line of ashen trees, marking some island of firm rich soil. Here and there, too, as at Ramsey and Crowland, the huge ashes had disappeared before the axes of the monks, and a minster tower rose over the fen, amid orchards, gardens, cornfields, pastures, with here and there a tree left standing for shade—"Painted with flowers in the spring," with "pleasant shores embosomed in still lakes," as the monk-chronicler of Ramsey has it, those islands seemed to such as the monk terrestrial paradises.

Overhead the arch of heaven spread more ample than elsewhere, as over the open sea; and that vastness gave, and still gives, such "effects" of cloudland, of sunrise, and sunset, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles. They might well have been star-worshippers, those Girvii, had their sky been as clear as that of the East: but they were like to have worshipped the clouds rather than the stars, according to the too universal law, that mankind worship the powers which do them harm, rather than the powers which do them good.

And therefore the Danelagh men, who feared not mortal sword or axe, feared witches, ghosts, Pucks, Wills o' the Wisp, werewolves, spirits of the wells and of the trees, and all dark, capricious, and harmful beings whom their fancy conjured up out of the wild, wet, and unwholesome marshes, or the dark wolf-haunted woods. For that fair land, like all things on earth, had its darker aspect. The foul exhalations of autumn called up fever and ague, crippling and enervating, and tempting, almost compelling, to that wild and desperate drinking which was the Scandinavian's special sin. Dark and sad were those short autumn days, when all the distances were shut off, and the air choked with foul brown fog and drenching rains from off the eastern sea; and pleasant the bursting forth of the keen north-east wind, with all its whirling snow-storms. For though it sent men hurrying out into the storm, to drive the cattle in from the fen, and lift the sheep out of the snow-wreaths, and now and then never to return, lost in mist and mire, in ice and snow;—yet all knew that after the snow would come the keen frost and the bright sun and cloudless blue sky, and the fenman's yearly holiday, when, work being impossible, all gave themselves up to play, and swarmed upon the ice on skates and sledges, and ran races, township against township, or visited old friends full forty miles away; and met everywhere faces as bright and ruddy as their own, cheered by the keen wine of that dry and bracing frost.

Such was the Fenland; hard, yet cheerful; rearing a race of hard and cheerful men; showing their power in old times in valiant fighting, and for many a century since in that valiant industry which has drained and embanked the land of the Girvii, till it has become a very "Garden of the Lord." And the Scotsman who may look from the promontory of Peterborough, the "golden borough" of old time; or from the tower of Crowland, while Hereward and Torfrida sleep in the ruined nave beneath; or from the heights of that Isle of Ely which was so long "the camp of refuge" for English freedom; over the labyrinth of dykes and lodes, the squares of rich corn and verdure,—will confess that the lowland, as well as the highland, can at times breed gallant men.*

CHAPTER I.

HOW HEREWARD WAS OUTLAWED, AND WENT NORTH TO SEEK HIS FORTUNES.

Known to all is Lady Godiva, the most beautiful as well as the most saintly woman of her day; who, "all her life, kept at her own expense thirteen poor folk wherever she went; who, throughout Lent, watched in the church at triple matins, namely, one for the Trinity, one for the Cross, and one for St. Mary; who every day read the Psalter through, and so persevered in good and holy works to her life's end"—the "devoted friend of St. Mary, ever a virgin," who enriched monasteries without number—Leominster, Wenlock, Chester, St. Mary's Stow by Lincoln, Worcester, Evesham; and who, above all, founded the great monastery in that town of Coventry, which has made her name immortal for another and a far nobler deed; and enriched it so much "that no monastery in England possest such abundance of gold, silver, jewels, and precious stones," beside that most precious jewel of all, the arm of St. Augustine, which not Lady Godiva, but her friend, Archbishop Ethelnoth, presented to Coventry, "having bought it at Pavia for a hundred talents of silver and a talent of gold."†

Less known, save to students, is her husband, Leofric the great Earl of Mercia and Chester, whose bones lie by those of Godiva in that same minster of Coventry; how "his counsel was as if one had opened the Divine oracles;" very "wise," says the Anglo-Saxon chronicle, "for God and for the world, which was a blessing to all this nation;" the greatest man, save his still greater rival, Earl Godwin, in Edward the Confessor's court.

Less known, again, are the children of that illustrious pair: Algar, or Alfgar, Earl of Mercia after his father, who died, after a short and stormy life, leaving two sons, Edwin and Morcar, the fair and hapless young earls, always spoken of together, as if they had been twins; a daughter, Aldytha, or Elfgiva, married first (according to some) to Griffin, King of North Wales, and certainly afterwards to Harold, King of England; and another, Lucia (as the Normans at least called her), whose fate was, if possible, more sad than that of her brothers.

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* The story of Hereward (often sung by minstrels and old wives in succeeding generations) may be found in the "Metrical Chronicle of Geoffrey Gaimar," and in the prose "Life of Hereward" (paraphrased from that written by Leofric, his house-priest), and in the valuable fragment "Of the family of Hereward." These have all three been edited by Mr. T. Wright. The account of Hereward in Ingulf seems taken, and that carelessly, from the same source as the Latin prose, "De Gestis Herewardi." A few curious details may be found in Peter of Blois' continuation of Ingulf; and more, concerning the sack of Peterborough, in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. I have followed the contemporary authorities as closely as I could, introducing little but what was necessary to reconile discrepancies, or to illustrate the history, manners, and sentiments of the time.—C. K.

† William of Malmesbury.

Their second son was Hereward, whose history this tale sets forth; their third and youngest, a boy whose name is unknown.

They had, probably, another daughter beside; married, it may be, to some son of Leofric's staunch friend old Siward Biorn, the Viking Earl of Northumberland, and conqueror of Macbeth; and the mother, may be, of the two young Siwards, the "white" and the "red," who figure in chronicle and legend as the nephews of Hereward. But this pedigree is little more than a conjecture.

Be these things as they may, Godiva was the greatest lady in England, save two: Edith, Harold's sister, the nominal wife of Edward the Confessor; and Githa, or Gyda as her own Danes called her, Harold's mother, niece of Canute the Great. Great was Godiva; and might have been proud enough, had she been inclined to that pleasant sin. And even then (for there is a skeleton, they say, in every house) she carried that about her which might well keep her humble; namely, shame at the misconduct of Hereward, her son.

Her favourite residence, among the many manors and "villas," or farms which Leofric possessed, was neither the stately hall at Loughton by Bridgenorth, nor the statelier castle of Warwick, but the house of Bourne in South Lincolnshire, between the great woods of the Bruneswald and the great level of the fens. It may have been her own paternal dowry, and have come down to her in right of her Danish ancestors, and that great and "magnificent" Jarl Oslac, from whom she derived her all-but-royal blood. This is certain, that Leofric, her husband, went in East Anglia by the name of Leofric, Lord of Bourne; that, as Domesday Book testifies, his son Alfgar, and his grandson Morcar, held large lands there and thereabout. Alfgar's name, indeed, still lives in the village of Algar-Kirk; and Lady Godiva, and Algar after her, enriched with great gifts Crowland, the island sanctuary, and Peterborough, where Brand, either her brother or Leofric's, was a monk, and in due time an abbot.

The house of Bourne, as far as it can be reconstructed by imagination, was altogether unlike one of the tall and gloomy Norman castles which twenty years later reared their evil donjons over England. It was much more like a house in a Chinese painting: an irregular group of low buildings, almost all of one storey, stone below and timber above, with high-peaked roofs—at least in the more Danish country—affording a separate room, or rather house, for each different need of the family. Such a one may be seen in the illuminations of the century. In the centre of the building is the hall, with door or doors opening out into the court; and sitting thereat, at the top of a flight of steps, the lord and lady, dealing clothes to the naked and bread to the hungry. On one side of the hall is a chapel; by it a large room or "bower" for the ladies; behind the hall a round tower, seemingly the strong place of the whole house; on the other side a kitchen; and stuck on to bower, kitchen, and every other principal building, lean-to after lean-to, the uses of which it is impossible now to discover. The house had grown with the wants of the family—as many good old English houses have done to this day. Round it would be scattered barns and stables, in which grooms and herdsmen slept side by side with their own horses and cattle; and outside all, the "yard," "garth," or garden-fence, high earth-bank with palisades on top, which formed a strong defence in time of war. Such was most probably the "villa," "ton," or "town" of Earl Leofric, the Lord of Bourne, the favourite residence of Godiva—once most beautiful, and still most holy, according to the holiness of those old times.

Now on a day—about the year 1054—while Earl Siward was helping to bring Birnam wood to Dunsinane, to avenge his murdered brother-in-law, Lady Godiva sat, not at her hall door, dealing food and clothing to her thirteen poor folk, but in her bower, with her youngest son, a two-years' boy, at her knee. She was listening with a face of shame and horror to the complaint of Herluin, Steward of Peterborough, who had fallen in that afternoon with Hereward and his crew of "housecarles."

To keep a following of stout housecarles, or men-at-arms, was the pride as well as the duty of an Anglo-Danish Lord, as it was, till lately, of a Scoto-Danish Highland Laird. And Hereward, in imitation of his father and his elder brother, must needs have his following from the time he was but fifteen years old. All the unruly youths of the neighbourhood, sons of free "holders," who owed some sort of military service to Earl Leofric; Geri his cousin; Winter, whom he called his brother-in-arms; the Wulfrics, the Wulfards, the Azers, and many another wild blade, had banded themselves round a young nobleman more unruly than themselves. Their names were already a terror to all decent folk, at wakes and fairs, alehouses and village sports. They atoned, be it remembered, for their early sins by making those names in after years a terror to the invaders of their native land: but as yet their prowess was limited to drunken brawls and faction-fights; to upsetting old women at their work, levying black-mail from quiet chapmen on the high road, or bringing back in triumph, sword in hand and club on shoulder, their leader Hereward from some duel which his insolence had provoked.

But this time, if the story of the sub-prior was to be believed, Hereward and his housecarles had taken an ugly stride forward toward the pit. They had met him riding along, intent upon his psalter, in a lonely path of the Bruneswald—"whereon your son, most gracious lady, bade me stand, saying that his men were thirsty and he had no money to buy ale withal, and none so likely to help him thereto as a fat priest—for so he scandalously termed me, who, as your ladyship knows, am leaner than the minster bell-ropes, with fasting Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year, beside the vigils of the saints, and the former and latter Lents.

"But when he saw who I was, as if inspired by a malignant spirit, he shouted out my name, and bade his companions throw me to the ground."

"Throw you to the ground?" shuddered the Lady Godiva.

"In much mire, madam. After which he took my palfrey, saying that heaven's gate was too lowly for men on horseback to get in thereat; and then my marten's fur gloves and cape which your gracious self bestowed on me, alleging that the rules of my order allowed only one garment, and no furs save catskins and suchlike. And lastly—I tremble while I relate, thinking not of the loss of my poor money, but the loss of an immortal soul—took from me a purse with sixteen silver pennies, which I had collected from our tenants for the use of the monastery, and said blasphemously that I and mine had swindled your ladyship, and therefore him your son, out of many a fair manor ere now; and it was but fair that he should tithe the rents thereof, as he should never get the lands out of our claws again; with more of the like, which I blush to repeat—And so left me to trudge hither in the mire."

"Wretched boy!" said the Lady Godiva, and hid her face in her hands; "and more wretched I, to have brought such a son into the world!"

The monk had hardly finished his doleful story, when there was a pattering of heavy feet, a noise of men shouting and laughing outside, and a voice above all calling for the monk by name, which made that good man crouch behind the curtain of Lady Godiva's bed. The next moment the door of the bower was thrown violently open, and in walked, or rather reeled, a noble lad eighteen years old. His face was of extraordinary beauty, save that the lower jaw was too long and heavy, and that his eyes wore a strange and almost sinister expression, from the fact that the one of them was grey and the other blue. He was short, but of immense breadth of chest and strength of limb; while his delicate hands and feet and long locks of golden hair marked him of most noble, and even, as he really was, of ancient royal race. He was dressed in a gaudy costume, resembling on the whole that of a Highland chieftain. His knees, wrists, and throat, were tattooed in bright blue patterns; and he carried sword and dagger, a gold ring round his neck, and gold rings on his wrists. He was a lad to have gladdened the eyes of any mother: but there was no gladness in the Lady Godiva's eyes as she received him, nor had there been for many a year. She looked on him with sternness, with all but horror; and he, his face flushed with wine, which he had tossed off as he passed through the hall to steady his nerves for the coming storm, looked at her with smiling defiance, the result of long estrangement between mother and son.

"Well, my lady," said he, ere she could speak, "I heard that this good fellow was here; and came home as fast as I could, to see that he told you as few lies as possible."

"He has told me," said she, "that you have robbed the church of God."

"Robbed him, it may be, an old hoody crow, against whom I have a grudge of ten years' standing."

"Wretched, wretched boy! What wickedness next? Know you not, that he who robs the Church robs God Himself?"

"And he who harms God's people," put in the monk from behind the chair, "harms his Maker."

"His Maker?" said the lad with concentrated bitterness. "It would be a gay world, if the maker thereof were in any way like unto you, who call yourselves His people. Do you remember who told them to set the peat-stack on fire under me ten years ago? Ah, ha, Sir Monk, you forget that I have been behind the screen—that I have been a monk myself, or should have been one, if my pious lady mother here had had her will of me, as she may if she likes of that doll there at her knee. Do you forget why I left Peterborough Abbey, when Winter and I turned all your priest's books upside down in the choir, and they would have flogged us—me, the Earl's son —me, the Viking's son—me, the champion as I will be yet, and make all lands ring with the fame of my deeds, as they rung with the fame of my forefathers, before they become the slaves of monks; and how, when Winter and I got hold of the kitchen spits, and up to the top of the peat-stack, and held you all at bay there, a whole abbeyful of cowards there against two seven-years' children? It was you bade set the peat-stack alight under us, and so bring us down; and would have done it, too, had it not been for my uncle Brand, the only man that I care for in this wide world. Do you think I have not owed you a grudge ever since that day, monk? And do you think I will not pay it? Do you think I would not have burned Peterborough Minster over your head before now, had it not been for uncle Brand's sake? See that I do not do it yet. See that when there is another Prior in Borough you do not find Hereward the Berserker smoking you out some dark night, as he would smoke a wasps' nest. And I will, by——"

"Hereward, Hereward!" cried his mother, "godless, god-forgotten boy, what words are these? Silence, before you burden your soul with an oath which the devils in hell will accept, and force you to keep," and she sprung up, and seizing his arm, laid her hand upon his mouth.

Hereward looked at her majestic face, once lovely, now careworn, and trembled for a moment. Had there been any tenderness in it, his history might have been a very different one: but alas! there was none. Not that she was in herself untender: but that her great piety (call it not superstition, for it was then the only form known or possible to pure and devout souls) was so outraged by this, or even by the slightest insult to that clergy whose willing slave she had become, that the only method of reclaiming the sinner had been long forgotten, in genuine horror at his sin. "Is it not enough," she went on sternly, "that you should have become the bully and the ruffian of all the fens?—that Hereward the leaper, Hereward the wrestler, Hereward the thrower of the hammer—sports after all only fit for the sons of slaves, should be also Hereward the drunkard, Hereward the common fighter, Hereward the breaker of houses, Hereward the leader of mobs of boon companions which bring back to us, in shame and sorrow, the days when our heathen forefathers ravaged this land with fire and sword? Is it not enough for me that my son should be a common stabber——?"

"Whoever called me stabber to you, lies. If I have killed men, or had them killed, I have done it in fair fight."

But she went on unheeding—"Is it not enough that after having squandered on your fellows all the money that you could wring from my bounty, or win at your brutal sports, you should have robbed your own father, collected his rents behind his back, taken money and goods from his tenants by threats and blows: but that, after outraging them, you must add to all this a worse sin likewise, outraging God, and driving me—me who have borne with you, me who have concealed all for your sake—to tell your father that of which the very telling will turn my hair to grey?"

"So you will tell my father?" said Hereward coolly.

"And if I should not, this monk himself is bound to do so, or his superior, your uncle Brand."

"My uncle Brand will not, and your monk dare not."

"Then I must. I have loved you long and well: but there is one thing which I must love better than you, and that is my conscience and my Maker."

"Those are two things, my lady mother, and not one; so you had better not confound them. As for the latter, do you not think that He who made the world is well able to defend his own property—if the lands, and houses, and cattle, and money, which these men wheedle and threaten and forge out of you and my father, are really his property, and not merely their plunder? As for your conscience, my lady mother, really you have done so many good deeds in your life, that it might be beneficial to you to do a bad one once in a way, so as to keep your soul in a wholesome state of humility."

The monk groaned aloud. Lady Godiva groaned: but it was inwardly. There was silence for a moment. Both were abashed by the lad's utter shamelessness.

"And you will tell my father?" said he again. "He is at the old miracle-worker's court at Westminster. He will tell the miracle-worker; and I shall be outlawed."

"And if you be, wretched boy, whom have you to blame but yourself? Can you expect that the King, sainted even as he is before his death, dare pass over such an atrocity towards Holy Church?"

"Blame? I shall blame no one. Pass over? I hope he will not pass over it. I only want an excuse like that for turning kempery-man—knight-errant, as those Norman puppies call it—like Regnar Lodbrog, or Frithiof, or Harold Hardraade; and try what man can do for himself in the world with nothing to help him in heaven and earth, with neither saint nor angel, friend or counsellor, to see to him, save his wits and his good sword. So send off the messenger, good mother mine; and I will promise you I will not have him ham-strung on the way, as some of my housecarles would do for me if I but held up my hand; and let the miracle-monger fill up the measure of his folly, by making an enemy of one more bold fellow in the world."

And he swaggered out of the room.

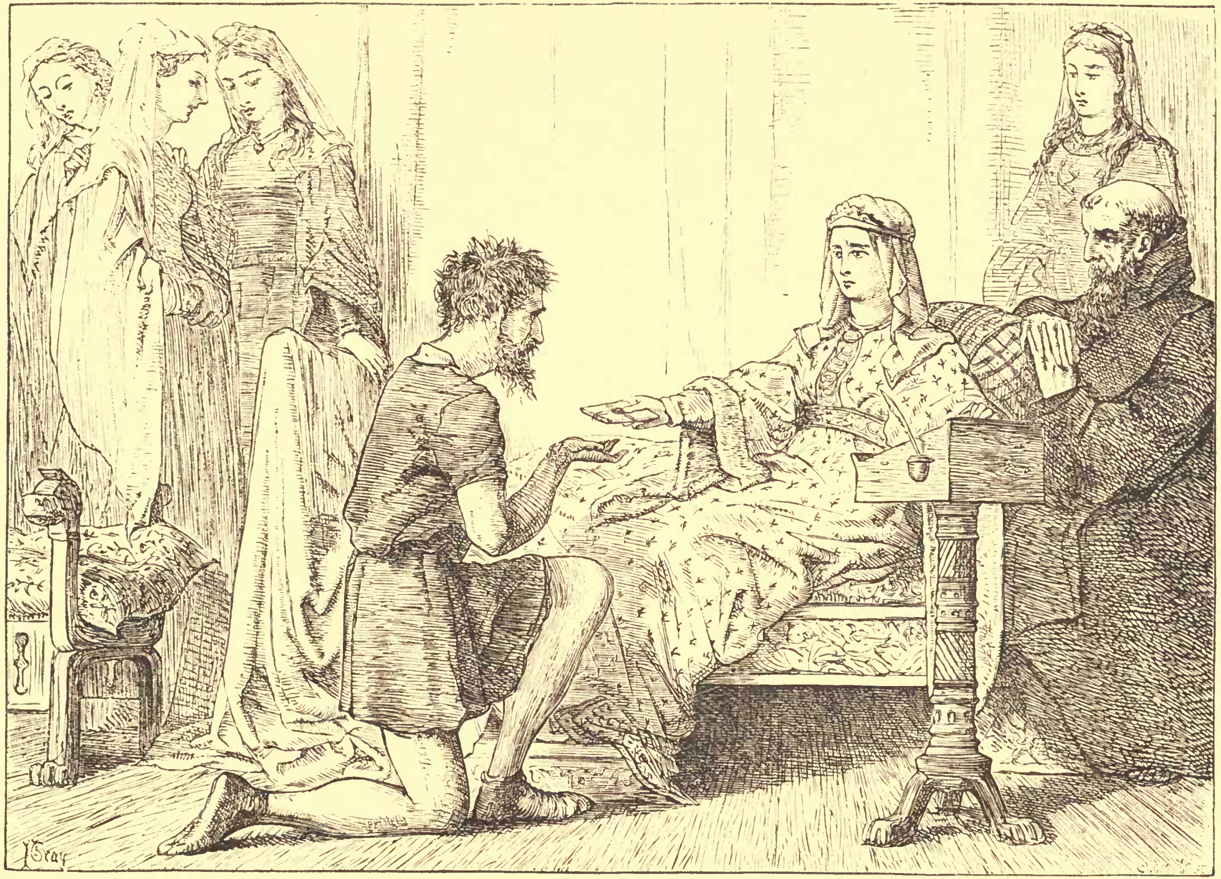
And when he was gone, the Lady Godiva bowed her head into her lap, and wept long and bitterly. Neither her maidens nor the priest dare speak to her for nigh an hour: but at the end of that time she lifted up her head, and settled her face again, till it was like that of a marble saint over a minster door; and called for ink and paper, and wrote her letter; and then asked for a trusty messenger who should carry it up to Westminster.

"None so swift or sure," said the house steward, "as Martin Lightfoot."

Lady Godiva shook her head. "I mistrust that man," she said. "He is too fond of my poor—of the Lord Hereward."

"He is a strange one, my lady, and no one knows whence he came, and I sometimes fancy whither he may go either: but ever since my lord threatened to hang him for talking with my young master, he has never spoken to him, nor scarcely, indeed, to living soul. And one thing there is makes him or any man sure, as long as he is well paid; and that is, that he cares for nothing in heaven or earth save himself and what he can get."

So Martin Lightfoot was sent for. He came in straight into the lady's bedchamber, after the simple fashion of those days. He was a tall, lean, bony man, as was to be expected from his nickname, with a long hooked nose, a scanty brown beard, and a high conical head. His only garment was a shabby grey woollen tunic which served him both as coat and kilt, and laced brogues of untanned hide. He might have been any age from twenty to forty, but his face was disfigured with deep scars and long exposure to the weather. He dropped on one knee, holding his greasy cap in his hand, and looked, not at his lady's face, but at her feet, with a stupid and frightened expression. She knew very little of him, save that her husband had picked him up upon the road as a wanderer some five years since; and that he had been employed as a doer of odd jobs and runner of messages, and that was supposed from



LADY GODIVA ENTRUSTING MARTIN WITH HER LETTER.

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his taciturnity and strangeness to have something uncanny about him.

"Martin," said the lady, "they tell me that you are a silent and a prudent man."

"That am I.

'Tongue speaketh bane,
Though she herself hath nane.'"

"I shall try you: do you know your way to London?"

"Yes."

"To your lord's lodgings in Westminster?"

"Yes."

"How long shall you be going there with this letter?"

"A day and a half."

"When shall you be back hither?"

"On the fourth day."

"And you will go to my lord and deliver this letter safely."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Why do you call me Majesty? The King is Majesty."

"You are my Queen."

"What do you mean, man?"

"You can hang me."

"I hang thee, poor soul? Who did I ever hang, or hurt for a moment if I could help it?"

"But the Earl may."

"He will neither hang nor hurt thee if thou wilt take this letter safely, and bring me back the answer safely."

"They will kill me."

"Who?"

"They," said Martin, pointing to the bower maidens—young ladies of good family who stood round, chosen for their good looks, after the fashion of those times, to attend on great ladies. There was a cry of angry and contemptuous denial, not unmixed with something like laughter, which showed that Martin had but spoken the truth. Hereward, in spite of all his sins, was the darling of his mother's bower; and there was not one of the damsels but would have done anything short of murder to have prevented Martin carrying the letter.

"Silence, man!" said Lady Godiva, so sternly that Martin saw that he had gone too far. "How know'st such as thou what is in this letter?"

"Those others will know," said Martin sullenly, without answering the last question.

"Who?"

"His housecarles outside there."

"He has promised that they shall not touch thee. But how knowest thou what is in this letter?"

"I will take it," said Martin—he held out his hand, took it and looked at it, but upside down and without any attempt to read it.

"His own mother," said he, after awhile.

"What is that to thee?" said Lady Godiva, blushing and kindling.

"Nothing—I had no mother. But God has one!"

"What meanest thou, knave? Wilt thou take the letter or no?"

"I will take it." And he again looked at it without rising off his knee. "His own father, too."

"What is that to thee, I say again?"

"Nothing—I have no father. But God's Son has one!"

"What wilt thou, thou strange man?" asked she, puzzled and half-frightened; "and how camest thou to know what is in this letter?"

"Who does not know? A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. On the fourth day from this I will be back."

And Martin rose, and putting the letter solemnly into the purse at his girdle, shot out of the door with clenched teeth, as a man upon a fixed purpose which it would lighten his heart to carry out. He ran rapidly through the large outer hall, past the long oak table, at which Hereward and his boon companions were drinking and roystering; and as he passed the young lord he cast on him a look so full of meaning, that though Hereward knew not what the meaning was, it startled him, and for a moment softened him. Did this man who had sullenly avoided him for more than two years, whom he had looked on as a clod or a post in the field beneath his notice, since he could be of no use to him—did this man still care for him? Hereward had reason to know better than most, that there was something strange and uncanny about the man. Did he mean him well? Or had he some grudge against him, which made him undertake this journey willingly and out of spite?—possibly with the will to make bad worse. For an instant Hereward's heart misgave him. He would stop the letter at all risks. "Hold him!" he cried to his comrades.

But Martin turned to him, laid his finger on his lips, smiled kindly, and saying "You promised!" caught up a loaf from the table, slipped from among them like an eel, and darted out of the door, and out of the close. They followed him to the great gate, and there stopped, some cursing, some laughing. To give Martin Lightfoot a yard advantage was never to come up with him again. Some called for bows to bring him down with a parting shot. But Hereward forbade them; and stood leaning against the gate-post, watching him trot on like a lean wolf over the lawn, till he was lost in the great elm woods which fringed the southern fen.

"Now lads," said Hereward, "home with you all, and make your peace with your fathers. In this house you never drink ale again."

They looked at him, surprised.

"You are disbanded, my gallant army. As long as I could cut long thongs out of other men's hides, I could feed you like earl's sons: but now I must feed myself; and a dog over his bone wants no company. Outlawed I shall be, before the week is out; and unless you wish to be outlawed too, you will obey orders, and home."

"We will follow you to the world's end;" cried some.

"To the rope's end, lads: that is all you will get in my company. Go home with you, and those who feel a calling, let them turn monks; and those who have not, let them learn

'For to plough and to sow,
And to reap and to mow,
And to be a farmer's boy.'

Good night."

And he went in, and shut the great gates after him, leaving them astonished.

To take his advice, and go home, was the simplest thing to be done. A few of them on their return were soundly thrashed, and deserved it; a few were hidden by their mothers for a week, in hay-lofts and hen-roosts, till their fathers' anger had passed away. But only one turned monk or clerk, and that was Leofric the Unlucky, godson of the great earl, and poet-in-ordinary to the band.

The next morning at dawn Hereward mounted his best horse, armed himself from head to foot, and rode over to Peterborough.

When he came to the abbey-gate, he smote thereon with his lance-butt, till the porter's teeth rattled in his head for fear.

"Let me in!" he shouted. "I am Hereward Leofricsson. I must see my uncle Brand."

"Oh, my most gracious lord," cried the porter, thrusting his head out of the wicket, "what is this that you have been doing to our Steward?"

"The tithe of what I will do, unless you open the gate!"

"Oh, my lord!" said the porter, as he opened it, "if our Lady and St. Peter would but have mercy on your fair face, and convert your soul to the fear of God and man——"

"She would make me as good an old fool as you. Fetch my uncle the Prior."

The porter obeyed. The son of Earl Leofric was as a young lion among the sheep in those parts; and few dare say him nay, certainly not the monks of Peterborough; moreover, the good porter could not help being strangely fond of Hereward—as was every one whom he did not insult, rob, or kill.

Out came Brand, a noble elder: more fit, from his eye and gait, to be a knight than a monk. He looked sadly at Hereward.

"'Dear is bought the honey that is licked off the thorn,' quoth Hending," said he.

"Hending bought his wisdom by experience, I suppose," said Hereward, "and so must I. So I am just starting out to see the world, uncle."

"Naughty, naughty boy! If we had thee safe here again for a week, we would take this hot blood out of thee, and send thee home in thy right mind."

"Bring a rod and whip me, then. Try, and you shall have your chance. Every one else has had, and this is the end of their labours."

"By the chains of St. Peter," quoth the monk, "that is just what thou needest. Hoist thee on such another fool's back, truss thee up, and lay it on lustily, till thou art ashamed. To treat thee as a man is only to make thee a more heady blown-up ass than thou art already."

"True, most wise uncle. And therefore my still wiser parents are going to treat me like a man indeed, and send me out into the world to seek my fortunes!"

"Eh?"

"They are going to prove how thoroughly they trust me to take care of myself, by outlawing me. Eh? say I in return. Is not that an honour, and a proof that I have not shown myself a fool, though I may have a madman?"

"Outlaw you? Oh, my boy, my darling, my pride! Get off your horse, and don't sit there, hand on hip, like a turbaned Saracen, defying God and man: but come down and talk reason to me, for the sake of St. Peter and all saints."

Hereward threw himself off his horse, and threw his arms round his uncle's neck.

"Pish! Now, uncle, don't cry, do what you will, lest I cry too. Help me to be a man while I live, even if I go to the black place when I die."

"It shall not be!" . . . . and the monk swore by all the relics in Peterborough minster.

"It must be. It shall be. I like to be outlawed. I want to be outlawed. It makes one feel like a man. There is not an earl in England, save my father, who has not been outlawed in his time. My brother Alfgar will be outlawed before he dies, if he has the spirit of a man in him. It is the fashion, my uncle, and I must follow it. So hey for the merry green wood, and the long ships, and the swan's bath, and all the rest of it. Uncle, you will lend me fifty silver pennies?"

"I? I would not lend thee one, if I had it, which I have not. And yet, old fool that I am, I believe I would."

"I would pay thee back honestly. I shall go down to Constantinople to the Varangers, get my Polotaswarf* out of the Kaiser's treasure, and pay thee back five to one."

"What does this son of Belial here?" asked an austere voice.

"Ah! Abbot Leofric, my very good lord. I have come to ask hospitality of you for some three days. By that time I shall be a wolf's head, and out of the law: and then, if you will give me ten minutes' start, you may put your bloodhounds on my track, and see which runs fastest, they or I. You are a gentleman, and a man of honour; so I trust to you to feed my horse fairly the meanwhile, and not to let your monks poison me."

The Abbot's face relaxed. He tried to look as solemn as he could; but he ended in bursting into a very great laughter, and swearing likewise.

"The insolence of this lad passes the miracles of all saints. He robs St. Peter on the highway, breaks into his abbey, insults him to his face, and then asks him for hospitality; and——"

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* See "The Heimskringla," Harold Hardraade's Saga, for the meaning of this word.

"And gets it," quoth Hereward.

"What is to be done with him. Brand, my friend? If we turn him out——"

"Which we cannot do," said Brand, looking at the well mailed and armed lad, "without calling in half-a-dozen of our men-at-arms."

"In which case there would be blood shed, and scandal made in the holy precincts."

"And nothing gained; for yield he would not till he was killed outright, which God forbid!"

"Amen. And if he stay here, he may be persuaded to repentance."

"And restitution."

"As for that," quoth Hereward (who had remounted his horse from prudential motives, and set him athwart the gateway, so that there was no chance of the doors being slammed behind him), "if either of you will lend me sixteen pence, I will pay it back to you and St. Peter before I die, with interest enough to satisfy any Jew, on the word of a gentleman and an earl's son."

The Abbot burst again into a great laughter. "Come in, thou graceless renegade, and we will see to thee and thy horse; and I will pray to St. Peter; and I doubt not he will have patience with thee, for he is very merciful; and after all, thy parents have been exceeding good to us, and the righteousness of the father, like his sins, is sometimes visited on the children."

Now, why were the two ecclesiastics so uncanonically kind to this wicked youth?

Perhaps because both the old bachelors were wishing from their hearts that they had just such a son of their own. And beside, Earl Leofric was a very great man indeed; and the wind might change; for it is an unstable world.

"Only, mind, one thing," said the naughty boy, as he dismounted, and halloed to a lay-brother to see to his horse—"don't let me see the face of that Herluin."

"And why? You have wronged him, and he will forgive you, doubtless, like a good Christian as he is."

"That is his concern. But if I see him, I cut off his head. And, as uncle Brand knows, I always sleep with my sword under my pillow."

"Oh, that such a mother should have borne such a son!" groaned the Abbot, as they went in.

On the fifth day came Martin Lightfoot, and found Hereward in Prior Brand's private cell.

"Well?" asked Hereward, coolly.

"Is he?——Is he——?" stammered Brand, and could not finish his sentence.

Martin nodded.

Hereward laughed—a loud, swaggering, hysterical laugh.

"See what it is to be born of just and pious parents. Come, Master Trot-alone, speak out and tell us all about it. Thy lean wolf's legs have run to some purpose. Open thy lean wolf's mouth and speak for once, lest I ease thy legs for the rest of thy life by a cut across the hams. Find thy lost tongue, I say!"

"Walls have ears as well as the wild wood," said Martin.

"We are safe here," said the Prior; "so speak, and tell us the whole truth."

"Well, when the Earl read the letter, he turned red, and pale again, and then nought but—'Men, follow me to the King at Westminster.' So we went, all with our weapons, twenty or more, along the Strand, and up into the King's new hall; and a grand hall it is, but not easy to get into, for the crowd of monks and beggars on the stairs, hindering honest folks' business. And there sat the King on a high settle, with his pink face and white hair, looking as royal as a bell-wether new washed; and on either side of him, on the same settle, sat the old fox and the young wolf."

"Godwin and Harold? And where was the Queen?"

"Sitting on a stool at his feet, with her hands together as if she were praying, and her eyes downcast, as demure as any cat. And so is fulfilled the story, how the sheep-dog went out to get married, and left the fox, the wolf, and the cat to guard the flock."

"If thou hast found thy tongue," said Brand, "thou art like enough to lose it again by slice of knife, talking such ribaldry of dignities. Dost not know"—and he sank his voice—"that Abbot Leofric is Earl Harold's man, and that Harold himself made him abbot?"

"I said, walls have ears. It was you who told me that we were safe. However, I will bridle the unruly one." And he went on. "And your father walked up the hall, his left hand on his sword-hilt, looking an earl all over, as he is."

"He is that," said Hereward in a low voice.

"And he bowed; and the most magnificent, powerful, and virtuous Godwin would have beckoned him up to sit on the high settle: but he looked straight at the King, as if there were never a Godwin or a Godwinsson on earth, and cried as he stood:—

"'Justice, my Lord the King!'

"And at that the King turned pale, and said: 'Who? What? Oh miserable world! Oh last days drawing nearer and nearer! Oh earth, full of violence and blood! Who has wronged thee now, most dear and noble Earl?'

"'Justice against my own son.'

"At that the fox looked at the wolf, and the wolf at the fox, and if they did not smile, it was not for want of will, I warrant. But your father went on, and told all his story; and when he came to your robbing master monk—'Oh, apostate!' cries the bell-wether, 'oh, spawn of Beelzebub! excommunicate him, with bell, book, and candle May he be thrust down with Korah, Balaam, and Iscariot, to the most Stygian pot of the sempiternal Tartarus.'

"And at that your father smiled. 'That is bishops' work;' says he, 'and I want king's work from you, Lord King. Outlaw me this young rebel's sinful body, as by law you can; and leave his sinful soul to the priests—or to God's mercy, which is like to be more than theirs.'

"Then the Queen looked up. 'Your own son, noble Earl? Think of what you are doing, and one whom all say is so gallant and so fair. Oh persuade him, father—persuade him, Harold my brother—or, if you cannot persuade him, persuade the King at least, and save this poor youth from exile.'

"Puss Velvet-paw knew well enough," said Hereward in a low voice, "that the way to harden my father's heart was to set Godwin and Harold on softening it. They ask my pardon from the King? I would not take it at their asking, even if my father would."

"There spoke a true Leofricsson," said Brand, in spite of himself.

"'By the ——' (and Martin repeated a certain very solemn oath), said your father, 'justice I will have, my Lord King. Who talks to me of my own son? You put me into my earldom to see justice done, and law obeyed; and how shall I make others keep within bound if I am not to keep in my own flesh and blood? Here is this land running headlong to ruin, because every nobleman —ay, every churl who owns a manor, if he dares —must needs arm and saddle, and levy war on his own behalf, and harry and slay the King's lieges, if he have not garlic to his roast goose every time he chooses'—and there your father did look at Godwin, once and for all,—'and shall I let my son follow the fashion, and do his best to leave the land open and weak for Norseman, or Dane, or Frenchman, or whoever else hopes next to mount the throne of a king who is too holy to leave an heir behind him?'"

"Ahoi! Martin the silent! Where learnt you so suddenly the trade of preaching? I thought you kept your wind for your running this two years past. You would make as good a talker among the Witan as Godwin himself. You give it us, all word for word, and voice and gesture withal, as if you were King Edward's French Chancellor."

Martin smiled. "I am like Falada the horse, my lords, who could only speak to his own true princess. Why I held my tongue of late, was only lest they should cut my head off for talking, as they did poor Falada's."

"Thou art a very crafty knave," said Brand, "and hast had clerk-learning in thy time, I can see, and made bad use of it. I misdoubt very much that thou art some runaway monk."

"That am I not, by St. Peter's chains!" said Martin, in an eager terrified voice. "Lord Hereward, I came hither as your father's messenger and servant. You will see me safe out of this abbey, like an honourable gentleman!"

"I will. All I know of him, uncle, is that he used to tell me stories, when I was a boy, of enchanters, and knights, and dragons, and such like, and got into trouble for filling my head with such fancies. Now let him tell his story in peace."

"He shall: but I misdoubt the fellow very much. He talks as if he knew Latin; and what business has a foot-running slave to do that?"

So Martin went on, somewhat abashed. "'And,' said your father, 'justice I will have, and leave injustice, and the overlooking of it, to those who wish to profit thereby.'

"And at that Godwin smiled, and said to the King, 'The Earl is wise, as usual, and speaks like a very Solomon. Your Majesty must, in spite of your own tenderness of heart, have these letters of outlawry made out.'

"Then all our men murmured—and I as loud as any. But old Surturbrand the housecarle did more; for out he stepped to your father's side, and spoke right up before the King.

"'Bonny times,' he said, 'I have lived to see, when a lad of Earl Oslac's blood is sent out of the land, a beggar and a wolf's head, for playing a boy's trick or two, and upsetting a shaveling priest! We managed such wild young colts better, we Vikings who conquered the Danelagh. If Canute had had a son like Hereward—as would to God he had had —he would have dealt with him as old Swend Forkbeard (God grant I meet him in Valhalla, in spite of all priests!) did by Canute himself when he was young, and kicked and plunged awhile at being first bitted and saddled.'

"'What does the man say?' asked the King, for old Surturbrand was talking broad Danish.

"'He is a housecarle of mine, Lord King, a good man and true; but old age and rough Danish blood has made him forget that he stands before kings and earls.'

"'By ——, Earl!' says Surturbrand, 'I have fought knee to knee beside a braver king than that there, and nobler earls than ever a one here; and was never afraid, like a free Dane, to speak my mind to them, by sea or land. And if the King, with his French ways, does not understand a plain man's talk, the two earls yonder do right well, and I say—Deal by this lad in the good old fashion. Give him half-a-dozen long ships, and what crews he can get together, and send him out, as Canute would have done, to seek his fortune like a Viking; and if he comes home with plenty of wounds, and plenty of plunder, give him an earldom as he deserves. Do you ask your countess, Earl Godwin, —she is of the right Danish blood, God bless her! though she is your wife,—and see if she does not know how to bring a naughty lad to his senses.'

"Then Harold the Earl said: 'The old man is right. King, listen to what he says.' And he told him all, quite eagerly."

"How did you know that? Can you understand French?"

"I am a poor idiot, give me a halfpenny," said Martin, in a doleful voice, as he threw into his face and whole figure a look of helpless stupidity and awkwardness, which set them both laughing.

But Hereward checked himself. "And you think he was in earnest?"

"As sure as there are holy crows in Crowland.

But it was of no use. Your father got a parchment, with an outlandish Norman seal hanging to it, and sent me off with it that same night to give to the lawman. So wolf's head you are, my lord, and there is no use crying over spilt milk."

"And Harold spoke for me? It will be as well to tell Abbot Leofric that, in case he be inclined to turn traitor, and refuse to open the gates. Once outside them, I care not for mortal man."

"My poor boy, there will be many a one whom thou hast wronged only too ready to lie in wait for thee, now thy life is in every man's hand. If the outlawry is published, thou hadst best start to-night, and get past Lincoln before morning."

"I shall stay quietly here, and get a good night's rest; and then ride out to-morrow morning in the face of the whole shire. No, not a word! You would not have me sneak away like a coward?"

Brand smiled and shrugged his shoulders: being very much of the same mind.

"At least, go north."

"And why north?"

"You have no quarrel in Northumberland, and the king's writ runs very slowly there, if at all. Old Siward Digre may stand your friend."

"He? he is a fast friend of my father's."

"What of that? the old Viking will like you none the less for having shown a touch of his own temper. Go to him, I say, and tell him that I sent you."

"But he is fighting the Scots beyond the Forth."

"So much the better. There will be good work for you to do. And Gislebert of Ghent is up there too, I hear, trying to settle himself among the Scots. He is your mother's kinsman; and as for your being an outlaw, he wants hard hitters and hard riders, and all is fish that comes to his net. Find him out too, and tell him I sent you."

"You are a good old uncle," said Hereward. "Why were you not a soldier?"

Brand laughed somewhat sadly.

"If I had been a soldier, lad, where would you have looked for a friend this day? No. God has done what was merciful with me and my sins. May he do the same by thee and thine."

Hereward made an impatient movement. He disliked any word which seemed likely to soften his own hardness of heart. But he kissed his uncle lovingly on both cheeks.

"By-the-by, Martin—any message from my lady mother?"

"None!"

"Quite right and pious. I am an enemy to Holy Church and therefore to her. Good night, uncle."

"Hey?" asked Brand; "where is that footman—Martin you call him? I must have another word with him."

But Martin was gone.

"No matter. I shall question him sharply enough to-morrow, I warrant."

And Hereward went out to his lodging; while the good Prior went to his prayers.

When Hereward entered his room, Martin started out of the darkness, and followed him in. Then he shut-to the door carefully, and pulled out a bag.

"There was no message from my lady: but there was this."

The bag was full of money.

"Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"Never show money before a monk."

"Villain! would you mistrust my uncle?"

"Any man with a shaven crown. St. Peter is his God, and Lord, and conscience; and if he saw but the shine of a penny, for St. Peter he would want it."

"And he shall have it," quoth Hereward; and flung out of the room, and into his uncle's.

"Uncle, I have money. I am come to pay back what I took from the Steward, and as much more into the bargain." And he told out eight-and-thirty pieces.

"Thank God and all his saints!" cried Brand, weeping abundantly for joy; for he had acquired, by long devotion, the *donum lachrymarum*—that lachrymose and somewhat hysterical temperament common among pious monks, and held to be a mark of grace.

"Blessed St. Peter, thou art repaid; and thou wilt be merciful!"

Brand believed, in common with all monks then, that Hereward had robbed, not merely the Abbey of Peterborough, but, what was more, St. Peter himself; thereby converting into an implacable and internecine foe the chief of the Apostles, the rock on which was founded the whole Church.

"Now uncle," said Hereward, "do me one good deed in return. Promise me that, if you can help it, none of my poor housecarles shall suffer for my sins. I led them into trouble. I am punished. I have made restitution—at least to St. Peter. See that my father and mother, if they be the Christians they call themselves, forgive and forget all offences except mine."

"I will; so help me all saints and our Lord. Oh, my boy, my boy, thou shouldst have been a king's thane, and not an outlaw!"

And he hurried off with the news to the Abbot.

When Hereward returned to his room, Martin was gone.

"Farewell, good men of Peterborough," said Hereward, as he leapt into the saddle next morning. "I had made a vow against you, and came to try you; to see whether you would force me to fulfil it or not. But you have been so kind that I have half repented of it; and the evil shall not come in the days of Abbot Leofric, nor of Brand the Prior, though it may come in the days of Herluin the Steward, if he live long enough."

"What do you mean, you incarnate fiend, only fit to worship Thor and Odin?" asked Brand.

"That I would burn Goldenborough, and Herluin the Steward within it, ere I die. I fear I shall do it: I fear I must do it. Ten years ago come Lammas, Herluin bade light the peat-stack under me. Do you recollect?"

"And so he did, the hound!" quoth Brand. "I had forgotten that."

"Little Hereward never forgets foe or friend. Ever since, on Lammas night—hold still, horse!—I dream of fire and flame, and of Goldenburgh in the glare of it. If it is written in the big book, happen it must; if not, so much the better for Goldenborough, for it is a pretty place, and honest Englishmen in it. Only see that there be not too many Frenchmen crept in when I come back, beside our French friend Herluin; and see, too, that there be not a peat-stack handy—a word is enough to wise men like you. Good-by!"

"God help thee, thou sinful boy!" said the Abbot.

"Hereward, Hereward! Come back!" cried Brand.

But the boy had spurred his horse through the gateway, and was far down the road.

"Leofric, my friend," said Brand sadly, "this is my sin, and no man's else. And heavy penance will I do for it, till that lad returns in peace."

"Your sin?"

"Mine, Abbot. I persuaded his mother to send him hither to be a monk. Alas! alas! How long will men try to be wiser than Him who maketh men?"

"I do not understand thee," quoth the Abbot. And no more he did.

It was four o'clock on a May morning when Hereward set out to see the world, with good armour on his back, good weapon by his side, good horse between his knees, and good money in his purse. What could a lad of eighteen want more, who under the harsh family rule of those times had known nothing of a father's, and but too little of a mother's, love? He rode away northward through the Bruneswald, over the higher land of Lincolnshire, through primeval glades of mighty oak and ash, holly and thorn, swarming with game, which was as highly preserved then as now, under Canute's severe forest laws. The yellow roes stood and stared at him knee-deep in the young fern; the pheasant called his hens out to feed in the dewy grass; the blackbird and thrush sung out from every bough; the wood lark trilled above the high oak tops, and sank down on them as his song sank down. And Hereward rode on, rejoicing in it all. It was a fine world in the Bruneswald. What was it then outside? Not to him, as to us, a world circular, sailed round, circumscribed, mapped, botanized, zoologized; a tiny planet about which everybody knows, or thinks they know everything: but a world infinite, magical, supernatural—because unknown; a vast flat plain reaching no one knew whence or where, save that the mountains stood on the four corners thereof to keep it steady, and the four winds of heaven blew out of them; and in the centre, which was to him the Bruneswald, such things as he saw: but beyond, things unspeakable,—dragons, giants, rocs, orcs, witch-whales, griffins, chimæras, satyrs, enchanters, paynims, Saracen Emirs and Sultans, Kaisers of Constantinople, Kaisers of Ind and of Cathay, and beyond them again of lands as yet unknown. At the very least he could go to Brittany, to the forest of Brocheliaunde, where (so all men said) fairies might be seen bathing in the fountains, and possibly be won and wedded by a bold and dexterous knight after the fashion of Sir Gruelan.* What was there not to be seen and conquered? Where would he go? Where would he not go? For the spirit of Odin the Goer, the spirit which has sent his children round the world, was strong within him. He would go to Ireland, to the Ostmen, or Irish Danes men at Dublin, Waterford, or Cork, and marry some beautiful Irish Princess with grey eyes, and raven locks, and saffron smock, and great gold bracelets from her native hills. No; he would go off to the Orkneys, and join Bruce and Ranald, and the Vikings of the northern seas, and all the hot blood which had found even Norway too hot to hold it; and sail through witch-whales and icebergs to Iceland and Greenland, and the sunny lands which they said lay even beyond, across the all but unknown ocean. He would go up the Baltic to the Jomsburg Vikings, and fight against Lett and Esthonian heathen, and pierce inland, perhaps, through Puleyn and the bison forests, to the land from whence came the magic swords and the old Persian coins which he had seen so often in the halls of his forefathers. No; he would go South, to the land of sun and wine; and see the magicians of Cordova and Seville; and beard Mussulman hounds worshipping their Mahomets; and perhaps bring home an Emir's daughter,—

"With more gay gold about her middle,
Than would buy half Northumberlee.'

Or he would go up the Straits, and on to Constantinople and the great Kaiser of the Greeks, and join the Varanger Guard, and perhaps, like Harold Hardraade in his own days, after being cast to the lion for carrying off a fair Greek lady, tear out the monster's tongue with his own hands, and show the Easterns what a Viking's son could do. And as he dreamed of the infinite world and its infinite wonders, the enchanters he might meet, the jewels he might find, the adventures he might essay, he held that he must succeed in all, with hope, and wit, and a strong arm; and forgot altogether that, mixed up with the cosmogony of an infinite flat plain called the Earth, there was joined also the belief in a flat roof above called Heaven, on which (seen at times in visions through clouds and stars) sat saints, angels, and archangels, for ever more harping on their golden harps, and knowing neither vanity nor vexation of spirit, lust nor pride, murder nor war:—and underneath a floor, the name whereof was Hell; the mouths whereof (as all men knew) might be seen on Hecla, and Etna, and Stromboli; and the fiends heard within, tormenting, amid fire, and smoke, and clanking chains, the souls of the eternally lost.

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* Wace, author of the "Roman de Rou," went to Brittany a generation later, to see those same fairies: but had no sport; and sang—

"Fol i alai, fol m'en revins;
Folie quis, por fol me tins."

As he rode on slowly though cheerfully, as a man who will not tire his horse at the beginning of a long day's journey, and knows not where he shall pass the night, he was aware of a man on foot coming up behind him at a slow, steady, loping, wolf-like trot, which in spite of its slowness gained ground on him so fast, that he saw at once that the man could be no common runner.

The man came up; and behold, he was none other than Martin Lightfoot.

"What! art thou here?" asked Hereward, suspiciously, and half cross at seeing any visitor from the old world which he had just cast off. "How gottest thou out of St. Peter's last night?"

Martin's tongue was hanging out of his mouth like a running hound's; but he seemed, like a hound, to perspire through his mouth, for he answered without the least sign of distress, without even pulling in his tongue.

"Over the wall, the moment the Prior's back was turned. I was not going to wait till I was chained up in some rat's hole with a half-hundred of iron on my leg, and flogged till I confessed that I was what I am not—a runaway monk."

"And why art here?"

"Because I am going with you."

"Going with me?" said Hereward; "what can I do for thee?"

"I can do for you," said Martin.

"What?"

"Groom your horse, wash your shirt, clean your weapons, find your inn, fight your enemies, cheat your friends—anything and everything. You are going to see the world. I am going with you."

"Thou canst be my servant? A right slippery one, I expect," said Hereward, looking down on him with some suspicion.

"Some are not the rogues they seem. I can keep my secrets and yours too."

"Before I can trust thee with my secrets, I shall expect to know some of thine," said Hereward.

Martin Lightfoot looked up with a cunning smile. "A servant can always know his master's secrets if he likes. But that is no reason a master should know his servant's."

"Thou shalt tell me thine, man, or I shall ride off and leave thee."

"Not so easy, my lord. Where that heavy horse can go, Martin Lightfoot can follow. But I will tell you one secret, which I never told to living man. I can read and write like any clerk."

"Thou read and write?"

"Ay, good Latin enough, and Irish too, what is more. And now, because I love you, and because you I will serve, willy nilly, I will tell you all the secrets I have, as long as my breath lasts, for my tongue is rather stiff after that long story about the bell-wether. I was born in Ireland, in Waterford town. My mother was an English slave, one of those that Earl Godwin's wife—not this one that is now, Gyda, but the old one—King Canute's sister—used to sell out of England by the score, tied together with ropes, boys and girls from Bristol town. Her master, my father that was (I shall know him again), got tired of her, and wanted to give her away to one of his kernes. She would not have that; so he hung her up hand and foot, and beat her that she died. There was an abbey hard by, and the Church laid on him a penance—all that they dared get out of him—that he should give me to the monks, being then a seven-years' boy. Well, I grew up in that abbey; they taught me my fa fa mi fa: but I liked better conning of ballads and hearing stories of ghosts and enchanters, such as I used to tell you. I'll tell you plenty more whenever you're tired. Then they made me work; and that I never could abide at all. Then they beat me every day; and that I could abide still less; but always I stuck to my book, for one thing I saw—that learning is power, my lord; and that the reason why the monks are masters of the land is, they are scholars, and you fighting men are none. Then I fell in love (as young blood will) with an Irish lass, when I was full seventeen years old; and when they found out that, they held me down on the floor and beat me till I was well nigh dead. They put me in prison for a month; and between bread-and-water and darkness I went nigh foolish. They let me out, thinking I could do no more harm to man or lass; and when I found out how profitable folly was, foolish I remained, at least as foolish as seemed good to me. But one night I got into the abbey church, stole therefrom that which I have with me now, and which shall serve you and me in good stead yet—out and away aboard a ship among the buscarles, and off into the Norway sea. But after a voyage or two, so it befell, I was wrecked in the Wash by Botulfston Deeps, and begging my way inland, met with your father, and took service with him, as I have taken service now with you."

"Now, what has made thee take service with me?"

"Because you are you."

"Give me none of your parables and dark sayings, but speak out like a man. What canst see in me that thou shouldest share an outlaw's fortune with me?"

"I had run away from a monastery, so had you; I hated the monks, so did you; I liked to tell stories,—since I found good to shut my mouth I tell them to myself all day long, sometimes all night too. When I found out you liked to hear them, I loved you all the more. Then they told me not to speak to you; I held my tongue. I bided my time. I knew you would be outlawed some day. I knew you would turn Viking and kemperyman, and kill giants and enchanters, and win yourself honour and glory; and I knew I should have my share in it. I knew you would need me some day; and you need me now, and here I am; and if you try to cut me down with your sword, I will dodge you, and follow you, and dodge you again, till I force you to let me be your man, for with you I will live and die. And now I can talk no more."

"And with me thou shalt live and die," said Hereward, pulling up his horse, and frankly holding out his hand to his new friend.

Martin Lightfoot took his hand, kissed it, licked it almost as a dog would have done. "I am your man," he said, "Amen; and true man I will prove to you, if you will prove true to me." And he dropped quietly back behind Hereward's horse, as if the business of his life was settled, and his mind utterly at rest.

"There is one more likeness between us," said Hereward, after a few minutes' thought. "If I have robbed a church, thou hast robbed one too. What is this precious spoil which is to serve me and thee in such mighty stead?"

Martin drew from inside his shirt and under his waistband a small battle-axe, and handed it up to Hereward. It was a tool the like of which in shape Hereward had seldom seen, and never its equal in beauty. The handle was some fifteen inches long, made of thick strips of black whalebone, curiously bound with silver, and butted with narwhal ivory. This handle was evidently the work of some cunning Norseman of old. But who was the maker of the blade? It was some eight inches long, with a sharp edge on one side, a sharp crooked pick on the other; of the finest steel, inlaid with strange characters in gold, the work probably of some Circassian, Tartar, or Persian; such a battle-axe as Rustum or Zohrab may have wielded in fight upon the banks of Oxus; one of those magic weapons, brought, men knew not how, out of the magic East, which were hereditary in many a Norse family, and sung of in many a Norse saga.

"Look at it," said Martin Lightfoot. "There is magic on it. It must bring us luck. Whoever holds that must kill his man. It will pick a lock of steel. It will crack a mail corslet as a nut-hatch cracks a nut. It will hew a lance in two at a single blow. Devils and spirits forged it—I know that; Virgilius the Enchanter, perhaps, or Solomon the Great, or whosoever's name is on it, graven there in letters of gold. Handle it, feel its balance; but no—do not handle it too much. There is a devil in it, who would make you kill me. Whenever I play with it I long to kill a man. It would be so easy—so easy. Give it me back, my lord, give it me back, lest the devil come through the handle into your palm, and possess you."

Hereward laughed, and gave him back his battle-axe. But he had hardly less doubt of the magic virtues of such a blade than had Martin himself.

"Magical or not, thou wilt not have to hit a man twice with that, Martin, my lad. So we two outlaws are both well armed; and having neither wife nor child, land nor beeves to lose, ought to be a match for any six honest men who may have a grudge against us, and sound reasons at home for running away."

And so those two went northward through the green Bruneswald, and northward again through merry Sherwood, and were not seen in that land again for many a year.

A MEDITATION OF ST. ELIGIUS.

Jesus *for water Mary sent,*
From where by Joseph's bench he stood.
With pitcher in his hand he went,
And drew the water very good.

Then home upon his head he bore
The pitcher, to the brim upfill'd;
But ere he reach'd the cottage-door,
The pitcher broke, the water spill'd.

His cloak upon the ground he laid,
And in it gather'd up the pool;
Obedient there the water stay'd,
And home he bore it sweet and cool.

Eligius said: "It is not good:
The hands that all the worlds control,
Had there been room for wonders, would
Have made His mother's pitcher whole.

"But even an ancient fable, told
In love of thee, the Truth indeed,
Like broken pitcher, yet may hold
Some water for a loving need.

"Thy living water I have spilt.
I thought to bear the pitcher high;
I stumbled on the stones of guilt—
There the wet fragments scatter'd lie.

"Christ, gather up my life's poor hoard;
It sinks and sobs into the ground;
Bear in thy woven garment, Lord,
What in thy well at first I found.

"For if it pass in bubbled foam,
And I sit down to look and mourn,
What will they do I left at home,
Thirsting and waiting my return?

"What will He say whose love will drink
Of any cup that love hath fill'd,
If I be left on Sychar's brink,
My pitcher broke, my water spill'd?

"Lift, then, and bear my life, thy gift,
Too heavy to be borne by me;
And I the cross will try to lift,
And bear all-humbly after thee."

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

ANGELS' VISITS.

BY W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

CONSIDERING how wide and deep-rooted, as well as Biblical, the belief in angels has been, it is singular how seldom it comes up to the surface. Is it that in these days of illumination we are ashamed of it, that it sounds like a fable which well-bred minds ought to reject, that it is like confessing to witches and ghosts? As our telescopes sweep the skies with a more searching scrutiny, are we staggered that they have not discovered a feather from an angel's wing? Is there a conflict in our minds between the traditional faith we have accepted and the restless, advancing, and polished scepticism of our time, and that we are half inclined to think the sceptics are right? When a faith is so rickety, a little quizzing, a slight assumption of superior culture, will knock it under. And as no one has seen an angel, and as the chubby heads and well-draped and solid winged figures that we are taught are angels, are often ridiculous, and as the world seems to get on without spiritual intervention, it is as well perhaps to repress all enthusiasm about angelic dogmas, and spiritualise and allegorise a little until we get the Bible to say that it never meant to say there were angels. There may be a feeble protest that there are more things in heaven and earth than we have seen or ever can see, and that disclaiming spiritual intervention and agency over and above natural, is the same thing as disclaiming a personal relation between God and His creatures. But no one likes to be pulled up by principles when he only wants a single opinion. It is as irritating as a toll-bar to a man who only drives a mile. Or is it that our notions are too vague and crude to bear expression, like Washington Irving's Irishman who shot an owl, and being told by a friend it was a cherubim, died of fright? Have we thought so little about them, that they mix themselves up crudely with will-o'-the-wisps, meteors, spectres, hobgoblins, and other night fears? If a paper on angels were added to the competitive examinations, one can conceive the blank result; or if any ordinary congregation were examined in the last verses of the hundred and third Psalm, or the third and fourth strophes of the *Te Deum*, how many ordinary men and women could answer? Does Jones think there are angels ministering to him? Has Smith felt that they are more than a vague spot of glory in the Apocalypse? No doubt both of them have said more than once, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" they are keen about the discussion on Campbell's line, "Like angel-visits, few and far between;" and they know of people that they call "good angels." But these phrases, like many more, have acquired a mere conventional force, and are passed from hand to hand as fools' counters, not as wise men's money.

That angels visit us at all, implies a popular recognition of the truth of the Scripture doctrine regarding them; that they are a distinct and most real order of creatures, and that they are in personal relation to us. There is some confusion in it, as in most popular sayings: for it is evident that it refers to what goes on at present; that it is not a dry fact of history dug out for the purpose of illustration; and yet, as for visible angelic appearances, we know of none since the days of the Apostles, and cannot say whether they are as rare as in the days of old. And good angels are among us, moving noiselessly through the world; and most men can recall one in their own circle. It has been some mild and gracious sister moving in gentle ministry about a sick, irritable, peevish, and selfish brother; checking her own wishes by his; quick to anticipate the morbid change of his fancies; smiling under his fretful words and discontent; stung by his thoughtlessness, but only more tolerant; vexed, but not betraying it; sad enough, perhaps, with her own cares, but always cheerful to him; patient, without showing that there is need of patience; on whom he leans all his burden; whom he cannot bear out of his sight; who turns from every pleasant service of life to link her hand in his, and so, hand in hand, to walk down the sad valley of the shadow of death. It has been some stricken one, wasted and imprisoned by disease; and the bright faces of the rest throw no gloom upon her; the children steal to her side to put their hands in hers, and look on her with the awe with which childhood watches pain; she has a kiss and a smile, and a kind word for each; she is their peacemaker in their quarrels, to whom they fly with both their tears and laughter; she holds the secrets of the house, knows every private smart, and gives the tenderest consolation; the stubborn become easy with her, the rough, gentle; she manages the most difficult tempers, makes the largest allowances, soothes down the little petulances that break into the family; as he looks at the pale cheek and the invalid slumbering upon the sofa, the tears may come into her father's eyes, for the rest go busily round in the world, and she must suffer there God's time; but she could least be spared, the link between them all, the angel of the house. It has been some maiden aunt whose quiet love and self-sacrifice make her to be felt rather than noticed where she is a guest; to whom the boys run out with boisterous welcome, whom the girls draw away to their rooms with merry force; who brings into the house the nameless charm that everybody knows; cheerful and happiest when others are happy, with pure honest face in its setting of grey hairs; to whom we turn at the first threat of trial; who has been the first to stand at our side; who makes long journeys to nurse the sick, and parts from one house only to renew her ministry at another; who when she comes brings rest and confidence and peace; who has the secret of doing good and infecting others with her sunshine; thoughtful, unselfish, sympathising, of whom there are many even in the trodden ways of the world. Or it may be some old servant whose place of nurse has given her privilege of speech, who toils for the children as if they were her own, and when misfortune has overtaken the family, follows them through every change, never making a murmur, thinking, helping and planning for them, and when the father is dead, and the mother falls sick, and friends are cold, battles bravely against the tide. Of such angels men must often speak and call them good; of the friend who met us at the critical moment before plunging into wrong; of the helper who cheered us when we were sinking to despair: of one who came when the heart was breaking with sorrow; and another, when the heart was hardening in sin. But if these are good angels, it is by courtesy and figure of speech; speech that proves how genuine and deep this belief in angels has been; that shows with what qualities we invest them. If there are men and women angel-like, there must needs be their counterparts—the angels themselves; for these good angels are not what the children would call "real angels," and the simple primitive question looms up behind—What is an angel?

"A spiritual creature," says Luther, "created by God without a body for the service of Christendom and the Church." "An intellectual and incorporeal substance," says the more scholastic Puritan, "free of will, a servant of God, and by His grace immortal in blessedness." Bishop Bull is even more precise, and pronounces angels to be "certain permanent substances, invisible and imperceptible to our senses." "Incorporeal," say the Fathers, "invisible yet perceptible of sense, rational, intellectual, immortal; the good, bright and impassible; the bad, passible and foul." Hooker's definition blossoms into poetry. "Angels," he says, "are spirits immaterial and intellectual; the glorious inhabitants of those sacred pallaces where nothing but light and blessed immortalitie, no shadowe of matter for teares, discontentments, griefes, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy and tranquillitie and peace for ever and ever doe dwell." There are five authoritative answers to choose from; of which I confess to like the simpler one of simple-hearted Luther, instinct as it is with his bold faith that man is the great object of God, and therefore of whatever God has made and done. In conceiving thus dogmatically of angels it is plain we must first dispense with anything so gross as a body. They are "incorporeal, invisible." If they have been ever seen it has been because they assumed a visible form, borrowed for the time a body not their own. For spirits

> "in what shape they choose,
> Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
> Can execute their aery purposes."

Milton again describes how

> "incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
> Reduced their shapes immense."

And this union between them and the bodies thus assumed we are learnedly told, is "not substantial (as between soul and body), nor hypostatical (as between the divine and human nature of Christ), nor accidental; but assistential." Their numbers are touched with more vagueness. According to the Rabbis there is nothing in the world without an angel, not so much as a blade of grass; and the great Aquinas held that there were more angels than all substances together, celestial and terrestrial, animate and inanimate. Nor is this to be wondered at if, as the Chagigah says, hosts of new angels are created every morning out of the stream of fire which is the breath of God (Dan. vii. 10; Ps. xxxiii. 6). Adams has it that "the Romists allot a particular tutelar angel to every college and corporation; yea to the generation of flies, fleas, and ants;" and quaintly adds: "sure then they will not *pinch themselves;* they appoint to the pope two principal Seraphims, Michael and Gabriel ever attending his person."

There is a closer approximation to the number that have fallen, but the calculation suggests the fanciful arithmetic in Mr. Longfellow's Kavanagh. "So many angels as fell from heaven, so many souls shall ascend to heaven." This was Gregory's thought, that the number of the elect would repair the breach in heaven: and he of the old Puritans with the richest imagination catches the fancy from him, and writes: "They lost a number of spirits; they are glad to have it made up with souls." If it is true that "angels are bright still though the brightest fell," then the redeemed would also be the brightest creatures in heaven supplying the place not of the inferior but the superior.

Herbert boldly claims that pre-eminence for men:

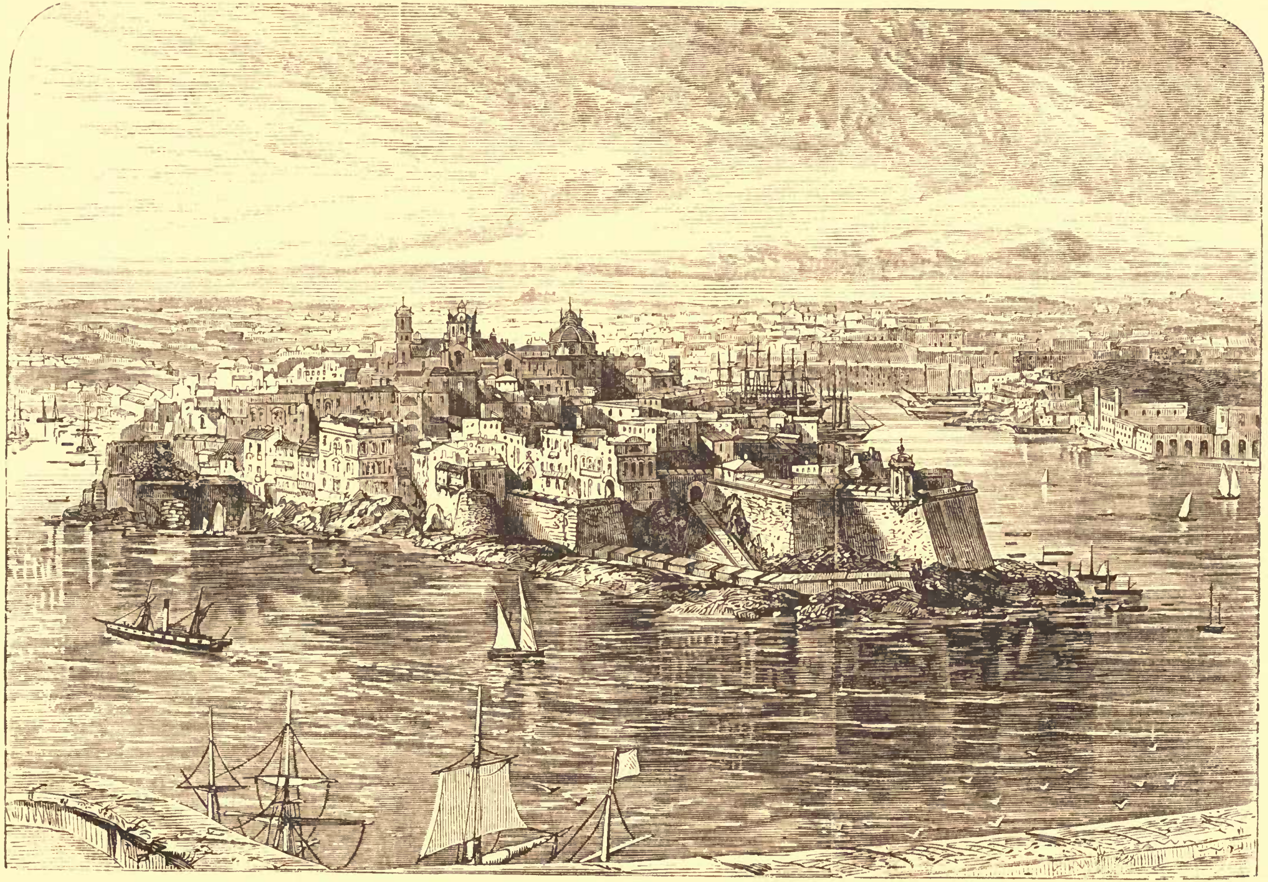
> "To this life things of sense
> Make their pretence:
> In th' other Angels have a right of birth;
> Man ties them both alone,
> And makes them one,
> With th' one hand touching heav'n, and th' other earth."

And to some it might occur that man who, on earth is made a little lower than the angels, will in heaven judge those angels (Ps. viii. 5; 1 Cor. vi. 3).

The rank and authority of these spirits have been strangely though variously defined. According to the Book of Enoch and the Jerusalem Targum, there are six groups of various dignity; according to Philo seven. Dionysius the Areopagite counts nine, and the scholars of the Middle Ages accept his numeration. They fall into three groups with three in each:—

Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones,
Dominations, Virtues, Powers,
Princedoms, Archangels, Angels.

The Rabbinical Theosophy is more explicit. There are seven archangels—Michael, Raphael, Gabriel,



MALTA.

Uriel, Chamuel, Jophiel, Zadkiel; of whom the four first and greatest sustain the throne of God. These four also preside over the four elements, and are the solemn ministers of God:—Michael is prime minister, presiding over worship; Raphael, minister of health; Gabriel, of war; and Uriel, of justice.* The order and mode of government of an earthly kingdom was thus transferred to heaven: so that we are not surprised to find the four-and-twenty elders of the Revelations are four-and-twenty angels forming a senate or awful inner and secret council, and, like the four-and-twenty orders of the Jewish priests, each having his period of special service. Some preside over kingdoms, some over planets, like

"The Angel of the Earth who, while he guides
His chariot planet round the goal of day,
All trembling, gazes on the eye of God."

Elihu was an angel: and afterwards in Alexandria they said that it was an angel that was the star that led the Magi. The residence of these and of all angels is in the stars, and thus the *Plurality of Worlds* is set at rest.

For their knowledge, it is commonly restricted, though one divine of the sixteenth century affirms there are but three things of which they are ignorant—the day of the Second Advent, men's hearts, and the number of the elect; and another declares them to be "good philosophers, great statists, and knowing the affairs of kingdoms . . . . wise and very knowing, always lusty and lively." Their occupations are very various, though falling under only two great classes—worship and service; the former towards God, the latter towards men: and their worship is always heavenly singing. Latimer preaches of the "angels singing with great pleasant voice;" and Milton speaks of the angels:

"Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent."

Shakespeare uses it for one of his most beautiful similes:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

Herbert turns it in his own reverent way:

"Lord, let the angels praise Thy name,
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing!"

And hearty George Wither, distributing the parts of a universal chorus, gives the angels the tenor:

"Come ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take a place,
And amid the mortal throng
Be ye masters of the song;
Angels and supernal powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours!"

So they appear in the paintings of the great masters: singing, with uplifted heads, sometimes in harmony, before a scroll of music floating loosely over their hands; sometimes in unison, countless faces radiant with blissful worship, till, gazing on the canvas, you wonder that the whole air does not break into audible song. For angelic instruments, the harp is the commonest with the poet, the lute or pipe with the painter. Coleridge speaks of

"the prayer
"Harped by archangels when they sing of mercy;"

and Thomson of the

"visionary hour
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard."

Nor has the silence needful to the hearing of such pure and heavenly strains escaped an earlier poet: as in Henry Vaughan's lines:—

"Calm and unhaunted as is Thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent."

But Milton, following no doubt those visions of the Italian painters that his youth has made familiar, celebrates

"the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds as fret by string or golden wire,"

with which, as well as

"with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,"

the angels circle God's throne.

For their *service*, the Talmudist taught that there was a distinct class of angels who worked while others worshipped. These angels of service not understanding Aramaic, the Jews always prayed in Hebrew. Gabriel indeed, by an old legend, taught Joseph seventy tongues, but this was a solitary exception. Their service rests partly on their strict obedience as agents in carrying out God's thoughts, and partly on their power of sympathy and tenderness, and their love of men. Norfolk declares that Queen Catherine loves Henry VIII.

"with that excellence
That angels love good men with;"

Milton speaks of

"Tears, such as angels weep;"

and Shakespeare of such strange human infatuation as "makes the angels weep." "Sad," Campbell says,

"as angels for the good man's sin
Weep to record and blush to give it in;"

a thought half-Persian in its character, and that is familiar to every one from occurring in that sketch, inimitable for its pathos, where "the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever." Sterne was but a shallow moralist, and did not scruple to sacrifice ethical truth to a pretty thought; and his easy way of wiping out an oath sets at defiance those angels through whom the majesty of the Law was ministered, and who watched round the cradle and cross of Christ. There is relief in turning to the beautiful idea of Sibbes, that "we have a derivative comfort from the attendance of angels upon Christ . . . They attended upon Him as the Head; they attend upon us as the members." It is not mere passive sympathy they bear, but sympathy of service; and by no one touched with deeper feeling than Spenser:

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* Of these Michael and Gabriel are mentioned in the Bible; Raphael and Uriel in the Apocrypha. That Raphael should be physician in the Book of Job, it need not surprise us: but Aubrey gravely relates how in his time, Dr. Richard Napier, whose "knees were horny with frequent praying," retired into his closet when a patient came, conversed with Raphael, and prescribed accordingly. Nor were the prescriptions always medical, for in 1621 he told Prideaux that he would be a bishop in twenty years, "as it fell out."

"And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts! But O th' exceeding grace
Of Highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and froe
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!

"How oft do they their silver bowres leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, they duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh why should Heavenly God to men have such regard!"

And this heavenly service is most various. "The angels," cries Luther in his valiant way, "prepare themselves for the combat and to strike down Turk and Pope into the bottomless pit;" and they are also "our true and trusty servants, performing offices and work that no poor mendicant would be ashamed to do for another;" while again we "would be in despair if we should see for how many angels one devil makes work to do." The devils, he cries in one of his sermons, fly as thick about us as the crows, what need therefore of angels! And by an odd conceit he proportioned their size to the importance of those they watched, giving the larger to great men like princes, and the smaller to children and common folk. "If a man is saved from drowning, or escapes a falling stone, that is not chance, but the will of the dear angels." Enemies spiritual and temporal are to be fought and ourselves tended. In church, "whensoever and wheresoever the Word of God is preached, there are the angels present, which keep in safe custody all those who receive the Word of God and study to live after it" (Latimer). "They observe us," another old divine says, "and our carriages in the congregation." And each has a guardian angel, no doubt like that in, I think, Dürer's engraving, where the little child with bright simple face walks trustingly by the precipice, and the serpent, and the thorn; and the angel walks beside with folded wings and eager watch, and a guiding hand on the child's shoulder. This angel is always on guard, sometimes defending best when offending most; an office that may be assigned by Shakespeare when he says that

"Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him:"

though probably only a reference to the expulsion from Paradise. It is cognisant of the spiritual relations of the soul:—

"The blessing fell upon her soul;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come:
Her soul was purified."

The Schoolmen set it a peculiar work at the resurrection, when "every man's good angel shall gather together the bones of him he guarded." And Tennyson suggests that in the further world it might communicate between death-parted friends:

"My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place and tell thee all."

At dying, moreover, the angels have special charge. They bend down so near that they may be heard:

"Hark! they whisper! Angels say:
Sister spirit, come away."

They stoop over them with radiant face like the dawning of heaven:

"And then, like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd."

And when the soul flies the body, they accompany it to heaven. "Good night, sweet Prince," says Horatio of the dead Hamlet,

"And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Numerous instances are on record of dying men and women who said they saw troops of angels, and whose vision grew more distinct at the approach of death and the failure of bodily sight. Sometimes it is shouts and songs that are heard; sometimes figures that are seen; and there is nothing visible to the spectators but what they describe as a peculiar brightness on the features of the dying.*

But it is in painting that angels receive their fullest portraiture. We see them as little round-faced chubby children, or as those righteous and most awful spirits that Michael Angelo has painted in the Sistine Chapel. Sometimes the child face is not of the earth but heaven, like the two cherubs that gaze up at the Dresden Madonna; sometimes this winged angel is not distinguishable from a tricksy Cupid. Angel heads and groups form rainbow arches round the glory of the throne. In long fair

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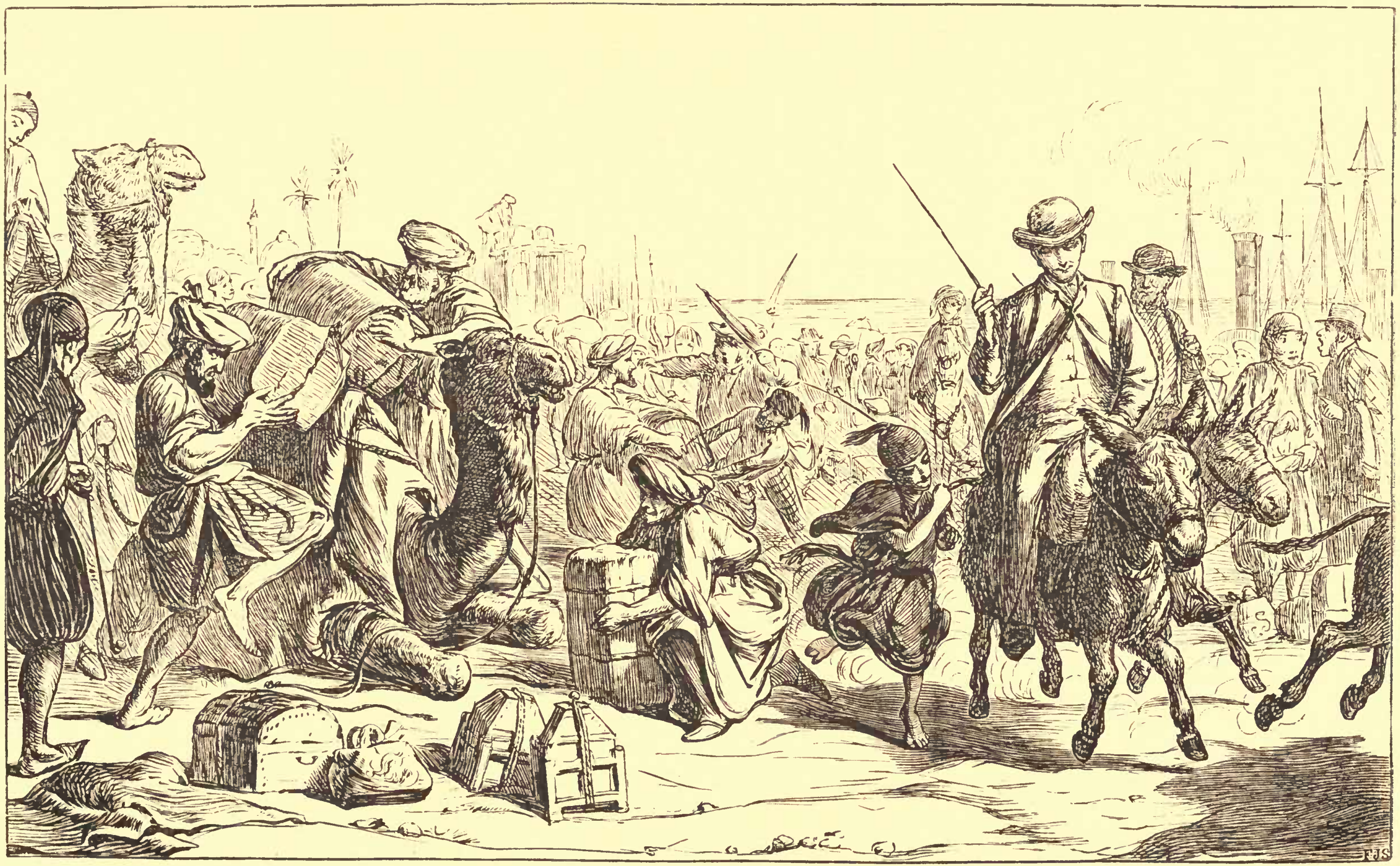
* Some curious examples will be found in "Notes and Queries," 3rd Ser. vol. iv. pp. 435, 6; vol. v. p. 448. They might be largely increased. When Lazarus dies in the old "Christmas Carol" on the parable of Dives,

"There came two angels out of heaven
His soul therein to guide.
'Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And go along with me,
For you've a place prepared in heaven,
To sit on an *angel's knee!*'"

The incorporeal definitions had clearly been forgotten.



SCENE ON THE QUAY AT ALEXANDRIA ON THE ARRIVAL OF A STEAMER.

robes and most pure of aspect they glide through the skies; or, much encumbered with their garments, swim across the air; or with red puffed cheeks and straining eyes blow all manner of horns and trumpets. In the creation, angels hold a lump of clay with both hands and mould it into man. They gaze with wistful faces into the manger where Jesus is laid, twinkling like the stars, so that each star seems as if it might burst into an angel. They lead down the ass into Egypt, and bend branches of the tree by the way that Joseph may reach the fruit. In Nazareth they pour out water or dry clothes for Mary;* sweep up the chips and shavings for Joseph; and as children with wings budding on their shoulders become playfellows for the child Jesus. After the temptation, it is they that spread a table in the wilderness. At the crucifixion they receive the blood in golden cups; others hide from the sore sight; and from the background innumerable hosts peer out with an universal awe and shame upon their faces. Yet wild as some of the conceptions are, and puerile and only fantastic as others, it is remarkable with what unity and distinctness angel life and nature as ministering are wrought out, so that this definite type of the great painters moulds our thoughts of angels into the same visible form. The legends of angelic appearances have long ceased. From that ancient one of the voices that were heard in the temple saying: "Let us leav ethese seats;" and of that majestic apparition that restrained the sacrilege of Heliodorus, and gave to Raphael one of his sublimest pictures; and of that other voice before the Romans came, that cried: "Arise, let us go hence;" the legends travelled slowly down for centuries. Elesbaan, king of the Ethiopians, fell into straits in battle and prayed, upon which he heard Gabriel thrice called from heaven, and knowing that the angel was sent to fight for him, he smote his foe with great slaughter. Baronius relates a battle between Clovis and Theodoric, when an angel was seen standing with drawn sword between the armies. The tourists who loiter *en pension* at Engelberg below the mighty Titlis, are told how

> "Celestial bands,
> With intermingling motions soft and still,
> Hung round its top, with wings that changed their hues
> at will:"

and they pointed out the site of the famous abbey of the *Mons Angelorum.* And the mole of Hadrian received its familiar name of San Angelo from the most striking of these appearances; for when, to mitigate the plague in the sixth century, Gregory had organised processions through the streets, as the choir approached they beheld Michael alight at the summit of the mole and sheathe his bloody sword; and "the tomb of Hadrian has been called the Castle of Sant' Angelo to this day." It is more than a thousand years since then, yet two centuries and a half ago there was still exhibited in Normandy the buckler worn by Michael in his combat with the devil, and which, it is said, was of red velvet. Nay, so scrupulous have even modern times been of these angelic traditions, that Michaelmas-day, the 29th of September, being made sacred to all angels, still witnesses the election of borough magistrates and councillors, whom the Middle Ages reverently supposed to be the counterparts on earth of the heavenly beings. It was a simple age which could first see the nearest approach to an angel in an alderman; muscular as well, and breathing more of the spirit of Angelo and Rubens than Guido and Fra Angelico.

So far we may follow the mere human, traditional and legendary lore of angelic phenomena, in which Pagan and Christian thoughts, and earth and heaven, and things congruous and incongruous, are inextricably blended; and which have greatly helped to confuse our minds and spread a Sadducean* scepticism of angels altogether. Turning to the Scriptures themselves, we are in quite another atmosphere. Angels are recognised there from the first, from the cherubims that kept the way of the tree of life with a flaming sword turning every way, to the last, to the angel that was sent to Patmos by Jesus to testify the Apocalypse to John. They are so woven into the texture of the Bible that to reject them is to reject it. They are recognised without apology or surprise, having as real an existence as men. They take their place in the history with simplicity and dignity; supernatural, but without a trace of the marvellous. They cannot be ignored in Bible teaching, and they occur often enough to reveal their peculiar position.

Uniformly they appear as men. They eat, sit, walk, stand, are clothed, speak and are spoken to, lay their hands on men, receive the courtesies paid by host to guest. It is this that gives point to the saying that we may entertain angels unawares. But then they ascend in the flame of a sacrifice, fly through heaven, are made visible to men when their eyes are shut—in visions, dreams, trances; and invisible to men when their eyes are open; pass through prison doors without disturbing the guards, and walk through the streets without attracting the people. From all this, as well as from the fact of their creation, it might be inferred they are not without a body. What is related of the resurrection body of the Lord is as wonderful and to us incomprehensible, as what is related of them. Their countenance is radiant, "terrible," "like lightning." Before his martyrdom, Stephen's face shone as the face of an angel. Their very garments are dazzling: they illuminate the sky at night and the gloom of a prison cell. Sometimes they appear with a staff; sometimes with a sword. An angel touched the rock with his staff, and Gideon saw fire leap out and consume the kid's flesh and unleavened cakes. David saw an angel stand between heaven and earth with his sword stretched over Jerusalem. But when we would approach closer we are repelled. The picture is shadowy and vast. Heaven towers above us. We are on the borders of another and mightier world. It is like the change from one of Miss Procter's little child-angels, "with trailing pinions and weary feet," or Steinle's sweet and pure and feminine frescoes in the choir at Cologne, to Milton's Uriel

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* In Margaret of Navarre's Miracle Play, the child angel offers to wash Him and warm His bed:—

> "ne veuillez épargner
> Moi très-petit . . . . car, soit pour vous baigner,
> Ou pour chauffer vos draps en votre lit,
> À vous servir je prendrai grand délit."

* "For the Sadducees say that there is neither angel nor spirit."—Acts xxiii. 8.

> "gliding through the even
> On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
> In autumn thwarts the night;"

or his picture, that blinds like a flash of lightning when—

> "outflew
> Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
> Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
> Far round illumined hell;"

or that awful vision of Him who

> "on His impious foes right onward drove
> Gloomy as night . . . . in His right hand
> Grasping ten thousand thunders."

We stand before such beings as Daniel and John saw, helpless to conceive and not daring to penetrate their vast magnificence. The one *clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz: His body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude.** The other *clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow upon his head, and his face as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire, his right foot resting upon the sea and his left foot on the earth, and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices.* This is vague; the vagueness of overwhelming splendour, of conditions of life unknown to us; the vagueness of a tropic forest to an Esquimaux: and we can only cry humbly and patiently, "Behind the veil, behind the veil!"

Yet we know much about them, that in power and might they are superior to man, that they are mighty, that they excel in strength. We read also of their wisdom, knowing all things that are in the earth, discerning the good and bad, yet ignorant of the day of the Son of Man, and desiring to penetrate the mystery of the Gospel. It is only by casual allusion that we learn of their appearance and habit, as they are introduced upon some mission to man. Their service to him is related with much detail. They accompany God's servants upon important missions, are messengers between God and His prophets, carry answers to prayer and carry prayer back again to God, warn of impending dangers, cross the purposes of evil men, rescue some and smite others. Angels burned Sodom, destroyed the first-born of Egypt, harassed David's people with pestilence, cut off the army of Sennacherib, and struck down Herod. Angels saved Lot, guarded Daniel from the lions, let the Apostles out of prison, struck the chains off Peter. Angels accompanied Christ from heaven, had charge over Him on earth, ministered to Him in the desert, strengthened Him in Gethsemane, rolled the stone from His sepulchre, and announced His ascension. They encamp about the saints, watch over children, rejoice in the conversion of every sinner, and bear the righteous at death into heaven. They carry out of the Kingdom all that offends, gather together the elect, are the reapers at the end of the world, herald the resurrection, sever the wicked from the just and cast them into the fire, and guard the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem. They preside over the powers of nature and the destinies of kingdoms. There are angels of the wind and the water* and the lightning and the sun; of Greece and Persia.

In these allusions to angelic ministry some allowance must be made for the rich symbolism of the prophetical books; and there are things no doubt hard to be understood. But it remains abundantly clear that angels are used as God's agents both in the rational and irrational world; that whatever they do they do but His commandment. The world is not wound up like a clock, to run down when it is worn out. It is governed by a personal God through His personal and ever-present interposition. It is not regulated by laws only, but by a Law-giver. May not He who established and upholds these laws commit their administration to His servants? Is it more reverent to dislodge God from all natural phenomena, to cast Him up to some distant throne far above the inevitable and inexorable mechanism of natural laws, or, with the Jews, to hear His voice in the thunder and see His angel in the lightning? Since God must needs work through some medium, is it at all more difficult to conceive of angels being that medium? And very human and tender their care is, and wise and benign their ways; soothing, healing, gently leading, with few words but most eloquent acts, pitiful and yearning, flashing their keen swords against lust and pride and the devil, but sheathing them in righteous sorrow when their work is done.

That there are many is beyond doubt. The reckoning in Revelation is vague, and the 200 millions represent no more than vast and countless numbers. —A mysterious reticence characterizes all that

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* So in John xii. 29, the voice of an angel is compared to thunder. What a contrast between these angels and Mohammed's Gabriel with his six hundred wings! Even Goethe's archangels in the Prologue to "Faust," unsurpassed as they are in poetry for dignity of conception and an almost celestial music in the verse, sink into puppets beside these two.

* If John v. 4, had not so great a weight of MSS. against it, it would be a pertinent illustration of Rev. xvi. 5.

Scripture teaches of these spirits—their form, their rank and order, their habitation, their number. It is enough for us to know that they are many, so many that they can care for all saints. They crowded the ladder in Jacob's vision; he met hosts at Mahanaim; they covered the hill-side about Elisha till it burned like fire; at the raising of His hand Christ could have summoned more than twelve legions to the cross; an innumerable company, writes the Apostle Paul:—

> "Wider far
> Than all the globous Earth in plain outspread—
> Such are the courts of God—the angelic throng,
> Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
> By living streams among the trees of life,
> Pavilions numberless."

This then we know from God's word, that there is an angel world, vast, it may be, as the world of men; spirits excelling us in dignity, strength, and knowledge; the bright, puissant, and obedient ministers of Heaven; agents in the administration of nature and the ruling of kingdoms; invested with miraculous power, and charged by God with the ward of all that fear Him; so swift, that in the twinkling of an eye they may come at call of prayer; so subtly made, that they may walk the earth unseen. They have had part in every great epoch of the universe; sang the praise of the creation, descended with the Lord Incarnate, glorified Him in His resurrection, and shall come again with Him in the clouds of heaven. They are moved to joy or weeping over men; they have succoured the oppressed, loosed the prisoners, smitten tyrants, shut the mouths of lions, fed the hungry, strengthened the weary, soothed the heart-broken, cheered the homeless and emigrant, banished despair. They have heralded our brightest and perpetual blessings, and been with the loneliest spirit in the hour of its most cruel agony; in death they do not forsake us, and they welcome with their holy chant and jubilee every sinner that Christ brings to the Father. Is the knowledge of this to be of no use and comfort to us? Why have these breaches been made into heaven, that we may see angels ascending and descending? Do angels cross our vision in glorious flight as we read the Bible, and vanish like dreams when we close the Book? The past is full of them; they cannot have come to a sudden stop. They were never so active as when Christ came; and if Christ the Head is withdrawn, Christ the Body remains in the Church: and they that ministered to the Head, will they not minister to the members? *Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them that are the heirs of salvation?* There is enough to indicate what that ministry may be; that it will be one of sympathy and help to man; that angels' visits are not "short and far between," but constant; signs of God's love and means of God's care; that

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." *

And if much of mystery remains, much that we shall only know hereafter, we know enough to warrant the liveliest faith in angel service; nay, as noble old Howe says, "it is a great incongruity we should have strange, uncouth, shy, frightful, or unfrequent thoughts of them in the meantime." Two centuries ago, Baxter was wondering why so little heed was paid to them by the Church: he might lift his complaint as loud now.† Yet it must add to the solace of a Christian life, characteristically a life of pilgrimage and isolation, that it is watched by pure and gracious Beings who bear their help to us at God's bidding and in their own love, who come straight from the Father of Spirits, who work with unseen ministry like the secret powers of nature, the dew and the frost and the fitful wind, but whom one moment's revelation might make visible. Christ, as He taught, might have hung the air with clouds of listening angels; we, as we journey, might as haply see the path lined with horses and chariots of fire. And there are troubled, lonely, baffled moments when to know that angels are beside us is like a cup of water to a man spent with thirst. They can tell what squadrons parried the assaults of Satan, what dangers they averted, what weary hours they beguiled with celestial harmonies, what messages they brought and prayers they answered, by what sick-beds they stood, around what slumbering households they encamped, for what worn-out and fainting spirits they have fought. We have moreover their example of unfaltering obedience and loyalty, of unselfish and unhindered service. We walk by faith in Him who sends them, and in them His gift. And we shall see them as our fellow-servants on that day when we cross the River, and, as in Bunyan's wonderful dream, we go up through the regions of the air to the City higher than the clouds, while they compass continually sounding with melodious noise, as if heaven itself was come down.

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* What is written of them in the Bible will repay the most diligent study, as any one may discover who will read such a work as Dr. Stier's "Words of the Angels."

† He says that he counted in Newman's "Concordance" that the angels were mentioned three hundred times in the Bible. This must have included the *Apocrypha*, where they occur almost forty times.

ON THE NATURE AND COMPOSITION OF FOOD.

By LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., LL.D.

[THE FIRST OF TWO PAPERS.]

THE comparison of the body of an animal with a common steam engine, if not perfect in a scientific point of view, has at least the merit of enabling us to study with ease certain common requirements of both.

Before a steam engine can do its work it must be supplied with coal, which is merely changed vegetable matter, still readily combustible. The coal burns when it receives a proper supply of air, and the heat produced by the union of the two is passed over to water, so that it may be converted into mechanical force. During the burning of the coal, the water receives a steady boiling heat of 212° F., and the furnace evolves gases which consist of carbonic acid, water and vitiated air; these are finally thrown out of the chimney, while nothing of the original fuel remains behind except the uncombustible ashes in the grate.

Up to this point the animal body has a strange resemblance to the steam engine. The three requisites for the animal are,—food, that is recent vegetable or animal matter; air, which is to burn this in the body and keep up a steady animal heat of 98°; and water, necessary for the working of the complex animal machine. The food, like the fuel of the steam engine, is burned in the body, and in the same way, except that the rate of combustion is slow in the latter and quick in the former; identical gases—viz., carbonic acid, watery vapour, and vitiated air—are discharged from the windpipe as they are from the chimney of the furnace; while nothing of the original food remains in the body, after the lapse of a certain time, except unconsumed substances, like the ashes of the furnace, rejected from the system as effete matter. At this point, however, our comparison is not perfect, for part of the food is used to repair the waste which the body continually suffers, while the engine is repaired with a material not found in the fuel.

Let us take up the comparison again, and apply it in another direction. The force of the engine primarily arises in the sun that shone on the world in past ages and stored up its power in the plants which then grew and are now preserved to us as coal. The fuel merely gives out this original power in burning, and the heat being converted into simple motive force by alternate push and pull of the piston, acting through levers, joints, and bands, enables mechanical work of infinite variety to be performed. The force in the animal is derived also primarily from the sun, which, illuminating the world now as it did in olden times, causes vegetation to flourish and stores up force in the food to be applied in the working of the animal machine. The combustion of the food in the body produces a motive force of simple alternate relaxation and contraction of the muscles, which, working through levers, joints and tendons, enables the animal to apply the force in an endless variety of ways. A few words more will complete the comparison for our present purpose. It is easy to express by calculation the amount of mechanical work which a machine can or does produce, and it is equally easy to show what labour an animal with a given quantity of food might perform; but it is beyond human ken to express by figures the intellect of the engineer who is required to guide the engine, and it is only permitted to us to wonder reverently at the vital intelligence which directs the working of the animal body and regulates all its voluntary and involuntary movements. Let us not confound the known with the unknown.

It would be considered a folly for any man to undertake the direction and application of an engine, with the structure and working of which he is entirely ignorant. The body of a man is a far more complex and wonderful machine than any steam engine, and it is the duty of each man to preserve it in the best working order and to apply it to the best purposes. But our systems of education do not include any provision for his acquaintance with this machine, so that it is not surprising that it frequently gets out of order. The science which professes to study the workings of the animal body is termed physiology, and, though still in its infancy, has already large proportions. Our present purpose is merely to take from its book of knowledge a single leaf, on which Liebig and other eminent chemists have written, and to explain what they have told us in regard to food.

Here we must again draw attention to the point in which our comparison of the steam engine with the animal body failed. In the case of the former the material of which the engine is constructed is entirely different from the fuel supplied to it; in the case of the animal the very structure itself is furnished by the food; and as the body is constantly wasting so must it be continually supplied. We must therefore expect to find in food two classes of ingredients:—(1) those required to build up the fabric of the body; (2) those necessary for the support of animal heat. Our attention will be in the first place confined to what may be called the structural part of food.

Beccaria in 1742 asked, "Is it not true that we are composed of the same substances which serve as our nourishment?" and George Herbert expresses the same idea when he writes:—

> "Herbs gladly heal our flesh because that they
> Find their acquaintance there."

In all kinds of vegetable food capable of affording nutrition there are certain substances which are not only like, but essentially the same in composition as, the principles of which the animal body consists. The albumen of the white of egg is equally found in the cabbage; the fibrin which forms an important part of blood and the chief part of flesh, abounds in wheaten flour and in the cauliflower. The casein or cheese which is obtained from milk is present still more abundantly in peas and beans, from which the Chinese in reality extract it and make cheese for sale. So that if we were to take any of these principles from vegetables, or from the flesh or blood of animals, and place them in the hands of the most skilful chemical analyst, he would not only be unable to distinguish those of vegetable from those of animal origin, but he would find it difficult, by composition merely, to separate one principle from another, all having the same ingredients in almost the same proportions. They contain, besides sulphur, four organic elements, viz., Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, and Nitrogen, in such proportion that the following composition in 100 parts would fairly represent them all, except perhaps Fibrin:—

Carbon	53·8
Hydrogen	7·0
Nitrogen	15·7
Sulphur	1·2
Oxygen	22·3
	100·0

Better numbers than these could scarcely be given for the organic portion of flesh or of blood free from fat.

With these facts before us, the nutrition of an animal is easily understood. Animals find the materials for their structure already elaborated by vegetables, and have nothing to do but to give them a place and form in their organism. As the builder finds the bricks supplied to his hand and only requires to fashion them in order, so the animal has nothing whatever to do with the formation of structural materials, but has only to arrange them so as to carry out the design of the great Architect who created his body. No one finds it difficult to understand how a carnivorous beast receives the materials for its frame. It eats the flesh, blood, and bone of its prey, and merely rearranges them in its own system; in a chemical sense it eats itself. A suckling child is also carnivorous; it is a young cannibal, feeding upon its mother and applying part of her body to its own uses. Equally simple is the nutrition of the vegetable-feeder, who finds all the materials of its structure ready prepared in plants, and has nothing to do with their elaboration, but only with their application.

As flesh-feeders live upon vegetable feeders, the primary source of all animal frames resides in plants which form the only laboratory for the preparation of the structural materials of animals. All this has been arranged with infinite foresight by the Creator; for animals, in the execution of their higher functions, such as locomotion, volition, mechanical and mental work, could not expend their vital agencies in elaborating materials for their bodies out of unlike matter. Plants execute this work for them so completely that animals have nothing to do but to build the ready-formed materials into their frame. A convenient name for this class of structural materials is that of *flesh-formers*, and by that term we include them all, whether they be of vegetable or animal origin.

Let us leave the class of structural food for a time, and consider the fuel which gives the necessary heat to the body. The temperature of a man is from 98° to 99° Fahrenheit, or about 40° higher than the air is in this country. The body being therefore continually robbed of heat by a cold atmosphere, must have an internal source of supply. The fuel which burns in the furnace of the body consists mainly of bodies from which the element nitrogen is absent. The order in which they form fuel of the best quality is the following:—(1) Fat, (2) Starch, (3) Cane Sugar, (4) Grape and Milk Sugar. Their value varies considerably, for 40 parts of fat will give out as much heat as 97 parts of starch or 100 parts of sugar, or 310 parts of flesh, when that structural food is used for such a wasteful purpose as the supply of heat to the skin. In the ordinary combustion of a fire, the oxygen of the air unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the fuel, forming carbonic acid gas and water. The air taken in by the lungs furnishes oxygen to the blood. About 7 cwt. of this gas are annually inhaled by the lungs of an adult man, and nearly one-fifth enters into combustion in the body with the food. Clearly it must pass away again in some form, for the body of a healthy adult is the same in weight at the end as at the beginning of the year. It is easy to calculate how much heat a daily supply of oxygen would afford; for the combustion in the body, though slow, gives out just as much heat as if the food were burned in a fire-place. After making full allowance for the heat expended in evaporating the usual quantity of water by perspiration, there is as much left as would raise 143 lbs. of water from 32°, the freezing point, to 212°, the boiling point. As water requires more heat to raise it through this range than the solids of the body, the amount of heat daily generated by the combustion of food is amply sufficient to keep the body of a man of 150lbs. in weight at the proper temperature.

As the quantity of coal consumed in a common fire-place changes with the conditions under which the combustion proceeds, so also does the quantity of food vary with the altering conditions of the body. When a fire is stirred combustion is quickened, because oxygen from the air enters more freely among the particles of the fuel and unites with its ingredients. When the body of a man is stirred into activity by any cause, such as by walking, by labour, by speaking, the lungs act more quickly, additional oxygen enters the body, and its internal heat is augmented. The rhythm of the respiration regulates the quantity of air taken into the lungs and of the oxygen absorbed. About six-sevenths of the oxygen absorbed by the blood are used to burn the charcoal or carbon in the food, the other seventh part burning the free hydrogen of the fats or wasting the tissues. An adult man in this country, while at rest, burns in his body rather more than 7 oz. of carbon daily; gentle exercise increases the amount to 8¾ oz., and hard labour augments it to 11¾ oz.

We may the more readily understand the varying quantities of food demanded to preserve the constant temperature of the body if we suppose, by way of illustration, that the task were assigned to us of keeping up the heat in the cabin of a ship to a uniform temperature of 98°. Our ship may be supposed resting before Calcutta, where we have seen the temperature of a cabin above 90°. In this case, in the discharge of our assigned duty, we would require to burn very little coal to raise the temperature of the cabin an additional number of 8°. The ship sails to England and arrives in winter when a frost prevails; coal must now be heaped up in the stove to prevent the heat of the cabin from sinking below the prescribed temperature. The ship is next ordered on a whaling expedition to the arctic seas, where, on its arrival, the intense cold compels us to keep up an incessant fire burning with great briskness, if our fixed temperature is to be maintained. The body of a man is a chamber always to be kept at the same heat under the most varying circumstances. Its temperature when in health is the same, whether it basks in the sun at Naples, or is exposed to the rigour of a winter at Melville Island in the polar seas. This constancy of heat is preserved by burning fuel in the body in exact proportion to the demand for it. If clothes are heaped on the body, it is more slowly chilled and requires less fuel, so that our garments economise food and are an actual substitute for it. During famines it is not unusual to find families lying in bed covered with clothes, so as to diminish the cravings of hunger, the warmth being an equivalent for one kind of food, and the rest diminishing the activity of the lungs, or, in other words, the supply of oxygen to the system. But although this answers as a temporary expedient, the internal fire soon goes out unless fuel be supplied to it. Sir John Franklin in his travels writes—"During the whole of our march we experienced that no quantity of clothing would keep us warm while we fasted, but on those occasions on which we were able to go to bed with a full stomach we passed the night in a comfortable manner." The altered rhythm of respiration and the consequently changing appetite regulates for us, with more precision than the best adjusted damper in a fire-place, the quantity of fuel required by the body. With that wonderful wisdom which is displayed in all the works of God, we find even the nature of food in different countries suited to the exigencies of climates. The fruits and rice of hot countries form fuel rich enough for the tropical regions, while the fat and blubber of fish give the requisite highly combustible food to the Eskimos and other arctic inhabitants. The quantity of food shovelled daily into the mouth of one of these people would be incredible unless so frequently attested. Thus Sir J. Parry weighed the food of an Eskimo lad, and found him to consume in one day:—

Seahorse flesh, hard frozen .	4 lbs. 4 oz.
" " boiled . .	4 " 0 "
Bread	1 " 12 "
Rich gravy soup . . .	1¼ pint.
Raw spirits	3 glasses.
Strong grog	1 tumbler.
Water	1 gall. and 1 pint.

Sir John Ross assures us that a full-grown Eskimo will eat daily 20 lbs. of flesh and oil. A Yakut washes down this quantity of flesh with a quart or two of train-oil, and will eat in addition, as a sort of dessert, on great occasions, a dozen tallow candles. Captain Cochrane says, in his pedestrian journey through Siberia, that a good calf, weighing 200 lbs., will serve four or five Yakuts for a single meal; and Admiral Saritcheff assures us that in his travels he knew one Yakut who consumed in twenty-four hours, "the hind quarter of a large ox, 20 lbs. of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink." The admiral sent for this man, to test his powers on a weighed meal, but unluckily he had just breakfasted; in spite of which, however, he sat down and consumed a second repast of 28 lbs. of thick rice porridge, containing 3 lbs. of butter. Now, although in all these authentic accounts, we must remember that savages, whether in hot or cold countries, have great powers of fasting and gormandising alternately; still, the chief explanation of the enormous consumption of highly combustible food, is the requirements of the rigorous climate. It does not, as compared with our own food in this country, represent a greater difference of fuel than would be required to keep the same apartment heated to 60° or 70° in sunny Palermo or in frozen Spitzbergen.

The winter sleep of hybernating animals further illustrates the source of animal heat. In summer they eat more food than is required for the daily waste of the body, and the excess is stowed away as fat. This accumulates around the caul and loins, and pushes up the diaphragm or seperating membrane so as to lessen the space in which the lungs play. The fat gathers further round the edges of the heart and lungs, and still more contracts the room for the action of both organs. Just as a man after a heavy dinner, which pushes temporarily the diaphragm against the lungs, or a fattened pig after a meal, falls asleep because an insufficiency of air enters the system, so the hybernating animal sinks into a more permanent state of repose. The respiration becomes so sluggish that several minutes sometimes elapse between the respiratory acts. As a consequence of diminished combustion, the temperature of the winter sleeper lessens considerably. A similar fall in the heat of the body, though of course to a much less degree, is experienced by the after-dinner sleeper, who, feeling chilled by the lessened oxidation, draws his chair towards the fire before indulging in repose. The bodies of winter sleepers are like lamps slowly burning, the fat being the oil and the lungs the wick. Gradually, as the fat is burned away, the space for the play of the lungs becomes enlarged; more oxygen now enters the system, and the animal resumes its active habits in satisfying the demands for food. Any fat animal might, under favourable circumstances, live upon its own fat for a considerable time. There is a case, recorded in the Linnean Transactions, of a pig which was overwhelmed by a landslip and was excavated alive after 160 days, during which time it had lost 120 lbs. in weight. Its fat had been nearly, but not completely, burned away, otherwise the living lamp would have gone out for want of oil. The fat tails of the Dumba sheep, in the Somali Country, described by Captain Speke, diminish in size during an arid season, and compensate the animal for the uncertainties of its pasture.

Having now considered very generally the nature of the structural and of the heat-giving food, we may turn to the mineral matter which exists in animal bodies and in the food fitted for their support. Unfortunately the knowledge on this subject is far from being precise. Certain mineral bodies, such as phosphate of lime, magnesia, soda, and potash, chloride of sodium or common salt, sulphates of the alkaline bases, and oxide of iron, are absolutely essential to nutrition. The function of some of them is too obvious to escape notice, as in the case of bones, in which phosphate of lime forms the chief part, amounting in weight, in a full-grown adult, to about 15 lbs. 12 oz. But with regard to other mineral bodies, their exact mode of action is not so apparent. Thus, common salt is known to be quite essential to nutrition. It was formerly a punishment in Holland to feed great criminals on food free from salt, and they are stated to have been subject to the most loathsome diseases. Cattle, on the extensive prairies of America, can be kept from straying by establishing salt-licks in particular places. And yet the whole amount of salt in the body does not probably exceed 4 oz. Undoubtedly it is essential to the processes of digestion and assimilation, although we cannot explain more than a few of its actions. We know that it aids the absorption of water into the system by the process of diffusion; it supplies the acid which the stomach requires for digestion; it gives soda for the formation of bile and of pancreatic juice, and it helps the solution of albumen. If all the organic elements of nutrition—the flesh-formers and heat-givers—were presented to an animal in abundance, in the absence of these mineral substances, the animal would not only cease to thrive, but all nutrition would be impossible. They enter into every organ as a necessary part of it. Different organs, however, show a selection for particular mineral substances. Thus, the brain loves phosphorus, while the bones affect phosphate of lime; fluor-spar passes chiefly to the teeth, to give hardness to their enamel; silica or flint lodges in the nails and in the hair; phosphates of magnesia and phosphate of potash dwell in the flesh, while phosphate of soda prefers to take up its abode in the blood and cartilages. Our information, however, on the subject is very meagre, and while we recognise the importance of these mineral ingredients of food, chemists do not at present profess to explain their action. Just as the flesh-formers are continually passing away from the system in a partially burned state, so do these mineral substances. They leave the body generally in the same form as they were introduced, but in some cases, as with sulphur and phosphorus, they are removed in the form of products of combustion, —sulphuric and phosphoric acids.

Having now taken a general survey of the three classes of ingredients of food—1, the structural food, or "flesh-formers;" 2, the non-nitrogenous food, or "heat-givers;" 3, the mineral food—it is desirable, before examining the value of the various kinds of food, to consider the method in which they are mixed by nature so as to form a complete wholesome nutriment. There is one kind of food in which the mixture is so complete that it may be safely taken as a general type of what all food should be: we allude to the food with which the mother feeds her infant child, viz. MILK. The milk of the cow in 100 parts has the following composition:—

Water	87·13
Casein	4·00
Butter	3·50
Sugar of Milk	4·60
Mineral Substances	0·77
	100·00

We see how carefully nature has provided for the growth of the infant. In the casein there is abundance of structural food for the building up of organs; in the highly combustible fat or butter, and in the less carbonaceous sugars, we have a full supply of heat-givers. For the sake of simplicity we have not expressed in the previous analysis the nature of the mineral substances, but it may suffice if we state that in 100 parts of them there are more than 56 parts of bone earth for the building up of the young skeleton, besides common salt, potash salts, iron, silica, and every mineral ingredient that we find in the body. It may be interesting to inquire, with regard to the typical food, what proportion the structural materials have to the respiratory or heat-giving substances. For this purpose, we must convert both the butter and sugar into a common value, and calculate them as if they were starch, which is the most common heat-giving body in different kinds of food. Estimated in this way, the quantity of heat-givers is three times greater than that of flesh-formers. But the nutrition of the young animal is in many respects different from that of the adult. In the case of the latter it is only necessary to supply the daily waste of the tissues; in the former it is also requisite to furnish materials for the growing body, and also abundant fuel to maintain the higher temperature of the infant. With this difference kept in view, all our efforts in diet appear to aim at imitating the typical food, milk, by adjusting a proper balance between the flesh-formers, heat-givers, and mineral bodies. Thus, with a flesh-forming aliment like beef or mutton, we take a rich heat-giving one like potatoes or rice. To fat bacon, abounding already in heat-givers, we add beans, which compensate for its poverty in flesh-formers. With fowls, poor in fat, we consume ham, rich in this combustible. Our appetites and tastes become the regulators of food, and adjust the relative proportions of its several ingredients; and until the appetite becomes depraved by indulgence or disease, it is a safe guide in the selection of aliments.

The reader will now be prepared to appreciate the value of tables showing the relative amount of the three great classes of alimentary substances as they are presented by nature in different kinds of food. The chief varieties of food are described in the table on page 29, which indicates the composition of the nutritive portions of food in 100 parts, which, according to the fancy or convenience of the reader, may be taken as 100 grains, 100 ounces, or 100 lbs. The table indicates all the important ingredients of food. To show how this table is to be read, let us take bread as an example, and find out its nutritive value in 100 oz. In the case of bread the table gives the following information, in ounces and tenths of ounces:—

100 oz. of bread contain—

Water	44·8 oz.
Flesh-formers	8·2 ,,
Starch	44·5 ,,
Fat	1·0 ,,
Starch-equivalent of heat-givers	46·9 ,,
Ratio of flesh-formers to heat-givers	1:5·72 ,,
Mineral matter	1·5 ,,
Carbon in flesh-formers	4·4 ,,
Carbon in heat-givers	20·5 ,,
Total carbon	24·9 ,,

In other words, we are told that in every 100 oz. of bread consumed by us there are about 8 oz. of matter calculated to repair the waste in the body, 47 oz. of fuel to keep up the heat, 1½ oz. of mineral matter for the bones and for carrying on the processes of digestion and assimilation; while we receive the further information that 20½ oz. of charcoal (carbon) are burned completely in the fuel, and about 4½ oz. go in another direction, regarding which we shall have important information to give in the succeeding paper. It may be useful again to explain what is meant by the term "starch-equivalent" of heat-givers. The latter consist of fat, sugar, starch, and gum; but each of these have, as we have already shown, a different value as fuel, just as coal, and wood, and peat have different heating powers in common fire-places. If, therefore, all kinds of fuel were massed together indiscriminately, a very erroneous idea would be given of the heat-giving character of the food; but by converting them all into one value, viz., that of starch, the comparison of one kind of food with another may readily be made.

Water is a large ingredient in all kinds of food. Perfectly lean flesh contains 75 oz. of water in 100 oz. of meat, but the quantity of water varies much in different foods. Thus flour, oatmeal, and the cereals generally contain about 13 oz. of water in the 100 oz., while turnips, carrots, potatoes, and parsnips have from 75 oz. to 85 oz. of water in 100 oz. of the food as sold.

We now proceed to make some general observations on the different kinds of food in the table, remarking, however, that all such tables give only a general and not a perfectly precise information, because as each beast fitted for the market is more or less fat, so each kind of plant grown varies more or less in its composition. The table is therefore constructed on what may be supposed to be average samples of each kind of food.

It may justly raise a question if it be right to consider all the flesh-formers of equal value, whether they are derived from vegetable or animal aliments. Would, for instance, the 22 oz. of casein in 100 oz. of split peas be equal to the same amount of albumen and fibrin found in 100 oz. of beef? In all probability they would not, for when nature presents us with three materials of like composition—fibrin, albumen, casein—she has no doubt specific functions for them to perform in building up the animal frame. But experience certainly shows us that if we present all these three materials to the body, it can exercise labour and be kept up in strength whether they are derived from animals or from vegetables. Let us take the case of a hunt as an illustration. In a hunt an omnivorous animal, a man, is mounted upon a herbivorous animal, a horse; he is attended by carnivorous dogs, which pursue a vegetable-feeding hare or a flesh-eating fox. In the case of all these animals, a maximum amount of labour is bestowed while the hunt lasts, but the tissues, which by their waste produced the labour, were built up in some cases by animal, in other cases by vegetable food. Undoubtedly the nature of the food has much influence upon the character of animals, and of their ability to exercise consecutive and persevering labour; but this is a question far in advance of that which we are at present discussing.

In animal aliments the heat-giving portions are in the form of fat. No doubt fat forms an indispensable part of all dietaries, for we find it also in vegetables as well as animals. In 100 parts of oatmeal there are six parts of fat, and in maize or Indian corn there are seven parts to the 100. And just as we found the flesh-forming principles in vegetables and in animals to be the same, so do we find the same kinds of fat in both kingdoms of nature. Human fat exists in palm oil; the fat of train oil, as got from the whale, is also found in the

TABLE OF COMPOSITION OF FOOD IN 100 PARTS.

By DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B.

1864.

Name.	Water.	Flesh Formers.	Heat Givers.	Starch-equivalent of Heat Givers.	Ratio of Flesh Formers to Starch eq.	Mineral Matter.	Carbon in Flesh Formers.	Carbon in Heat Givers.	Total Carbon.
Lean Butcher's Meat, free from bone	67·0	23·0	Fat . . . 8·0	19·2	1 : 0·83	2·0	12·37	6·16	18·53
Fat ditto, ditto	63·0	15·0	Fat . . . 20·0	48·0	1 : 3·2	2·0	8·07	15·4	23·47
Mean of Lean and Fat Butcher's Meat, free from bone	65·0	19·0	Fat . . . 14·0	33·6	1 : 1·77	2·0	10·22	10·78	21·00
Fresh Fish, without bone	81·3	12·5	Fat . . . 5·2	12·5	1 : 1·0	1·0	6·5	3·8	10·3
Salt Herring	49·0	20·0	Fat . . . 12·7	30·45	1 : 1·52	18·3	10·76	9·78	20·54
Milk (new)	87·2	4·0	Fat . . . 3·5 Sugar . . 4·6	12·5	1 : 3·12	0·70	2·152	4·535	6·687
,, (skim)	88·6	4·0	Fat . . . 2·0 Sugar . . 4·6	8·8	1 : 2·2	0·77	2·152	3·380	5·532
,, (butter)	89·1	4·0	Fat . . . 1·5 Sugar . . 4·6	7·6	1 : 1·87	0·75	2·152	2·995	5·147
Cheese (cheap kinds)	40·0	30·0	Fat . . . 26	62·4	1 : 2·08	4·0	16·14	20·02	36·16
Eggs (yolk and white)	75·0	12·6	Fat . . . 11	26·4	1 : 2·09	1·4	6·788	8·47	15·26
Peas (green)	55·0	7·0	Starch, &c. 35 Fat . . . 1	37·4	1 : 5·34	2·0	3·766	16·31	20·076
,, (dry)	15·0	22·0	Starch, &c. 58·5 Fat . . . 2·0	63·3	1 : 2·87	2·5	11·836	27·514	39·35
Beans (dry)	12·0	26·0	Starch, &c. 57·0 Fat . . . 2·0	61·8	1 : 2·37	3·0	13·988	26·85	40·84
Lentils	12·5	27·0	Starch, &c. 55·0 Fat . . . 2·5	61·0	1 : 2·26	3·0	14·526	26·34	40·86
Flour	13·3	14·0	Starch, &c. 70 Fat . . . 1·5	73·6	1 : 5·26	1·2	7·532	31·08	38·61
Bread	44·8	8·2	Starch, &c. 44·5 Fat . . . 1·0	46·9	1 : 5·72	1·5	4·411	20·52	24·93
Biscuit	13·8	14·2	Starch, &c. 69·3 Fat . . . 1·0	71·7	1 : 5·05	1·7	7·64	51·539	59·179
Barley (pearl)	15·1	8·0	Starch, &c. 74 Fat . . . 2	78·8	1 : 9·85	0·9	4·304	34·396	38·69
Oatmeal	13·0	16·0	Starch, &c. 62 Fat . . . 6	76·4	1 : 4·77	3·0	8·608	32·35	40·95
Maize	12·0	11·0	Starch, &c. 68·5 Fat . . . 7·0	85·3	1 : 7·75	1·5	5·918	35·804	41·722
Rice	13·0	6·5	Starch, &c. 79·2 Fat . . . 0·8	81·1	1:12·48	0·5	3·497	35·781	39·278
Potatoes	75·0	1·4	Starch, &c. 22·5 Fat . . . 0·1	22·7	1:16·21	1·0	0·753	10·715	11·468
Parsnips	85·1	1·4	Starch . 10·0 Sugar . . 2·5	12·4	1 : 8·18	1·0	0·753	5·492	6·245
Carrots	86·5	1·3	Starch, &c. 6·30 Fat . . . 0·15 Sugar . . 5·00	11·3	1 : 8·70	0·8	0·7	5·417	6·117
Turnips	91·1	1·2	Starch, &c. 3·2 Sugar . . 3·0	6·1	1 : 5·08	1·5	0·645	2·684	3·329
Succulent Vegetables	85·8	1·3	Starch, &c. 12·2	12·2	1 : 9·4	0·7	0·7	5·417	6·117
Arrowroot	12·0	1·0	Starch . . 86·7	86·7	1:86·7	0·3	0·538	38·49	39·03
Sago	14·8	1·5	,, . . 83·5	83·5	1:55·6	0·2	0·807	37·074	37·881
Tapioca	13·0	2·0	,, . . 84·7	84·7	1:42·3	0·3	1·076	37·607	38·683
Sugar	5·0	0·0	Sugar . . 95	91·5	1 : ∝	0·0	0·0	39·99	39·99
Butter	13·0	1·0	Fat . . . 86	206	1 : 206	0·0	0·538	66·22	66·758
Suet	13·0	0·0	,, . . . 87	208	1 : ∝	0·0	0·000	66·99	66·99
Lard	8·0	2·0	,, . . . 90	216	1 : 108	0·0	1·076	69·3	70·376

Note.—In this Table 10 parts Fat are considered equal to 24 parts of Starch. Under the heading "Starch, &c.," Cellulose and Gum are included. The amount of Carbon is taken as follows:—

Flesh-formers . .	53·8 per cent. Carbon.	Sugar of Milk . .	40·0 per cent. Carbon.
Starch . . .	44·44 ,,	Fat	77·0 ,,
Sugar (Cane) . .	42·1 ,,		

root of valerian; the fat of mutton and beef exists in cocoa beans. But the simplicity of nutrition, which characterises the assimilation of flesh-formers, is not found to prevail in respect to fats. The latter need not pre-exist in food, for animals may make them out of sugar or starch. A cow forms the butter in milk, though none was in the grass on which it fed; a pig will fatten on potatoes, in which no hog's lard is found; a bee can make wax for the comb from flowers in which there is no wax; and a goose fed on wheat forms fat which was not in the food. So fat, although important as a part of a diet, and forming, in fact, one of the most valuable ingredients of heat-givers, is not essential in the same sense that the flesh-formers are. In fat meat the proportion of the latter to the starch-equivalent of heat-givers is nearly the same as in milk, viz., as 1 to 3. In cheese and in eggs the proportion of the two classes is as 1 to 2.

Going down the nutritious table we come to the leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, and lentils. With the exception of cheap cheese, this class of plants presents us with the most flesh-forming food in the whole table. Lentils ought to form the chief part of the meal sold as *revalenta arabica*, (although much sold under that name is chiefly Glasgow pease meal, costing, 2*d.* per lb.), and has been long known to us as the "red pottage" for which Esau sold his birthright. In this class of highly nutritious food we find the flesh-formers and heat-givers standing in the proportion of 1 to 2½. This proportion is, in fact, too small for healthy nutrition, and we find experience teaching us to augment the proportion of heat-givers to flesh-formers, so we mix potatoes with peas in making pea soup, and we take fat bacon with our beans.

The third group of food in the table comprises the cereals or corn crops, and bread made from flour; all of these contain flesh-formers in marked quantity, though less in amount than in the two preceding groups. Rice stands lowest in this group, having 6 parts in the 100 of flesh-formers, while oatmeal stands highest, having 16 parts. All of them abound in starch, and contain fat in quantity varying from 1 to 7 per cent. Omitting rice, in which the proportion of flesh-formers to heat-givers is as 1 to 12, the other members of the group range between 1 to 5 and 1 to 8. Bread, which can support life by itself, though not with vigour and activity, has its flesh-formers and heat-givers in the ratio of 1 of the first to 5¾ of the latter.

We now come to the group which we ordinarily class in culinary language as "vegetables," including potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, and succulent vegetables. They all contain so much water (from 75 to 85 per cent.), that their nutritious value in 100 parts is low as compared with the preceding group. None of them contain as much as 1½ oz. of flesh-formers in 100 oz. of the vegetable. We now find, in addition to starch and fat, a notable quantity of sugar—in the case of carrots amounting to 5 per cent. Their mineral matter is rich in alkaline salts, which possibly explains their value in scurvy. Potatoes form an eminent heat-giving food, for the proportion between the flesh-formers and heat-givers is as 1 to 16, whilst in the other vegetables in this group the proportion is as 1 to 8. They are therefore all justly considered as accessory food, useful as additions to more nitrogenous foods, but not economical as a source of supply of the latter.

As we descend in the table we come to arrowroot, and similar bodies, such as sago and tapioca, and sugar. These now cease to be considered as, in many respects, entitled to be classed as food. They afford, it is true, one very important ingredient of food—fuel for the support of animal heat—but when of the best quality may be entirely free from flesh-formers, or from mineral material fitted for the supply of the system. They can never be used for nutrition proper, having nothing in them to build up the structure of the body, but they may be highly useful as additions to a diet, by increasing the quantity of heat-givers when these are deficient.

The same remarks apply to such substances as butter, suet, and lard. Like all fats, they may form powerful accessories to nutritious food, but they cannot by themselves nourish the body, having no nitrogen in their composition, or, at all events, only that which comes from their accidental mixture with fleshy matter. They are rich in carbon, which in their dry state amounts to from 77 to 79 per cent., and in their commercial state to from 67 to 70 per cent. They also contain free hydrogen, so that 100 parts of them mount in a starch-equivalent to from 206 to 216 parts.

Some surprise may be experienced that the table contains no account of the stimulating and alcoholic beverages, but it is more convenient to consider them separately. There must be some remarkable use in tea, or it would not at the present time be used by 500 millions of men, or by about one half of the human race. In the United Kingdom, not far from 3 lbs. of tea are annually used by each person —man, woman, and child included: while coffee, although not so much taken by us, requires an annual supply of 600 millions of pounds to satisfy the consumption of the world. There are three stimulating substances—tea, coffee, and Paraguay tea—which have no relationship as regards the plants which furnish them, or as to the countries in which they were indigenous, but all of them are taken as stimulating beverages: a fourth substance, the Guarana tea, is of a like character. Now, when chemists examine these four substances, an alkaloid called *Theine* is found in them all. This alkaloid has very peculiar physiological properties. In small quantities, it appears to arrest the too rapid waste of the tissues. When a person has been labouring, the organs of the body necessarily waste, but the transformation begun is apt to continue when the demand for labour has ceased, and theine has the property of stopping this change. But when taken in too large quantities, as frequently happens in the present evil fashion of taking tea at all hours of the day, it acts on the nervous system, producing irritability of temper and acting unfavourably on the assimilation of food. When this nervous irritability exists, by a change from tea to cocoa (in which an alkaloid closely analogous to theine, called theobromine, exists) equanimity of temper is generally restored. Both tea and coffee contain narcotic and intoxicating oils in small quantity, the aroma and quality much depending upon these oils. Tea and coffee in their solid state contain abundance of casein, the important flesh-forming ingredient of milk; but this does not find its way into the infusion, unless indeed when poor people put soda into the water, which, thus rendered alkaline, may dissolve some of it. It is to the theine that the chief action is due; 100 oz. of tea contain about 3 oz. of theine, and 100 oz. of coffee about 1¾ oz. of the same alkaloid. The quantity of carbon added to a dietary by an infusion of either tea or coffee is too insignificant to be considered. Cocoa abounds in fat—in fact one half, or 50 per cent., consists of a peculiar butter, while there is also about 2 per cent. of its own alkaloid, analogous to but milder in its effects than theine. In the present state of chemistry we cannot follow the transformations of these alkaloids in the body, or explain how they produce their effects.

The alcoholic beverages so commonly used by man act, when taken in small quantities, in a manner similar to tea, but in larger quantities they operate injuriously by exciting the circulation and producing evils of the same kind as an excessive quantity of food. Beer is the cheapest form in which alcohol can be taken; one ounce of alcohol in beer costs twopence; in spirits it costs fourpence; and in cheap wines, eighteen pence. In making beer the grain undergoes in part the same changes that it experiences when taken as food by an animal. The malting of barley converts its starch into gum, then into sugar, which in a subequent change is transformed by yeast into alcohol and carbonic acid. The substance in the malting which has this transforming effect upon the starch is called *Diastase*; and a similar body, though under a different name, exists in saliva. Accordingly we find Chica beer made in South America by a process less pleasant than malting. Old women chew maize and spit it into jars, when it passes into alcohol, the starch having been changed into sugar by the saliva of the old crones. In the South Sea Islands, Cava beer was made in a like way from the seeds of the long pepper, which was chewed by young women with good teeth, and after being spat into jars was fermented for the king and nobles.

The transformation of all starchy food into sugar is illustrated by these primitive brewers. The animal grinds the food, and by the saliva converts the insoluble starch into soluble sugar, while the changes of such portions as escape the action of this fluid are completed by the pancreatic juice. The stomach has mainly to do with the flesh-formers, and effects their solution, although it commences also the breaking up of the fats. But it is not our present purpose to follow the food through the body, or to show how it is assimilated. We propose, however, in a subsequent paper to apply our knowledge of the composition of food to an examination of the amount which should be taken by persons under varying circumstances of age, sex, and employment.

DEVOTIONAL MUSINGS.

I.

I will commit my way, O Lord, to Thee,
Nor doubt Thy love, though dark the way may be,
Nor murmur, for the sorrow is from God,
And there is comfort also in Thy rod.

I will not seek to know the future years,
Nor cloud to-day with dark to-morrow's fears;
I will but ask a light from Heaven, to show
How, step by step, my pilgrimage should go.

And if the distant perils seem to make
The path impossible that I must take,
Yet, as the river winds through mountains lone,
The way will open up—as I go on.

Be still, my heart; for faithful is thy Lord,
And pure and true and tried His Holy Word;
Through stormy flood that rageth as the sea,
His promises thy stepping-stones shall be.

II.

In Heaven is many a shining star,
And yet my way is dark as night;
I see them gleam in depths afar,
But not by them I see aright.

They glimmer in the glassy lake,
They twinkle in the blue serene;
But yet my darksome road I take,
As ne'er a light in Heaven had been.

And there are truths so far away
No light upon our path they show;
We see them clear and bright as day
Yet by their light we may not go.

But Jesus, Thou art near and far;
With light Thou dost encompass me;
I see Thee like the midnight star,
And as at noon I walk by Thee.

Thou dost uplift my soul to Heaven,
Calm, beaming down upon our strife;
Yet by Thy grace is also given
Light on the common paths of life.

O blessed Jesus! shining far,
And shining near upon our way,
We praise Thee as the glorious star,
We praise Thee as the Light of day.

III.

Now is the accepted time,
Now the day of our salvation:
Now the Lord of Heaven sublime
Bears the sinner's condemnation;
Meek and lowly,
Pure and Holy,
Come to Him, and take his yoke,
Light the burden of his folk.

He hath brought down God to earth,
Man to raise again to Heaven;
He was born a virgin's birth,
That the new birth might be given
To us hapless,
Lifeless, sapless,
Withered branches dead in sin;
Come to Christ, and glory win.

Come with all your doubts and fears,
Come with all your soul's diseases,
Come with all your sinful years,
Only come at once to Jesus;
He is gracious;
And the precious
Ransom of our souls is He—
Jesus slain at Calvary.

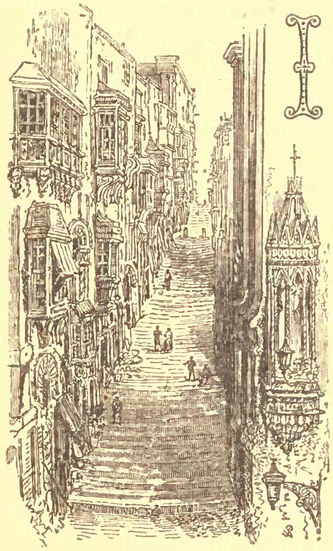
O, this precious Now is ours,
Let us hear His invitation;
He is knocking at our doors
With the proffer of salvation;
But to-morrow,
May be sorrow,
Woe and anguish, and the cry
"Too late, too late!" the hour is by.

ORWELL.

EASTWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

I.—MALTA AND ALEXANDRIA.



Street View in Malta.

I WAS not ordered by "the doctors" to visit the East for the good of my health, which, I am thankful to say, was excellent; nor was I deputed by the Church to which I have the honour to belong to undertake a missionary tour; nor did I propose to myself the vain attempt of writing a book describing the East for the thousandth time, whether in the form of "letters," "tour," "diary," "sketches," "thoughts," or "pictures." I even protested to my excellent publisher and fellow traveller against preparing a single article for the pages of GOOD WORDS. I went to visit Palestine, "the place of my fathers' sepulchres;" and no one will be disposed to ask a reason for my undertaking such a journey.

But there is something so fascinating about the East, that it is hardly possible to resist the *cacoethes scribendi*, that we may in some measure share our enjoyment of it with others. In spite of the conviction, then, that nothing new can be written about the East by a hurried tourist, that all that one can say has doubtless been said far better by some other before, that only the scholar, the antiquary, or the artist can reveal new facts or new beauties, the impression, albeit a delusion, still remains that we may be able to give some pleasure by telling, as by the fireside, what we saw and enjoyed, to the invalid or the weary man, who may be unable to digest "sterner stuff." I would respectfully ask such to accompany me, now and again, for a few months, eastward.

Let me inform those who have not "Bradshaw" by them, that Alexandria is the starting-point to Palestine for all travellers approaching it from the west. This port may be reached by the admirable steamers of Mr. Mc Iver, from Liverpool, or by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers from Southampton, and a glimpse of Gibraltar be got *en route*. To those who enjoy a sea voyage, and to whom a few days extra time is of no consequence, this route is by far the easiest. The shortest sea passage is by Ancona, to which there is now a continuous line of railway from Turin. There is also communication twice a month from Marseilles to Alexandria by the first-rate steamers of the French *Messageries Imperiales* Company, as well as by those of the old and favourite P. and O. Company. The expense by either route is much the same, everything taken into account; perhaps, upon the whole, that by Marseilles is the cheapest. Those, too, who have never been abroad may by this route get a glimpse of the Continent as they pass along. We, for example, left London on Wednesday morning, were all Thursday in Paris, left the same night, and reached Marseilles about one in the afternoon of Friday. This is little, no doubt, yet the day in Paris and the general view of the country, including the picturesque towns of Nismes and Avignon, may be put in the balance against Gibraltar.

We left Marseilles on the morning of the 20th of last February, in the somewhat old—and not in all respects singularly comfortable—but yet sound ship *Valetta*, with as good a captain and officers as voyager could wish. It is a weakness of mine always to prefer a British ship to every other, especially when out of soundings. There is something in the "Aye, aye, sir!" which inspires confidence, which nothing uttered by a foreigner can do. This is of course "provincial," but we don't profess to be anything else.

The weather had nothing of the warm south in it; the air was sharp and chill. We had showers of snow and sleet, the hills were white, the skies dull as lead, and one looked forward to Egypt and Syria as to a comfortable fire, whatever other attraction they might possess. Soon after leaving the splendid docks of Marseilles we sat down to a sumptuous breakfast, and, as it happens in most sea voyages, the passengers met together for the first time, and in very many cases for the last. How important is the prospect of a voyage, even of a week, to those who have to "go down to the sea in ships;" but to none on board of this or any vessel afloat, was it more momentous than to a respected member of our party. Poor fellow! He was a victim; a down-trodden, crushed, silent, and miserable slave to the demon of sea-sickness. That remorseless ocean monster shook him, bound him, laid him prostrate, beat every bone in his body, knotted every muscle, tore every nerve, tortured him, turned him inside out, yet without a word of remonstrance from him, except a feeble groan, or look of agony from glazed eyes which had hardly an atom of expression to respond to the truly kind look of Morris the steward. But at this first breakfast table my friend was all alive and energetic; the power of the land was still upon him, for the ship was steady as a rock, and the beat of her powerful paddles was hardly echoed by the glasses upon the table. "How fortunate we are," "What a calm day," "I hope it will continue so," "No one could be sick with such weather," "We may have it so all the way to Alexandria"—these were the pleasing reflections from the different smiling, laughing, contented passengers, male and female, military and mercantile, Jew and Gentile, French, German, and English, who surrounded the table. Yet these pleasant hopes were most unexpectedly interrupted by an unaccountable lurch of the vessel, succeeded by another, and accompanied by the sharp scream of the wind as it struck the rigging, its obedient harpstrings. I suggested to my friend the prudence of leaning down on his berth for a few minutes, while I went to ascertain the cause of this very strange commotion. He did so, promising to join me in a few minutes. Alas! it was nearly a week ere he cared for anything upon earth, or rather upon sea, for all upon the quiet and solid earth seemed to him then a terrestrial paradise, which he would never revisit, unless for burial, if even for that.

I shall never forget the scene which presented itself when I went on deck. We had been caught by a gale, which very rapidly increased to a hurricane. Now although, as the old song says,

> "I've cross'd the great Atlantic,
> And weathered many a breeze,
> Besides being up the Baltic
> And divers other seas,"

yet I never before encountered a hurricane; and it is well worth seeing, for once at least. The waves at first seemed taken all aback, as if suddenly roused from their beds, without having time to dress themselves and appear with that solemn dignity before the world which becomes an ocean-sea. They rose with awful bulk of green water, and swelled up until, curling their monstrous heads, with a thundering and defiant roar they sank again, only to gather strength to come nearer and nearer, as if to send the vessel down with one thud to the lowest abyss. Again the wind seized them with a hissing yell, as if in a passion, and tore them to pieces when they presumed to rise, scattering them into an atmosphere of the finest snowdrift, and, mingling air and water in one white seething plain, seemed to unite sea and sky in a drizzle of flying mist. One of the most remarkable effects of the wind upon the sea was along an ugly range of precipices to leeward. The waves, according to the calculations of one of the officers, were driven up the precipice for about 120 feet, but, owing to the force of the wind, were unable to fall back with all their volume, so that the foam seemed to incrust the rock like ice, and to blow as smoke over the summit. The watch could not stand on the forecastle, which seemed buried in spray. The officers held on upon the gangway, their faces well "cured" with "the salt sea faeme." We bored our way till the afternoon through all this turmoil with that calm and resolute bravery which our steam-engine personified, as it did its duty steadily with its giant arms, and regularly-supplied drops of oil—kindly supplies, useful to our getting through every sort of hurricane, however strong we may be.

The wind blew as it would blow its last. "Is it possible," I asked our gallant little captain, "that it could blow stronger?" "I have never," he replied, "seen it blow so hard except in the China seas." "What if the engine give way?" was the question suggested by me—who says I was uneasy?—to the old and steady engineer, Mr. Allan, from Glasgow. But he would not entertain the suggestion. "A better tool never was in a ship," was his only reply, "and for seven years she has never made a miss." "Thank you, Allan!"

Notwithstanding the excitement of the hurricane and its intense interest, I was by no means disposed to complain when the *Valetta* ran for shelter—a most unusual occurrence. Fortunately Toulon happened to be the harbour of refuge. It was worth our while encountering the gale, to enjoy the unexpected pleasure of seeing this famous place. My chief associations with it, strange to say, were stories told me by "the old lieutenant," of Sir Samuel Hood and other worthies whose exploits were achieved here. The severe gale we had encountered told even upon this quiet recess. A brig which had broken from her moorings was being towed back to them by a tug; large ships of war, with their topmasts struck, were rolling so that we could see their decks. We were not permitted to land, and could therefore only estimate the strength of the place by what we saw from the ship's deck; but judging from the batteries, which extend from the water's edge to the mountain sides, Toulon appeared to be impregnable. It must be a beautiful place in summer, and highly picturesque, but on this day it looked cold and miserable in the extreme.

The rest of our voyage to Malta was rather rough, but no special event disturbed it. My older readers may not care to hear of the following incident, but doubtless the children will. It is one very common in all voyages during stormy weather and when far from the coast. Several small birds were blown out of sight of land during the gale. They were so wearied as to be easily caught. One little lark was so pleased with the warmth of the hand that he sat down on it, burying his little cold feet in his feathers, and looking about with his bright eye, not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he had been cast amongst good, kind people. These birds are always very thirsty, and drink with delight. In summer they sometimes remain on board for days, feeding upon flies, and in some cases they have been known to clear a cabin of cockroaches, a sort of ugly black beetle, and to get quite fat upon them. One beautiful lark we caught remained until we were passing close to the shore in the Straits of Bonifaccio, when we let him off, and he flew away to sing again in his own green fields; but another died, and was found in the morning in his cotton bed lying on his back, his little claws curled up to the sky.

We reached Malta late on the night of the 23rd, and finding that the steamer was not to leave till three in the morning we resolved to go on shore. Most fortunately for us a friend on board had a friend in Malta, the kind-hearted Free Kirk minister, who came out to receive him and be his guide during the strange hours of midnight. All the world knows Malta, yet I would not exchange my impressions of it, received during those silent watches, for the most accurate knowledge which could be obtained by daylight. Strange to say, I feel almost thankful that my stay was so short in that famous city of old knights and modern soldiers. I have no intention of turning to any gazetteer or history of the knights of Malta to get up a description of its harbours, batteries, or ancient history. Anyone wishing this sort of information may get it without going there. I am quite satisfied with what I learned from my midnight walk, while everyone, the governor included, was in bed, except the sentries and a few policemen and houseless ragamuffins. The moon was shining "with the heavens all bare;" every house revealed itself, not in the clearness of noonday, which would have been a defect,—few towns and fewer men being able to stand that sort of revelation,—but in the soft and subdued golden light of the full moon which blended wonderfully with the limestone of which the island is composed. We walked up streets by long flights of stairs, admired the balconies, and the innumerable bits of picturesque architecture and varied outline that everywhere met the eye, and seemed so tasteful when compared with the pasteboard rows of our prosaic streets, which are built by contract and squeezed into stupid shape by our city authorities, who seem to think that the "orders" of architecture mean all houses being alike, as policemen are. We soon reached the side of the town which overlooks the great harbour; and though I have lost all memory of the names, if I ever heard them (which I no doubt did), of forts, streets, palaces, batteries, yet I never can forget the impression made by what Joseph Hume used to call "the tottle of the whole." Guided by our friend we wandered along battery upon battery, passed innumerable rows of big guns, which had pyramids of shot beside them, and which looked down white precipices, as if watching the deep harbour which laved their base, and sorrowing that they had nothing to do. We saw forts—forts on this side, forts on the other side, forts everywhere, forts above us, and forts below us. We saw beneath us dark forms of line-of-battle ships, like giants asleep, but ready in a moment to wake up with their thunder. Yet we saw no signs of life in the silence of midnight except a few lights skimming across the deep black water below; nor did we hear a sound except the song of the Maltese boatman who steered his gondola with its firefly lamp, and the tread of the sentinel as his bayonet gleamed in the moonlight, and the sudden question issued from his English voice, "Who goes there?" We stood beside noble palaces, formerly inhabited by the famous knights, every ornament, every coat of arms, distinct and clear as by day; and we thought——well, never mind our sentimentalism. We stood beside the statue of the great and good Lord Hastings, and traced his silent features between us and the sky, which revived many thoughts in me of my earliest and best friends. And thus we wandered until nearly three in the morning, in a sort of strange and mysterious dreamland; and for aught that appeared, the Grand Master and all his knights still possessed the island, and might be seen on the morrow's morn,—if we were disposed to wait for them,—watching a fleet of infidel Moslems in the distance, come to disturb their peace and the peace of Europe, if not to destroy Christianity itself. And we thought——no matter, ye sturdy Protestants, what we thought of these fine fellows! How thankful we were that all the shops were closed, where we might have been cheated by daylight; that priests, and friars, and nuns, and sea captains, and admirals, and all the puff and parade, were snoring in their nightcaps. They would have, beyond doubt, destroyed the pleasing illusion. After buying some delicious oranges from ever-wakeful boys, and bidding grateful farewell to our obliging guide, we returned to the *Valetta* full of thankfulness for our midnight visit to Malta. We never wish to see it again. We fear the daylight.

After leaving Malta we seemed to have entered another world. The sky was without a cloud; the sea was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and began to be coloured by that exquisite deep blue-like *lapis lazuli* which may be approached sometimes in our northern skies, but never in our northern seas. Nothing could be more beautiful than the play of the white foam as it flew from the ship's bow, or from her paddles, and fell like white pearls upon the glassy surface. I was reminded of a similar effect at the Falls of Niagara, produced by the sparkling foam as it ran up the smooth surface of the deep water, which like a huge green wheel of ocean rolled over the table-rock. In both cases, the contrast was beautiful in the extreme,—between the pure white and the indigo blue in the one instance, and the emerald sea green in the other.

During our short voyage to Alexandria shoals of dolphins rose alongside of us, while once or twice flying fish were seen skimming the surface with silvery wings,—both features significant of a change in our latitude. Strange to say our engine, which had stood so well throughout the hurricane, broke down in the calm on two occasions. My worthy friend the engineer accounted for this by saying "that it was entirely owing to the number of ministers on board, and nothing else. Nae engine," he added, with emphasis, "could staun five o' ye; the best machines are naething against ministers!" But making all allowance for our parson-power, the "good tool" had no doubt been wounded in the battle with the storm.

One other little fact I must not omit to mention, as evidencing the distance to which fine substances can be wafted by the air. For two days, and when out of sight of land, though our course ran nearly parallel to Africa, the weather rigging of the ship was all brown with fine sand, which adhered to the tar. And this was only visible on the side of the ropes next the desert.

And now for a few days we felt the perfect repose and benefit of a voyage. To one who, like myself, never suffers from nausea even, it is the most perfect rest. The busy world, we know, is getting on very well without us, and so we determine to get on without it. The postman's knock belongs to another sphere of existence, and we hear it no more, except as in a feverish dream. A mighty gulf of deep water separates us from the world of letters, business, calls, meetings, appointments, committees, visits, and all like disturbers of selfish ease. We assume, being ourselves in robust health, that all our friends are in a like condition, and are pleased to think that they lament our absence, hope to hear from us by the next mail, and will be glad to have us home again; while sometimes we cannot but regret, with a feeling which alarms our conscience, that we do not sufficiently respond to their anxieties. On ship-board, pleasure and necessity are one. We cannot help being idle. We may possibly exert ourselves to play draughts or backgammon, but not chess—that requires thought. To read anything is an act of condescension, and no one thinks that his duty. In fact, the word "duty" seems confined to the officers and crew, including the steward. Those portions, too, of our life which on land are made subordinate to more important things, such as our meals and sleep, at sea are made the important events of the day. We retire at any hour to our cabin, sleep, read, meditate, as we please, and as long as we please. No one accuses us of sloth, and asks us to rise and take "a constitutional." No one asks if we are ill—that is charitably taken for granted; the majority are surprised if we are well, and envy us. We are, moreover, not expected to speak to any one, and if words are exchanged, they are understood, upon honour, to be mere contributions to general happiness. The brain and memory empty themselves so completely of all that has troubled or occupied them during previous periods of existence, that we seem to begin life again as children, and to be amused with the most passing trifles. Sensible men who, a few weeks or even days before, were occupied with important affairs of Church or State, become interested in the cow on board, feel her horns, scratch the back of her ears; and beg for some crumbs of bread to feed the chickens. A dog on board becomes an institution. A sea-bird attracts every eye; while a ship looming on the horizon makes all, who can stand, come on deck and watch the approaching wonder, as the ancient mariner watched the mysterious sail. Who, on shore, ever thinks of the longitude or latitude of his house? Not one in fifty believes that it has either one or other; but at sea our position is known every day at 12 o'clock: and the spot upon the earth's surface which we at that moment occupy becomes a matter of serious speculation until dinner time.

We beseech wearied men never to visit Paris, to be baked on the Boulevards, sick of the Rue Rivoli, have their digestion destroyed by mushrooms and cockscombs at the Trois Frères; nor to be pestered by guides, ropes, ladders, mules, or *Alpenstocks*, in walking across slippery glaciers, or down savage ravines in Switzerland; nor to be distracted by *Murray* in wandering from gallery to gallery, or from church to church in Italy;—but to launch upon the deep, get out of sight of land, and have their brains thoroughly invigorated by fresh air and salt-water.

At this time, by the kind and cordial permission of the captain, I had a religious service with the men in the forecastle, as my custom has ever been when on a voyage. It had little formality in it: some were in their hammocks, most were seated around on the "bunkers," and were dimly visible under the low deck, with the feeble lights. There is a reality in this easy and familiar way of addressing Jack, which is much more likely to do him good than the regular assemblage with Sunday dress in the cabin, when probably a sermon is read for the benefit of the educated passengers, which the crew take for granted is not expected to be understood by any one below the purser. In such cases they attend worship for the same reason that they wash the decks or reef topsails,—because they are "ordered." I would therefore earnestly beg of my respected brethren in the ministry to remember "poor Jack" when at sea, and never to imagine that a sailor "cares for none of these things." Few audiences are more attentive, more willing to learn, or more grateful for so small a kindness. We are apt to forget what these men endure for our sakes—what sacrifices are required by the necessities of their occupation,—what their sore temptations, and few advantages. The least we can do, when an opportunity offers itself, is to speak to them as to brethren, and to tell them of the love of a common Father and Saviour; and we know not when the seed thus cast upon the waters may spring up. It may be in the hospital among strangers, or when pacing the deck at midnight, or when clinging to a plank for life, or even when going down "with all hands."

On the forenoon of Saturday, the 27th, we sighted Alexandria.

The first sign of nearing a new country from the sea, is generally the pilot-boat and its crew. With what interest do we look over the side of the ship, and watch the dresses and countenances of the first specimens of the tribe among whom we are to pitch our tents for a time! The boat, with a flag in its bow, which pulled out to meet us from Alexandria, had a crew which were a fit introduction to the East, with their rough comfortable brown boat-coats and hoods, their petticoat trousers, swarthy faces, and shining teeth. And as for "Master George" himself, the Egyptian pilot, as he stepped up the gangway to shake hands with his old friends, and take charge of the ship, he was, from toe to turban, a perfect study for an artist.

There is nothing at all remarkable in the view of Alexandria from the sea. Notwithstanding the white palace, the old summer-house of the Pasha, and other distinguished buildings, which are sure to be pointed out, the town looks like a long horizontal streak of whitewash, mingled with brown, and crossed perpendicularly with the sharp lines of ships' masts.

But a scene well worth noticing was the crowd of boats that pressed around the ship to convey passengers to the shore. Imagine thirty or forty such, with their nondescript crews, crowding to the ship's side, every man on board of them appearing in a towering passion, and yelling as if in the agony of despair, and, with outstretched hands and flashing eyes, pouring forth a stream of guttural Arabic, that seemed to the ear to be a whole dictionary of imprecations without a pause, and as far as one could judge, without a motive, unless it were that they took us for lost spirits claimable by the greatest demon. The noise is great when landing from a Highland steamer, and when Highland boatmen, the scum of the port, are contending for passengers or luggage. But without defending the Gaelic as mellifluous, or the Highlanders as types of meekness, on such an occasion, yet in vehemence of gesticulation, in genuine power of lip and lung to fill the air with a roar of incomprehensible exclamations, nothing on earth, so long as the human body retains its present arrangement of muscles and nervous vitality, can surpass the Egyptians and their language.

If the Pyramids were built, as some allege they were, to preserve the inch as a measure of length for the world, why should not the Sphinx have been raised, with her calm eye, dignified face, and sweet smile, even now breaking through her ruins like sunlight through the crags, to be an everlasting rebuke to Eestern rage, and a lesson in stone exhorting to silence.

My first day in the East stands alone in my memory unapproached by all I have ever seen. It excited feelings of novelty and wonder which I fear can never again be produced. I had expected very little from Alexandria, and thought of it only as a place of merchandise, notorious for donkeys, donkey-boys, and Pompey's Pillar. But as soon as I landed, I realised at once the presence of a totally different world of human beings from any I had seen before. The charm and fascination consisted in the total difference in every respect between East and West.

Passing through the utter chaos, and dilapidation, and confusion of the custom-house, and clambering over, as we best could, the bales of cotton covering an acre, under the protection of the blue cloudless heavens, winding our way among goods of every description, and between barrels and hampers, amid the cries and noise of the mixed multitude who crowded the wharves, filled the boats, and offered themselves as porters, guides, and whatever else could command a *backsheesh*, we reached the outskirts of the custom-house, passed the officers, entered the bazaar, and had time to look around.

The first impression made upon a European is, as I have said, that he has never seen anything at all like it. The shops, with various kinds of goods displayed behind a man who is seated cross-legged, willing to sell them apparently as a favour, hardly attract the eye any more than open cupboards would do. But the persons who crowd along the narrow lane—only look at them! They are manifestly from all parts of the earth—Greeks, Turks, Jews, Armenians, Hindoos, Copts, Arabs, Nubians, Albanians, drunken Jack Tars, English officers on the way to or from India, &c. With the exception of the Europeans, each man appears in his own distinct individuality of face and raiment. In America there is a Yankee type everywhere visible, with lips, nose, cheeks, and hair, by no means romantic, though business-like; in Russia there is a Muscovite type, which admits of little variety; and everywhere, from the Mississippi to the Volga, there is a certain uniformity of face, or at all events of dress; coats and trousers with buttons, long tails or short tails, hats or caps,—a sort of Caucasian respectability. But here, each face seems to stand alone. There are eyes and foreheads, noses and beards, colours of skin, peculiarities of expression—the sly, the dignified, the rascally, the ignorant, the savage, the refined, the contented, the miserable,—giving each face its own distinct place in the globe. And there is, if possible, a greater variety in costume. Every man seems to have studied his own taste, or his own whim, or, possibly, his own religion, in the shape, colour, and number of his garments. The jackets, the pelisses or dressing-gowns, the waistcoats, the petticoats, the inexpressibles, the sashes, the turbans, the headgear, each and all are different in colour and in details of arrangement. The arms, whether dirk or dagger, single pistols or half a dozen, modern or as old as the invention of gunpowder, sword, gun, or spear—each have their own peculiar form and arrangement, so that every Eastern has to a Western a novelty and picturesqueness that is indescribable. And the motley crowd presses along: fat, contented, oily Greek merchants, or majestic Turks, on fine horses splendidly caparisoned, or on aristocratic donkeys, who would despise to acknowledge as of the same race the miserable creatures who bray in our coal-carts; bare-legged donkey boys, driving their more plebeian animals before them; Arabs from the desert, with long guns and gipsy-like coverings, stalking on in silence; beggars, such as one sees in the pictures of the old masters—verily "poor and needy, blind and naked;" insane persons, with idiotic look, and a few rags covering their bronzed bodies, seeking alms; Greek priests, Coptic priests, and Latin priests; doctors of divinity and dervishes; little dumpy women with their peculiar waddling gait, wrapt in white muslin sheets, their eyes only visible; and soaring over all this strange throng are strings of camels, lank and lean, so patient-looking and submissive, pacing on under their loads of cotton, with bent heads and sleepy eyes, their odd-looking drivers mounted high above, rocking with that peculiar motion which the camel's pace produces—all this, and infinitely more, formed a scene that looked like a fancy fair got up for the amusement of strangers.

Before leaving the bazaar, let us look into this coffee-shop open from the street. There is no ornament of any kind in it, nor does it aim at the magnificence and glitter seen in our whisky and gin-shops at home—such palaces being unknown in the East. It is of the humblest description, having no ornament of any kind but a few mats on its floor and upon its raised dais. Capital is not required,—a little charcoal, a coffee-pot, and some coffee forming the whole stock in trade. Odd-looking, turbaned men, smoking their nargiles, are each a picture of quiet contentment. But the chief attraction to me was a blind man, who sat cross-legged on the dais, with a rude sort of fiddle, on which he played a monotonous accompaniment to his chant, resting perpendicularly on his knee. He was apparently an *improvvisatore*, who had to think for a little time before composing his verse, or more probably he was only a reciter of old Arab poems. While chanting, and scraping on the fiddle, there was a smile of great humour on his face, and no sooner were two or three lines repeated, than his audience exhibited the greatest satisfaction, and turned their eyes to a young man who sat on the opposite dais, quietly smoking,—a competitor, apparently, with the blind musician and ballad-singer. He seemed sometimes puzzled for a moment, as he blew a few rapid whiffs from his pipe, while the blind man listened with the greatest attention. But no sooner was his response given than a general movement was visible among the auditors, who turned to the blind minstrel as if saying, "Match that, old fellow, if you can!"

Along the whole bazaar there were little episodes of this sort presenting features of social life totally different from our own. But my excellent friend the missionary of the Church of Scotland at Alexandria, who had come to meet us, would not permit me to remain longer in the bazaar. He laughed heartily at my enthusiasm, assuring me that I would think nothing of all this by the time I reached Damascus, and begged I would come away, as we must have a drive and see a few sights before dinner; although, to tell the truth, I was much more pleased with the sort of sights around me than the prospect of beholding even Pompey's Pillar. Obeying orders, we were soon in the square or long parallelogram which forms the respectable part of the town and where the chief hotels are situated; but it had no more interest for me than Euston Square. Not so the drive. Soon after leaving the hotel we were again in the East, with its dust, poverty, picturesqueness and confusion. We visited an old Greek church, which four years ago had been excavated out of a mass of debris. We gazed with interest upon its walls dimly frescoed with Christian subjects, and looked into its dark burial vaults, and thought of the Alexandrian school, and of those who had worshipped probably more than a thousand years ago in this old edifice. We passed lines of camel-hair tents perched upon a rising ground and occupied by the Bedouin, who had come from the desert perhaps to buy or to sell; we passed the brown clay huts of the Fellaheen, with their yelling dogs and naked children; we passed crowds of donkeys bearing water skins, resembling black pigs that had been drowned and were oozing with water; we saw with delight that feature of the East—groves of palms needing no glass to cover them, drooping their feathered heads in the sunny sky; we stood where many generations had stood before, beneath what is called Pompey's Pillar, and repeated the speculations of past ages as to how it could have been erected there, and as to what a glorious portico that must have been of which it had formed a unit; and what a magnificent temple it must have adorned! We then returned to the square from which we had started, feeling more and more that we were in a new world.

One or two other sights added to our enjoyment of this first day in the East. One was a bare-legged *syce* with silver-headed cane, who flew along, like an ostrich, to clear the way for the carriage of his noble master and mistress, and to announce their august presence, while they reclined in their handsome chariot, driven by a Nubian charioteer, with comfortable satisfaction in their look, such as their Jewish ancestors manifested when, in the same country long ago, they enjoyed leeks and garlic, wishing for little better. Another sight was a funeral in which the body was carried on a bier, preceded, as the custom is, by blind men, and followed by relatives, and women as hired mourners who did their duty well, giving loud lamentations for their money. And another was a marriage procession in which the bridegroom was going for his bride with lanterns and wild Turkish screaming instruments intended to represent music:

and having seen all this we joined European society at the *table d'hôte* at a late hour, and fell again into the old grooves of modern civilisation.

After dinner, the conversation in the smoking room turned upon the state of the country. There was an eager enquirer with note-book in hand who cross-questioned a few witnesses who were lolling about the window and seemed disposed to answer his queries. The most ready replies were given by two persons, the one with a red nose, and the other with a squint.

Enquirer asks:—"What sort of a man is the Pasha?" He had been given to understand in London that he was a wide-awake, spirited gentleman, and thoroughly alive to the benefits of commerce and free trade, &c.

Red Nose blows two or three whiffs and mutters, "A thorough scoundrel!" Having gathered force to enlarge upon his text, he adds, "You know, all 'the powers that be' in this land are scoundrels; you cannot believe what anyone says. If he speaks the truth it is either in mistake, or because he can make more by it than by lying. Bribery and corruption are the rule from the Pasha to the donkey-boy. The great king in the country, upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber, is *backsheesh*."

Silence reigns and all the witnesses seem to agree on this point. Red Nose encouraged, proceeds, being stimulated by the demand from Enquirer for an illustration.

"Last year this admirable Pasha—this eastern merchant—sold the first cotton he should bring into Alexandria, that is his first crop, to the house of —— and Co. at a certain price. Cotton in the meantime rose, and the Pasha sold his crop at an advanced price to another house; and being challenged for his breach of contract, he defended himself upon the ground that his bargain was to sell the first cotton brought *into* Alexandria, whereas this had been delivered at the station *outside* of Alexandria!"

Several declared this to be a fact beyond all dispute.

"The truth is," remarked another party, "nothing can exceed the ill-usage of the English by the Egyptian authorities. Our Consul, good man though he be, is too soft, too easy, and too much of a gentleman for them. It is not so with the French. A complaint made at the French consulate is immediately attended to, and the power of France is brought down upon the Turks at once. With the English Government, through their Consul, the Pasha is approached with 'Please be so good, your highness, as to consider this or that;' but with the French, the word of command goes forth, 'This must be done, sir! or we shall pull down our flag!'"

"It is quite possible," said the stranger, who was swinging in a chair, and whose face was nearly concealed by an immense beard, but who had a rather remarkable expression of intelligence—"it is quite possible that there is a good deal of bullying on the part of both the great powers; but I am also disposed to think that if the consuls would tell their side of the story, they could say something about the bullying of the merchants also. I have been knocked about a good deal in foreign ports, though I neither buy nor sell, and I have everywhere noticed a habit on the part of many resident merchants, of great respectability too, and amongst none more than my countrymen the English, to treat the native powers with proud contempt, to show very little respect for their national laws, their feelings, or even religious customs, when these threatened to stand in the way of their becoming rich. Their idea seemed to be that Providence had sent them abroad for the sole purpose of making money by good means, bad means, any means, but to make it by all means, and as rapidly as possible. If any difference arises between them and the native government, the poor Consul, forsooth, is told to poke up the British Lion and make him roar. And I have also noticed, that our Englishmen have, in many cases, far less respect for their religion, though it be true, than the heathen have for theirs, though it be false."

"How so?" inquired the man with the squint, as if he had been in the habit of looking at a question from all sides.

"Why," replied Long Beard, "last Sunday, for example, I noticed many vessels from England loading and unloading, and I was told that this was done in some cases by command of the captains who liked to do it, and in others by the imperative orders of the commercial houses at home. This is the sort of way British Christians—British Protestants, often witness for their religion among Turks and heathen. No wonder missionaries often labour in vain, when they are practically opposed by so many careless professing Christians."

"I'll bet a dollar that you are a missionary!" cried Red Nose, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking inquisitively towards the stranger.

"It is quite unnecessary to risk your money, for I gladly admit the fact."

"Whew," remarked Red Nose mysteriously, "that accounts for it!"

"Accounts for what?" inquired the missionary.

"O nothing in particular!" replied Red Nose, breaking off. "I don't like disputes about religion."

After taking a short stroll to look at the stars, and observing that there was as yet no gas in Alexandria with all its progress and wealth, but that every one was obliged by law to carry a lantern, we retired to bed.

We there met a few friends, whose acquaintance we had made in other portions of the civilised world; but fortunately, owing to the cool state of the weather, they did not press their company upon us so as to be numbered amongst the plagues of Egypt. It was many years since we had met the genuine mosquito; but who that has once experienced it, can forget the nervous shock which runs through the body when his sharp "ping" is heard close to the ear, as he blows his trumpet for battle! To open the net curtains in order to drive a single enemy out is probably to let a dozen in; and once they are in, how difficult to discover the aerial imps; and when discovered how difficult to get at them, and when all this labour has been gone through, and the curtains are again tucked in, and every crevice closed, and the fortress made secure, and the hope indulged that the enemy hath fled, and the sweet feeling of unctious repose again mesmerises soul and body—O horror to hear again at *both* ears "ping, ping-ing!"

On this first night we did battle with intense energy and bravery against one intruder, and having slain him we were at peace; but then came the barking of the dogs, those ceaseless serenaders of Eastern cities, of which more anon—and then sleep as deep as that of Cheops.

Note.—The population of Alexandria is understood to be about 200,000: 30,000 are Italians, and 10,000 Jews. The Greeks are also very numerous. The leading mercantile houses amount to about twenty-five; most of them English. The cotton of Egypt passes, of course, through Alexandria: 4,000,000 acres are said to be under cultivation, each acre yielding from 300 to 600 lbs. There is in Alexandria an American mission to the Copts, with a boys' and girls' school well attended. The Church of Scotland has also an excellent mission in the city, superintended by my friend, Mr. Yuille. Miss Ashley's girls' school has about eighty scholars. The boys' school is also tolerably well attended. There is a "Bethel" ship in the harbour, belonging to the mission, which on Sundays has a large congregation, to which I had the pleasure of ministering. The late Pasha granted a free site for a place of worship, which is being erected by the Church of Scotland. Prussia is also erecting a new and commodious church. The German Hospital has proved a great blessing. The present Pasha is, I have been informed, doing a good deal for education, and has founded a large number of schools throughout the country—two of them being in Alexandria. The pupils are admitted free, and kept at the expense of the Government. Such of them as enter the public service are exempted from the conscription. The Pasha also supports 150 priests in connection with his great mosque.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By HENRY ROGERS.

It is a happy characteristic of our nature, that Hope is stronger than Fear; and rarely do we see a more striking or comprehensive proof of it than in that unanimity of pleasant auguries, "the nods and becks and wreathed smiles," the universal shaking of hands and mutual felicitations, with which almost all nations in all ages have agreed to usher the New Year in. Every one seems astrologer enough to cast the horoscope of the young stranger, and to pronounce that the planetary aspects are benign; every one is his own soothsayer, and the omens are always favourable!

And yet nothing is darker than the prospect on which Hope gazes with such rapt eyes. It is as if travellers, having gained the summit of the Righi in a deep mist, which enveloped alike the fairer and the sterner features in that wondrous scene, should clap their hands, and break out into acclamations at the beauty of the landscape.

The aspect of the outward world amidst this universal hilarity makes the contrast more striking. This concert of happy omens takes place when, as one would imagine, it would be least likely. It is the midnight of the year, and all nature mourns in desolation; and this universal chirrup of hope and joy is as if the song-birds began their carol in the depth of winter; as if the cuckoo's note were heard in the leafless woods; as if the gay butterfly fluttered and the cricket chirped amidst the dry ferns of the last autumn.

Everything without, seems to remind us rather of ruin and decay, blasted hopes and dreary prospects, than of coming joy and gladness. More natural would our gratulations at first sight seem if we began the year still, as our forefathers once did, at the vernal equinox, when the bud is bursting and the young grass is springing, and Mother Earth is recovering from her long winter's trance; or if we celebrated the New Year's festival, as the Jews did, in the month Nisan, when the young sun and the green earth were painting all nature in harmonious colouring with the vivid imagery of man's hopes, or, typifying his various combinations of hope and fear, by the alternate lights and shadows, the blending tears and smiles, of a changeful April day. But as it is, the wind sighs mournfully through the leafless trees, telling of man's too speedy decay, or the snow wraps all nature in that shroud which seems the emblem of man's winding-sheet: and yet from out man's habitations goes forth the cry of gladness; from each reeling steeple come the merry chimes of bells; and every face smiles as every lip utters the words, "A Happy New Year." Doubtless it is a strong proof of what we began with, that "hope springs immortal in the human breast;" else as in other cases, nature's face would have waked a responsive and sympathetic echo in the bosom of her chosen child; even as the vernal or the autumnal day surprises him, with silent force, into spontaneous mirth or involuntary sadness.

Again; what is all too actual in the present and too certain in the future, would, one would think, qualify in some degree the exuberant buoyancy of the hour. Not only is it certain that during the very last moments of the Old Year, and the very first of the New, was the great reaper Death gathering his sheaves just as usual; not only is it true that on the morning of this great holiday there lies in almost every street one or more of whom we sadly say that they count by years no longer, and on whose eyes has broken "another morn than ours;" not only does it open upon multitudes to whom the first day of this new year will also be their last; not only must it open upon thousands more to whom Love, as it draws the curtain, and anxiously gazes at the pale wan face on which death has set his seal, can hardly say without faltering, "A Happy New Year,"—as well knowing that before the leaves shall open, perhaps before the snowdrop shall peep from under its winter mantle, the "robin redbreast will be chirping upon their grave;" not only are there thousands more to whom, as the sun of the last year went down in clouds, so the first sun of the new year rises in them, and to whom the mere transition from one epoch to another makes no difference; not only is all this true, but when we consider further how large a fraction—no less than a fortieth part or so—of those who welcome the new year with gratulation will never see the end of it, or who beginning it in prosperity, which naturally justifies their hopes, will end it in adversity, which will too surely prove the vanity of them; one would naturally expect that such facts and reflections as these would repress somewhat of that hilarity which is apt to inspire us all at this season.

It cannot be required indeed (for it would not be natural, and would assuredly be ungrateful) that we should put on sackcloth and sit in ashes, or allow our fears to preponderate over our hopes; nor that we should suspend over the heads of the guests at the convivial meetings which celebrate this annual festival the sword of Damocles,—for that would take away the appetite altogether; but in imagination, methinks, we might do well to provide ourselves with some such device as that of the wise Saladin, and teach ourselves to "Remember that we are mortal!" Standing on this isthmus of time between the two eternities, we should temper our hopes with our fears, and allow a sober wisdom derived from the lessons of the past to shade the brightness of the expectations which we are apt to form of the unknown future.

Yet no sooner is the knell of the old year tolled, at the last stroke of midnight, than the merry chimes ring out the birth of his glad successor. It is as in other cases: "The King is dead—long live the King!" and all mankind (true courtiers here), hasten to "salute the rising sun." The dead monarch, whatever his claims to remembrance or the benefits of his reign, is forgotten as soon as he is gathered to the sepulchre of his fathers; and the loyal flatterers begin, as usual, the work of adulation.

The image which leads us to toll the knell of the Old Year, and greet with merry chimes the New, is, of course, a very obvious one; the old year is no doubt in one sense dead and buried, and the new is just born, and is, and will be for 365 days and a little more, a living reality. Yet as everything may be taken by two handles (or, for that matter, by a thousand), there would be almost as much propriety if these symbols were, not inverted perhaps, but greatly changed.

Herodotus tells a story of the Trausians, a tribe of Thracians, who were so far from rejoicing when a "man child was born into the world," that its kith and kin—including the disconsolate parents, the authors of this new mischief—gathered in a circle round the forlorn object, and howled out their lamentations on the hapless condition of the young pilgrim of life, under the vivid sense of all the ills he was heir to in coming into this bleak world; and that, for similar reasons, they celebrated the obsequies of their friends with rejoicings and triumph, as having escaped them. They tolled man into life, and rang a merry peal at his departure from it! Whether they learned these singular notions and equally singular customs from the miseries of their own barbarous condition, or from profoundly moralising on the condition of human life—in other words, whether they were mere savages or philosophers in this matter—may be doubted. We must, at any rate, confess that in this, as in some other aspects of their character as delineated by the shrewd old annalist, they were very original savages; though it must also be confessed that their sentiments on this occasion were not so true to nature, nor, therefore, to philosophy, as those expressed in the exquisite Hindoo epigram:

"Naked on parent's knees, a new-born child
Thou sat'st and wept, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee weep:"

When *that* wish is fulfilled, Solomon's paradox becomes true, "That the day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth;" and Paul's, that however good to be here, it is "far better to depart."

But though we could not, like the Trausians, celebrate the obsequies of the old year with a merry peal, yet is it not too significant to toll its funeral knell, as if it were to be buried, cut off from all communication with us, and were nothing more to us? Would it not be as wise to bid it farewell, as a friend departing from our shores,—not dead in truth, nay, *never* to die to us—with a strain of pensive and solemn music? And if we cannot for very shame imitate those savages of Herodotus, and meet the new year with lamentations, yet might we not with propriety welcome it in strains which should intermingle the sense of awe and mystery with the aspirations of hope and joy, as an orchestra attunes the minds of an audience to the unknown scenes of wonder which the rising curtain is to unveil?

The past, in truth, still lives to us, and, connected by the slight ligament of the present moment, is all that really does. The future does not live as yet. The past is the region, properly speaking, of *fact*,—pleasing or painful, of aspect benign or frowning, chiefly as we ourselves have made it; over it, imagination has little power. As to the future, we live only in imagination,—"that forward delusive faculty," as Butler calls it, "ever obtruding beyond its sphere,"—and the counterpart of that future will never live in reality: it is, in truth, as much a land of shadows as any other in the realms of that great enchanter. And even if we prefer to gaze on the unknown future rather than on the familiar past; if its very mask piques our curiosity, and leads us to speculate on what is behind it, it may yet be naturally expected (instead of our being wholly taken up with greeting a new acquaintance of whom we at present know nothing), that we should at least dwell with pensive and grateful retrospect on the many blessings the Old Year has brought us, if we have been happy in it; or if we have had our trials and sorrows, that we have been brought safely through them, and that at least so much of the more toilsome, hazardous parts of life's pilgrimage will have to be traced no more; or if we have fallen into grievous errors, that we should take that happy moment for penitently confessing them, thanking God that they have not been our ruin, and resolving to walk more warily for the time to come; in a word, that we should let the present be the meeting-place of the past and the future, and allow the lessons of severe experience to chastise and instruct the anticipations of what is to come.

Hope, genuine hope, is not symbolized by that mock sun, that parhelion of fancy, which promises all brightness, but by the rainbow; and the true rainbow of hope, like that of the sky, is the offspring alike of sun and shower—of the bright lights and tearful clouds of experience.

Admirable was that emblem of the two-faced Janus, by which the wise old Romans signified the New Year; one looking back upon the past, and the other forward to the future. For it is only as we wisely exercise retrospect, that we can have any power of anticipation: except as that shall enlighten the future, it is all dark, or lighted only by the will-o' the wisps of fancy. So that if Janus had not had his face that looked backward, that which looked forward must have been represented as blind; and, as an old writer observes, he who will not "take the past to guide him in regulating his hopes of the future, so far from having, like Janus, two heads, must rather be counted as having no head at all."

So obviously natural is it, in all who have reached the mature age of reflection, to chequer the gay with the grave on this day, that one cannot be surprised to see how often our "Essayists," when they have given their readers their New Year's greetings, have fallen rather into a vein of pensive musing than of mirth; of musing which has caught its tone and hues more from sober retrospect, than from joyous anticipation. Thus in that exquisite paper on "New Year's Eve," Elia says: "The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it, indeed, and if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully; I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings."

And even the "Lounger," anticipating the image of Charles Lamb, says on a similar occasion: "As men advance in life, the great divisions of time may indeed furnish matter for serious reflection; as he who counts the money he has spent, naturally thinks of how much smaller a sum he has left behind."

We often bewail our ignorance of the future on which our experience of the past sheds so feeble a light; yet it is no paradox to affirm, that that ignorance is the only safe condition on which we can encounter it. It is the source of the hopes with which we welcome it, and ought to suggest the wary wisdom with which we should enter upon it. If man could, by consulting some magic mirror of the old adepts, or some transcendental science as yet unborn, exactly foresee the events of all his future life,—the mode and time of his death included, even to the last cast of the sexton's office,—and hear by anticipation the shovelful of dust rattle on his coffin, would the oracle of the all-knowing Sidrophel be thronged with applicants? I fancy not; at least not to ascertain their own destiny, however curious they might be to know the history of their neighbours. If, on the other hand, they flocked to the oracle only to know *that*, the world would soon wish to relapse into ignorance with all convenient speed; and in any case, I imagine, the chief charm of existence would be lost to us. Men would find, like our first parents, that they had bought knowledge at too costly a price, and that ignorance in Paradise was better than science outside of it. Whereas hope is now stronger than fear, then, not only would fear be stronger than hope, but hope would be quenched, and the chief stimulus of life quenched with it. Hope would be extinguished, but so would not fear; and the soul would sink into utter apathy, were it not—hard alternative!—for that dread of foreseen evil which would keep it only too sensitive, while it would poison all the pleasure of the forseeen good. As it is, whether in adverse or prosperous circumstances, this ignorance (if we have learned the lessons of past experience) may minister to us the hope which is our solace in the one condition, and that distrust and caution which should accompany the other.

Do we enter on the year in gloom and sadness, to which the external aspect of nature is only too responsive? Do we walk in the gay procession of this crowded holiday with the air of mutes at a funeral?

Are we unable to reply to the universal salutation of "A happy New Year," except with the sigh of an undertaker? or do we attempt to reciprocate it in mumping tones which stick in our throat, and choke us to utter them? Let us recollect how easy it is for Him, in whose hands we believe our life is, to "turn the shadow of death into the morning." As we cannot tell what "a day may bring forth," how much less a year! As the winter of nature passes away, so may this winter of our sorrow with it: and the summer sun and the golden harvest find us in a prosperity of which they shall be pleasant emblems. And even if this should not be, yet if we have learned those lessons which a wisdom greater than our own would teach us by the discipline of life, then, even if happiness be yet longer delayed than during this little circle of the months, nay, if it be delayed till we shall reckon by months no more, we shall enjoy a sunshine of the soul, however dark the scene without, of which we cannot be robbed, and which will make this year one of genuine prosperity.

And not less instructively does this ignorance of the future speak to those (though less docile to the teaching than the children of sorrow) who enter on the year in great prosperity. That ignorance rebukes, if anything but experience can, the presumption of anticipating the continuance or the constancy of so fickle a thing. To teach man humility, to "hide pride" from him—a lesson which it is always hard to learn, but which is never so hard as in the days of prosperity—is far too precious an object in God's estimate, not to make it well worth while to enforce it, if need be, at so slight a cost as the ruin of our temporal prosperity; at least, such abatements or fluctuations in it as shall convince us of its instability. Man's tendency, indeed, in all states, is to believe in that law of "continuance," as Bishop Butler says, which suggests that things will be as they are, unless we have palpable proofs to the contrary. But the tendency is never so strong as when it is very *agreeable* to a man to believe that the state of things will be permanent; that he has built an eyrie on the rock, to which the spoiler cannot climb; an "abiding city" where he can take up his rest. A uniform prosperity—more than anything else—tends to engender or foster those dispositions which are inconsistent with either the true knowledge of ourselves, or our due subjection to God. If pride, hardness of heart, contempt of others not so happy as ourselves, or scant sympathy with them, be not the effect (and they too often are), inordinate love and misestimate of the present, and gradual oblivion of the future, except to presume that it will be *like* the present, take too ready possession of the soul. There are, accordingly, few who can so enjoy long continued prosperity as not to be sensibly the worse for it. A few may be observed, indeed, of two opposite classes, who enjoy it to the last: the one, those who seem past learning the lessons of adversity, and who are allowed to "spread as a green bay tree;" and the other, those who, being "taught of God," have learned them so well, are so skilled to use the world without abusing it, and so daily mindful by whose donation all blessings are given, and by what tenure of homage to the Supreme Lord they are alone held, that they do not seem in any appreciable degree injured by them. These, God seems to permit to walk through life in almost unclouded sunshine; not, indeed, without some trials, yet with few, and none of them what we should call great and signal reverses,—with little experience of the "ups and downs of life," as people say. But there are few of us who do not need, and who do not get, the lessons which adversity must teach us; and of the generality it may be said, they are never more in danger than when they have been long prosperous. The ancients well understood the connection between signal prosperity and some coming reverses, though they accounted for the fact which experience taught them, by an erring philosophy. One of the best-known and most instructive stories of Herodotus teaches us how deep was the heathens' conviction of the fact, and how insufficiently heathen speculation reasoned upon it. It was, it seems, the divine "envy," *φθόνος*, which made the gods grudge the continued or exuberant prosperity of poor mortals; and Nemesis, therefore, never failed, in due time, to lay the proud structure in the dust, or send the cankerworm to the root of the fair tree. The historian tells us that Amasis, king of Egypt, had a dear friend in Polycrates, prince of Samos; but the latter was *so* happy, that his friend could not help, in accordance with the theory just mentioned, regarding him as the most miserable of mortals, plainly marked out for the speedy bolts of the divine Nemesis. He exhorted him therefore (if so be he might render the gods propitious by making himself miserable, instead of waiting to let them make him still more so), to disarm, by anticipating, their anger; and to essay this by sacrificing the thing he most valued. Polycrates, impressed by the conspicuous wisdom of this advice, and this reasonable view of the divine government, made choice of a costly ring which he highly valued, and cast it into the sea. Strange to say, it was swallowed by a fish; the fish was caught by a fisherman, and was sent as a present to the king, whose cook found in his maw the ring Polycrates had intended as his *piaculum*, and restored it to its owner; whereupon king Amasis renounced his friendship utterly, as one so fatally prosperous that even what he threw away came back to him; who, therefore, must be destined to be made an example of terrible reverses; and who, as he could not fail to involve his friends in his ruin, ought to be carefully shunned, as rats run from a falling house. And the event, according to Herodotus, showed the justice of the fears of Amasis, and his singular discretion!

Far different, happily, are a Christian's views of Him who cannot grudge any of His own gifts, seeing that they are "without repentance," and that from Him all receive "life, and breath, and all things." Nevertheless, long-continued prosperity is in various ways so inconsistent with man's highest good, that it is as nearly certain that it will have (because it will need) the corrections of adversity, as if, in truth, envy of mortal happiness, and not the desire to endow us at last with something better, were the genuine cause of it.

But best of all may we encounter the future, if, in implicit reliance upon a wisdom which sees the future for us and has provided for it, we can learn the lessons our Saviour would teach us; and trusting in Him who "feeds the fowls of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field," will take no excessive self-vexing care—so the word means—for the morrow. "Take no thought," says our version; and as it now stands the text is apt to suggest a meaning which it was not originally designed to convey. "Take no thought" did not enjoin absolute thoughtlessness about the morrow, or indifference to what prudence tells us it will probably "bring forth," or indolence in discharging what prudence tells us is our duty in reference to it, but the absence of all excessive, anxious thought. This is the force of the Greek word μέριμνα, and our English word "thought," when the version was made, suggests a parallel meaning. The meaning of this word is well illustrated by Archbishop Trench, in his little work on the "Authorised Version of the New Testament," in which he cites some striking passages from our older writers in confirmation of his criticism.

The examples by which our Lord illustrates his maxim, ought to have prevented the hypercriticism to which it has been subjected. It is with regard to what we *cannot* do, not what we can, that he cautions us not to expend any superfluous and unprofitable care, as by "taking thought" to add to our stature (or our life, as others translate the word ἡλικία); parallel to which would be the "taking thought," in order to act as if we could certainly foresee the future, and tell by anxious excogitation what "the morrow would bring forth."

Even M. Renan is not insensible to the beauty of these precepts; though, as is his wont through his singular book—full of treacherous praise and laudatory libel, where "the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau," or rather where the "Hail Master" accompanies the betraying kiss—he finds out that our Saviour may have gone too far, and enunciated maxims which, however proper for his little Galilean flock (living a sort of Arcadian life which M. Renan has invented for them, but to which we find nothing parallel in the Evangelic history,) are quite inapplicable to the rest of the world! And yet, if all excessive care about the future be absurd and unprofitable,—if as is too plain it poisons life, and if as is equally plain, mankind in all ages and nations are but too prone to it,—the maxims have a world-wide application.

And if we act in the spirit of Christ's maxims; if we have a firm faith in the all-embracing and paternal government of our Heavenly Father; then, though we know nothing of the future, except that we are ignorant of it; though we know nothing of the great *public* events with which the coming year is too surely fraught; though we only know that it opens with the spectacle of one hemisphere in the agonies of the most devastating strife which the world has ever seen, and Europe probably drifting into gigantic revolutions in the attempt to untie the most complicated knot that ever tried the fingers of diplomacy, or invited the Gordian shears of war to cut it; though we know nothing of the sudden events which will bring calamity or absolute destruction, at one fell swoop, to a sufficient number to excite public attention and sympathy, and fill, for a few days, the columns of the newspapers; though we know only that it will bring its usual complement of so-called casualties, and which are truly so to us—which, like the Sheffield inundation, or the Erith explosion, or the Calcutta hurricane, will fall we know not where or when; though we know nothing of the possible droughts or inundations, wrecks or pestilence, fires or floods, commercial embarrassments or manufacturing distress, which may strew the course of the year with havoc; though we are still less able to guess at the casualties which will befall individuals; in how many forms sickness, or death, or penury lie in wait for us; from what ambush the shaft may come which is to smite us to the dust, or those whom we love; or from what spark the fire shall be kindled which is to set the crumbling structure of our earthly happiness in a blaze;—yet if we firmly believe that "all things shall work together for good to them who love God," resign ourselves with an unfaltering faith to His government, and comply with His method of discipline, we may each add, as the apostle did, in a more certain foresight of coming evils than we can have, "None of these things move me."

For enough is known of the certain issues—though nothing be known of the events of the year—to inspire us, not with thoughtless mirth, yet with well founded hope and sober joy. The retrospect of the past ought to comfirm the same truth, for it not only teaches gratitude for the many blessings enjoyed, or still possessed; but gives us a guarantee for the future, and may assure us that if we but act our part with faith, courage and fortitude, "goodness and mercy," as they have "followed us all the days of our life," will accompany us "even unto the end." And as to that unknown future, dark as it is to us, we may with utmost confidence commit ourselves to it. In all the circuitous tracks through the unknown desert, the "pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night," will not fail to make a path for us; there is nothing that can possibly happen to us, which the subtle alchemy of Divine love, able to bring light out of darkness, and joy out of sorrow, cannot turn into profit or instruction—correctives of our follies, or corroboratives of our virtue.

But let the uncertainties of the year be what they may, *one* thing at least is certain;—that though we cannot control, or even foresee, the events which may fill us with joy or rack us with anguish, before the first day of a new year shall come round again, we may, if we please, absolutely determine its character to *us*, in the only sense in which it is important that it should be determined; or in which it, or any similar portion of time, is or can be of any significance to us at all: that is, by accepting the events, whatever they be, that may befall us, in the plenary belief that they are the dispensations of supreme Wisdom and Love, and in the spirit of resignation and submission to the Divine Will; looking sharply all the while to detect the lessons which they are severally designed and adapted to teach us, and endeavouring to apply them; to find out what are the weak points of character which require strengthening, and what the "easily besetting infirmities" which require correcting: and thus by conscious effort (not as too often by involuntary, perhaps sullen, acquiescence) becoming "workers together" with the designs of God. Thus possessing our souls in patience, striving to turn the external events of life into the instruments of self-discipline, and considering this scene of our existence as but a means to an end, then, however joyless the scene without, even though the whole year should be like its first day to us—be born, and live, and die in mid-winter—there will be a true summer within. However fluctuating and unstable may be the element by which the bark which carries our earthly fortunes is tossed, it will roll us onward towards the eternal haven. However crumbling the edifices which our eager hopes and feeble efforts may build, the solid fabric of the "eternal building" shall be joyfully going on;—that *character* on which immortality is to be impressed, and which shall endure, not by precarious outward supports of immunity from trial or temptation, but by the equilibrium of internal forces; secure in any world, and capable of the unsinning enjoyment of the best; that character, which when annealed by discipline and trial will, for that very reason, be taken to a world where they will be no longer needed; where virtue, become proof against temptation, shall be liberated from it for ever; and, confirmed in all goodness, may be safely trusted with its own felicity: for "the scaffolds may be taken down," as John Howe says, "when the eternal building is finished."

And if this be the issue, the time will come when the events of the year, or of any year, will seem, except so far as they have a bearing on *that*, (however momentous they may now seem to us), "less than the dust of the balance." And in this light, apparently, the great Ruler regards all such events *now:* giving us, in our course of moral probation, as the wise physician gives his patient, cordials or anodynes, when they may be needed, but not sparing to cut deep or use the actual cautery, if the life depend on it.

One of the most striking portions of the "Analogy" is the fifth Chapter of the first Part, where Butler so well applies the familiar fact, that each successive stage of life not only prepares the way for the next, but seems mainly designed for that purpose. I have often thought he might have gone further, and thus derived some striking additional confirmation of the conclusion of his first chapter respecting a "Future Life." For not only is each successive stage *preparatory* to the next, but seems in many respects so purely provisional, that a great part of us—not of our material merely, but our immaterial structure—appears to perish, and slough away (so to speak) when the end is attained; as though it had no other purpose than that of a temporary apparatus for developing a future stage of our life. Thus there seems a constant tendency, up to the very end of life, to drop some part of the provisional man; to deposit some of the very elements of our being. Our sensations grow less vivid, long before our bodily powers in general decay. Our *passive* emotions, as Butler remarks, constantly *weaken* by repetition, as if they were designed only as a *nucleus* on which the *practical* habits, which *strengthen* by repetition, might crystallise. Our appetites in like manner, if only indulged (as nature designed) in moderation, grow less eager and exorbitant, and at length seem almost to vanish; while the higher faculties then, and then only, reach their full vigour, when these have passed it,—often leaving the man in the happy condition of the aged Cephalus, who declares exemption from the torments of appetite and passion, a full compensation for the loss of their pleasures. Nor is it any answer to say that these decay only as the body decays, for this is but to acknowledge the fact in question; nor is it always true, for they often give way before loftier and more energetic passions, and are absorbed by them—more especially by the nobler forms of ambition. The pleasures and pursuits—the sports and pastimes of childhood, though necessary to develope the boy into the man, and rapturously enjoyed without at all thinking of their ulterior end, all seem so strange to the man, that he wonders at the intensity of feeling they once awakened. The man of middle life in a similar manner wonders at the shadows which he chased so eagerly in his youth; and though, like the "childish things" he has "long put away," they have done their work upon him, left indelible traces on his mental history, and, if he has been virtuous, have developed *habits* never destined to perish, he, himself, can hardly help blushing at the escapades of folly into which imagination sometimes led him in the heyday of passion, is ashamed to look at the love-letters he wrote, and regards them much as the freaks of Orlando Innamorato, or his imitator, Don Quixote, when they engraved on the trees of the forest the names and perfections of their mistresses! Thus, not only is each stage of life a preparation for the next, but in each some part of the machinery of our nature is dispensed with and thrown aside, or reappears under totally altered conditions. It is seen to be temporary, like the system of circulation provided for the unborn infant, or the envelope that protects the bud, or the case which incloses the chrysalis. Are all these transformations—far more wonderful than that which changes the aurelia into the winged butterfly—for nothing? Rather, may we not conclude, that if man has really fallen in with the successive conditions of his moral growth and discipline, his nature, defecated from the last traces of this in many respects infantile and provisional state, and retaining only what was designed to be imperishable, shall be conjoined with new and higher faculties, and new vehicles for their exercise, and rejoice in the manhood as well as "liberty" of the "children of God." May we not conclude that these successive abscissions from the original elements of our nature are but like the chips of marble which lie at the sculptor's feet when he is giving the last touches to some immortal statue; and though to a novice in the art, his chisel may seem to cut away portions of the very statue itself, it is at last seen that it was but to develope more perfectly the beauty of his ideal.

For those who resolve to pass the coming year in the way certain to determine its complexion as they would really have it, and make it a pleasant retrospect, it might be well to write a diary *beforehand:* a diary not of how they have spent the days that are past, but of how they intend to spend at least a goodly portion of the days that are to come; to mark off some auspicious "red-letter days" in their calendar on which some signal purposes shall be fulfilled, or which some signal acts of charity, or benevolence, or self-sacrifice shall make for ever memorable. The diaries which record the past for the purpose of *self-improvement* are seldom of much use. They consist of doleful entries of opportunities lost, and long lamentations that more was not made of them. The real feelings are seldom put down with unsophisticated honesty. Vices and faults are never faithfully registered. We never find in a diary a frank avowal:—"This day I told a falsehood; this day I got drunk; this day I cheated a customer; this day I took or gave a bribe; this day I slandered a neighbour; this day I took a cowardly revenge." The very confessions are all of failings such as "lean to virtue's side." Diaries, in short, are often nothing better than huge scholia of egotism or paraphrases of hypocrisy. But a diary inscribed beforehand with things to be done, which deliberate judgment and noble feeling approved, and with a firm resolution that they shall be done, would, if resolution failed, prove, though a mournful, yet a very profitable study at the year's end; and if it had been kept, more pleasant than a novel and more instructive than a sermon. And if we all made our first entry something of this kind: "Resolved on waking on New Year's Day to scour out of my heart, and as far as possible from my memory, all unkindness, anger, and malice which the last year left there, and that I will not rise from my knees till I can, without cursing myself by implication, repeat the sixth clause of the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive me, as I forgive,'" I do not think we should have done amiss.

Should it strike the reader that this paper is for the most part more grave than generally befits the "festivity of the season," he will perhaps excuse it when he recollects that, this year, the New Year's Day falls on Sunday; and that it is proper, while welcoming the birthday of this new "child of time," to give some thoughts to that day which is commemorative of events that shall be significant to us when "time shall be no more."

Men sometimes like, as Fuller says, to have some notable epoch from which to date their reformation. What day can be better than this double celebration? Yet if the work be not begun on this day, consider that writer's arguments for beginning it on *any.* That day, as this quaint old author says, though it be the obscurest in the calendar, shall to us be for ever memorable. "I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself, which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day like to 'to-day;' the instant time is always the fittest time. . . . Grant, therefore, that 'to-day I may hear Thy voice.'"

To conclude: one warning, one legacy of wisdom, the Old Year would bequeath to us, if he had a voice to utter it, for it is one of the analogies with which the natural world everywhere whispers to us moral wisdom. And if we might for a moment personify the dying year in his last days, we should picture him a little shrivelled old man—shrivelled as one of his grandsire's winter pippins—piping in the shrill treble of extreme age, and uttering an experience strongly resembling that of human life. "Listen to me, mortals!" he might say, with the same emphasis with which the old, wise by experience, say the like to the young, who will never be wise without it: "Listen to me, ye mortals! for I also am of the race of the ephemerals. I had my sturdy youth, when it seemed that my life would never end; and I dug, and ploughed, and planted, and enjoyed my jocund prime and my golden summer; and I decked myself in the garlands of May, and reaped the yellow harvest, and gathered the purple vintage of autumn; but scarcely had I attained the object of my desires, and secured the plenty for which I laboured, than I found the shadows lengthening, and the days shortening, and my breath growing short with them, and decrepitude coming upon me, and the days at hand of which I said, 'I have no pleasure in them.' I have laid up riches and know not who shall gather them; have planted trees which must shade far distant years, and stored the vintage of which other years must drink."

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

I.—WHY HE CAME.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. i. 15.
"Ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins."—1 John iii. 5.

Two Apostles speak here.

The one says, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. The other says, that He was manifested to take away our sins.

Men perplex and weary themselves with the question, Why must Christ come? Why could not God, by an act of free pardon, and by an act of entire sanctification, do all that is needful for the restoration and salvation of man? Why this complex machinery, of a Saviour and a Sanctifier, a redemption and a mediation, a tardy and oftentimes discouraging process of converting and transforming grace—when the absolute will of an Omnipotent God might either have prevented the fall, or necessitated the rising?

Such questions will sometimes force themselves upon the mind and heart of the thoughtful. It may not be altogether wrong to ponder them, provided there be two things always found along with that pondering; (1) a deep humility, conscious of inability to fathom God's counsels; and (2) an earnest resolution to deal practically rather than theoretically with the subject; to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, in the use of means which God has provided, and in the pursuit of an end which God has proposed.

What was the object of Christ's coming, of God's manifestation of Himself in the person of his Son Jesus Christ? is an enquiry always instructive, always quickening; while the speculation as to the necessity of a Redeemer, as to the prior probability of God's rescuing man through the sacrifice and mediation of a Divine but incarnate Saviour, may wait, together with the great mystery of the origin of evil, until man, rescued and glorified, shall be permitted to read God's secrets in the bright light of God's countenance.

Now therefore we have before us two answers to that ever profitable enquiry, What was the object, the practical aim and end, of his coming—of the manifestation, (as St. John calls it) of the Son of God?

1. St. Paul, in his 1st Epistle to Timothy, is writing to a very dear friend. He calls him his own son in the faith; for to him that younger friend owed, under God, his conversion and salvation.

On some occasion, after St. Paul's release from his first imprisonment at Rome—in which the history of the Acts leaves him—he had left Timothy at Ephesus in charge of the congregations.

Describing here the purpose of this commission, St. Paul speaks of a tendency in those times to an unprofitable style of teaching; an attention to what he calls "fables and endless genealogies"—some of the manifold off-shoots of a late and corrupted Judaism—against which he desires his friend earnestly to protest. The real end, he says, of the Gospel charge is love; love, not in the form of a vague benevolence or philanthropy, but as the product of a pure heart, a good conscience, and a sincere faith. Others have swerved from this true doctrine, and gone back to the Law. Forgetting the very use of law—which is the coercion of transgressors—the suppression, by threatening and by penalty, of those sins and crimes into which fallen nature is ever thrusting the unregenerate. But the Gospel was sent to bring men out of this state of unregenerate nature, into a higher region of faith and love, which is wholly unsuitable to the operation of mere law; a region in which man, raised out of the bondage of flesh and sense, by the indwelling presence of God's Holy Spirit, is enabled to desire and to endeavour, day by day, to show forth the praises of Him who has thus called him out of darkness into his marvellous light.

The mention of the Gospel suggests to St. Paul's mind a thankful recollection of his own share in it. Christ has appointed him to a ministry: once "a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious," he had now obtained mercy, that he might be an example to others, to the very end of time, of the forgiving grace and love of Christ.

Such is the connection in which the former text stands. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

"To save sinners." Could there be a briefer, or a more explicit, or a more attractive, statement of the aim of Christ's coming?

Who is a sinner? He is one who (as the original word expresses it) has missed the mark; has failed to hit the object and aim of his being: one who was created for a definite purpose, and has not answered it: one who was designed for a certain work and a certain end, and has neither done the one nor reached the other. That is a sinner. Need we particularize the work set to God's creatures, or the destiny proposed to them? "This people have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise." It is the object of creation, in all its parts, to show forth what God is. The material creation, in its marvellous structure, its multifarious beauty, its strange combination of variety and order, its exact adaptation to the wants and enjoyments of its inhabitants, its silent but most eloquent testimony to the hand that made and to the hand that sustains, shows forth what God is in His power, in His wisdom, in the vastness of His conception, and in the minuteness of His care. This part of creation has not sinned; has not missed its aim. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork. One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words into the ends of the world."

But the rational, the moral, the spiritual creation —what of it? That part of it with which we are concerned, of which we all are constituent parts, the race of man—what of it? Has it answered its purpose? Has it continued to reflect God's glory? Has it uniformly and with one voice declared His praise? Made originally in God's image, after God's likeness—endowed with reason, with conscience, with the knowledge of duty, with will and action, with the power of communication with its kind and of communion with its God—having the favour of God proposed as its present blessing, and the presence of God as its eternal home—how has this privileged race demeaned itself? In what condition do we behold it? in what condition do we find it in ourselves? Broken loose—gone from its proper centre—disloyal to its rightful owner—pretending to a liberty which is no honour, and an independence which is no happiness—saying, "My powers are my own—who is lord over me?" that is its state, if nothing worse! The creature is trying to live alone: the thing formed, instead of reflecting, and loving to reflect, its Maker's image—instead of delighting to make mention, and to promote the mention, of One whose it is and whom it serves—aims rather to "be as God;" to be admired and obeyed and loved for itself; to have its own home, and its own work, and its own pleasure, and to forget, while it may, "the rock whence it was hewn, and the hole of the pit whence it was digged." Can any word better express its condition, than that which calls it a sinner —a being that has missed the mark, and fallen short of the aim with which it was created?

And if this be its state, what is its destiny? Can this disloyal, this rebellious, this self-exalting thing, enter, when it dies, the home of holiness, of love, of God? Powers used through a lifetime in pampering self and dishonouring God—faculties debased to self-worship, and affections enchained to earth—a mind immersed in paltry cares, and a heart deluged with impurity and idolatry—does all this prognosticate, is all this compatible with, a happy entrance at death into the inheritance of the saints in light? Where is the promise of that miracle of a sudden transformation from one condition into its very opposite, amidst the last agonies and mysteries of dissolution, which alone could introduce a being thus debased into the glory of those unfallen spirits whose natural home is the presence-chamber of God? St. Paul combines, as by an obvious link of coherence, the two brief clauses, "All have sinned—and come short" (as the necessary consequence) "of the glory of God."

This then is a sinner. He is one who has missed the mark of being; has failed to answer his purpose, alike in work and in destiny; has turned aside from setting forth God's praise, and from walking in the way which leads to glory.

Such were they whom the coming of Christ Jesus into the world contemplated. "To save sinners." "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." If we do not recognize ourselves in the description, then neither can we see ourselves in the object. If we do not feel ourselves to have first missed the mark, then neither does Christ come to us with the offer of His salvation.

St. Paul could see himself in the description. "Sinners," he says, "of whom I am chief." Yes, each one of us knows more of himself than he can possibly know of any other. When he takes into account, that which he alone knows, the opportunities and the warnings and the mercies and forbearances which have marked his course, and then also the follies and the perversenesses and the backslidings and the obstinacies by which he has gone astray and done wickedly; he feels indeed, that, however it may be with others, he can without affectation take upon his lips St. Paul's confession, and say that, if Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, He came to save those of whom he, he himself, is chief.

Surely it is sweet to us to listen to this brief saying—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners!" To save those who had missed the mark, and come short as much of happiness as of holiness. To restore to peace with God those who had broken it by their sins. To knit again in a bond of tender affection children who had left their Father's home, and were wasting His goods, in selfish misery, in a distant and desolate country. To make God known, and near, and present, in all His longsuffering and in all His love, to those whose wretchedness it was to have lost sight of Him, and to have flung away all assurance of His concern for them and of His will to bless. To take away the sting of death, and to bring life and immortality to light by His Gospel.

Yes, and in order to this—for without it we lose the surest basis and the tenderest tie of all—in order to this, to take our sins upon Him, and by dying, to make propitiation for iniquity. Christ the sacrifice —the sacrifice not to wrath but of love—the gift given, out of boundless compassion, by Him who so loved us that He spared not His own Son from dying on our behalf, so making peace—Christ the sacrifice of the Father's love, must go before Christ the Resurrection, Christ the Mediator, and Christ the Life. When He came to save sinners, He came first to die for them: He came first to be "the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

2. The last words are St. John's; and with the sound of them yet in our ears, we can turn without

fear to that other side of the revelation, which is furnished to us by the same loving teacher in the second of the texts above written. "Ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins."

St. John had an evident dread of all self-deception. He lived on into a comparatively late day of the Church; and witnessed the growth of many of those errors which were to be the scourge and the torment of its onward history. No man had a more deep insight into the love which passeth knowledge: no man had a more anxious apprehension of the perversions which might distort that boundless love into a pretext for indifference to sin.

This third chapter of the Epistle (to go no further) exemplifies sufficiently this twofold characteristic.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God . . . Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." What then? Shall we presume upon that bright hope? Shall we say, I am safe for time, and safe for eternity—I shall never be moved? Hearken. "And every man that hath this hope in Him (Christ) purifieth himself, even as He is pure. Whosoever committeth sin, transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law. And ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins; and in Him is no sin. Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him, neither known Him. Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

You see the trembling anxiety to keep together the love and the holiness—the hope and the purity—the sin-bearing and the sin-removal. He was manifested to take away our sins . . . manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil . . . He that doeth righteousness is righteous . . . He that committeth sin is of the devil.

There have been those in all times who have too much sought to put asunder things which God has made one. They have spoken as if it militated against the freedom and the fulness of the Gospel grace, if one word were said about Gospel holiness. And we know well that holiness may be so dwelt upon, as to sever it from its one motive and from its one source and spring. In that same degree the exhortation is powerless, because in that same degree it has ceased to be the Gospel. But I can never understand how any sincere person should shrink from that preaching of holiness which is itself a Gospel. If I say, You must make yourselves holy, either to earn God's love, or in return for God's love to you; then indeed I speak without Christ, and the heart of the hearer is deaf and dead to my call. But if I say, with the blessed Apostle St. John, Christ was manifested to take away our sins; Christ was manifested to destroy in us the works of the devil; His name was called Jesus, because He shall save his people from their sins—then surely the word is as persuasive as it is scriptural: I tell you of One who knows your weakness as He knows your guilt, and as He provided for the one by His death, so provides for the other by His life.

There is no one amongst us—may God grant it—who deliberately expects both to keep his sin and yet to reach heaven. The heart is thus far true within, that it bears decisive witness against a conversion which is no change, against a justification which brings after it no sanctification. Nevertheless there is such a thing in all of us as a lazy, listless, lifeless acquiescence in a perpetual defeat, in small things or great, by the power of evil; a perpetual postponement of the struggle with, of the victory over, sin; a practical resting upon the Atonement, either in the present or in the future, as something which shall make up for all else, and carry the soul, however earthly and sin-bound, safely across the boundary line at last between death and life. Without presuming to expect to keep our sins and yet to be saved, there is a power in habit, and a readiness to rest, and a dislike to steady toil and protracted conflict, which may make us practically take one half of the Gospel and leave the other; believe that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and yet forget that for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might take away our sins, and destroy, in us individually, the works of the devil.

Let it not be so any more, beloved friends, with us. Take the whole Gospel. Each half of it is to be prized above gold or precious stone. Not least, surely, that half of it which says, It was the object of Jesus Christ, in coming down from heaven for us men and for our salvation, to take away, to remove, to destroy in us, all that is sinful, all that is bad in us and base and sensual and devilish. He knew what He undertook, and He has strength to do it. Commit yourself to Him for this purpose. If this was His object in coming, that He might destroy the works of the devil, then surely He will not disappoint His own aim in any one who seriously looks to Him for strength. In the power to resist and conquer sin you will read the assurance of forgiveness and justification. "Let no man deceive you," St. John writes—the Holy Ghost that was in him providing thus for the warning and admonition of our own distant times—"he that doeth righteousness is righteous;" not he who has passed through certain experiences or certain excitements; not he who has felt certain feelings or suffered certain sufferings or seen certain sights; not he who has the liveliest impression of the sovereignty of grace or of the omnipotence of the Redeemer: but he who is enabled to show his faith in his works; he who is renewed day by day through the indwelling Spirit for the performance of duty and for the contest with sin; he who by pureness, by meekness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, fights the good fight of faith and brings the whole body of sin into subjection. He who came into the world to save sinners, was manifested also to take away our sins.

3. Two or three words of application will suggest themselves on a general view of this great subject.

(1) The truth of God, and the work of grace, is one, not many.

We portion and parcel out Gospel doctrine—we divide and subdivide, distinguish and re-distinguish —until we are in danger of losing the original unity in a self-made multiplicity. Just as in reference to our human nature, we talk of mind and soul, of heart and head, of judgment and will, affection and imagination, till we are almost in danger of forgetting that these distinctions are conventional, not essential; so in the great matters of divine revelation, we discriminate nicely between forgiveness and grace, justification and sanctification, adoption and assimilation, as though it were possible for one of these things really to exist without another; as though it might be, in conception at least, that the same man were justified, yet not sanctified; that one should have by itself the grace of forgiveness, and another, by itself, the grace of a spiritual influence. St. John's strong words, in sound almost truisms, have their everlasting significance in reference to such misapplications of doctrine, "He that doeth righteousness is righteous," and "He that committeth sin is of the devil." He whom God justifies, He also sanctifies: he whose life is still stained with sin, hath not upon him as yet the mark of the divine forgiveness. God's work in man has a unity as well as a detail: the work of Christ and the work of the Spirit move ever in harmony: and where one element of grace is really, there are all its elements in root and in germ. He who is forgiven is also following: "but ye are sanctified" is ever found in combination with "but ye are justified." He who came to save sinners was manifested also to take away our sins.

(2) Again, all that is really a part of the divine Gospel is alike encouraging to the sincere enquirer.

It is all in the form of promise. I will give. I come to do this or that. Ask of me, and I will grant. Nothing is thrown upon us, but that which the weakest and the humblest can best perform; to believe, to ask, to wait, and to accept.

Again, it satisfies not one part, but both parts, of our conscious need.

There are times when the sense of guilt is our pressing trouble. This conscience, stained again by some old and (as we had hoped) already vanquished sin, is restless, clamorous, and will not be pacified. What shall appease it? What but a sacrifice infinite in its value, everlasting in its efficacy—the knowledge of a divine Saviour dying for human sin, and bearing once for all upon Himself the iniquities of us all? Sprinkle afresh upon the conscience the blood of Christ, and He, He himself, will say to its accusing voice, Peace, be still!

And certainly there are times when the sense of sinfulness—not the remembrance of past sin, but the consciousness of present sin—is the predominant misery. I see before me this difficult duty, to which I am unequal: who shall give me strength? I see before me this terrible temptation, often before found resistless: who shall tread it down? My own heart misgives me; the traitor inclination is my enemy within: who shall give the better desire a chance of resisting? Who is that stronger than the strong man armed, who shall take from him his armour and divide his spoils? Then the voice of Christ's Gospel sounds acceptably in our ears, For this purpose Christ came, that He might take away our sins: For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy in us the works of the devil. Put thy trust in Him, and He will give thee the victory!

We cannot believe in a sincere man being desirous of forgiveness and not desirous of holiness. A Gospel which proclaimed an unconditional pardon, but said nothing of an indwelling and inworking Spirit, would be no Gospel to him whose desire it is not only to escape God's punishment, but to be made capable of God's presence, and receptive of God's love.

(3) Finally, the Gospel revelation, and the call of God's grace, is one always seasonable, never out of place.

There is not one person upon earth who is not addressed by it. Because there is not one person who is not a sinner. And there is not one moment in the life of any man, when he does not want the Gospel. Week by week, on the blessed Christian Sunday, are gathered together, in the churches of Christendom, a multitude of human beings. No one can look upon such an assembly unmoved. What a history is recorded upon the memory of those who listen! What a burden, of sin and care and sorrow, is carried thither time after time upon the hearts of the worshippers! What a load of past sins—some perhaps still lived in—some perhaps done over and over again, most days or all days—some to be taken with them to their beds at night, and risen with yet again in the morning! Yes, He who is greater than our hearts must look with displeasure, we fear, upon some of us his nominal worshippers. And then the *prospect* of sin! I tremble even more at the thought of the sin which God sees that I shall commit, than at the thought of that which He has already recorded! It seems so terrible that I who am now kneeling in penitence before God, praying for mercy and grace, should be known by Him, who sees the end from the beginning, to be unconsciously on the very verge of a repetition of that sin against which I am praying! It is enough to make a man serious, to think of such things; and to think of them as multiplied by hundreds and tens of hundreds in the persons of those who sit together in God's presence decorous, grave, and (as it should seem) for the moment earnest. Then I say that the Gospel can never be out of place, at any moment, to such a congregation and to the individuals composing it.

We want it every moment. We want it to keep us from despair. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—of whom I am one—yes, may we not well say it? of whom I am chief. We want it to keep us from carelessness. He was manifested to take away our sins: can it be a trifle then, this sin which we commit thus lightly? a trifle to go against Christ—to tread underfoot the Son of God, and do despite to the Spirit of grace? We want it for life: it is the only thing which can make life safe or sacred or happy—this faith in One above who died for us and lives again—died to save sinners—lives to take away sins! We want it, O most of all, for death: for that death which is so busy amongst us; which gives us so little notice, and waits not, when it comes, either for the comfort of the surviving or for the repentance of the departing. Surely we shall want the Gospel then; with its message of forgiveness and of reconciliation, of death vanquished and immortality revealed! And if we would have it then, we must find it now. A death-bed may be a good ending, but it is a bad beginning, of the work of grace: and he who would die happy must first have lived holy. Awake then now, thou that sleepest! arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!

THOR AT THE BRIDGE.

In old Norse legend have I heard
How Odin, with his sons and daughters,
Set out to seek the Fount of Urd,*
And drink its pure, life-giving waters.

The highest of earth's hills, whose crest
Is lost in clouds, they quick ascended;
The Rainbow on its height doth rest,—
That wondrous Bridge, in air suspended.

A stately mansion, fair and bright,
Stands on the summit of the mountain,
Here the god Heimdall dwells, the White,†
To keep the way unto the Fountain.

Heimdall, whose piercing eye can see
A hundred miles, the gods' wise Warder,
The gateway opens instantly;
He bids them pass the Bridge in order.

He bids them enter, one by one,
The youngest first, then all the others,
Until at last remains alone
The first and strongest of the brothers.

Thor now his giant foot would fain
Set on the Bridge—that glittering wonder!
But Heimdall waves him back again;
"Tarry, thou lover of the thunder.

"The Bridge Bifrost was never made
For you; that jewelled pavement faëry
Is for the weak; without its aid
Your strength can ford the abysses aëry."

Black grew his brow at Heimdall's word;
"Am I, of Odin's seed, I only,
Forbid to taste the Fount of Urd?
Shut out from life? left sad and lonely?"

"Nay," then replied wise Heimdall; "nay;
See yonder River-clouds that darken!
Their names are Kormt and Ermt; the way
Lies straight through them, if thou wilt hearken."

Now gazed great Thor, first on the black
Cold River-clouds before him spreading,

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* "This water is so holy that everything placed in the spring becomes as white as the film within an egg-shell."—*The Prose Edda.*

† "Heimdall, the White God," "is the warder of the gods, and is placed on the borders of heaven, to prevent the giants from forcing their way over the bridge. He requires less sleep than a bird, and sees by night as well as by day, a hundred miles around him. So acute is his ear that he can hear the grass growing on the earth, and the wool on a sheep's back."—*Ibid.*

Then, longing, lingering, turns he back
To the fair Bridge the rest are treading.

"The eldest I"—his musings run—
"Therefore forbid the flowery portal;
Unfair! and Odin's eldest son
Renounces this your life immortal."

Then Odin spake; "Son Thor," quoth he,
"Why linger longer on the mountain?
The Bridge for us, the Clouds for thee,
But both alike lead to the Fountain.

"What matter, when the goal is ours,
Whether 'twas reached through Bridge or River?
Through Bifrost's magic path of flowers,
Or Kormt and Ermt, with fierce endeavour?"

Then turned he from the Bridge, no more
He thought, he wavered now no longer,
Waist-deep into the clouds plunged Thor,
Intent to prove himself the stronger.

Beneath, firm-footing found his feet,
He breasts the tide with ne'er a shiver,
Blue shone the sky on no defeat,—
He won the Fountain thro' the River!

Oh, thou whose life may little know
Of summer sunshine or of flowers,
Unmurm'ring, stem the tide of woe!
Fight bravely through the black storm showers!

Birth-right of Elder son be thine!
The burden heavier, pathway longer;
What! would'st refuse it? dar'st repine?
—For this hast thou been made the stronger.

C. P.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The Reign of Law—is this the reign under which we live? Yes, in a sense it is. There is no denying it. The whole world around us, and the whole world within us, are ruled by law. Our very spirits are subject to it—those spirits which yet seem so spiritual, so subtle, so free. How often in the darkness do they feel the restraining walls—bounds within which they move—conditions out of which they cannot think! The perception of this is growing in the consciousness of men. It grows with the growth of knowledge; it is the delight, the reward, the goal of science. From science it passes into every domain of thought, and invades, amongst others, the theology of the Church. And so we see the men of theology coming out to parley with the men of science,—a white flag in their hands, and saying "If you will let us alone, we shall do the same by you. Keep to your own province, do not enter ours. The reign of law which you proclaim, we admit—outside these walls, but not within them: —let there be peace between us." Alas! this will never do. There can be no such treaty dividing the domain of Truth. Every one Truth is connected with every other Truth in this great Universe of God. The connection may be one of infinite sublety, and apparent distance—running, as it were, underground for a long way, but always asserting itself at last, somewhere, and at some time. No bargaining, no fencing of the ground—no form of process, will avail to bar this right of way. Blessed right, enforced by blessed power! Every truth, which is truth indeed, however far off it may have been discovered, however long unknown, or forgotten, or put out of sight, is liable always to confront us suddenly,—with its consequences, its analogies, its suggestions—invading ground which we had thought was sacred, asserting everywhere its presence and its power.

And therefore we must cast a sharp eye indeed on every claim to belong to this great family—this Blood Royal of the Universal Kingdom. The pretenders are very many: for the brotherhood of error is larger than the brotherhood of truth, and it has alliances as subtle and as pervading. Therefore, to accept as a truth that which is not a truth, or to fail in distinguishing the sense in which a proposition may be true, from other senses in which it is not true, is an evil having consequences which are indeed incalculable. There are subjects on which one mistake of this kind will poison within us all the wells of truth, and affect with fatal error the whole circle of our thoughts.

It is against this danger that some men would erect a feeble barrier by defending the position, that science and religion may be, and ought to be, kept entirely separate;—that they belong to wholly different spheres of thought, and that the ideas which prevail in the one province have no relation to those which prevail in the other. This is a doctrine offering many temptations to many minds. It is grateful to scientific men who deprecate being thought hostile to religion. It is grateful to religious men who are afraid of being thought to be afraid of science. To these, and to all who are troubled to reconcile what they have been taught to believe with what they have come to know, this doctrine affords a ready and convenient escape. There is but one objection to it—but that is the fatal objection—that it is not true. The spiritual world and the intellectual world are not separated after this fashion; and the notion that they are so separated does but encourage men to accept in each, ideas which will at last be found to be untrue in both. The instinct which impels us to seek for harmony in the truths of science and the truths of religion, is a higher instinct and a truer one than the disposition which leads us to evade the difficulty by pretending that there is no relation between them. For, after all, it is a pretence and nothing more. No man who thoroughly accepts a principle in the philosophy of nature which he feels to be inconsistent with a doctrine of religion, can help having his belief in that doctrine shaken and undermined. We may believe, and we must believe, many things which we cannot understand; but we cannot really believe two propositions which are felt to be contradictory. It helps us nothing in such a difficulty, to say that the one proposition belongs to reason and the other proposition belongs to faith. The endeavour to reconcile them is a necessity of the mind. We are right in thinking that if they are both indeed true they can be reconciled, and if they really are fundamentally opposed they cannot both be true. That is to say, there must be some error in our manner of conception in one or in the other, or in both. At the very best they can represent only some partial and imperfect aspect of the truth. The error may lie in our theology, or it may lie in what we are pleased to call our science. It may be that some dogma, derived by tradition from our fathers, is having its hollowness betrayed by that light which sometimes shines upon the ways of God out of a better knowledge of His works. It may be that some proud and rash generalisation of the schools is having its falsehood proved by the violence it does to the deepest instincts of our spiritual nature,—to

"Truths which wake to perish never!
Which neither man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

Such, for example, is the conclusion to which the language of some scientific men is evidently pointing, that great general laws inexorable in their operation, and causes in endless chain of invariable sequence, are the governing powers in nature, and that they leave no room for any special direction or providential ordering of events. If this be true, it is vain to deny its bearing on religion. What then can be the use of prayer? Can laws hear us? Can they change, or can they suspend themselves? These questions cannot but arise, and they require an answer. It is said of a late eminent Professor and clergyman of the English Church, who was deeply imbued with these opinions on the place occupied by laws in the economy of nature, that he went on, nevertheless, preaching high doctrinal sermons from the pulpit until his death. He did so on the ground that propositions which were contrary to his reason were not necessarily beyond his faith. The inconsistencies of the human mind are indeed unfathomable; and there are men so constituted as honestly to suppose that they can divide themselves into two spiritual beings, one of whom is infidel, and the other is believing. But such men are rare —happily for religion, and not less happily for science. No healthy intellect, no earnest spirit, can rest in such self-betrayal. Accordingly we find men, like the late George Combe, facing the consequences to which they have given their intellectual assent, and avowing their belief that prayer to God has no other value or effect than so far as it may be a good way of preaching to ourselves. It is a useful and helpful exercise for our own spirits, but it is nothing more. Alas, how can they pray who have come to this? Useful and helpful to believe a lie! That which has been threatened as the worst of all spiritual evils, would become the conscious attitude of our "religion," the habitual condition of our worship. This must be as bad science, as it is bad religion. It is in violation of a law the highest known to man—the law which inseparably connects earnest conviction of the truth in what we do or say, with the very fountains of all intellectual and moral strength. No accession of force can come to us from doing anything in which we disbelieve. Such a doctrine will be indeed

"The little rift within the lute
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."

The conception of natural laws—of their place, of their nature, and of their office—which leads to such conclusions, must be wrong.

What, then, is this reign of law? What is law, and in what sense can it be said to reign?

The laws of nature are simply those facts of nature which recur according to a rule, so as to involve the idea of obedience to a force. This idea of force is essential to the true conception of law. The word is no doubt often very loosely used; but it involves a great deal more than merely "an observed order of facts." The order must be so constant and so uniform as to indicate necessity, that is, the action of a compelling force. When the operations of such force can be reduced to a rule, this rule is itself called the law; and when such rules are so definite as to be capable of mathematical expression and of mathematical proof, they are in the nature of pure truth. The discovery of them is the great quest of science, and the finding of them is her great reward. Such laws yield to the human mind a peculiar delight from the satisfaction they afford to those special faculties whose function it is to recognise the beauty of numerical relations. This satisfaction is so great, and in its own measure is so complete, that the mind reposes on an ascertained law as on an ultimate truth. And so it is ultimate as regards the particular faculties which are concerned in this kind of search. When we have observed our facts, and when we have summed up our figures, our eyes, our ears, and our calculating faculties have done their work; but other faculties are called into simultaneous operation, and these have other work to do. The truth is, when we come to think of it, laws explain little or nothing, and least of all do they explain themselves. They suggest a thousand questions much more curious than the questions which they solve. The very beauty and simplicity of some laws is their deepest mystery. What can their source be? How is their uniformity maintained? Every law implies a force, and all that we ever know is some numerical rule or measure according to which some unknown forces operate. But whence come those measures—those exact relations to number, which never vary? Or, if there are variations, how comes it that these are always found to follow some other rules as exact and as invariable as the first?

There can be no better example of law—of what it is, and what it is not—than the law of gravitation. The discovery of it was probably the highest exercise of pure intellect through which the human mind has found its way. It is the most universal physical law which is known to us, for it prevails, apparently, through all space. Yet of the force of gravitation all we know is, that it is a force of attraction operating between all the particles of matter in the exact measure which was ascertained by Newton, —that is—"directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance." This is the law. But it affords no sort of explanation of itself. What is the cause of this force—what is its source—what are the media of its operation—how is the exact uniformity of its proportions maintained?—these are questions which it is impossible not to ask, but which it is quite as impossible to answer. Sir John Herschel, in speaking of this force, has indicated in a passing sentence a few questions out of the many which arise:—"No matter," he says, "from what ultimate causes the power called gravitation originates—be it a virtue lodged in the sun as its receptacle, or be it pressure from without, or the resultant of many pressures, or solicitations of unknown kinds, magnetic or electric, ethers or impulses," &c. &c. How little we have ascertained in this law, after all! Yet there is an immense and an instinctive pleasure in the contemplation of it. To analyse this pleasure is as difficult as to analyse the pleasure which the eye takes in beauty of form, or the pleasure which the ear takes in the harmonies of sound. And this pleasure is inexhaustible, for these laws of number and proportion pervade all nature, and the intellectual organs which have been fitted to the knowledge of them have eyes which are never satisfied with seeing, and ears which are never full of hearing. The agitation which overpowered Sir Isaac Newton as the law of gravitation was rising to his view in the light of rigorous demonstration, was the homage rendered by the great faculties of his nature to a harmony which was as new as it was immense and wonderful. The same pleasure in its own degree is felt by every man of science who, in any branch of physical inquiry, traces and detects any lesser law. And it is perfectly true that such laws are being detected everywhere. Forces which are in their essence and their source utterly mysterious, are always being found to operate under rules which have strict reference to measures of number,—to relations of space and time. The forces which determine chemical combination all work under rules as sharp and definite as the force of gravitation. So do the forces which operate in light, and heat, and sound. So do those which exert their energies in magnetism and electricity. All the operations of nature—the smallest and the greatest—are performed under similar measures and restraints. Not even a drop of water can be formed except under rules which determine its weight, its volume, and its shape, with exact reference to the density of the fluid, to the structure of the surface on which it may be formed, and to the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. Then that pressure is itself exercised under rigorous rules again. Not one of the countless varieties of form which prevail in clouds, and which give to the face of heaven such infinite expression, not one of them but is ruled by law—woven, or braided, or torn, or scattered, or gathered up again and folded, by forces which are free only "within the bounds of law."

And equally in those subjects of inquiry in which rules of number and of proportion are not applicable, rules are discernible which belong to another class, but which are as certain and as prevailing. All events, however casual or disconnected they may at first appear to be, are found in the course of time to arrange themselves in some certain order, the index and exponent of forces, of which we know nothing except their existence as evidenced in these effects. It is indeed wonderful to find that in such a matter, for example, as the development of our human speech, the unconscious changes which arise from time to time among the rudest utterances of the rudest tribes and races of mankind are all found to follow rules of progress as regular as those which preside over any of the material growths of nature. Yet so it is. And as it is now, so apparently has it been in all past time of which we have any record. Even the work of creation has been and is being carried on under rules of adherence to typical forms, and under limits of variation from them, which can be dimly seen and traced, although they cannot be defined or understood. The universal prevalence of laws of this kind cannot therefore be denied. The discovery of them is one of the first results of all physical inquiry. In this sense it is true that we, and the world around us, are under the Reign of Law.

It is true, but it is only a bit and fragment of the truth. There is another fact quite as prominent as the universal presence and prevalence of laws—and that is, the number of them which are concerned in each single operation of nature. No one law determines anything that we see happening or done around us. It is always the result of different and opposing forces nicely balanced against each other. The least disturbance of the proportion in which any one of them is allowed to tell, produces a total change in the effect. The more we know of nature, the more intricate do such combinations appear to be. The existence of laws, therefore, is not the end of our physical knowledge. What we always reach at last in the course of every physical inquiry, is the recognition, not of individual laws, but of some definite relation to each other, in which different laws are placed, so as to bring about a particular result. But this is, in other words, the principle of adjustment, and adjustment has no meaning except as the instrument and the result of purpose. This is the ultimate fact of all discovery.

We may, again, take the forces which determine the planetary motions as the grandest and the simplest illustrations of this truth of science. Gravitation, as already said, is a force which prevails apparently through all space. But it does not prevail alone. It is a force whose function it is to balance other forces, of which we know nothing, except this,—that these, again, are needed to balance the force of gravitation. Each force, if left to itself, would be destructive of the universe. Were it not for the force of gravitation, the centrifugal forces which impel the planets would fling them off into space. Were it not for these centrifugal forces, the force of gravitation would dash them against the sun. The orbits, therefore, of the planets, with all that depends upon them, are determined by the nice and perfect balance which is maintained between these two forces ; and the ultimate fact of astronomical science is not the law of gravitation, but the adjustment between this law and others which are less known, so as to produce and maintain the existing planetary system. This is one example of the principle of adjustment ; but no one example, however grand the scale may be on which it is exhibited, can give any idea of the extent to which the principle of adjustment is required, and is adopted in the works of nature. The revolution of the seasons, for example—seed time and harvest—depend on the law of gravitation in this sense, that if that law were disturbed, or if it were inconstant, they would be disturbed and inconstant also. But the seasons equally depend on a multitude of other laws,—laws of heat, laws of light, laws relating to fluids, and to solids, and to gases, and to magnetic attractions and repulsions, each one of which laws is invariable in itself, but each of which would produce utter confusion if it were allowed to operate alone, or if not balanced against others in the right proportion. It is very difficult to form any adequate idea of the vast number of laws which are concerned in producing the most ordinary operations of nature. Looking only at the combinations with which astronomy is concerned, the adjustments are almost infinite. Each minutest circumstance in the position, or size, or shape of the earth, the direction of its axis, the velocity of its motion and of its rotation, has its own definite effect, and the slightest change in any one of these relations would wholly alter the world we live in. And then it is to be remembered that the seasons, as they are now fitted to us, and as we are fitted to them, do not depend only on the facts or the laws which astronomy reveals. They depend quite as much on other sets of facts, and other sets of laws, revealed by other sciences,—such, for example, as chemistry, electricity, and geology. The motion of the earth might be exactly what it is, every fact in respect to our planetary position might remain unchanged, yet the seasons would return in vain if our own atmosphere were altered in any one of the elements of its composition, or if any one of the laws regulating its action were other than it is. Under a thinner air even the torrid zone might be wrapped in eternal snow. Under a denser air, and one with different refracting powers, the earth and all that is therein might be burnt up. And so it is through the whole of nature : laws everywhere—laws in themselves invariable, but so worked as to produce effects of inexhaustible variety by being pitched against each other, and made to hold each other in restraint. In chemistry, this system of adjustment among the different properties of matter is especially intricate and observable. Some of the laws which regulate chemical combination were discovered in our own time, and are amongst the most wonderful and the most beautiful which have been revealed by any science. They are laws of great exactness, having invariable relations to number and proportion. Each elementary substance has its own combining proportions with other elements, so that, except in these proportions, no chemical union can take place at all. And when chemical union does take place, the compounds which result have different and even opposite powers, according to the different proportions employed. Then, the relations in which these inorganic compounds stand to the chemistry of life, constitute another vast series in which the principle of adjustment has applications infinite in number, and as infinite in beauty. How delicate these relations are, and how tremendous are the issues depending on their management, may be conceived from a single fact. The same elements combined in one proportion are sometimes a nutritious food or a grateful stimulant, soothing and sustaining the powers of life; whilst, combined in another proportion, they may be a deadly poison, paralysing the heart and carrying agony along every nerve and fibre of the animal frame. This is no mere theoretical possibility. It is actually the relation in which two well-known substances stand to each other—Tea and Strychnia. The active principle of these two substances, "Theine" and "Strychnine," are identical so far as their elements are concerned, and differ from each other only in the proportions in which they are combined. Such is the power of numbers in the laboratory of Nature! What havoc in this world, so full of life, would be made by blind chance gambling with such powers as these! What confusion, unless they were governed by laws whose certainty makes them capable of fine adjustment, and therefore subject to accurate control! How fine these adjustments are, and how absolute is that control, is indicated in another fact—and that is the few elements out of which all things are made. The number of elementary substances has diminished with the advance of science; and the progress of analysis, with glimpses of laws as yet unknown, renders it almost certain that this number will be found to be smaller still. Yet out of that small number of elementary substances, having fixed rules limiting their combination, all the infinite varieties of organic and inorganic matter are built up by means of nice adjustment. As all the faculties of a powerful mind can utter their voice in language whose elements are reducible to twenty-four letters, so all the forms of nature, with all the ideas they express, are worked out from a few simple elements having a few simple properties.

Simple! can we call them so? Yes, simple by comparison with the exceeding complication of the uses they are made to serve: simple also, in this sense, that they follow some simple rule of numbers. But in themselves these laws, these forces, are incomprehensible. That which is most remarkable about them is their unchangeableness. The whole mind and imagination of scientific men is often so impressed with this character of material laws, that no room is left for the perception of other aspects of their nature and of their work. We hear of rigid and universal sequence—necessary—invariable;—of unbroken chains of cause and effect, no link in which can, in the nature of things, be ever broken. And this idea grows upon the mind, until in some confused manner it is held as casting out the idea of purpose in creation, and inconsistent with the element of will. If it be so, the difficulty cannot be evaded by denying the uniformity, any more than the universality, of law. It is perfectly true that every law is, in its own nature, invariable, producing always, under the same conditions, precisely and necessarily the same effects. But then, if the conditions are not the same, the invariableness of effect gives place to capacities of change which are almost infinite. It is by altering the conditions under which any given law is brought to bear, and by bringing other laws to operate upon the same subject, that our own wills exercise a large and increasing power over the material world. And be it observed—to this end the uniformity of laws is no impediment, but, on the contrary, it is an indispensable condition. Laws are in themselves unchangeable, and if they were not unchangeable, they could not be used as the instruments of will. If they were less rigorous they would be less certain, and the least uncertainty would render them incapable of any service. No adjustment, however nice, could secure its purpose if the implements employed were of uncertain temper.

The notion therefore of the uniformity or invariableness of the laws of nature being difficult to reconcile with the subordination of them to the exercise of will, is a notion contrary to our own experience. It is the very certainty and invariableness of the laws of nature which alone enables us to use them, and to yoke them to our service. Now, the laws of nature are employed in the system of nature in a manner precisely analogous to that in which we ourselves employ them. The difficulties and obstructions which are presented by one law in the way of accomplishing a given purpose, are met and overcome exactly on the same principle on which they are met and overcome by man—viz., by knowledge of other laws, and by resource in applying them,—that is, by ingenuity in mechanical contrivance. It cannot be too much insisted on, that this is a conclusion of pure science. The relation which an organic structure bears to its purpose in nature can be recognised as certainly as the same relation between a machine and its purpose in human art. It is absurd to maintain, for example, that the purpose of the cellular arrangement of material in combining lightness with strength, is a purpose legitimately cognisable by science in the Menai bridge, but is not as legitimately cognisable when it is seen in nature, actually serving the same use. Strike off one of the little barnacles which crust the rocks at low tide, and which to live there at all must be able to resist the surf. Look at the building of its shell—you will see that it is all hollowed and chambered on the plan which engineers have so lately discovered as an arrangement of material by which the power of resisting strain or pressure is multiplied in an extraordinary degree.

"Small, but a work divine;
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine." *

That shell is as pure a bit of mechanics as the bridge, both being structures in which the same arrangement is adapted to the same end. This is but one instance out of a number which no man can count. No law of nature is liable to change. But every law of nature is liable to counteraction;

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* "Maud."

and the rule is, that laws are habitually made to counteract each other in precisely the manner and degree which some definite result requires.

Nor is it less remarkable that the converse of this is true : no purpose is ever attained in nature, except by the enlistment of laws as the means and instruments of attainment. When an extraordinary result is aimed at, it often happens that some common law is yoked to extraordinary conditions, and its action is intensified by some special machinery. For example, the forces of electricity are in action probably in all living organisms, but certainly in the muscular system of the higher animals. In a very few (so far as yet known, in only a very few animals among the millions which exist, and these all belonging to the order of fishes), the electrical action has been so stored as to render it serviceable as a weapon of offence. Creatures which grovel at the bottom of the sea or in the slime of rivers, have been gifted with the astonishing faculty of wielding the most subtle of all the powers of nature at their will. They have the faculty of "shooting out lightning" against their enemies or their prey. But this gift has not been given without an exact fulfilment of all the laws which govern electricity, and which especially govern its concentration and destructive force. The Electric Ray, or Torpedo, has been provided with a battery closely resembling, but greatly exceeding in the beauty and compactness of its structure, the batteries whereby man has now learnt to make the laws of electricity subservient to his will. There are no less than 940 hexagonal columns in this battery, like those of a bees' comb, and each of these is subdivided by a series of horizontal plates which appear to be analogous to the plates of the voltaic pile. The whole is supplied with an enormous amount of nervous matter—four great branches of which are as large as the animal's spinal chord, and these spread out in a multitude of thread-like filaments round the prismatic columns, and finally pass into all the cells.* This again seems to suggest an analogy with the arrangement by which an electric current, passing through a coil and round a magnet, is used to intensify the magnetic force. A complete knowledge of all the mysteries which have been gradually unfolded from the days of Galvani to those of Faraday, and of many others which are still inscrutable to us, is exhibited in this structure. The laws which are appealed to in the accomplishment of this purpose are many and very complicated; because the conditions to be satisfied refer not merely to the generation of electric force in the animal to which it is given, but to its effect on the nervous system of the animals against which it is to be employed, and to the conducting medium in which both are moving.

When we contemplate such a structure as this, the idea is borne in with force upon the mind, that the need of conforming to definite conditions seems as absolute a necessity in making an electric fish as in making an electric telegraph. But the fact of these conditions existing and requiring to be satisfied,—or, in other words, the fact of so many natural laws demanding a first obedience,—is not the ultimate fact, it is not even the main fact, which science apprehends in such phenomena as these. On the contrary, that which is most observable and most certain, is the manner in which these conditions are met, complied with, and, by being complied with, are overcome. But this is, in other words, the subordination of many laws to a difficult and curious purpose,—a subordination which is effected through the instrumentality of a purely mechanical contrivance.

It is no objection to this universal truth, that the machines thus employed in nature are themselves constructed through the agency of law. They grow, or, in modern phraseology, they are developed. But this makes no difference in the case, —or rather it only carries us farther back to other and yet other illustrations of the same truth. The battery of an electric fish is both a means and an end. As respects the electric laws which it puts in motion, it must be regarded as a means. As respects the organic laws by which it is itself developed, it is an end. What we do know in this case is *why* the apparatus was made. That is to say, what we do know is the purpose. What we do not know, and have no idea of, is *how* it was made. That is to say, what we do not know is the law which has been used as the instrument of that purpose. When man makes a voltaic battery, he selects materials which have properties and relations with each other previously ascertained—metals worked out of natural ores, acids distilled out of other natural substances;—and he puts these together in such fashion as he knows will generate the mysterious force which he desires to evoke and to employ. But how can such a machine be made out of the tissues of a fish? Well may Mr. Darwin say, "it is impossible to conceive by what steps these wondrous organs have been produced."* We see the purpose—that a special apparatus should be prepared, and we see that it is effected by the production of the machine required; but we have not the remotest notion of the means employed. Yet we can see so much as this, that here again other laws, belonging altogether to another department of nature—laws of organic growth—are made subservient to a very definite and very peculiar purpose. The adaptation of the animal tissues to form a battery, and the purpose of the apparatus when made to discharge electric shocks, are the paramount facts disclosed by science in this case.

It is very difficult to divest ourselves of the notion, that whatever happens by way of natural consequence is thereby removed, at least by one degree, from being the expression of Will and the effect of purpose. We forget that all our own works, not less than the works of nature, are works done through the means and instrumentality of law. All that we can effect, is brought about by way of natural consequence. All our machines are simply contrivances for bringing natural forces into operation; and these machines themselves we are able to construct, only out of the materials and by application of the laws of nature. The steam-engine works by way of natural consequence; so does Mr. Babbage's calculating machine; so does the electric telegraph; so does the solar system. It is true indeed, that in all human machinery we know by the evidence of sight the ultimate agency to which the machinery is due, whereas in the machinery of nature the ultimate agency is concealed from sight. But it is the very business and work of science to rise from the visible to the invisible—from what we observe by sense to what we know by reason.

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* Owen's "Lectures on Comp. Anat.," vol. ii. (Fishes).

* "Origin of Species," p. 192, first edition.

Every natural force which we call a law is itself invisible—a conception of the mind arising by way of necessary inference out of an observed order of facts. And very often, if not always, in our conception of these forces, we are investing them with the attributes of intelligence and of will at the very moment, perhaps, when we are stumbling over the difficulty of seeing in them the exponents of a Mind which is intelligent and of a Will which is Supreme. The deeper we go in science, the more certain it becomes that all the realities of nature are in the region of the invisible, so that the saying is literally true, that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." For example, we never see the phenomena of life dissociated from organisation. Yet the profoundest physiologists have come to the conclusion that organisation is not the cause of life, but, on the contrary, that life is the cause of organisation,—life being something—a force of some kind, by whatever name we may call it—which precedes organisation, and fashions it, and builds it up. This is the conclusion come to by the great anatomist Hunter, and endorsed in our own day by Professor Huxley, whose philosophy seems to be more hostile than that of most other men to belief in anything which cannot be seen, and weighed, and handled. One illustration which this writer gives is derived from the shells—the beautiful shells—of the animals called the "Foramenifera."* No forms in Nature are more exquisite. Yet they are the work and the abode of animals which are mere blobs of jelly—without parts, without organs—absolutely without structure of any kind. In this jelly, nevertheless, there works a "vital force" capable of building up an organism of complicated and perfect symmetry. But what is a vital force? It is something which we cannot see, but of whose existence we are as certain as we are of its visible effects—nay, which our reason tells us precedes and is superior to these. But the very idea of a force is an idea founded in no small degree on our own experience of effort, that is of will. Whatever difficulty, therefore, there may be in conceiving of a will not exercised by a visible person, is a difficulty which is not escaped by trying to arrest our conceptions at the point at which they have arrived in forming the idea of laws or forces. That idea is itself made up out of elements derived from our own consciousness of personality. It has been said, with perfect truth, by a living naturalist who is of all others most opposed to what he calls theological explanations in science, that we may just as well speak of a watch as the abode of a "watch-force," as speak of the organisation of an animal as the abode of a "vital force."* The analogy is precise and accurate. The forces by which a watch moves are natural forces. It is the relation of interdependence in which those forces are placed to each other, or, in other words, the adjustment of them to a particular purpose, which constitutes the "watch-force;" and the seat of this force is clearly in the intelligence which conceived that adjustment, and in the Will which gave it effect. The mechanism of man is in this respect only an image of the more perfect mechanism of Nature, in which the same principle of adjustment is always the highest result which science can ascertain or recognise. There is this difference, indeed,—that in regard to our works we see that our knowledge of natural laws is very imperfect, and our control over them is very feeble; whereas in the machinery of nature there is evidence of complete knowledge and of absolute control. The universal rule is that everything is brought about by way of natural consequence. But another rule is, that all natural consequences meet and fit into each other in endless circles of harmony and of purpose. And this can only be explained by the fact that what we call natural consequence is always the conjoint effect of an infinite number of elementary forces, whose action and reaction are under direction of the Will which we see obeyed, and of the purposes which we see actually attained.

It is, indeed, the completeness of the analogy between our own works on a small scale, and the works of the Creator on an infinitely large scale, which is the greatest mystery of all. Man is under constraint to adopt the principle of adjustment, because the forces of Nature are external to and independent of his will. They may be managed, but they cannot be disobeyed. It is impossible to suppose that they stand in the same relation to the Will of the Supreme; yet it seems as if He took the same method of dealing with them—never violating them, never breaking them, but always ruling them by that which we call adjustment or contrivance. Nothing gives us such an idea of the immutability of laws as this! neither does anything give us such an idea of their pliability to use. How imperious they are, yet how submissive! How they reign, yet how they serve!

(*To be continued.*)

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* "The Elements of Comparative Anatomy" (Huxley), pp. 10, 11.

* "Aristotle." By George H. Lewes. Page 87.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY years ago, before it had become enmeshed in a network of railways, Greysley was a second-rate Scotch town of considerable picturesqueness and individuality. In those days Greysley was self-sustained, and had an existence of its own. It sat at its looms and drove its shuttles all day: the inhabitants had their peculiarities of dress and *patois*, and one walking in the streets of the neighbouring city of Hawkshead—of which city Greysley is now a kind of outlying suburb—could be detected at once by a sharp eye. Hawkshead was an energetic place, and was distinguished by the most varied industrial activity. It worked in iron, it built ships, it was continually deepening its river, for on the river its prosperity mainly depended; the glare of furnaces hung nightly over it; and it was skilful besides in more nice and delicate arts; it hummed with cotton mills, it printed cloths, and its muslins were embroidered by the girls of Ulster as they sat before their cottage doors, in sight of their plots of ripening flax, in the summer evenings. As a consequence of these industrial means and appliances, Hawkshead could keep its pot boiling in tolerable comfort, for while one branch of industry suffered, the others were certain to be in request. Printed cloths and embroidered muslins fluctuated terribly at times, but coal and iron and ships were in constant demand. Greysley, on the other hand, had no variety of occupation. It was to all intents and purposes a weaving town. During the entire day, in the old-fashioned crooked side-streets, the monotonous click of the loom and the sharp whirr of the shuttle were continually heard. While trade was brisk, Greysley stuck to its work and lived well; when depressed, it stood in groups about the market-place and the corners of the streets, and in the evenings read and argued over the fiercest of political newspapers. Thirty years ago trade *was* good, and in the spring and summer evenings the weaver, having comfortably dined, bird-nested or botanised, and later still, discussed European and local politics in cozy taverns, went to bed with the idea that he was the most intelligent of human beings, and that Greysley generally was the axis on which the world revolved.

The town was ancient too, and in the olden time had dealings with the more fabulous of Scottish kings and queens. Some two miles distant in the direction of Hawkshead stood an old castle in which, tradition asserted, Queen Mary—who must have been a great gad-about, and of vast experience in the matter of beds—once slept. In the eastern extremity of the town was an old abbey with old graves about it, and at night the moon silvered very prettily the broken arches and the fine traceries of the main window. In a corner of the abbey, divine service was performed every Sunday after the Presbyterian fashion—psalmody and sermon according strangely with the arches, the worm-eaten pews, and the half-twilight of the place. Past the abbey, across the bridge, through the market-place, and away westward, ran the principal street, till it disappeared in a sort of open suburb of houses of one story, across whose window-panes festoons of birds'-eggs were hanging, and on whose window-sills flowers were blowing in summer, and where loom and shuttle were constantly heard. In the market-place was an inn, a picture of a ferocious Saracen, with a crooked scimitar, stuck upon the front of it like a hatchment; and on market days, at the open windows, groups of rosy-faced farmers were continually smoking and drinking ale. Beside the inn was a tall steeple, with a dial with gilded hours; and on a parapet beneath the clock, Roman candles were displayed—the grown-up inhabitants could remember—on great occasions, when a prince was born, or when Lord Wellington gained another victory in Spain. Then Greysley had a river, which came flowing into it very prettily from the moors; and at the entrance to the town, flanked on either side by flour-mills, where meal was continually flying about, said river tumbled with creditable noise and foam over a ridge of rocks. These rocks were regarded by the inhabitants with pride, and great was the uproar when the river came down after a day's rain, or better still, when a six weeks' frost broke up, and the boards of ice were wedged and jammed and crushed and broken there. On quiet nights the dull thunder of the ice could be heard over half the town, and the schoolboy starting from his sleep heard it with awe, and buried himself deeper in his blankets. The river came into Greysley with a bold look enough, but after its fall over the rocks it lost spirit, and sneaked through the town in a broad shallow stream which carters and their horses forded on occasion; at the further end of the town stood a small disconsolate quay, which seemed always waiting for vessels that never came. Past the quay the river flowed broad and shallow, and soon after it got amongst green fields and trees, and ultimately lost itself in the larger river which came down from Hawskhead—prefiguring the fate of the town, which is doomed to lose all separate existence, and to lose itself in Hawkshead also.

The scenery around Greysley was distinctly pretty. To the south rose a range of green hills, and one with a taste for the picturesque could hardly employ his time better than by walking to a summit, and sitting down there for an hour. There could he see Greysley at his feet, blurred with smoke, with church spires and one or two tall chimneys sticking out of it. Beyond, the Hawkshead river on its way to the sea; in the other direction, to the north-east, the great smoky stain of Hawkshead; and if possessed of a glass, he could discern the canal that connected that city with Greysley, and perhaps on its way the long white passage-boat drawn by trotting horses, and the black caps and scarlet jackets of the riders. He would see also woods and an old castle or so, a score of gentlemen's seats, and farm-houses without number, with the yellow stacks of last year yet standing in the comfortable yards. And he would be touched by the silence and movelessness of the mighty landscape, for at the distance of a few miles man is invisible, the noise of his tools is unheard, his biggest cities become smoky ant-hills; and at the distance of a few years——!

On a certain summer day everything went on in Greysley as was its wont, loom and shuttle clicked and birred, shopkeepers chatted at doors or were busy with customers, hawkers with barrows made publication of the cheapness and excellence of their wares: the sunshine which had lain on one side of the market-place all the morning had deserted it, and was now sliding along the walls of the jail, window by window, making cruel visitation of the prisoners; round the gilded dial in the steeple went the clock hands, and lustily in the upper air were thumped out the quarters and the hours; and in the school-room, the Dominie, in rusty black—who twenty years before had given up all hope of a kirk—was busy teaching, setting copies, hearing complaints, punishing culprits, and ruling as best he could his murmuring kingdom. At twelve o'clock into the playground streamed the scholars from their lessons, the girls consorting together after their fashion, the boys knuckling down to marbles, or pursuing one another like swallows in the game of "Tig." All at once amongst the boys engaged at marbles an altercation arose, loud shouts were heard, and through the skurrying of scholars—one little girl, weeping, and with loosened hair, attempted to separate them—two spitfires were visible, with doubled fists, pitching into each other, closing, rolling on the ground, springing up, and making eager play again. Two or three rounds had been fought, the little girl weeping and pleading all the while, when the school door was opened, and the assistant teacher, or monitor as he was called—who during the hour's recess was instructed in Latin by the schoolmaster in lieu of payment—with a piece of bread in his mouth, looked out to see what was the cause of uproar. Making himself aware of the position of affairs, he darted on the combatants, seized them by the collars of their jackets, shook them separate, and marched them, caught red-handed, into the presence of the schoolmaster, in whose countenance on such occasions the cane was sternly visible. How the schoolmaster really looked could only be known by the culprits themselves, for when the assistant entered with his prisoners he shut the door behind him with his foot. The scholars in the playground were thrilled with the event and its probable issues: the boys stood in groups talking, the girls gathered round their crying companion, who had now got her bonnet on, when all at once the angry clangour of the school bell was heard a full quarter of an hour before the usual time, and the assistant—who had masticated and swallowed his piece of bread—re-opened the door, and peremptorily required the presence of the school. It was evident that there was to be an investigation into the flagrant breach of discipline, and the cane might not improbably visit certain backs before all was over.

What really happened does not much matter. A number of witnesses were examined, a number of boys were rated soundly, several punished more or less as being act and part, or participators, and one who was supposed to be the aggressor severely flogged, and his punishment the little fellow endured without a sob or tear, which very naturally exasperated the feelings of the schoolmaster. The bell again rang at three o'clock, and out rushed the scholars—boy and girl—their books in satchels and in bags. They came out in tumult, ran across the playground, descended the stairs into the street, and went homewards—the boys in noisy parties, the girls in groups of twos and threes, with affectionate arms linked round each other's necks. Just as the last group of girls descended the stair, and was about to go down the street, one of them, glancing round, beheld a little face pressed against the railings of the playground, looking down.

"Are ye comin', Katy Hagart?" cried they in their uncouth Greysleyan accent.

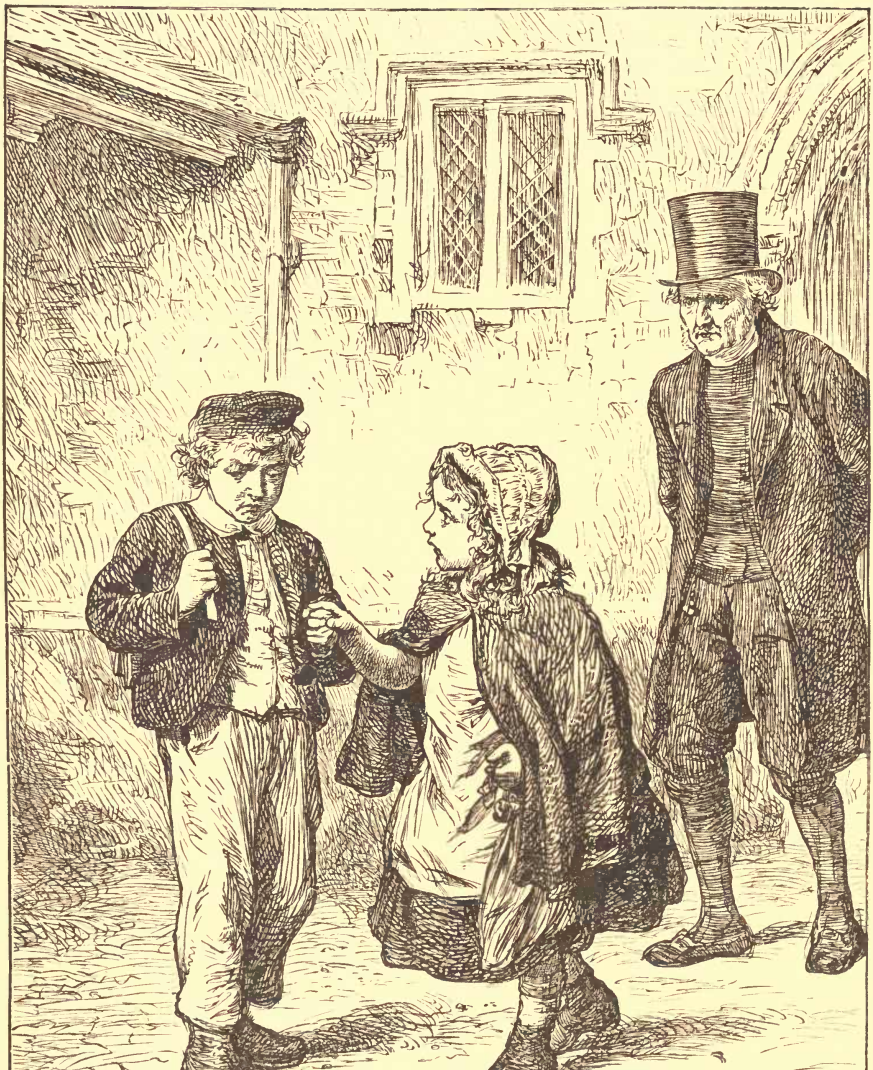
The little face shook a negative, but said never a word.

"Come awa', or we canna wait. Johnny's keepit in, an' i'll no get oot for a while."

Whereat the little face was again shaken, and then came a pure clear voice, pure and clear as the colour of a primrose, and without any rude Greysleyan taint, "I cannot go without Jack," she said. "I'll wait for Jack;" and then the child turned away, and sat down on a playground seat with her books in her lap.

"Weel's ye like," cried her companions; and, like a covey of partridges, one leading, they streamed down the street at a run.

The solitary occupant of the playground—the girl who cried while the battle was proceeding, the sister of one of the combatants, and from the fact that he was "keepit in," apparently the most blameworthy—was a mere wind-flower of a thing, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and a colourless face, or a face that seemed colourless when compared with the red and white of her ruder companions. Amongst them she seemed delicate, but it was not so much the delicacy of weakness as of breeding. Grace and paleness belonged to her, as grace and paleness belong to the lily. As she sat there patiently, her eyes fixed on the school-door, which seemed as if it would never again open, her face had its own beauty, but it was a beauty of an over-



"THE SCHOOLMASTER NOTED THE LITTLE SISTERLY TOUCH."

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sensitive kind; especially there was a tremulousness about the slight mobile mouth which was indicative of an unusual capacity for joy or sorrow. To a little thing with such a face and mouth, a harsh word would come like a blow, a kiss of forgiveness meet like a reproach. She was a child that a father who had been knocked about in the world would regard at times with a slight sinking of heart, remembering what sorrow life has in store for even the happiest, how open she was to the arrows of sorrow, and how deeply they would rankle when they struck. And while she sat on the playground seat, and when the better part of an hour had passed, the little tender mouth began to grow piteous in expression, and the blue eyes to fill.

The door opened at last, and Jack—her brother—came out with his books, accompanied by the little wizened schoolmaster, who locked the door with one out of a bundle of keys which he carried. The schoolmaster looked grave, as befitted the occasion, but the boy's face had a latent rebellion in it. As they came across the playground Katy rose from her seat and timidly took her brother's hand. The schoolmaster, who was a kind-hearted man, noted the little sisterly touch, and a shade or two of sternness went off his face. Just when they came to the stair which led from the playground into the street, the schoolmaster laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and said, in a tone which had a not unkindly ring in it:

"Now, Hagart, I hope your punishment to-day will be a lesson. I have never had to punish you before, and I hope I shall never have to punish you again."

At which words Jack's eyes brightened, and his face flushed a wonderfully proud scarlet, as he turned round, looking up, for he had already descended two or three of the steps.

"If I had told a lie like Thomson, sir, I would not have been punished more than he was, nor have been confined. But I would not change places with him for all that has happened. Come, Katy."

And with a doubtful expression the little schoolmaster looked after the children as they went away. Into his mind the suspicion darted that he had been too severe; he stroked his chin thoughtfully once, locked the door of the playground, put the bunch of keys in his pocket, and walked slowly home.

But at home the highly unimportant matter of Jack Hagart's punishment would not betake itself out of the little schoolmaster's head. Reading, as was his wont of an evening, in his treasure of a black-letter Chaucer, he came to the grand passage in the "Knight's Tale," where Palamon and Arcite, both mad with love for Emily, confront each other in the wood outside the Theban walls, and where Arcite, too noble to take advantage, gives his rival bedding and food, and in the morning brings out from the city weapons and two suits of armour, and allows Palamon to take his choice of each, and assists to arm him, and then for a space two white faces look out of their steel on each other before the great bright swords flash in the May sunlight, and the blood rains down. Reading this passage, the schoolmaster looked suddenly up as if the boyish quarrel had been somehow prefigured therein. "I don't know that I did right to flog that lad Hagart to-day. I suspect he was not so much to blame as I supposed. I like his frank and fearless eye, and must look into the matter to-morrow. What a prince Arcite is; what a sneak Palamon; what a grand fellow is Esau; what an undermining one Jacob; and yet Palamon gets Emily, and Jacob Rachel. It's the way of the world. The arms and kisses of the beautiful woman are for the sneak, and the Dominie's cane falls heaviest on the undeserving back. If things go so strangely in the big world, it is not surprising that they should go strangely in that little noisy one—the school."

CHAPTER II.

The children, Katy still holding her brother's hand, walked home silently. Katy's mind was full of the battle, the flogging, and the confinement, but she did not care to speak about it, and in fact received no encouragement to do so. Jack started from the school in a truculent mood, he was angry with his late opponent, and as he walked he gave him in imagination many a sound thrashing: he was angry with the schoolmaster, and vividly pictured to himself how the schoolmaster would act when he came to know the facts of the case, how he would apologise perhaps, how he would frown on Thomson! As the children walked along, all this passionate play of mind and fancy kept Jack quiet, but the stress gradually wore off, and before they were half-way home he attained to a normal condition, and was able to take cognizance of the world outside. They lived in an eastern suburb of Greysley, and their way led them along the banks of the river, where they stood for a moment to watch a flotilla of ducks, a drake with a dark-green head leading, oaring its way across the shallow stream. The bridge was before them, across which a man on a white horse was riding hastily. They passed through the dusk coolness of the arch without speaking. On a bit of bright sunny ground beyond, a blind beggar was sitting against the wall, his hat placed between his knees for the reception of halfpence, and a large sheet of white paper, bearing a badly spelt appeal to the charitable, pinned to his breast. The children glanced at the poor creature rolling his sightless orbs in the afternoon sunlight, but said nothing. In a short time they came in view of the ridge of rock over which the river fell in a broad and noisy sheet, and here at last Katy found her voice.

"Mamma will be wondering what has kept us," she said.

"Don't tell her that I—I was thrashed and kept in," said Jack.

"She will ask what has detained us, and what can we say?"

Jack's silence indicated that he was posed by this view of the question. He knit his brows over the problem, and at last said with a trifle of hesitation, "Shall we tell her that we have been playing? or that we went to see something?"

"But that would not be true, that would be telling an untruth, Jack," Katy said, half-turning round to him.

"But not a mean lie, not a cowardly lie, not like a lie told to escape a thrashing. It would be what I call a proper lie, and mother would not know anything, and would not be vexed."

But Katy was proof to all this casuistry. She shook her head and said quietly, "No, no, Jack, we must tell the truth—always." And so this matter being settled the children relapsed into silence again.

They had now got beyond the fall, and were walking along the upper reach of the river, where the water was comparatively deep—where a small boat was moored to a weedy stake, where lilies unfolded their broad disks, and where a row of whity-green willows spent the time in gazing on their own shadows. The river was on their left, on their right a range of distilleries, which emitted a peculiar odour, and across and around which a white steam continually curled. Passing, they were clear of houses till they reached the clump in which stood their own. The canal connecting Hawkshead and Greysley, hidden by the distilleries, was visible on their right now, and as they proceeded the long white passage-boat, with its horses and black-capped and scarlet-jacketed riders, flitted past. The sight wiped out every trace of anger and annoyance from Jack's mind. "See," he cried, pointing to the horses, "there's Smiler the leader, the other is Paddy-from-Cork, who was lame a while since. I'm glad to see him out again. Did you ever walk along the canal?" he asked, as the passage-boat, horses and riders, disappeared. "No! Then we'll go on Saturday. Oh, such a place! No houses to be seen, beautiful banks, plenty of hips and haws. And the birds! not the grey sparrows you see here, but shilfas and bullfinches and yellow yelderings. I know their names, for father told me, and found out their nests for me, with the eggs in them. Did you ever see a bird's-nest, Katy? And then we can see an old castle, and the canal carried across the river by a bridge—water above and water below—and an old coal-pit. If you drop a stone into the pit, you wait for five minutes, and then you hear it plunge far far down. I sometimes dream I fall in, and feel the air cold as I cut through it, and waken in a fright. Will you go, Katy? I have sometimes walked half as far as Hawkshead, and then got afraid because I could see no one."

By this time they had reached the half-dozen of irregular villa-like houses in one of which they dwelt. Katy opened an iron gate, and ran in and tapped at the door—she was barely tall enough to reach the bell—which was opened by a maid with face and garments indifferently clean. "What's kep' you? yer dinner's cauld," said the maid, somewhat testily, as the children entered.

In the parlour Mrs. Hagart rose, with her knitting in her hand, when the children entered, and came forward. "What has kept you?" she asked in a soft pure voice, of which her daughter's was the echo. "You are very late," she went on, as she took the books from Katy and began to unloose her bonnet. "Your dinner has been ready for more than an hour, and I have had to keep it warm in the oven. Bring in the children's dinner, Martha. I was getting anxious." But Katy, instead of replying, flushed only. "What has happened?" she asked, turning to Jack, who was struggling to disengage himself from his book belt. "Why don't you speak, one or the other? Something surely is wrong." Whereat Jack, who was drawing his belt across a red face, for somehow the process of extrication was unusually difficult that day, suddenly blurted out, "I was flogged by the master, and was confined besides for an hour," and then having got quit of his books finally, he flung them on the floor with a thump.

"Flogged! confined!" said Mrs. Hagart. "I am sure you had your lessons perfectly in the morning. I heard you repeat them myself."

"Flugged, kep' in!" cried Martha, who had just entered with an ashet of smoking potatoes in one hand, and an ashet of smoking minced meat in the other.

"Yes," said Jack, stoutly; "but I could say my lessons quite well. I was flogged for fighting."

"Fechtin'," cried Martha as she set down the viands and smoothed the white cloth. "What for sud ye be flugged for that? The scoun'rel that was fechtin' wi' *you* sud hae been flugged."

"So he was, but I was flogged also," and then Jack went on to tell how Thomson tried to cheat at marbles; how he (Jack) had remonstrated with Thomson on his attempted crime; how Thomson had become insolent and began to call names, at which the other boys laughed; how he (Jack) again remonstrated with him as to his ungentlemanly conduct; how Thomson had made a grimace, and how his (Jack's) fist, without his very well knowing why, had come in violent contact with Thomson's nose; how the battle became general; how he (Jack) would have licked his opponent, although half a head taller than himself, had not the monitor pounced upon them and brought them before the master;—how, when examined, Thomson told the most horrible lies, asserting that *he* (Jack) had attempted to cheat; that he had struck first—which was true; and how the result was that both were punished, Thomson slightly for being engaged in combat, and he (Jack) severely for being the aggressor; and what he thought hardest of all—for Katy was waiting for him—confined to the school-room for an hour after all were gone. "But," so Jack concluded his narrative, "I got the flogging and Thomson told a lie, and I would rather get a flogging any day than tell a lie."

While the children were at dinner, Mrs. Hagart made private inquiries concerning the combat, and what injuries Jack had sustained therein. Satisfied at length that no harm had been done, she delivered a little homily on the virtues of truthfulness and courage, and of the lustre which they lent to a manly character, which had been simmering in her mind during the foregoing relation. "I don't wish you to be quarrelsome or a bully, John," she said, "but I hope when you are put upon that you will always show a proper spirit. I fear there are many rude boys at school with you; but never forget that you are a gentleman, and make as few companionships with them as you possibly can. Above all things, respect the truth. A gentleman may be poor, he may be in rags, but he never lies. To tell a lie is the most cowardly act of which man or woman, boy or girl, can be guilty. Never tell a lie. Than do so, I would rather you came home to me with your face cut and your clothes torn." And then, startled by her own energy, and by the terrible picture presented to her imagination, the poor lady rose hastily and kissed Jack, while from the tenderest eyes a drop or two fell on that young fellow's curly head.

"Never fear," said the hero, with a spoonful of minced meat in his mouth, "I'll never disgrace you or father. I'm getting big now. Father says I'll be a man soon, and then I'll take care of you and Katy then. Won't I, mother?"

"Yes, yes, John," said Mrs. Hagart, as she resumed her seat with a half sigh. "You'll be a man soon, very soon; but get on with your dinner, dear, and take care not to soil your jacket."

In the depths of Jack's consciousness there was a slight feeling of dissatisfaction with his mother's closing counsel. It clashed somehow with his heroical mood, and he felt angry for a moment almost. But he soon dismissed his trouble, and when dinner was over he went out for an hour's play before he began his attack on to-morrow's lessons. Katy meanwhile had taken her seat on a stool at her mother's knee. She was always tired, poor child, when evening came, and for her the day had been one of unusual excitement.

Jack went out and joined certain of his companions, and around the clump of houses, for an hour or so, in the game of "I spy," they rushed like wild horses. When the young fellow had expended his superfluous energy he came in, and prepared his lessons; that over, he came in to the little parlour—Katy had by this time gone to bed—and by candle-light—for the twilight was closing—he sat down beside his mother, who was knitting, with an odd volume of "Old Mortality" in his hand. After reading a while he closed the book, one finger in the place where he had stopped, and stared earnestly into the fire.

"When will father come home?" he asked at length.

"On Saturday night, John."

"I wonder if he will have sold his sketches?"

"I trust so, John."

"Will he walk home all the way from Spiggleton this time again?"

"I believe so. It's a long way. Twenty miles almost. Father will be very tired."

Joh was silent for a little. He then asked, suddenly, "Are we very poor, mother?"

Mrs. Hagart gave a little start at the question. "Why do you ask?" said she, looking down on him.

"Because if we were not poor, father could come home in the coach, could he not? Don't the rich people ride, and poor people walk?"

"Yes, John. Father is poor; he works hard; and when he walks these twenty miles across the moors, it is for your sake, and for Katy's, and for mine. He thinks of us when he is coming, and that makes the way seem shorter. We are poor, John; but there are many poorer people in the world than we are. When we see you and Katy well and happy and obedient, we think we are rich enough sometimes."

Another pause. "Were you always poor, mother?" Jack was in a terribly inquisitive humour that night.

"No, John, we were rich once—that is, comparatively rich; and I thought you would have been rich also. And perhaps you may be rich yet—after father and I are gone. Stranger things have happened."

"And how did you become poor, mother?"

"Never mind to-night, John. You will hear all about it when you grow older and wiser. You could not understand now."

"When I grow big I shall become rich. I'll work; I'll do something."

"Will you? But don't suppose that money alone will make you happy, although it goes a great way certainly. You must be good also, well mannered, kind to all under you; brave, hating lies, never guilty of any meanness. Grow rich if you honestly can, but whether rich or poor, try always to be good."

"Oh, yes. I'll be rich and good, too. It's easy enough to be good, isn't it? much easier than to be bad. I don't think I could tell a lie if I tried ever so much; and if Thomson makes faces at me again and called me names, I'd strike him again. I wish to be rich, mother. I wish to be a gentleman."

At this last word a slight colour came into Mrs. Hagart's face. "Remember, John," she said, seriously, "that you *are* a gentleman, and have a good right to be one."

"Am I! And that is because you were rich once, is it? You did not live in Greysley then?"

"No, no. In the Highlands you read about in 'Rob Roy,' only much farther away than the places described there. Heigho! how far that time seems removed now. I think I see the rocky islands, the miles of sea-sparkle; I smell again the heather which the shepherds are burning in Rum in the spring evenings, through the whole twenty miles of distance. Although I did not know it, I must have been very happy in those days."

The last few sentences Mrs. Hagart had spoken more to herself than to her son. He, however, caught at the closing words.

"And are you not happy now?"

"Why do you ask, you foolish boy? Of course I am happy. Don't I love you and Katy and father, and so long as I am with you I shall be happy."

"Shall I ever go to the Highlands—where you lived when you were young?"

"Perhaps. And your eye and brow would make you welcome. Every woman would say prayers for you, and every shepherd would be proud to carry you through the moors."

Again Jack stared into the fire, and again his mind reverted to the riches which he was resolved to acquire.

"Do you know what I'll give you, mother, when I become rich?"

"I don't know."

Jack's mind was stumbling amidst all conceivable pleasures and grandeurs till it got fairly bewildered.

"Well, then," said he, "I'll give you a fine house to live in—much finer and bigger than this one; and I'll give Katy a silk dress, and I'll give you a silk dress too, and—and a pair of gold spectacles, like those old Mr. Cargill wears in church."

Mrs. Hagart fairly broke into a smile.

"Much obliged to you, John, very much obliged indeed. But I must wait a little before I need the spectacles. And now, dear, go to bed. You have sat up later than usual. Kiss me, now, and go to bed."

Jack would rather have waited, for his fancy had been roused by the talk; but his mother rose to put away her knitting, and he knew his wishes were of no avail. Then, in search of companionship, he went into the kitchen, where Martha was scrubbing. "Tell me a story, Martha, before I go to bed. I don't feel sleepy." And Martha, nothing loth, told him, in her uncouth *patois*, a wonderful story of how the foul fiend, in the shape of a gallant young shoemaker, carried on a flirtation with a minister's servant-maid; how he nobly, of a Saturday night, treated her to a glass of ale, and paid the reckoning with a crown-piece, and feloniously pocketed the change; for when the landlord, on the Sunday forenoon, before proceeding to church, was counting up his gains, he found a slate in his till instead of the broad silver piece; how the pious maid was reading her Bible one night in her best cap and apron, after her work was done, and how the shoemaker entered and began to abuse the Holy Book; how the maid was shocked at her sweetheart's wickedness, and catching a glimpse of a cloven hoof, adjured him to depart, making mention of a sacred name; how the shoemaker disappeared in a flash of fire; how the maid screamed and then fainted; how the clergyman, busy up-stairs with his sermon, came down to the kitchen, threw water on the maid's face, who then told the story; and how both were conscious of a strong smell of brimstone, which was satisfactory evidence of the character of the visitor:—all this Martha told with awful pause and emphasis, and big, wondering, believing eyes fixed on Jack's, so that the young fellow went to bed all in a tremor, and dreamed that the fiend was chasing him along the river-bank close to the walls of the distilleries, and that he could hear behind him, as he ran, the soft thud of a shoe alternating with the sharp ring of a cloven hoof, and awoke in mortal terror, and was afraid to go to sleep again.

CHAPTER III.

THE Hagart household was composed of Alfred Hagart, his wife Margaret, Jack and Katy, children, and Martha, maid-of-all-work, and Mrs. Hagart's confidante and counsellor in general. The house-accommodation consisted of the kitchen, where the aforesaid Martha worked and slept; the children's bed-rooms; the bed-room occupied by the master and mistress, a large bare room, in which was a large bare desk—apartment sacred to Alfred himself—and the sitting-room, in which the Hagarts received their friends, when any called, and in which they breakfasted, dined, supped, and spent their evenings.

And if, as philosophers aver, everything a man does is indicative of personal character; that an old pair of boots tells tales of the wearer (what a history Mr. Carlyle could have read in Cromwell's!); that a pair of gloves noticeably worn on the thumb of the left-hand, gives a clearer insight into the nature of the owner of the gloves than the perusal of a packet of his early love-letters, for instance; that an old hat, battered and grease-stained, all lustreness of nap, grey and bare with usage, is a piece of authentic autobiography:—if these things be true, it may be expected that the Hagart sitting-room should be indicative of the habits of the Hagart family in general, and of Mr. Alfred Hagart in particular. And there can be no doubt that it was so. I, who knew Hagart well, who sat not unfrequently at his humble board, feel this. And yet the room did not look in any way specially strange or odd. But neither did Alfred Hagart. You required to know Alfred Hagart, and you required to know the sitting-room, and when known they threw light one on the other.

The room was small, and the fireplace fronted you when you entered. At the extremities of the mantelpiece stood two china vases a good deal cracked and chipped, and out of these vases rose gracefully towards each other, as if in acknowledgment of mutual beauty, two gorgeous feathers of a peacock's tail. Alternately between these vases stood an egg of the sea-urchin, and a hollow paper cylinder about the height of an ordinary candlestick, and on these paper cylinders fruits and flowers, and such arabesques and devices as we see on Oriental shawls and Japanese crockery, were glowingly depicted. On the wall above the mantelpiece hung a Highland target, studded with circles of brazen nails, and on the right-hand side there was an indentation as of a pistol-bullet. Across the target were slung two formidable claymores, which, in the grasp of a bold clansman, may have flashed at Sheriffmoor and Culloden, and drunken English blood on both those celebrated fields. You do not know Mr. and Mrs. Hagart yet, so well as I do, and consequently cannot feel the significance of those little matters of household adornment. Alfred was an artist after his sort; he loved all natural objects, and had a genuine delight in colour. The azures and emeralds of the feathers pleased him; so did also the rosy hues and the rough surfaces of the shells. The paper cylinders were patterns prepared for the weaving houses of Greysley and the shawl-printing houses of Spiggleton—for the preparation of such works of art was the occupation of Alfred, and by brain and pencil he kept the wolf from the door as best he could—patterns which had not been fortunate enough to find purchasers. Alfred did not consider his walk of art high; in earlier days he had trod a higher, and been starved out of it; but yet it ministered to his vanity at times,—as indeed what does *not* that a man pursues? Calcraft has his own satisfaction when he turns off his man neatly,—as well as to his profit. An author travelling first-class express is delighted when he beholds, in the compartment opposite, a sweet young creature perusing eagerly the pages of his last charming volume. A similar pleasure, a titillation of vanity quite as noble, our friend experienced when he beheld a lady wrapped in a shawl, the fashionable and elegant pattern of which he had laboriously designed. The mercer had shown that lady dozens of shawls, had expatiated on the beauty and style of each, and out of the glowing assortment the lady had selected *his!* It was a proud moment. On the other hand, if a pattern did not sell, Hagart despised it, as a mamma despises a daughter left a spinster on her hands. The daughter and the pattern had failed in the end for which they were created, and had become mere lumber. These unsuccessful patterns fell to Mrs. Hagart, who, with a woman's deftness and quick wit, whipped them into rolls, stitched up the backs neatly, scolloped the edges with her scissors, and turned them into indubitable ornaments. And thus it came about that they stood on the mantelpiece between the shells, and overhung by the peacock's feathers. It is not every wife who can make household ornaments out of her husband's unsuccesses. My wife, for instance, can make nothing of my rejected poems and magazine articles.

The target and the claymores slung across it had their own significance also. They belonged to Mrs. Hagart, and were portions of her personal property when she married. Mrs. Hagart—her maiden name was Margaret McQuarrie—was of Highland descent, and was related to some of the oldest Highland families. In particular her mother was a daughter of the second cousin of the great McClaymore of McClaymore, and on this intimate and honourable relationship she plumed herself highly. On the nobility and splendour of her ancestors the good lady was accustomed at times to dilate. She talked of the princely state they lived in; of the number of times they had turned the tide of battle; of their crowds of retainers; of the loyal family ghosts that followed them whithersoever they went, flitting down staircases, tapping at windows, scraping at doors, and the like, when one of the great race was about to die. Mrs. Hagart's family was servitored by both worlds. Hagart was wont to listen to these stories with great patience, but the apparitions touched him somehow on his comic side, and much irreverent laughter they kindled in him at intervals. "There is nothing like having a number of family ghosts," he would say good-humouredly, "they add mightily to one's family dignity, and then they are cheap. They cost nothing in the way of rations; they provide their own wardrobe; they exact no board wages. It would be curious to compute how many ghosts could be kept on the wages of a single footman." At these sallies Mrs. Hagart would bridle, and declare she had no patience with vulgar witticisms. But with all his fun Hagart was nearly as proud of his wife's descent as she was herself, and once or twice he has spoken to me of her great connections with awe. Of Mrs. Hagart personally, if pride of family was a fault, it was almost the only one she had: she loved her husband, she was devotedly attached to her children, she was kind and, as far as her means went, liberal to Martha, who would almost have lain down her life for her mistress. The far-descended fingers stitched and darned industriously as if she had come of a race of hedgers and ditchers. She was patient, gentle of speech, economical of habit, as if her great-great-great-grandfather had never ruled broad lands or strung up a follower before his breakfast window of a morning when it pleased him. And if along with the catechism and the stories of Joseph and Ruth, she taught her children genealogy, what harm did it do them, pray? No harm, but a deal of good. Katy's voice had not a touch of the Greysleyan accent, she never shrieked or screamed or romped in the school playground as did her companions. She was always quiet, unassuming, demure,—a little lady; and her mother's stories had a good deal in bringing that about. As for Jack, if under his mother's direction he had not drank so deeply of the well of family history, his clenched fist would not have come in such desperate contact with Thomson's nose, nor would he have gloried so hugely in the fact that he got a severe thrashing for telling the truth, while his opponent got a slight one for telling a lie. Depend upon it, neither man nor boy is the worse of having a grandfather, and of knowing it too.

On one side of the sitting-room hung a small bookcase containing a few religious works, some odd volumes of the Waverley Novels, the Edinburgh Almanack for the year 1826, and certain loose numbers of the London Magazine. In the Waverley Novels, so far as he possessed them, Hagart delighted, and was wont in the evenings to read portions of them, so that Jack and Katy were not unacquainted with Balfour of Barley, Cuddie Headrigg, Miss Wardour, and Jeanie Deans. The Almanack was valued because it contained a list of the regiments of the British army, with a description of their facings, and a catalogue of the actions in which they had been engaged. The loose number of the London Magazine he had picked up during his residence in that city, and many an hour he spent talking to Jack about his metropolitan experiences; of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, of the newspapers in mourning for the death of Lord Byron; of Edmund Kean in Richard; of Edward Irvine with his squint and raven hair; of Mr. Thurtell; of Tom Spring, Deaf Burke, and Symon Byrne, departed heroes of the fistic ring; of the Duke, in white trousers and blue surtout, riding past on his cob; of Mr. Turner's wonderful landscapes; and of the First Gentleman in Europe. Hagart had a great love for London, and was wont to aver—when his patterns would not sell—that it was the only place in which a man of parts and genius could expect to receive proper encouragement.

On the opposite wall from the bookcase hung three water-colour sketches. On the right was a gamboge sunrise, on the left a vermilion sunset, and in the middle a sap-green forest. In the corner of each of these works of art might be traced "Alfred Hagart, 1824." These sketches were regarded by the household—Hagart included—with much pride. When Alfred made a hit with his patterns, and when the manufacturers were purchasing freely, it was his custom—sitting over his tumbler of punch with his wife, after the children had gone to bed—to make pathetic allusion to these.

"If I had but continued at that," he would say, pointing with his thumb to the pictures, "we might have been driving our carriage to-day. With the encouragement I had, I was a fool to give up art. A fellow like me, condemned to paint shawl and garment-patterns for the blowsy wives of cobblers and tallow-chandlers—by Jove! it's Flying Childers brought to a hackney-stand, a poet become subeditor."

And this reminds me that it was while living as a water-colour artist in London—to which city he had come up from Scotland—that Alfred Hagart won his wife. Miss McQuarrie, youngest of that distinguished family, had, for the improvement of her mind and manners, been placed at a London boarding-school, which Alfred attended in the capacity of drawing-master. Miss Margaret was young and pretty; Alfred a blooming young man, with bold bright eyes and a heart that would conquer the world. He had a good figure, and he dressed well. He was alert, vivacious, high-spirited; wherever he looked he saw a star glittering. Pupil and master became attached, and as it was not to be hoped that the far-descended and many grandfathered McQuarries would consent to the match until they could not help themselves, the foolish young people, thinking they were performing a stroke of astute generalship, ran away, married, and then, in dutiful epistles, sued for forgiveness. When the letter reached old McQuarrie—for many years the young bride had had no mother, and her mother was her father's second wife, of which union she was the only child—wounded pride and rage nearly threw him into a fit. He cursed and swore horribly, vowed that, having disgraced her family, she might starve, for aught he cared; and threatened to knock the head off man or woman who should dare so much as mention her name in his presence. Old port and bad temper in a year or two assisted the irate gentleman into the other world; and then his money—and report said he cut up well—was divided equally between his children by his first marriage—Kate, a spinster lady living at Hawkshead; and Hector, sheep-farmer, and married man, in the remote Hebrides—leaving not a stiver to his youngest daughter, and, up till the period of her disgraceful marriage, his best beloved. When she heard he was ill, forgetting everything, forgiving everything, she would have run to him, like Cordelia to Lear. It was not her father's anger and curses that kept her back, for these she would have cared little; it was the great distance and the scanty purse. And I think the old gentleman would have felt more comfortable in the other world if that loving daughter's face had been the last sight he had seen in this.

But this had not yet happened. The young bride had a small fortune of one thousand pounds, and this sum she, with much pride and many blushes, handed over to her Alfred. The simple gabies resolved that they would not touch one farthing of it, but would lay it aside for contingencies, one of these being looked forward to in a short time with much interest by both. Alfred unhappily read his newspaper, and attracted by an advertisement of a joint-stock something or other which promised large returns, he was induced to risk the thousand pounds in that bubble speculation. He had hardly done so when the bubble burst, and the money was gone. It was in the horror of this time that the Hagarts received a letter from their half-sister Kate, intimating the resolution come to by her father, and her entire agreement therewith. From her half-brother Hector she never heard.

To the young wife this was dreadful news, and it would have killed her outright had not consolation come in the shape of a little baby face nestling in her bosom. The sharp joy turned the sharp grief out of doors, and she became quite contented and happy. She wished to call her boy after her father —who was yet alive—but Alfred flew into such a dreadful rage at the proposal, that she was obliged to give it up. Many names were tried and thrown aside as unsuitable. At last John was suggested. "Well, what if we *should* call the boy John?" said the husband. "John Hagart does not sound so badly to my ear. Milton's name was John: my father's name was John. Besides, and this makes me like it best of all"—a good deal of acid came into the voice here—"the name has not been borne by any of the McQuarries through their countless generations." And so the boy was called John, and grew apace. How proud of it were father and mother! "It smiles so prettily in its sleep, you would almost fancy it was seeing angels in its dreams," said the poor mother. When he cut his first tooth the two fools were as pleased as if they had come into an estate. Alfred was in ecstasies when it recognised him, fluttered to his arms, and was able to babble "papa." When it began to care for toys, the talent that child displayed would have delighted a stoic! And when on one occasion, the horned autumn moon shining quietly through the London parlour window, he howled lustily because he could not have that luminary for a plaything, the fond parents agreed that the child was a child of unmistakeable genius, and actuated by an ambition that would have results.

In some fifteen months after John's birth a little girl made her appearance, and a difficulty occurred as to what *her* name should be. Alfred was anxious that she should be called Margaret, after her mother. The mother—and the poor lady was only working out a scheme which had come into her head as she sat alone one day nursing it—wished it named Catherine, after her half-sister. Alfred demurred, his wife pleaded; he raised objections of various kinds, his wife pleaded only the more vigorously; at last he consented—he would have cut off his head to please her, the affectionate fellow—and Catherine the girl was called. Having succeeded in this part of her plan, she prepared to carry out the remainder. Alfred being out, John disposed of somehow, Catherine asleep in her crib, the mother whipped open her little writing-desk, scribbled an anxious fluttering letter to her half-sister, full of details of the little girl, "Your namesake," she cunningly added. Telling all about her beauty, her intelligence, her goodness, the pleasant way in which she took medicine, &c., and enclosed a bit of the christening cake. This epistle, into which the poor girl had emptied out her entire heart, and which she fancied capable of touching the hardest, was carefully sealed and directed, and in the evening she slipped out quietly and dropped it in the post-office. This whole thing she kept secret from her husband. It would be pleasant, she thought, to astonish him, and be praised for her cleverness in effecting a reconciliation with one who might be useful to her children.

The little stroke of generalship miscarried, however. Alfred came in one day and found his wife crying. "What is the matter?" shouted he, as he ran up to her. "Oh, Alfred, this cru—cruel letter," and the little woman fairly broke down. Alfred pounced upon the epistle, which had dropped from his wife's lap to the floor, and read it with an angry face. He saw Margaret's tender manœuvre, and with what studied sarcasm her advances had been repelled. And while he tossed it into the fire, and poked at it there with his stick as if it were a living thing on which he was revenging himself, his wife had flown to the cradle, picked up Katy, and was covering her with tears and kisses, intimating in a fond, blind way, that that love and those caresses were now her little girl's only portion. "You'll promise," cried Alfred, speaking in large capitals, "that you will never again open any communication with that hag, that harridan, that old, cold, heartless she-dragon! Never write to her, never answer a letter of hers should she write to you!" and the tender-hearted mother promised that she never would, and from that day the name of Miss Kate McQuarrie of Hawkshead was unmentioned in the Hagart family.

When Alfred Hagart was born, Providence instead of fortune had given him hope. His home was in the rising sun. When drenched by the shower, he always saw the sun shining brilliantly in the next field. And so it was, that finding that he could not make sufficient money by his water-colour sketches to keep the pot boiling, he saw in the clearest manner that a competency could readily be realised if he turned his fine genius to the production of patterns for the manufacturers of shawls and the printers of dresses. Into this new occupation he flung himself with characteristic ardour, and while he encountered greater technical difficulties than he expected, his exertions were rewarded by a moderate amount of success, and finally by a burst of prosperity which was something more than success. This burst of prosperity was nothing other than a proposal by one of the most eminent manufacturing houses in Greysley, that, in consideration of 300*l.* per annum, paid quarterly, he should take up his residence in that town, and devote himself to the production of patterns under the direction of the house, and for its special behoof. On receiving this communication, Alfred Hagart all at once saw his way. He would go to Greysley; he would produce designs of the most astonishing splendour and beauty, the business of the house would increase rapidly, a partnership would be offered him out of sheer gratitude; he would accept it, wealth would flow in; on every birthday of his wife he would present her with a precious jewel; he would have ponies for his boy and girl; he would have a fine house in the country, and lying a-bed in the sunny silence of the April mornings, he would hear from afar the cawing of his own rooks; he would start a carriage, and when Miss Kate McQuarrie ate humble pie and sued for forgiveness,—ay, she would be too glad to make friends *now*,—he would spurn her advances, and freeze her with the scorn with which she had already frozen him. Alfred saw his way very clearly; he broke up his camp in London, and came down to Greysley, where he bent his neck to the yoke for the sake of 300*l.* a-year and his expectations.

It need hardly be said that these expectations were not realised. The splendid and elegant designs were produced, of course; but the business of the house did not extend with the fiery rapidity looked for; a partnership was not offered him nor even in any way suggested. On the contrary, Hagart found to his disgust that the house regarded him strictly as its paid servant, and took the liberty of instructing, directing, and even remonstrating. Several of his elegant designs the house had not the taste even to appreciate. The house, which was affable enough generally on its own premises, would pass him in the street without recognition or with the scantiest nod. The wife of the house had never called on Mrs. Hagart; had never taken the slightest interest in the children. This was hard for a man of genius to endure. Hagart grew restless, ill at ease, cantankerous. One day when the house was sharp-tempered—perhaps it had been kept waiting for breakfast, or had received a letter intimating losses—an explosion took place. There were high words, mutual recriminations, a ripping up of old sores, and the result was that Hagart nobly walked out, shaking the dust off his feet against the house, leaving behind him 300*l.* a-year and his brilliant expectations, which had of late become somewhat shadowy and wan.

I have noticed that wives of men of genius—their husbands being generally of uncertain means—have a sordid respect for fixed salaries, and consider that to secure or to retain said fixed salaries their husbands should allow their noble and delicate spirits to be fretted and wrung. Mrs. Hagart was no exception to the rule. When Alfred came home in a tempest of pride and rage, with the intelligence that he had left the service of the scoundrelly house, and scorned its wretched pittance, I am ashamed to say that his wife did not catch fire from him and blaze in company. On the contrary, the poor lady—I am afraid there must have been something grovelling in her nature, in spite of her great descent—thought only of her weekly bills, her children's wardrobe, and sat down and cried. And Alfred dried her eyes, even as the regal sun of a morning dries the eyes of the drooping flowerets with a golden handkerchief.

"What's the use of lamenting?" he said. "I have never heretofore had a chance. Till now, my light has been burning under the bushel of the house. I am a free man now. The large manufacturing towns of Greysley, Hawkshead, and Spiggleton are eagerly waiting for designs of a superior character, and I am now in a position to supply the demand. The season is about to begin, and I'll take the field with the season. I'll make money for you, Mag, more than you will know what to do with."

Alfred was radiant and confident, and what could a dutiful wife do but dry her eyes, and try and become radiant and confident also?

It was then that Alfred procured the big bare desk which stood in the big bare room which was part study and workshop, as already mentioned. Here he painted his patterns, working all day, and occasionally taking a spell at candlelight. Into this room would his wife steal twice or thrice a-day, to speak a few encouraging words, and to admire the work which happened to be in progress. On these occasions Alfred would say, "Isn't this fellow coming to his features, eh? You see the full effect dawning, don't you, eh?" or if the pattern was completed he would hold it at arm's length, look at it sideways, with one eye shut: "This fellow will make Hogg's and Blogg's mouth water; but they shan't have it under five pounds. I'll put it in the fire first."

Of course Margaret admired the patterns, whether in progress or finished, and her approval gave her husband the most genuine satisfaction. When the representative of a manufacturing house paid him a visit, Alfred received him with much dignity, and tacitly gave him to understand—sometimes told him so in so many words—that he might consider himself a favoured person in being allowed to make a purchase on any terms. This was at first, for as years went past, Alfred grew more humble, and sometimes was frank enough to admit that he needed money, and rather than not effect a sale, would let a whole lot go cheap. When patterns accumulated on his hands, he would walk across the moors to Spiggleton, hawk them through the manufacturers there, sell them for what they would bring, and walk back next day with what cash he could procure in his pocket. These walks to Spiggleton and back were fatiguing, but he declared that he had need to stretch his legs now and again—that on the whole he preferred walking to travelling by the coach, because he liked to smell the gorse, to hear the linnets sing, to watch the plovers sailing over his head, although he could have enjoyed these things almost as much on the top of the coach as on foot. Alfred, you see, had his peculiar tastes.

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

[At a time when the great marvel of our Indian Empire is a fact rather admitted than understood, and the growing interest in its affairs is not yet sufficiently strong to satisfy itself by the perusal of elaborate works of history and biography, it has been thought that a series of brief Memoirs of the men who, at different periods, have contributed to the glory and the grandeur of our rule, would be acceptable to the public. The series, which is now commenced, will be continued, without any regard to chronological arrangement. It will embrace records of the lives of men of different professions and different characters. All that is necessary to obtain a place in the gallery is that the portrait should be the portrait of one of our Workmen in the East—of a man who has done something to construct or to consolidate our Indian Empire.]

I.—SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

"About half-past one o'clock in the afternoon (of the 4th of May, 1799) General Baird, having completed his arrangements, stepped out of the trench, drew his sword, and in the most heroic and animating manner said to his men, 'Come my brave fellows, follow me and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!' In an instant both columns rushed from the trenches and entered the bed of the river under cover of the fire of the batteries. Being immediately discovered by the enemy, they were assailed by rockets and musketry. The forlorn hope of each attack consisted of a sergeant and twelve Europeans, who were followed by two subalterns' parties; that of the right column was commanded by Lieutenant Hill of the 74th, and the other of the left column by Lieutenant Lawrence of the 77th."—Thus wrote, in the first year of the present century, Colonel Alexander Beatson, historian of the war with Tippoo Sultan and of the famous siege of Seringapatam. Of these two lion-hearted subalterns, who had thus volunteered for the forlorn hope, the first-named went to his death. The second came out of the breach badly wounded, but alive. God had bountifully preserved him to become the father of heroes.

He had gone out to India, some years before, as a volunteer, hoping soon to receive a commission through General Floyd, an officer who had served with distinction in the first war with Tippoo. In this, however, he had been disappointed, for the military authorities in England cancelled the commission which was given to young Lawrence in India; and eventually he was compelled to purchase into the 77th Foot. With this regiment he served in different parts of India, until his gallantry at Seringapatam was rewarded by the gift of a company in the 19th.

Having recovered from his wounds, Alexander William Lawrence took to himself a wife—the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in the north of Ireland, named Knox. Their union was a fruitful one. The first-born of the family was a daughter, who in womanhood became all that an elder sister could be to her brothers, and whose good influence upon them was ever gratefully acknowledged. Then there were two sons, christened Alexander and George St. Patrick, who came in time to do good service to their country; and next, on the 20th of June, 1806, was born, at Maturah, in the Island of Ceylon, where Major Lawrence was garrisoned, another son, who was named Henry Montgomery, of whom I am about to write. His mother used in playful reference to the well-known gems of that place, to call him her "Maturah diamond."*

In 1808, Major Lawrence returned to England, and was appointed, as Lieutenant-Colonel, to a garrison battalion, then posted in the Island of Guernsey. From this place, in 1815, the three elder boys, Alexander, George, and Henry, were sent to the Londonderry diocesan school, the head master of which was their mother's brother, the Rev. James Knox. Two or three years afterwards, Colonel Lawrence bethought himself that the time had come for him to consider the means of providing for his boys; and he wisely determined to find, if he could, standing room for them on the great continent of India, where every man had a fair chance, without reference to birth or fortune, of making his way to the front. Fortunately he had some "interest at the India House." A connection of Mrs. Lawrence's family—Mr. Huddlestone—was one of the Directors of the East India Company. A cadetship was obtained for Alexander, who, in 1818, went over from Ireland and entered the Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe. A year or two afterwards, George made a similar migration. Neither brother, however, pursued his academical career to the end. The cavalry was held to be a finer service than the artillery, and "India-House interest" availed to procure for each brother in succession a commission in the more favoured branch.

In 1820, another Addiscombe appointment was obtained for Colonel Lawrence's third surviving son; and in the August of that year Henry Lawrence entered the cadet college. Like his brothers, he was soon afterwards offered a cavalry appointment; but he said that he would rather go through his terms at Addiscombe and take his chance, than that it should be said the Lawrences could not pass an examination for the scientific branches of the service, and were therefore sent out in an arm that demanded no examination at all. So he remained at Addiscombe, doing well there, not brilliantly, and taking at the end of his time a good place among the cadets selected for the Artillery. It was a merciful dispensation that he ever lived to go up for examination at all; for it happened that one day, as he was bathing in the canal, the cramp or some other ailment seized him, and he would almost certainly have perished, but for the presence of mind of one of his comrades. A cry was raised that "Pat Lawrence" was drowning, and instantly a brother cadet, Robert Macgregor,* dashed into the water and succeeded in bringing the sinking youth safely to land. This is the one noticeable incident of Henry Lawrence's early life. At Addiscombe he was held in high esteem by his fellow-students, as a brave, honourable, and generous youth, with good intelligence, not very highly cultivated; but I do not know that any of his contemporaries predicted that he would live to out-strip them all.

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* Henry Lawrence was the fourth son—another brother, not mentioned in the text, died in his infancy. Sir John Lawrence, the present Viceroy of India, was born in Yorkshire on the 4th of March, 1811.

In 1822, Henry Lawrence having been appointed to the Bengal Artillery, arrived at Calcutta and joined the head-quarters of his regiment at Dum-Dum. There he set himself diligently to work to study his profession, and—in this respect differing not at all from his young brother officers—longed ardently for active service. The opportunity was soon presented to him. The war with Burmah commenced, when he was a subaltern of two or three years' standing; and Lieutenant Lawrence formed part of a detachment of artillery that was sent under Colonel Lindsay, to join General Morrison's division, whose business it was to drive the Burmese out of Aracan and to join the main army at Prome. A long and harassing march, across one of the most unhealthy tracts of country in the world, brought the young soldier nearly to his grave. He recovered, however, sufficiently to be conveyed to Penang—then a favourite sanitarium; and from this place he went to China towards the end of 1826, where he found great solace in the Factory Library at Canton. But these partial changes were not sufficient for one smitten by the deadly curse of the Aracan fever; and so eventually he returned to England, for the recovery of his health.

But he was not one to be idle, because "on leave." A friend who met him for the first time at Canton, thinks that in the library there he devoted himself much to the study of works on surveying. It is certain that during his residence in England he joined the Irish Survey, and acquired much knowledge and experience that afterwards were extremely serviceable to him. This visit to Ireland had also another very happy influence on his after life, for he there formed an attachment to one who afterwards became the beloved and honoured companion of his life. When he returned to India, greatly improved and strengthened in every way, he rejoined his regiment, firstly at Kurnaul, where his brother George was stationed, and with whom he lived, and afterwards at Cawnpore, where, in 1832, he passed an examination in the native languages, and thus qualified himself for employment on the Staff. Nor was it long before—mainly, I believe, through the instrumentality of George Lawrence, who represented to Lord William Bentinck that his brother had served with the Irish Survey—Henry was appointed as an assistant to the great Revenue Survey of India, which was instituted in 1833. His head-quarters were at Goruckpoor. There, under happy auspices, he renewed and cemented his friendship with Mr. Reade of the Bengal Civil Service, whom he first met at Canton and afterward at Cawnpore—a friendship which was broken only by death.

"At Goruckpoor," this gentleman tells me, "his house and mine were in adjacent compounds. A plank bridge led from the one to the other, and my kitchen was midway between the two domiciles. Lawrence, who in those days seemed to live upon air, and was apt, in the full tide of his work, to forget every-day minor matters, used frequently to find that he had no dinner provided, though he had asked people to dine with him; and we used to rectify the omission by diverting the procession of dishes from the kitchen to his house instead of to mine. My inestimable major-domo had wonderful resources and an especial regard for Lawrence. The gravity of manner with which he asked in whose house dinner was to be laid was a frequent source of amusement. We had other matters besides a kitchen and buttery in common. He had taken by the hand a young man, who had been in the ranks, by name Pemberton, who afterwards rose in the Survey Department. At the same time I had charge of a young fellow whose discharge from a regiment had been recently purchased by his friends. Interested in this young Scotch student who had found his way to India by enlisting in the Company's Artillery, Lord Auckland had recently emancipated him, and sent him up the country, to be master of the English school at Goruckpoor. To that school, Lawrence, who was greatly interested in it, and who supported it with personal aid and liberal pecuniary contributions, gathered all the boys of poor Christian parents to be found in the cantonment and station, and thence transplanted them, with some of the more intelligent lads of the city, to the Survey Office. Some of the former were little fellows—so little, indeed, that Mr. Bird used to call them 'Lawrence's offsets;' but his care of them was as kind as his teaching was successful. He had a tattoo (pony) for each of them, and relieved the labours of the desk by hurry-skurrying them over the country. I note these particulars," continues my informant, "because in comparing the experiences we elicited of inner barrack life from the young men above mentioned, as we often did, in the teaching and manipulation of the said offsets, and the satisfactory result, I think we may trace the germ in Lawrence's mind of the noble design of the great establishments imperishably associated with his name."

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* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of naming the young hero who did this good thing, though the modesty of his nature may protest against the publicity. The Robert Macgregor of the text is Major Robert Guthrie Macgregor, formerly of the Bengal Artillery, a man distinguished in many honourable capacities, and not least in that of a scholar and a poet. His admirable volume of translations from the Greek Mythology, recently published, is one of those ever pleasant and acceptable instances of the successful cultivation of literature by men of active business habits and eminently useful lives.

These were the famous Lawrence Asylums of which it is now time to speak. Almost ever since he had entered the service, the "cry of the children" had been continually sounding in his ears. A voice had come to him from the Barrack Square, appealing for help ; and it had become the darling wish of his heart to respond to it in a befitting manner. The state of the children of the European soldiery was, indeed, such as to move the compassion of all who had eyes to see and faculties to comprehend. Even under the happiest circumstances, with all the appliances which wealth could furnish for the mitigation of the exhausting effects of the climate, European children in India were at best sickly exotics. They pined and languished, with pale faces, weakly frames, and fretful tempers. Not easily preserved were the lives of these little ones, though tenderly nurtured and jealously protected against all adverse influences ; amidst the draggings-up of the barracks it was a mercy and a miracle if any were preserved at all. The mortality among the children of the European soldiery was, statistically, "frightful"; but more frightful, perhaps, the life of the few who were rescued from death. The moral atmosphere of the Barrack Square was not less enervating and destroying than the physical ; for the children saw and heard there what should not have been revealed to their young senses ; and the freshness and beauty of innocence were utterly unknown among them. Seeing this, and thinking over it, very wisely and compassionately, Henry Lawrence, whilst yet a young man, conceived the idea of rescuing these poor children, body and soul, from the polluting atmosphere of the barracks, and he ardently longed for the time when, out of the abundance of his own store, he might provide healthy and happy homes for these poor neglected little ones. To transport them from the plains to the hills, to place them under proper guardianship, to give them suitable instruction and ample means of innocent recreation—these were his cherished projects. He saw how easily it could be done—how great a blessing it would be when done; and he determined that, should God ever grant to him worldly wealth, he would consecrate a portion of it to the rescue of the children.

And, doubtless, among the honourable incentives to exertion which were ever urging Henry Lawrence forward in the right road, the thought of the good that he might thus accomplish was not the least powerful. But the attainment of this great object was yet remote, though his foot was firmly planted on the ladder of promotion; for there was one nearer and dearer to him, who needed his help, and his first care was to provide for her. The death of his father had greatly reduced his mother's income; and the Lawrences—not Henry only, but he and all his brethren in India—were contributing from their pay, not at that time in any case very large, more than enough to make her declining years, in all outward circumstances, easy and prosperous. In this good work Henry was very active; and one who, at the time of which I am now writing, helped him in the matter of remittances, and took counsel with him as to the best means of providing additional comforts for the widowed lady, says that he had then, in this holy work, "the fervour of an apostle and the simplicity of a child."

Much might be written about this period of his career—about the days when Lieutenant Lawrence threw all his energies into the survey-work entrusted to him, and was so prompt, it may be said so explosive, in his operations, that Mr. James Thomason, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, referring partly to his profession and partly to his bursts of activity, which carried everything before them, nicknamed him "Gun-powder." Those were happy days with him, for they were the early days of his married life. No man could have found a fitter helpmate than Henry Lawrence found in his cousin, Honoria Marshall. The highest and holiest Christian virtues were combined in her with great natural intelligence improved by successful culture. Her energies were scarcely inferior to her husband's; and, perhaps, he mainly owed it to her that literature, in after years, became the recreation, as it was one of the greatest solaces of his life. But there was too much active work for him at this time to leave much time for the study of books. A new field was stretching out before him. Whilst still in the Survey Department, in 1838, the "Army of the Indus" was organised for the invasion of Afghanistan. Eager for active service, Henry Lawrence joined Alexander's troop of Horse Artillery, which formed part of the original force. But it was afterwards ordered to stand fast; and though for a while he was disappointed, the disappointment paved the way to better things. It was at this time that Henry Lawrence attracted the attention of Mr. (now Sir George) Clerk, who for many years ably represented British interests on the North-West frontier of India, and secured to himself, as few have done, the unbounded confidence both of the white and black races. He saw in the artillery subaltern the stuff of which the best political officers* are made, and obtained his appointment as an Assistant to the Frontier Agency.

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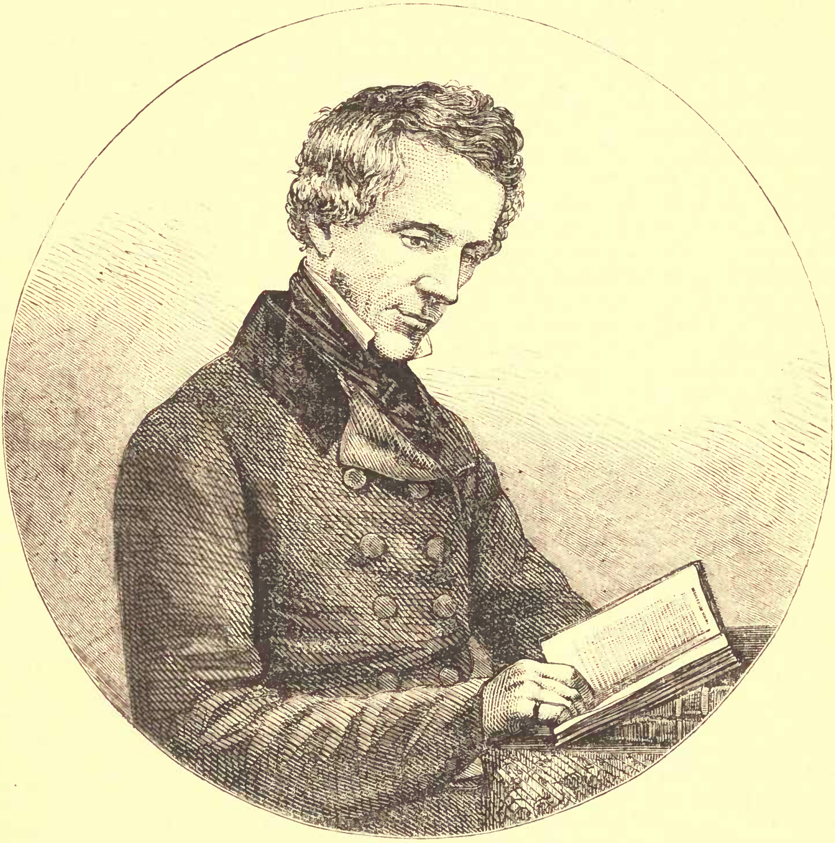
* To the majority of English readers this phrase will require some explanation. What in India are called "political officers," or sometimes "politicals," are officers who superintend our diplomatic relations with the native states of India, and are often largely concerned in their administration.

The war in Afghanistan was a grand success. The war in Afghanistan was a gigantic failure. George Lawrence, who was then the Military Secretary of the ill-fated minister, Sir William Macnaghten, was endeavouring, with every prospect of a favourable result, to obtain employment for his brother in the Anglo-Douranee Empire, when the prodigious bubble burst; and the whole country was deluged with blood. An army of retribution was then organised, and with the force under General Pollock went a Contingent of Sikh troops. With this Contingent it was necessary to send a British officer, nominally to be the medium of intercommunication between the British and the Sikh commanders; in reality to hold the latter to his allegiance and virtually to command the force. To this post Captain Henry Lawrence was appointed. It was one, the duties of which required the exercise of as much tact and forbearance as of constancy and courage. The work could not have been better done; and the Sikh Contingent, which under other guidance might have been a serious impediment to our success, really contributed essentially to it.

After the return of the armies to the British provinces, there was a brief interval, during which it appeared that the good services which Lawrence had rendered to his country were not likely to meet with adequate reward. But, after a while, Lord Ellenborough selected him to fill the important, and well-salaried office of Resident at the Court of Nepaul. There was not much active work to be done at Katamandoo. It was the duty of the Resident, at that time, rather to wait and watch, than to interfere over-much in the affairs of the Court of Nepaul. So Henry Lawrence at this period of his career had more time professionally unoccupied than at any other. That he would turn it to good account in one way or another was certain. The way was soon determined by an accident. A quarterly publication, entitled the *Calcutta Review*, was at this time established in the Indian metropolis, and Henry Lawrence, liking the design, supported it with characteristic fervour. He generally contributed two or three papers to each number of the Review. His fertility, indeed, was marvellous. I have a letter before me, in which he undertakes to supply to one number four articles, comprising a hundred and ten pages. His contributions were gravid with matter of the best kind—important facts accompanied by weighty opinions and wise suggestions. But he was always deploring, and not without reason, his want of literary skill. There was, indeed, a charming candour and modesty about him as a writer: an utter absence of vanity, opinionativeness, and sensitive egotism about small things. He was eager in his exhortations to the editor to "cut and prune." He tried hard to improve his style, and wrote that with this object he had been reading Macaulay's Essays and studying Lindley Murray. But, full of solid information as they ever were, the articles more than repaid any amount of editorial trouble, and when they appeared, were generally the most popular contributions to each number of the Review. He continued to the end of his life to contribute at intervals to this publication, and was, when the rebellion of 1857 broke out, employed on a review of the "Life of Sir John Malcolm." But it was at Nepaul that his literary activity was at its height, and it was truly an important incident in his career. It happened that at this time (1844-45) the Punjab was in a state of extraordinary commotion. There had been a succession of sanguinary revolutions. One ruler after another had been swept away by the hand of the assassin, and as the government had grown weaker and weaker, the army had waxed stronger and more insolent, until at last the military power thoroughly overbore the State. That in this state of affairs, the lawless Prætorian bands, who had long been vapouring about marching down to the sack of Delhi and the pillage of Calcutta, would some day cross the Sutlej and attempt to carry their threats into execution, had now become almost a certainty. The British and the Sikh powers were about to come into collision, and it behoved our rulers, therefore, to think well of the work before them, and to learn all that could be learnt regarding the country and the people with whom, whether in peace or war, for good or for evil, we were now about to be nearly connected. The best and the freshest information on the subject was to be found in Lawrence's articles in the *Calcutta Review.* The Governor-General, then Sir Henry Hardinge, read them with great interest and attention, and saw at once that the writer possessed that practical knowledge of men and things that, in the conjuncture then approaching, would render him an invaluable auxiliary, and he longed for an opportunity to call Lawrence to his presence.

The opportunity was not long wanting. From his pleasant retirement, from his library, his review-writing, from the dear companionship of his wife, and from the thought of his darling project of the asylum which was to shelter and to save the children, Henry Lawrence was summoned, as the new year (1846) dawned, to the north-western frontier. The Punjab was in a blaze; the Sikh army, after much vapouring and vaunting, had crossed the Sutlej; and the Commander-in-Chief, with the Governor-General as his second in command, had fought two bloody battles crowned by no more than dubious victories. On those hard-fought fields the two chief political officers of the British Government, Broadfoot and Nicolson, had been killed; and the choice of the Governor-General had fallen upon Henry Lawrence, as the man who seemed to be best fitted to take the direction of the diplomacies of the frontier. This was indeed a spirit-stirring summons, and one which was responded to with an alacrity which overcame all obstacles; and ere the Sikh and British armies again came into hostile collision, Henry Lawrence was in the camp of the Governor-General. He saw the great battle of Sobraon fought—that battle upon which turned the fortune of the Empire of Runjit Singh. It was a battle not only hotly contested, but fairly fought. It was said afterwards that some of the leading Sikh chiefs had betrayed their countrymen and sold the battle to the English. I know how this unworthy imputation grieved the spirit of Lord Hardinge, for he was a man of a noble nature, and incapable of conniving at an act of baseness. That the charge was untrue, History may now, after the lapse of twenty years, solemnly declare. If any man had a right to speak on such a subject, it was Henry Lawrence; for the negotiations must have been carried on through him, as our chief diplomatic agent. His denial of this treachery was ever most emphatic. "Let me," he wrote to the author of this Memoir some years afterwards, "in opposition to Cunninghame, Smyth, and the whole Indian press, distinctly state that Ferozshuhur, Sobraon, and the road to Lahore were not bought; that at least there was no treachery that I ever heard of; that though I was with the army as political agent twenty days before the battle of Sobraon, I had no communication whatever with Tej Singh, until we reached Lahore; and that although Lal Singh had an agent with me, he (Lal Singh) sent me no message and did nothing that could distinguish him from any other leader of the enemy."



Sir Henry Lawrence, from a Photograph.

The battle of Sobraon having been fought and won, there were those in the camp of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief who believed that the war was only then commenced, and that it would be necessary to march into the Punjab with a large army and a train of two hundred guns for the siege and capture of Lahore and Umritsur—the one the temporal, the other the spiritual capital of the Sikh Empire. But Henry Lawrence told the Governor-General that the war was over; that there would not be another shot fired. The portfolio was now to be opened, and our policy worked out in peace. And he was right. The policy was a policy of moderation and forbearance, not wanting either in worldly wisdom. The seizure of the Punjab and its incorporation with the British dominions, at that time, though insisted upon by many then and afterwards as a thing that ought to have been done, would not have been just if it had been practicable, and would not have been practicable if it had been just. It was, in fact, neither the one nor the other; so Henry Lawrence counselled, not the annexation of the Punjab, but the reconstruction of the Sikh government, fenced in and fortified by British bayonets. But the materials from which the edifice was to have been built were utterly rotten, and the experiment was a failure. All through the year 1845, it was gradually but certainly going to pieces. During that year, Henry Lawrence held the post of "Resident" at Lahore; but he was not one to sit idly at the capital, when there was active work to be done in which his personal influence might be turned to good account. He spent three months at Lahore, keeping, by the exercise of that rare union of gentleness and vigour which distinguished his character, the turbulent elements of its varied population in control, and on one occasion at least being in danger of losing his life, at the hands of a fanatical and excited population. This was in April, 1846. In the following month he was journeying in advance of a British force towards the almost inaccessible heights of Kote-Kangra. "Kangra," he wrote to me, "is a Gibraltar. It is five miles round, and has one accessible point, which is defended by thirteen gates, one within the other." This fortress stood within the line of a tract of country which the Sikh government had undertaken by treaty to surrender to the British, but the Sikh commandant, moved by the fine old nationality of the Khalsa, declared that he would hold out to the last, unless Runjit Singh himself appeared, to demand from him the keys of the place. But there was no point which the Bengal Artillery could not reach; and before the end of the month of May, aided by the appliances of elephant draught, our heavy guns had toiled up the formidable ascent of that precipitate rock, and the fortress was surrendered without a siege.

Another memorable incident of this period of Lawrence's career was his visit to Cashmere—the country of Gholab Singh—a country which he had before much studied and written about, and had long desired to see with his fleshly eye as he had comprehended it with the eye of his imagination. Of the political circumstances of the journey I have not space to speak. Yet was the fact altogether one of the most remarkable incidents on record of the moral power which such a man as Lawrence may exercise over the Princes of India. He induced the great Jummoo chief to abolish suttee, female infanticide, and slavery, throughout his dominions. And he so interested the Rajah in his great project of the asylum on the hills for the children of the European soldiery, that the Hindoo chief eagerly offered to contribute largely to the scheme, and by his munificence helped to bring it to perfection. In this necessarily brief record of a good man's career, there is some fear lest, as I advance, the history of Henry Lawrence's charities should be overborne by the more stirring incidents of his active life. It may, therefore, be set down here that the long-cherished design of establishing at a healthy hill station an asylum for the children of our European soldiery was fully realised, and that from this time he began to see the good fruits of his beneficence fairly before him. How many healthy and happy children, now grown or growing into useful members of society, have had reason to bless the name of the man who shared his prosperity with them. He had now abundant means of doing good, and he gave unstintingly from his worldly store; exciting others, by his great example, to do likewise. So the Lawrence Asylum flourished—a great fact—and grew in usefulness as its founder grew in years; until, when his work was done, the Government did honour to his memory by adopting it as their own, and providing for it at the public expense.

After this there was what appeared to be a lull; and so Henry Lawrence, whose health had been much shattered by the work of the last few years, was counselled to resort to the only effectual remedy—a visit to his fatherland. His wife had been driven home some time before; and the Governor-General, now Lord Hardinge, was turning his face homewards, and had asked Lawrence to accompany him. There was no man in all India whom that fine old soldier more admired or more trusted; no one beyond his own family circle whom he more dearly loved. The affection was reciprocal. If inducement had been wanting, the invitation thus given to Lawrence to become the travelling companion of his honoured chief would have rendered the measure of his temptations irresistible. As it was, his sense of duty, his strong conjugal affection, and his devotion to the best of leaders, all lured him away for a time from the destroying climate of the East. The great year of revolutions had dawned upon Europe when Hardinge and Lawrence traversed the Continent and confronted the first gatherings of the storm. But without accident or interruption they reached England—to the younger man almost a new, and quite a strange world, for he had not seen it since his youth, and he was then in his forty-second year.

There were those, who then seeing him for the first time, were struck by the remarkable simplicity and unworldliness of his character. No man ever cared less for external appearances. There was no impatience, no defiance of the small conventionalities of life, no studied eccentricity of any kind, but his active mind, ever intent upon great realities, overleapt the social surroundings of the moment. I well remember how, on the day after his arrival in London, as we walked up Regent-street together, and met the usual afternoon tide of well-dressed people, he turned upon me an amused and puzzled look, and saying, with a humorous smile, that all those fine people must look upon him as "a great guy," asked if there was any place near at which he could purchase an overcoat or cloak to hide the imperfections of his attire. It had dawned upon him that in his antiquated frock-coat, and the old grey shepherd's plaid crossed over his chest, he was very much unlike other people; and as a few paces onward brought us in front of Nicol's great shop, he had soon exchanged his plaid for a fashionable paletot, and asked me "if that was something more like the thing?" I do not think that he cared much more for titles than he cared for dress. When, shortly after his return to England, the Queen, on the recommendation of Lord Hardinge, appointed him a Knight Commander of the Bath, though he rejoiced, as a loyal and devoted subject, in his sovereign's recognition of the work he had done, he appeared to be in no hurry to adopt the new prefix to his name, but rather to cling to his old designation of "Colonel Lawrence." For general society he had no taste, and he was glad, therefore, to escape from the bustle and excitement of the capital, and to seek restored health in the country, and happiness in the companionship of the nearest and dearest of his friends.

But it was permitted to him to enjoy only a brief season of repose. Before the trees were bare in that memorable year 1848, news had arrived from India which stirred the very depths of his nature, and prompted him again to be up and doing. The Punjab was again in a blaze. The forbearance of the British Government had been exercised in vain. The experiment of a Council of Regency had failed, and once again there was an appeal to the stern arbitrament of the sword. Then Henry Lawrence felt that his proper place was where the war was raging. He had not yet regained his health. Loving friends and wise physicians alike counselled him that there was danger in a precipitate return to India; but he knew that there would have been greater danger in a protracted sojourn in England, for inactive at such a time, he would have chafed himself to death, beaten his very life out against the bars of his cage. Still it was a hazardous experiment upon the physical capacities of his shattered frame, and when I bade him farewell on the platform of the Southampton Railway, I felt that there was nothing, under Providence, to carry him through the work before him but the invigorating and sustaining power of the work itself, the strong mind repairing the waste of the feeble body. And so it was. Before the end of the year he was at Mooltan, whence he pushed on to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and arrived to see the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah fought by the British and Sikh armies. He held no recognised position there, civil or military, but he rendered by his presence an important service to the State; for a few words spoken by him at the right time saved the military commander from committing a stupendous error. After the battle, which both sides claimed to have won, Lord Gough proposed to withdraw his army some five or six miles from the scene of action, for the sake of obtaining better fodder for his cattle. Against this Henry Lawrence warmly protested, saying that if the British fell back at such a time even a single mile, the Sikhs would accept the fact as an evidence of our defeat, and take new heart and courage from our retrograde movements. Nay, more; it might be said from one end of India to the other, that the English had retired beaten from the contest in confusion and dismay. These arguments prevailed; the British army remained on its old encamping ground, and at worst it could only be said that there was a drawn battle.

It need not be told in this place how the errors and disasters of Chillianwallah were retrieved by the crowning action of Goojerat, which placed the Punjab at the feet of the English conqueror. Sir Henry Lawrence had by this time resumed his post as Resident at Lahore, and plainly now there was great work before him. But what was to be the immediate result of conquest? As the decision rested with the Governor-General of India, and Lord Dalhousie was that Governor-General, there could be little doubt of the answer to be given to the question. Indeed, ever since the Sikh Sirdars had drawn the sword against us, and thus proclaimed the failure of our half measures, good and wise as they were, it seemed that there could be but one issue of the war. Few men could see any other possible solution of the difficulty than the annexation of the Punjab; but among those few was Henry Lawrence. "I am sorry," he wrote to me from the Commander-in-Chief's camp, "that you have taken up the annexation cry. It may now, after all that has happened, be in strictness just; but it certainly is not expedient, and it is only lately that I have been able to bring myself to see its justice." But the Punjab was annexed; the empire of Runjit Singh became British territory; and from that time the name of Lawrence was indissolubly associated with the government of our great new province.

The affairs of the Punjab were now to be administered under the superintendence of a Board, of which Sir Henry Lawrence was to be President. Associated with him were his brother, Mr. John Lawrence, then a rising civilian on the Bengal Establishment, and Mr. Mansel, of the same service. Under the controlling authority of these able and experienced men were a number of younger officers of mark and likelihood, many of whom have since risen to distinction. Never was a difficult task more successfully accomplished. All the turbulent elements of Punjabee society were now to be reduced to quietude and serenity; out of chaos was to be evolved order; out of anarchy and ruin, peace and prosperity. Since the death of Runjit Singh, there had been no government in the Punjab with the strong hand by which alone all classes could be kept in due subordination to each other; and the soldiery had therefore been dominant in the State. Their power was now broken; for the most part, indeed, their occupation was gone. But hence the danger of "disbanded soldiers; factions grown desperate;" and the great question was how these prætorian bands, and the Sirdars, or privileged classes, were to be dealt with by the new Government. If there was one man in the country better qualified than all others to solve in practice that great question, it was Henry Lawrence; for with courage and resolution of the highest order, were combined within him the large sympathy and the catholic toleration of a generous heart. He could feel for those who were stricken down by the strong arm of the stranger, even though they had drawn the sword against us—feel as a man may feel when another stronger than he cometh and taketh all that he hath. So he tried to deal tenderly with the Sikh chiefs in their fallen fortunes, and to provide honourable employment for as many as could be brought into the service of the new Christian government. What he did in this way, and how he wrought mightily to make British rule a blessing to the people, may be best told by himself. Whatsoever might have been his opinions on the subject of annexation, he said truly that he "had worked honestly to carry out the policy ordered." In the many-sidedness of the work done we see epitomised a history of British progress in the East—we see the manner in which men reared under that great "monarchy of the middle classes," which so long held India as its own, did, by dint of a benevolence that never failed, an energy that never tired, and a courage which never faltered, let what might be the difficulties to be faced, or the responsibilities to be assumed, achieve those vast successes which are the historical wonders of the world.

"I have been twice all round the Punjab," he wrote to me, after giving a detailed account of the progress of the administration, which it is a mortification to me to be necessitated to omit, "visiting every station, and staying at each a few days. I have not missed one; and though I have not travelled in the usual style of Indian governors, or indeed in the style of most Collectors, I have managed to see everything, from the bottom of the salt mines at Pindadun-khan and Kohat, to Ladakh and Ishardo, on Golab Singh's Northern frontier. Each year I have travelled three or four months, each day riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and sometimes for days with none at all. Thus I last cold weather rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through most of the passes, from Huzara, by Yuyufzye, Peshawur, Kohat, and the Derajat, down to the Scind Border. Each day we marched fifteen or twenty miles, sending tents on direct to the next ground, and ourselves riding long circuits, or from the new ground visiting points right or left. At stations, or where anything was going on, we halted one, two, or three days, visiting the public offices, jails, bazaars, &c., receiving visitors of all ranks, and inspecting the Punjab regiments and police, and receiving petitions, which latter were a daily occurrence, sometimes a couple of hundred coming in."

Upon such men as Henry Lawrence, work of this kind had ever a bracing and invigorating effect. He could toil early and late, so long as he was conscious of the ability to do good, and could feel that he was in his right place. But even whilst he was thus taking stock of past and estimating future beneficences, a heavy cloud was rising which soon overshadowed the serenity of his mind. Although never perhaps had a little band of English administrators done so much good within so short a space of time, there was something in the machinery of the administration which the Governor-General did not wholly like. He thought that it would be better if at the head of the government of the Punjab there were, not a Board of three Commissioners, but a single Commissioner with undivided authority. Perhaps if all the members of the Board had been like-minded, and the image of their minds had been a reflection of his own, Lord Dalhousie might not have been so eager to change the system. But there were fundamental diversities of opinion on some important questions, and the Board did not therefore work very harmoniously in itself, nor in all respects concordantly with the views of the Governor-General. The fact was, that the chivalrous spirit of Henry Lawrence was grieved by the prostration of the Sikh nobility and the ruin of the privileged classes, and that he was fain to lend them, when he could, a helping hand in the hour of their need. And he did so; too liberally to gain the full concurrence of his brother, or the approval of Lord Dalhousie. The conflict in such a case as this is commonly between the head and the heart. Henry Lawrence felt, Lord Dalhousie thought; the one sympathised, the other reasoned. It is doubtless an evil of no small magnitude, that when by the strong arm of conquest, or by the more delicate manipulations of diplomacy, we gain possession of an Indian principality, we find ourselves with the entire responsibilities of the government on our hands, and yet, owing to the number of importunate claims to be heard and vested interests to be considered, with only, if we are compassionate, a portion of the revenues at our disposal for purposes of administration. To have money in the treasury is to have the means of doing good; and it was argued, with some show of reason, that it was not right to injure the many for the benefit of the few. If so much revenue were alienated in the shape of grants of rent-free land, or pecuniary pensions, the amount must be made good from some source or other—either from the particular revenues of the province, or from the general revenues of the Empire. The tax-paying community, somewhere or other, must suffer in order that a liberal provision may be made for the old aristocracy of the land. Thus Mr. John Lawrence argued; thus Lord Dalhousie argued. Moreover, with the latter it was a great point to prove that the Punjab was a profitable possession. But Henry Lawrence could sympathise with all classes; and he could plainly see that, even on economical grounds, it is sound policy, on the first establishment of our rule in a new country, to conciliate the native aristocracy. "So many overthrown estates," says Bacon, "so many votes for troubles." Internal peace and order are economical in the long run, though the contentment to which they are due be purchased in the first instance at a high price. This was the great point on which the brothers differed. Lord Dalhousie sided with John. When, therefore, the Board of Administration was sentenced to death, it was plain that Lord Dalhousie desired to place the supreme direction of affairs in the hands of the civilian, and to find a place for the soldier in another part of the country.

Henry Lawrence, therefore, offered to resign: John Lawrence did the same. The Governor-General unhesitatingly chose the latter, as the fitter agent of his policy; and the elder brother was appointed to represent British interests in the States of Rajpootana. Lord Dalhousie endeavoured to reconcile Henry Lawrence to this decision, by saying that the time had arrived when the business to be done was rather that of civil administration than of military or political government, and that therefore he had selected the civilian. But I think that this only added new venom to the poisoned dart that was festering in him. He was deeply and most painfully wounded. "I am now," he said, "after twenty years of civil administration, and having held every sort of civil office, held up as wanting civil knowledge . . . As for what Lord Dalhousie calls training, I had the best sort. I trained myself by hard work, by being put into charge of all sorts of offices, without help, and left to work my way. I have been for years a Judge, a Magistrate, a Collector, for two years a Chief Commissioner, for five years President of the Board. I am at a loss to know what details I have yet to learn." But although he never ceased to feel that a great injustice had been done to him, he was sustained by that high sense of duty which was the guiding principle of his life; and he took large and liberal account, with all thankfulness, of the many blessings vouchsafed to him. "If," he said, "from one man I have received less than my deserts, I have from many better men received more than was my due, and in my private relations I have been blessed as few men have been."

So Henry Lawrence turned his back upon the Punjab, and set forth on his way to Rajpootana. Once within the Rajpoot territory, he began his work. "On my way from Lahore," he wrote, "I went about right and left, so as to pay a flying visit to the chief cities of Rajpootana, as Jeypoor, Joudhpoor, Ulwar, Bhurtpore, &c., and have thereby been able to sit down quietly here ever since. On my rapid tour I visited, to the surprise of the Rajahs and political agents, all the jails, or dens called jails, and by describing them since, I have got some hundreds of wretches released, and obtained better quarters and treatment. In the matter of jail discipline the North-West Provinces are behind the Punjab, and even there every step taken by me was in direct opposition to almost every other authority." There was much work of all kinds to be done in Rajpootana—much of it very up-hill work. Traditionally the Rajpoots were a brave, a noble, a chivalrous race of men, but in fact there was but little nobility left in them. How to deal with them was a problem which had perplexed British statesmen before the days of Henry Lawrence, and, although he now addressed himself to its solution with all the earnestness of his nature, he was obliged to confess that he made little progress. "As is usual with me," he wrote after he had been some time in Rajpootana, "it has been a year of labour, for here I have had everything to learn. Heretofore I have had chiefly to do with one, and that a new people; here I have twenty sovereign states as old as the sun and moon, but with none of the freshness of either orb. My Sikh experience gives me very little help, and my residence in Nepaul scarcely any in dealing with the petty intrigues and foolish pride of these effete Rajpoots." There were two matters to which he especially addressed himself at this time,—one, the abolition of widow-burning, still very prevalent in Rajpootana; and the other, a thorough reformation of the prison-discipline of the States, which was then an offence to humanity. He had always a strong feeling of compassion, such as stirred the depths of Howard's heart, for the wretched prisoners, who were huddled together in the jails without any classification of criminals of different degrees or even of different sexes, and he wrote that by simply, during a rapid tour, going once into every jail, and on his arrival at Mount Aboo writing a circular, remarking that in different jails he had seen strange sights that must, if known to beneficent rulers, revolt their feelings, he managed to effect some considerable reforms, and to do great service to humanity.

But although in these ancient Rajpoot States there was much room for the exercise of his chivalrous benevolence, he did not greatly rejoice in the office that he held, for he never ceased to think that he had been "shelved." But his residence in Rajpootana was associated with even a more bitter trial. In that country his beloved wife, whose health had never been good in India, sickened and died. It was a heavy—a crushing blow; and, though he bowed himself resignedly to it, "the difference" was keenly felt by him in every hour of his life. The loss of his helpmate preyed upon his spirits, and sorely affected his health. In his affliction, he sometimes turned for relief to the thought of his children, and meditated a visit to England to embrace them there; at other times he turned to contemplate the great restorative of strenuous action, and longed for some new field on which to exercise his manly energies, and in the proud satisfaction of duty done to find some solace for his private griefs. He hoped that the annexation of Oude would afford him just the exciting work that he coveted. So, when Sir James Outram was driven home by failing health, he offered to take his place at Lucknow. But the offer came too late. A civilian had been appointed to the post; and so Sir Henry Lawrence fell back upon the alternative of a visit to England; and he was about to carry the design into execution when circumstances arrested the homeward movement.

The administration of Mr. Jackson in Oude was not successful. A man of undoubted ability and unquestioned integrity, he wanted temper and discretion; moreover, he wanted sympathy; so he quarrelled with his subordinates, and failed to conciliate the privileged classes, whom it was the inevitable tendency of the introduction of British rule to impoverish and humiliate, and who ought to have been dealt with gently and generously in their misfortunes. So after a while Lord Canning, seeing that affairs were rapidly drifting from bad to worse, removed Mr. Jackson from the Oude Commissionership, and appointed Sir Henry Lawrence to his place. No better selection could have been made, but the wisdom of the act was marred by one fatal defect: it was "too late." When the new Commissioner reached Lucknow, he found that almost everything that ought not to have been done had been done, and that what ought to have been first done had not been done at all, and that the seeds of rebellion had been sown broadcast over the land. He saw plainly what was coming. On his journey to Oude he spent some little time with an old and honoured friend—the friend to whom I am indebted for the account of Lawrence's Goruckpore days—and he told the civilian that the time was not far distant when he (Mr. Reade), with the Lieutenant-Governor and other big Brahmins, would be shut up in the fort of Agra by a rebellion of the Native Army.

But the appointment pleased him. No higher proof of the confidence of the Governor-General could have been afforded to him; no more important duties could have devolved upon him. How he wished that he had gone there a year sooner! But he did all that could be done to repair the errors of the past. He found the aristocracy—the princes and the nobles of the land—bowed down to the dust, keeping body and soul together—men and women alike, of high birth, with the best blood in their veins—by selling their shawls and jewels after dark in the bazaars. At once he took up a duty so mercilessly neglected by his predecessor, and began, without wasting time on preliminary enquiries—for investigation and starvation in such cases are synonymous—to pay the stipends of the old nobility. But it was not in mortal power to arrest the growth of the rebellion, which was then striking deep root in the soil. In other parts of the country the disaffection which was exhibiting itself in the spring of 1857, might be nothing more than military mutiny—a mere professional agitation, accidental, superficial; but in Oude there was small likelihood of its stopping short of a national insurrection. Firstly, it was plain that the introduction of British rule had turned against us all the great territorial chiefs—feudal barons with large bodies of armed followers—and all the once powerful classes which had been maintained in wealth and luxury by the Court of Lucknow. It was plain also that the disbanding of the old native army of Oude had scattered over the country large numbers of lawless and desperate men, owing their ruin to the English usurpation. But, plainest of all was the fact, that a large proportion of the Sepoy army of Bengal was drawn from the small yeomanry of Oude; that the province was indeed the great home of our native soldiery, and that in every village there were numerous families sure to sympathise with the discontents, and to aid the efforts of their sons and brothers in the Company's army.

When therefore the storm burst, and it was certain that a crisis had arrived which would call forth all the energies of the English in India for the maintenance of our dominion, there was no single point of danger to which men's minds turned with deeper anxiety than to Lucknow; but over this anxiety there came an inspiring feeling of confidence when they remembered that Henry Lawrence was there. To the Governor-General this was an especial source of consolation. One of the earliest incidents of the military mutiny was an outbreak in an irregular native regiment posted near Lucknow. With this Lawrence had grappled promptly and vigorously, in a manner which had won general admiration. Lord Canning saw clearly then that the right man was at the point of danger; and when Lawrence telegraphed to him, saying, "Give me full military authority: I will not use it unnecessarily," the Governor-General did not hesitate to place the chief direction of military as well as of civil affairs in the hands of the Commissioner. With this full responsibility upon him, he moved freely and without embarrassment. He could look with the soldier's and with the statesman's eye at the appearances before him; and he was as competent to deal with details of military defence, as to accommodate in other matters the action of his government to the political temper of the times. Preparing to meet the worst emergencies that could arise, he provided for the security of the European garrison; but he endeavoured at the same time to conciliate all classes, and especially to wean the minds of the soldiery from the apprehensions which had taken possession of them with respect to the safety of their caste. It was soon, however, apparent that nothing could be done by exhortations or persuasions—by promises of rewards to the faithful or threats of punishment to the unfaithful. Neither words nor money nor dresses of honour could avail. Nothing but the stout heart and the strong arm could, under Providence, help the English in the extremity of their need.

It would be vain to endeavour in such a memoir as this to narrate the incidents of the defence of

Lucknow, even in so far as Sir Henry Lawrence was connected with them. That story belongs to history. How wisely and assiduously he laboured, with what untiring energy and devotion, in spite of the failure of the frail flesh, has been told by more than one of his comrades. He was in feeble health when first he went to Lucknow. It had been his intention to proceed to England for awhile, partly to recruit his strength and partly to direct the final studies of his son, then about to enter the Indian Civil Service, when the offer of the Oude Commissionership arrested his homeward movements and braced him up awhile for the continuance of his work. But the hot weather coming in with such a crowd of anxieties, tried him severely; and it was plain to those who were about his person that mind and body had been tasked overmuch. "The ordinary labours of his office," wrote one who was continually in official association with him, "had fully tried his strength; but the intense anxiety attending his position at the present crisis would have worn the strongest frame. At first he was able to ride about a good deal, but now he drove about in his carriage. He lost appetite and sleep, and his changed and careworn appearance was painfully visible to all." But he worked on; and when, in the second week of June, such an alarming state of exhaustion supervened that his medical staff cautioned him that further application to business would endanger his life, he could with difficulty be persuaded to lay aside his work for a little time, and on the first symptom of a slight accession of strength, returned eagerly to his duties. Active among the active, as a soldier he was ever in the front and in the midst of danger.

"Sir Henry Lawrence is doing admirably at Lucknow. All safe there."—Such were the words in which letter after letter from the Governor-General to the authorities in England communicated the confidence felt by Lord Canning in the Oude Commissioner. And so fully was that confidence shared by the Home Government, that when the Court of Directors and the Queen's Government, warned by the critical state of our relations in India, found it necessary to nominate a new Governor-General provisionally, in the event of the death or the retirement of Lord Canning, they had no hesitation in selecting Sir Henry Lawrence as the man to whom above all others they could most confidently entrust in that emergency the supreme direction of affairs.

But it was the saddest thing of all—nothing so sad in the history of the calamities of the Indian Mutiny—that he never lived to place this crown upon his brows. Such a recognition at the last would have healed all his old wounds: would have been ample compensation to him for all the crosses he had endured. No soldier of the Company's army had ever been so honoured. Of all the Englishmen in India, he was held to be the one best able, in a crisis of unexampled magnitude, to hold the helm and weather the storm, if by any mischance or caprice Canning had been removed from the scene. All that his honourable ambition ever sought would have been thus attained, and in the completeness of his career he would have found perfect satisfaction. But it was otherwise ordained by God. On the 2nd of July, as he was lying on his couch in an upper room of the Lucknow Residency, a shell burst beside him, and grievously shattered his thigh. His nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, immediately summoned Dr. Fayrer to his assistance, and when Sir Henry saw him he asked at once how long he had to live. When the doctor answered, "about three days," he expressed astonishment that so long a term had been granted to him, and seemed to think that he should pass away before the end of it. As shot and shell were continually striking against the Residency, Dr. Fayrer caused the wounded man to be removed to his own house, which was more sheltered from the enemy's artillery, and there a consultation of medical officers was held, and it was determined that to attempt amputation would be only to increase suffering and to shorten life.

Then Henry Lawrence prepared himself for death. First of all, he asked Mr. Harris, the chaplain, to administer the Holy Communion to him. In the open verandah, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, the solemn service was performed, many officers of the garrison tearfully communicating with their beloved chief. This done, he addressed himself to those about him. "He bade an affectionate farewell to all," wrote one who was present at this sad and solemn meeting, "and of several he asked forgiveness for having at times spoken harshly, and begged them to kiss him. One or two were quite young boys, with whom he had occasion to find fault, in the course of duty, a few days previously. He expressed the deepest humility and repentance for his sins, and his firm trust in our blessed Saviour's atonement, and spoke most touchingly of his dear wife, whom he hoped to rejoin. At the utterance of her name his feelings quite overcame him, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping which lasted some minutes. He again completely broke down in speaking of his daughter, to whom he sent his love and blessing. . . . Then he blessed his nephew George, who was kneeling by his bedside, and told him he had always loved him as his own son. . . . He spoke to several present about the state of their souls, urging them to pray and read their Bibles, and endeavour to prepare for death, which might come suddenly, as in his own case. To nearly each person present he addressed a few parting words of affectionate advice—words which must have sunk deeply into all hearts. There was not a dry eye there, and many seemingly hard rough men were sobbing like children."

And ever mingling, in these last hours, with the kindly and affectionate feelings of the man were the sterner thoughts of the leader. Passing away, as he was, from the scene, he had to make new arrangements for the future defence of the beleagured garrison. He knew what was his duty, and though it pained him to set aside one who believed that he had the best right to succeed him in his civil duties, he chose his successor wisely. Then he urged upon the officer whom he had chosen, and all present, the imperative necessity of holding out to the very last, and of never making terms with the enemy. "Let every man," he said, "die at his post; but never make terms. God help the poor women and children." He often repeated these last words. His heart was very heavy with the thought of these helpless little ones, not knowing what dreadful lot might be in store for them.

He gave many sorrowing thoughts, also, to his foster-children in the Lawrence Asylum; and when he was not capable of uttering many words, from time to time he said, alternately with his prayers for the women and children, "Remember the Asylum; do not let them forget the Asylum." He told the chaplain that he wished to be buried very privately, "without any fuss," in the same grave with any men of the garrison who might die about the same time. Then he said, speaking rather to himself than to those about him, of his epitaph—"*Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.*" "I should like, too, a text," he added, "'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him. It was on my dear wife's tomb."

He lingered till the beginning of the second day, after he was stricken down, suffering occasionally acute paroxysms of pain, but having many blessed intervals of rest; and at last passed away very tranquilly, "like a little child falling asleep," about eight o'clock a.m. on the 4th of July. "He looked so peaceful and happy," said one who entered the room just after his spirit had departed, "with the most beautiful expression of calm joy on his face. We could not but thank God that his sufferings were over, feeling sure that he was at rest."

After a little while it became necessary to move the body, and some European soldiers were sent for to lift the couch on which it lay. Before they did so, one of the party raised the sheet which covered the face of his beloved chief, and kissed him reverently on the forehead; then the others stooped down and did likewise; and, having so done, bore the body to the verandah. That evening it was buried, in a soldier's grave, with the corpses of four others who had fallen on that day; and so furious was the raging of the enemy at the time, that, I believe, not a single officer of the garrison saw the remains of his beloved general lowered into the grave. But there was not one amongst them who did not feel that he best did honour to the dead by following his great example, and being found ever at his post.

Rough and imperfect as is this brief sketch of Sir Henry Lawrence's career, I hope that it has in some measure set forth the true character of the man, and that, therefore, little need be said about the qualities that constituted his greatness. It will not, I trust, be long before a life so eminently that of a "Christian Warrior"—a life so fitted to encourage and sustain in well-doing by the beauty of its example—will be fully written by one far more capable than I am of doing justice to the theme.* What Wordsworth wrote, Lawrence acted. The ideal portrait of the "Christian Warrior" which the one had drawn, was ever before the other as an exemplar. He read it often; he thought of it continually; he quoted it in his writings. He tried to conform his own life and to assimilate his own character to it: and he succeeded, as all men succeed who are truly in earnest. But, if I were asked what especially it was that more than all perfected the picture of his character, I should say that it was the glow of romance that flushed it all as a glory from above. There was in all that he did a richness and tenderness of sentiment that made it not only good but beautiful. He used to say—and nothing was ever said more truly—"It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life." No words can express better than his own what I wish to say in conclusion, for no words can more clearly set forth what it was that made the peculiar greatness of the man. "The quality," he wrote in 1844,† "variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on the young especially, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable visions of romance; 'but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!' Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practicable result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And truly upon Henry Lawrence this light beamed more and more until the perfect day dawned upon him and his work was accomplished upon earth.

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* It is understood that Sir Herbert Edwardes has been engaged for some years upon a Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.

† Article "Romance and Reality of Indian Life," in the *Calcutta Review*.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER II.

HOW HEREWARD SLEW THE BEAR.

Of Hereward's doings for the next few months nought is known. He may very likely have joined Siward in the Scotch war. He may have looked, wondering, for the first time in his life, upon the bones of the old world, where they rise at Dunkeld out of the lowlands of the Tay; and have trembled lest the black crags of Birnam should topple on his head with all their pines. He may have marched down from that famous leaguer with the Gospatrics and Dolfins, and the rest of the kindred of Crinan (abthane or abbot—let antiquaries decide)—of Dunkeld, and of Duncan, and of Siward, and of the outraged Sibilla. He may have helped himself to bring Birnam Wood to Dunsinane, "on the day of the Seven Sleepers," and heard Siward, when his son Asbiorn's corpse was carried into camp,* ask only, "Has he all his wounds in front?" He may have seen old Siward, after Macbeth's defeat (not death, as Shakespeare relates the story), go back to Northumbria "with such booty as no man had obtained before,"—a proof—if the fact be fact, that the Scotch lowlands were not, in the eleventh century, the poor and barbarous country which some have reported them to have been.

All this is not only possible, but probable enough, the dates considered: the chroniclers, however, are silent. They only say that Hereward was in those days beyond Northumberland with Gisebert of Ghent.

Gisebert, Gislebert, Gilbert, Guibert, Goisbricht, of Ghent, who afterwards owned, by chance of war, many a fair manor about Lincoln city, was one of those valiant Flemings who settled along the east and north-east coast of Scotland in the eleventh century. They fought with the Celtic princes, and then married with their daughters; got to themselves lands "by the title-deed of the sword;" and so became—the famous "Freskin the Fleming" especially—the ancestors of the finest aristocracy, both physically and intellectually, in the world. They had their connexions, moreover, with the Norman court of Rouen, through the Duchess Matilda, daughter of their old Seigneur, Baldwin Marquis of Flanders; their connexions, too, with the English Court, through Countess Judith, wife of Earl Tosti Godwinsson, another daughter of Baldwin's. Their friendship was sought, their enmity feared, far and wide throughout the north. They seem to have been civilisers, and cultivators, and traders—with the instinct of true Flemings—as well as conquerors; they were in those very days bringing to order and tillage the rich lands of the north-east, from the Frith of Moray to that of Forth; and forming a rampart for Scotland against the invasions of Sweyn, Hardraade, and all the wild vikings of the northern seas.

Amongst them, in those days, Gilbert of Ghent seems to have been a notable personage, to judge from the great house which he kept, and the "milites tyrones," or squires in training for the honour of knighthood, who fed at his table. Where he lived, the chroniclers report not. To them the country "ultra Northumbriam," beyond the Forth, was as Russia or Cathay, where

> "Geographers on pathless downs
> Put elephants for want of towns."

As indeed it was to that French map-maker who, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century (not having been to Aberdeen or Elgin), leaves all the country north of the Tay a blank, with the inscription:—"*Terre inculte et sauvage, habitée par les Higlanders.*"

Wherever Gilbert lived, however, he heard that Hereward was outlawed, and sent for him, says the story. And there he lived, doubtless happily enough, fighting Highlanders and hunting deer, so that as yet the pains and penalties of exile did not press very hardly upon him. The handsome, petulant, good-humoured lad had become in a few weeks the darling of Gilbert's ladies, and the envy of all his knights and gentlemen. Hereward the singer, harp-player, dancer,—Hereward the rider and hunter, was in all mouths: but he himself was discontented at having as yet fallen in with no adventure worthy of a man, and looked curiously and longingly at the menagerie of wild beasts enclosed in strong wooden cages, which Gilbert kept in one corner of the great court-yard, not for any scientific purposes, but to try with them, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the mettle of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the honour of knighthood. But after looking over the bulls and stags, wolves and bears, Hereward settled it in his mind that there was none worthy of his steel, save one huge white bear, whom no man had yet dared to face, and whom Hereward, indeed, had never seen, hidden as he was all day within the old oven-shaped Pict's house of stone, which had been turned into his den. There was a mystery about the uncanny brute which charmed Hereward. He was said to be half-human, perhaps wholly human; to be the son of the Fairy Bear, near kinsman, if not uncle or cousin, of Siward Digre. He had, like his fairy father, iron claws; he had human intellect, and understood human speech, and the arts of war,—at least so all in the place believed, and not as absurdly as at first sight seems.

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* Shakespeare makes young Siward his son. He, too, was slain in the battle: but he was Siward's nephew.

For the brown bear, and much more the white, was, among the Northern nations, in himself a creature magical and superhuman. "He is God's dog," whispered the Lapp, and called him "the old man in the fur cloak," afraid to use his right name, even inside the tent, for fear of his overhearing and avenging the insult. "He has twelve men's strength, and eleven men's wit," sang the Norseman, and prided himself accordingly, like a true Norseman, on outwitting and slaying the enchanted monster.

Terrible was the brown bear: but more terrible "the white sea-deer," as the Saxons called him; the hound of Hrymir, the whale's bane, the seal's dread, the rider of the ice-berg, the sailer of the floe, who ranged for his prey under the six months' night, lighted by Surtur's fires, even to the gates of Muspelheim. To slay him was a feat worthy of Beowulf's self; and the greatest wonder, perhaps, among all the wealth of Crowland, was the twelve white bear-skins which lay before the altars, the gift of the great Canute. How Gilbert had obtained his white bear, and why he kept him there in durance vile, was a mystery over which men shook their heads. Again and again Hereward asked his host to let him try his strength against the monster of the North. Again and again the shrieks of the ladies, and Gilbert's own pity for the stripling youth, brought a refusal. But Hereward settled it in his heart, nevertheless, that somehow or other, when Christmas time came round, he would extract from Gilbert, drunk or sober, leave to fight that bear; and then either make himself a name, or die like a man.

Meanwhile Hereward made a friend. Among all the ladies of Gilbert's household, however kind they were inclined to be to him, he took a fancy but to one—and that was to a little girl of eight years old. Alftruda was her name. He liked to amuse himself with this child, without, as he fancied, any danger of falling in love; for already his dreams of love were of the highest and most fantastic; and an Emir's daughter, or a Princess of Constantinople, were the very lowest game at which he meant to fly. Alftruda was beautiful, too, exceedingly, and precocious, and, it may be, vain enough to repay his attentions in good earnest. Moreover she was English as he was, and royal likewise; a relation of Elfgiva, daughter of Ethelred, once King of England, who, as all know, married Uchtred, prince of Northumberland and grandfather of Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, and ancestor of all the Dunbars. Between the English lad then and the English maiden grew up in a few weeks an innocent friendship, which had almost become more than friendship, through the intervention of the Fairy Bear.

For as Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, hawk on fist, with Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, crane and heron, duck and hare, slung over his shoulder, on reaching the court-yard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast. Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear; and no wonder; for in the midst of the court-yard stood the Fairy Bear; his white mane bristled up till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen: his long snake neck and cruel visage wreathed about in search of prey. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs, showed that the beast had turned (like too many of his human kindred) "Berserker." The court-yard was utterly empty: but from the ladies' bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women but of men; and knocking at the bower door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure, which Hereward recognised as Alftruda's. They had barricaded themselves inside, leaving the child out; and now dared not open the door, as the bear swung and rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse, and, drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child; then round again at Hereward: and, making up his mind to take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl which there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike; and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel; he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to nought; lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned. Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes, and saw the huge carcase bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side dead, tearing out of his hand the sword which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood awhile staring at the beast like a man astonied at what he himself had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had conquered. He was now a champion in his own right—a hero of the heroes—one who might take rank, if he went on, beside Beowulf, Frotho, Ragnar Lodbrog, or Harald Hadraade. He had done this deed. What was there after this which he might not do? And he stood there in the fulness of his pride, defiant of earth and heaven, while in his heart arose the thought of that old viking who cried, in the pride of his godlessness, "I never on earth met him whom I feared, and why should I fear Him in heaven? If I met Odin I would fight with Odin. If Odin were the stronger he would slay me: if I were the stronger I would slay him." And there he stood, staring, and dreaming over renown to come, a true pattern of the half-savage hero of those rough times, capable of all vices except cowardice, and capable, too, of all virtues save humility.

"Do you not see," said Martin Lightfoot's voice, close by, "that there is a fair lady trying to thank you, while you are so rude or so proud that you will not vouchsafe her one look?"

It was true. Little Alftruda had been clinging to him for five minutes past. He took the child up in his arms and kissed her with pure kisses, which for a moment softened his hard heart; then, setting her down, he turned to Martin.

"I have done it, Martin."

"Yes, you have done it; I spied you. What will the old folks at home say to this?"

"What care I?"

Martin Lightfoot shook his head, and drew out his knife.

"What is that for?" said Hereward.

"When the master kills the game, the knave can but skin it. We may sleep warm under this fur in many a cold night by sea and moor."

"Nay," said Hereward, laughing; "when the master kills the game he must first carry it home. Let us take him and set him up against the bower door there, to astonish the brave knights inside." And stooping down, he attempted to lift the huge carcase: but in vain. At last, with Martin's help he got it fairly on his shoulders, and the two dragged their burden to the bower and dashed it against the door, shouting with all their might to those within to open it.

Windows, it must be remembered, were in those days so few and far between that the folks inside had remained quite unaware of what was going on without.

The door was opened cautiously enough; and out looked, to the shame of knighthood be it said, two or three knights who had taken shelter in the bower with the ladies. Whatever they were going to say the ladies forestalled, for, rushing out across the prostrate bear, they overwhelmed Hereward with praises, thanks, and, after the straightforward custom of those days, with substantial kisses.

"You must be knighted at once," cried they. "You have knighted yourself by that single blow."

"A pity then," said one of the knights to the others, "that he had not given that accolade to himself, instead of to the bear."

"Unless some means are found," said another, "of taking down this boy's conceit, life will soon be not worth having here."

"Either he must take ship," said a third, "and look for adventures elsewhere, or I must."

Martin Lightfoot heard those words; and knowing that envy and hatred, like all other vices in those rough-hewn times, were apt to take very startling and unmistakeable shapes, kept his eye accordingly on those three knights.

"He must be knighted—he shall be knighted, as soon as Sir Gilbert comes home," said all the ladies in chorus.

"I should be sorry to think," said Hereward, with the blundering mock humility of a self-conceited boy, "that I had done anything worthy of such an honour. I hope to win my spurs by greater feats than these."

A burst of laughter from the knights and gentlemen followed.

"How loud the young bantam crows after his first little scuffle!"

"Hark to him! What will he do next? Eat a dragon? Fly to the moon? Marry the Sophy of Egypt's daughter?"

This last touched Hereward to the quick, for it was just what he thought of doing; and his blood, heated enough already, beat quicker, as some one cried, with the evident intent of picking a quarrel:

"That was meant for us. If the man who killed the bear has not earned knighthood, what must we be, who have not killed him? You understand his meaning, gentlemen—don't forget it!"

Hereward looked down, and setting his foot on the bear's head, wrenched out of it the sword which he had left till now, with pardonable pride, fast set in the skull.

Martin Lightfoot, for his part, drew stealthily from his bosom the little magic axe, keeping his eye on the brain-pan of the last speaker.

The lady of the house cried "Shame!" and ordered the knights away with haughty words and gestures, which, because they were so well deserved, only made the quarrel more deadly.

Then she commanded Hereward to sheathe his sword.

He did so; and turning to the knights, said with all courtesy, "You mistake me, sirs. You were where brave knights should be, within the beleaguered fortress, defending the ladies. Had you remained outside, and been eaten by the bear, what must have befallen them, had he burst open the door? As for this little lass, whom you left outside, she is too young to requite knight's prowess by lady's love; and therefore beneath your attention, and only fit for the care of a boy like me." And taking up Alftruda in his arms, he carried her in and disappeared.

Who now but Hereward was in all men's mouths? The minstrels made ballads on him; the lasses sang his praises (says the chronicler) as they danced upon the green. Gilbert's lady would need give him the seat, and all the honours, of a belted knight, though knight he was none. And daily and weekly the valiant lad grew and hardened into a valiant man, and a courteous one withal, giving no offence himself, and not over ready to take offence at other men.

The knights were civil enough to him, the ladies more than civil; he hunted, he wrestled, he tilted; he was promised a chance of fighting for glory, as soon as a Highland chief should declare war against Gilbert, or drive off his cattle—an event which (and small blame to the Highland chiefs) happened every six months.

No one was so well content with himself as Hereward; and therefore he fancied that the world must be equally content with him, and he was much disconcerted when Martin drew him aside one day, and whispered:

"If I were my lord, I should wear a mail shirt under my coat to-morrow out hunting."

"What?"

"The arrow that can go through a deer's bladebone, can go through a man's."

"Who should harm me?"

"Any man of the dozen who eat at the same table."

"What have I done to them? If I had my laugh at them, they had their laugh at me; and we are quits."

"There is another score, my lord, which you have forgotten, and that is all on your side."

"Eh?"

"You killed the bear. Do you expect them to forgive you that, till they have repaid you with interest?"

"Pish!"

"You do not want for wit, my lord. Use it, and think. What right has a little boy like you to come here, killing bears which grown men cannot kill? What can you expect but just punishment for your insolence—say, a lance between your shoulders while you stoop to drink, as Sigfried had for daring to tame Brunhild? And more, what right have you to come here, and so win the hearts of the ladies, that the lady of all the ladies should say, 'If aught happen to my poor boy—and he cannot live long—I would adopt Hereward for my own son, and show his mother what a fool some folks think her.' So, my lord, put on your mail shirt to-morrow, and take care of narrow ways, and sharp corners. For to-morrow it will be tried, that I know, before my Lord Gilbert comes back from the Highlands: but by whom, I know not, and care little, seeing that there are half-a-dozen in the house who would be glad enough of the chance."

Hereward took his advice, and rode out with three or four knights the next morning into the fir-forest; not afraid, but angry and sad. He was not yet old enough to estimate the virulence of envy; to take ingratitude and treachery for granted. He was to learn the lesson then, as a wholesome chastener to the pride of success. He was to learn it again in later years, as an additional bitterness in the humiliation of defeat; and find out, as does many a man, that if he once fall, or seem to fall, a hundred curs spring up to bark at him, who dared not open their mouths while he was on his legs.

So they rode into the forest, and parted, each with his footman and his dogs, in search of boar and deer; and each had his sport without meeting again for some two hours or more.

Hereward and Martin came at last to a narrow gully, a murderous place enough. Huge fir-trees roofed it in, and made a night of noon. High banks of earth and great boulders walled it in right and left for twenty feet above. The track, what with pack-horses' feet, and what with the wear and tear of five hundred years' rain-fall, was a rut three feet deep and two feet broad, in which no horse could turn. Any other day Hereward would have cantered down it with merely a tightened rein. To-day he turned to Martin, and said—

"A very fit and proper place for this same treason, unless you have been drinking beer and thinking beer."

But Martin was nowhere to be seen.

A pebble thrown from the right bank struck him, and he looked up. Martin's face was peering through the heather overhead, his finger on his lips. Then he pointed cautiously, first up the pass, then down.

Hereward felt that his sword was loose in the sheath, and then griped his lance, with a heart beating, but not with fear.

The next moment he heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs behind him; looked back; and saw a knight charging desperately down the gully, his bow in hand, and arrow drawn to the head.

To turn was impossible. To stop, even to walk on, was to be ridden over and hurled to the ground helplessly. To gain the mouth of the gully, and then turn on his pursuer, was his only chance. For the first and almost the last time in his life, he struck spurs into his horse, and ran away. As he went, an arrow struck him sharply in the back, piercing the corslet, but hardly entering the flesh. As he neared the mouth, two other knights crashed their horses through the brushwood from right and left, and stood awaiting him, their spears ready to strike. He was caught in a trap. A shield might have saved him; but he had none.

He did not flinch. Dropping his reins, and driving in the spurs once more, he met them in full shock. With his left hand he hurled aside the left-hand lance, with his right he hurled his own with all his force at the right-hand foe, and saw it pass clean through the felon's chest, while his lance-point dropped, and passed harmlessly behind his knee.

So much for lances in front. But the knight behind? Would not his sword the next moment be through his brain?

There was a clatter, a crash, and looking back Hereward saw horse and man rolling in the rut, and rolling with them Martin Lightfoot. He had already pinned the felon knight's head against the steep bank, and, with uplifted axe, was meditating a pick at his face which would have stopped alike his love-making and his fighting.

"Hold thy hand," shouted Hereward. "Let us see who he is; and remember that he is at least a knight."

"But one that will ride no more to-day. I finished his horse's going as I rolled down the bank."

It was true. He had broken the poor beast's leg with a blow of the axe, and they had to kill the horse out of pity ere they left.

Martin dragged his prisoner forward.

"You?" cried Hereward. "And I saved your life three days ago!"

The knight answered nothing.

"You will have to walk home. Let that be punishment enough for you," and he turned.

"He will have to ride in a woodman's cart, if he have the luck to find one."

The third knight had fled, and after him the dead man's horse. Hereward and his man rode home in peace, and the third knight, after trying vainly to walk a mile or two, fell and lay, and was fain to fulfil Martin's prophecy, and be brought home in a cart, to carry for years after, like Sir Lancelot, the nickname of the Chevalier de la Charette.

And so was Hereward avenged of his enemies. Judicial, even private, inquiry into the matter there was none. That gentlemen should meet in the forest and commit, or try to commit, murder on each other's bodies, was far too common a mishap in the ages of faith to stir up more than an extra gossiping and cackling among the women, and an extra cursing and threatening among the men; and as the former were all but unanimously on Hereward's side, his plain and honest story was taken as it stood.

"And now, fair lady," said Hereward to his hostess, "I must thank you for all your hospitality, and bid you farewell for ever and a day."

She wept, and entreated him only to stay till her lord came back; but Hereward was firm.

"You, lady, and your good lord will I ever love; and at your service my sword shall ever be: but not here. Ill blood I will not make. Among traitors I will not dwell. I have killed two of them, and shall have to kill two of their kinsmen next, and then two more, till you have no knights left; and pity that would be. No; the world is wide, and there are plenty of good fellows in it who will welcome me without forcing me to wear mail under my coat out hunting."

And he armed himself *cap-à-pié*, and rode away. Great was the weeping in the bower, and great the chuckling in the hall: but never saw they Hereward again upon the Scottish shore.

CHAPTER III.

HOW HEREWARD SUCCOURED A PRINCESS OF CORNWALL.

The next place in which Hereward appeared was far away on the South-West, upon the Cornish shore. How he came there, or after how long, the chronicles do not say. All that shall be told is that he went into port on board a merchant ship carrying wine, and intending to bring back tin. The merchants had told him of one Alef, a valiant "regulus" or kinglet of those parts, who was indeed a distant connection of Hereward himself, having married, as did so many of the Celtic princes, the daughter of a Danish sea rover, of Siward's blood. They told him also that the kinglet increased his wealth not only by the sale of tin and of red cattle, but by a certain amount of autumnal piracy in company with his Danish brothers-in-law from Dublin and Waterford; and Hereward, who believed with most Englishmen of the East Country that Cornwall still produced a fair crop of giants, some of them with two and even three heads, had hopes that Alef might show him some adventure worthy of his sword. He sailed in therefore over a rolling bar, between jagged points of black rock, and up a tide river which wandered away inland, like a land-locked lake, between high green walls of oak and ash, till they saw at the head of the tide Alef's town, nestling in a glen which sloped towards the southern sun. They discovered, besides, two ships drawn up upon the beach, whose long lines and snake-heads, beside the stoat carved on the beak-head of one, and the adder on that of the other, bore witness to the piratical habits of their owner. The merchants, it seemed, were well known to the Cornishmen on shore, and Hereward went up with them unopposed; past the ugly dykes and muddy leats, where Alef's slaves were streaming the gravel for tin ore; through rich alluvial pastures spotted with red cattle, and up to Alef's town. Earthworks and stockades surrounded a little church of ancient stone, and a cluster of granite cabins thatched with turf, in which the slaves abode, and in the centre of all a vast stone barn, with low walls and high sloping roof, which contained Alef's family, treasures, fighting tail, horses, cattle, and pigs. They entered at one end between the pigstyes, passed on through the cow stalls, then through the stables, and saw before them, dim through the reek of thick peat-smoke, a long oaken table, at which sat huge dark-haired Cornishmen, with here and there among them the yellow head of a Norseman, who were Alef's following of fighting men. Boiled meat was there in plenty, barley cakes, and ale. At the head of the table, on a high-backed settle, was Alef himself, a jolly giant, who was just setting to work to drink himself stupid with mead made from narcotic heather honey. By his side sat a lovely dark-haired girl, with great gold torcs upon her throat and wrists, and a great gold brooch fastening a shawl which had plainly come from the looms of Spain or of the East; and next to her again, feeding her with tit-bits cut off with his own dagger, and laid on barley cake instead of a plate, sat a more gigantic personage even than Alef, the biggest man that Hereward had ever seen, with high cheek bones, and small ferret eyes, looking out from a greasy mass of bright red hair and beard.

No questions were asked of the new comers. They set themselves down in silence in empty places, and according to the laws of the good old Cornish hospitality, were allowed to eat and drink their fill before they spoke a word.

"Welcome here again, friend," said Alef at last, in good enough Danish, calling the eldest merchant by name. "Do you bring wine?"

The merchant nodded.

"And you want tin?"

The merchant nodded again, and lifting his cup drank Alef's health, following it up by a coarse joke in Cornish, which raised a laugh all round.

The Norse trader of those days, it must be remembered, was none of the cringing and effeminate chapmen who figure in the stories of the middle ages. A free Norse or Dane, himself often of noble blood, he fought as willingly as he bought; and held his own as an equal, whether at the court of a Cornish kinglet or at that of the Great Kaiser of the Greeks.

"And you, fair sir," said Alef, looking keenly at Hereward, "by what name shall I call you, and what service can I do for you? You look more like an earl's son than a merchant, and are come here surely for other things besides tin."

"Health to King Alef," said Hereward, raising the cup. "Who I am, I will tell to none but Alef's self: but an earl's son I am, though an outlaw and a rover. My lands are the breadth of my boot sole. My plough is my sword. My treasure is my good right hand. Nothing I have, and nothing I need, save to serve noble kings and earls, and win me a champion's fame. If you have battles to fight, tell me; that I may fight them for you. If you have none, thank God for his peace; and let me eat and drink, and go in peace."

"King Alef needs neither man nor boy to fight his battle as long as Ironhook sits in his hall."

It was the red-bearded giant who spoke in a broken tongue, part Scotch, part Cornish, part Danish, which Hereward could hardly understand: but that the ogre intended to insult him he understood well enough.

Hereward had hoped to find giants in Cornwall: and behold he had found one at once; though rather, to judge from his looks, a Pictish than a Cornish giant; and true to his reckless determination to defy and fight every man and beast who was willing to defy and fight him, he turned on his elbow and stared at Ironhook in scorn, meditating some speech which might provoke the hoped-for quarrel.

As he did so his eye happily caught that of the fair Princess. She was watching him with a strange look, admiring, warning, imploring; and when she saw that he noticed her, she laid her finger on her lip in token of silence, crossed herself devoutly, and then laid her finger on her lips again, as if beseeching him to be patient and silent in the name of Him who answered not again.

Hereward, as is well seen, wanted not for quick wit, or for chivalrous feeling. He had observed the rough devotion of the giant to the Lady. He had observed too, that she shrank from it; that she turned away with loathing when he offered her his own cup, while he answered by a dark and deadly scowl.

Was there an adventure here? Was she in duresse either from this Ironhook or from her father, or from both? Did she need Hereward's help? If so, she was so lovely that he could not refuse it. And on the chance, he swallowed down his high stomach, and answered blandly enough.

"One could see without eyes, noble sir, that you were worth any ten common men: but as every one has not like you the luck of so lovely a lady by your side, I thought that perchance you might hand over some of your lesser quarrels to one like me, who has not yet seen so much good fighting as yourself, and enjoy yourself in pleasant company at home, as I should surely do in your place."

The Princess shuddered and turned pale; then looked at Hereward and smiled her thanks. Ironhook laughed a savage laugh.

Hereward's jest being translated into Cornish for the benefit of the company, was highly approved by all; and good-humour being restored, every man got drunk save Hereward, who found the mead too sweet and sickening.

After which those who could go to bed, went to bed, not as in England* among the rushes on the floor, but in the bunks or berths of wattle which stood two or three tiers high along the wall.

The next morning as Hereward went out to wash his face and hands in the brook below (he being the only man in the house who did so), Martin Lightfoot followed him.

"What is it, Martin? Hast thou had too much of that sweet mead last night that thou must come out to cool thy head too?"

"I came out for two reasons—first to see fair play, in case that Ironhook should come to wash his ugly visage, and find you on all fours over the brook—you understand? And next to tell you what I heard last night among the maids."

"And what did you hear?"

"Fine adventures, if we can but compass them. You saw that lady with the carrot-headed fellow. I saw that you saw. Well, if you will believe me, that man has no more gentle blood than I have—has no more right to sit on the settle than I. He is a No-man's son, a Pict from Galloway, who came down with a pirate crew and has made himself the master of this drunken old Prince, and the darling of all his housecarles, and now will needs be his son-in-law whether he will or not."

"I thought as much," said Hereward; "but how didst thou find out this?"

"I went out and sat with the knaves and the maids, and listened to their harp-playing, and harp they can, these Cornish, like very elves; and then I too sang songs and told them stories, for I can talk their tongue somewhat, till they all blest me for a right good fellow. And then I fell to praising up old Ironhook to the women."

"Praising him up, man?"

"Ay, just because I suspected him; for the women are so contrary that if you speak evil of a man they will surely speak good of him; but if you will only speak good of him, then you will hear all the evil of him he ever has done, and more beside. And this I heard; that the King's daughter cannot abide him, and would as lief marry a seal."

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* Cornwall was not then considered part of England.

"One did not need to be told that," said Hereward, "as long as one has eyes in one's head. I will kill the fellow, and carry her off, ere four-and twenty hours be past."

"Softly, softly, my young master. You need to be told something that your eyes would not tell you, and that is that the poor lass is betrothed already to a son of old King Ranald the Ostman, of Waterford, son of old King Sigtryg, who ruled there when I was a boy."

"He is a kinsman of mine then," said Hereward. "All the more reason that I should kill this ruffian."

"If you can," said Martin Lightfoot.

"If I can?" retorted Hereward fiercely.

"Well, well, wilful heart must have its way, only take my counsel; speak to the poor young lady first and see what she will tell you, lest you only make bad worse, and bring down her father and his men on her as well as you."

Hereward agreed, and resolved to watch his opportunity of speaking to the princess.

As they went in to the morning meal they met Alef. He was in high good humour with Hereward; and all the more so when Hereward told him his name, and how he was the son of Leofric.

"I will warrant you are," he said, "by the grey head you carry on green shoulders. No discreeter man, they say, in these isles than the old earl."

"You speak truth, sir," said Hereward, "though he be no father of mine now, for of Leofric it is said in King Edward's court, that if a man ask counsel of him, it is as though he had asked it of the oracles of God."

"Then you are his true son, young man. I saw how you kept the peace with Ironhook, and I owe you thanks for it; for though he is my good friend, and will be my son-in-law ere long, yet a quarrel with him is more than I can abide just now, and I should not like to have seen my guest and my kinsman slain in my house."

Hereward would have said that he thought there was no fear of that:—but he prudently held his tongue, and having an end to gain, listened instead of talking,

"Twenty years ago, of course, I could have thrashed him as easily as——but now I am getting old and shaky, and the man has been a great help in need; six kings of these parts has he killed for me, who drove off my cattle, and stopped my tin works, and plundered my monks' cells too, which is worse, while I was away sailing the seas; and he is a right good fellow at heart, though he be a little rough. So be friends with him as long as you stay here, and if I can do you a service I will."

They went in to their morning meal, at which Hereward resolved to keep the peace which he longed to break, and, therefore, as was to be expected, broke.

For during the meal the fair lady, with no worse intention perhaps than that of teasing her tyrant, fell to open praises of Hereward's fair face and golden hair, and being insulted therefore by the Ironhook, retaliated by observations about his personal appearance, which were more common in the eleventh century than they happily are now. He, to comfort himself, drank deep of the French wine which had just been bought and broached, and then went out into the courtyard, where in the midst of his admiring fellow ruffians he enacted a scene as ludicrous as it was pitiable. All the childish vanity of the savage boiled over. He strutted, he shouted, he tossed about his huge limbs, he called for a harper, and challenged all around to dance, sing, leap, fight, do anything against him; meeting with nothing but admiring silence, he danced himself out of breath, and then began boasting once more, of his fights, his cruelties, his butcheries, his impossible escapes and victories; till at last, as luck would have it, he espied Hereward, and poured out a stream of abuse against Englishmen and English courage.

"Englishmen," he said, "were nought. Had he not slain three of them himself with one blow?"

"Of your mouth, I suppose," quoth Hereward, who saw that the quarrel must come, and was glad to have it done and over.

"Of my mouth?" roared Ironhook, "of my sword, man!"

"Of your mouth," said Hereward, "Of your brain were they begotten, of the breath of your mouth they were born, and by the breath of your mouth you can slay them again as often as you choose."

The joke, as it has been handed down to us by the old chroniclers, seems clumsy enough: but it sent the princess, say they, into shrieks of laughter.

"Were it not that my lord Alef was here," shouted Ironhook, "I would kill you out of hand."

"Promise to fight fair, and do your worst. The more fairly you fight, the more honour you will win," said Hereward.

Whereupon the two were parted for the while.

Two hours afterwards Hereward, completely armed with helmet and mail shirt, sword and javelin, hurried across the great courtyard with Martin Lightfoot at his heels, towards the little church upon the knoll above. The two wild men entered into the cool darkness, and saw before them by the light of a tiny lamp the crucifix over the altar, and beneath it that which was then believed to be the body of Him who made heaven and earth. They stopped trembling for a moment; bowed themselves before that to them perpetual miracle; and then hurried on to a low doorway to the right, inside which dwelt Alef's chaplain, one of those good Celtic priests who were supposed to represent a Christianity more ancient than, and all but independent of, the then all-absorbing Church of Rome.

The cell was such a one as a convict would now disdain to inhabit. A low lean-to roof; the slates and rafters unceiled; the stone walls and floor unplastered; ill-lighted by a hand-broad window, unglazed, and closed with a shutter at night. A truss of straw and a rug, the priest's bed, lay in a corner. The only other furniture was a large oak chest, containing the holy vessels and vestments and a few old books. It stood directly under the window for the sake of light, for it served the good priest for both table and chair; and on it he was sitting reading in his book at that minute, the sunshine and the wind streaming in behind his head, doing no good to his rheumatism of thirty years' standing.

"Is there a priest here?" asked Hereward hurriedly.

The old man looked up, shook his head, and answered in Cornish.

"Speak to him in Latin, Martin: may be he will understand that."

Martin spoke. "My lord here wants a priest to shrive him, and that quickly. He is going to fight the great tyrant Ironhook, as you call him."

"Ironhook?" answered the priest in good Latin enough, "And he so young! God help him, he is a dead man! What is this. A fresh soul sent to its account by the hands of that man of Belial? Cannot he entreat him; can he not make peace, and save his young life? He is but a stripling, and that man, like Goliath of old, a man of war from his youth up."

"And my master," said Martin Lightfoot proudly, "is like young David—one that can face a giant and kill him; for he has slain, like David, his lion and his bear ere now. At least he is one that will neither make peace, nor entreat the face of living man. So shrive him quickly, master Priest, and let him be gone to his work."

Poor Martin Lightfoot spoke thus bravely only to keep up his spirits and his young lord's—for in spite of his confidence in Hereward's prowess, he had given him up for a lost man; and the tears ran down his rugged cheeks, as the old priest rising up and seizing Hereward's two hands in his, besought him with the passionate and graceful eloquence of his race, to have mercy upon his own youth.

Hereward understood his meaning, though not his words.

"Tell him," he said to Martin, "that fight I must, and tell him that shrive me he must and that quickly. Tell him how the fellow met me in the wood below just now, and would have slain me there unarmed as I was; and how when I told him it was a shame to strike a naked man, he told me he would give me but one hour's grace to go back, on the faith of a gentleman, for my armour and weapons, and meet him there again to die by his hand.—So shrive me quick, Sir Priest."

Hereward knelt down. Martin Lightfoot knelt down by him, and with a trembling voice began to interpret for him.

"What does he say?" asked Hereward, as the priest murmured something to himself.

"He said," quoth Martin, now fairly blubbering, "that fair and young as you are, your shrift should be as short and as clean as David's."

Hereward was touched. "Anything but that," said he, smiting on his breast, "Mea culpa—mea culpa—mea maxima culpa."

"Tell him how I robbed my father."

The priest groaned as Martin did so.

"And how I mocked at my mother, and left her in a rage, without ever a kind word between us. And how I have slain I know not how many men in battle, though that, I trust, need not lay heavily on my soul, seeing that I killed them all in fair fight."

Again the priest groaned.

"And how I robbed a certain priest of his money and gave it away to my housecarles."

Here the priest groaned more bitterly still.

"Oh! my son, my son, where hast thou found time to lay all these burdens on thy young soul?"

"It will take less time," said Martin bluntly, "for you to take the burdens off again."

"But I dare not absolve him for robbing a priest. Heaven help him! He must go to the bishop for that. He is more fit to go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem than to battle."

"He has no time," quoth Martin, "for bishops or Jerusalem."

"Tell him," says Hereward, "that in this purse is all I have, that in it he will find sixty silver pennies, beside two strange coins of gold."

"Sir Priest," said Martin Lightfoot, taking the purse from Hereward, and keeping it in his own hand, "there are in this bag monies."

Martin had no mind to let the priest into the secret of the state of their finances.

"And tell him," continued Hereward, "that if I fall in this battle I give him all that money, that he may part it among the poor for the good of my soul."

"Pish!" said Martin to his lord; "that is paying him for having you killed. You should pay him for keeping you alive." And without waiting for the answer, he spoke in Latin.

"And if he comes back safe from this battle, he will give you ten pennies for yourself and your church, Priest, and therefore expects you to pray your very loudest while he is gone."

"I will pray, I will pray," said the holy man; "I will wrestle in prayer. Ah! that he could slay the wicked, and reward the proud according to his deservings. Ah! that he could rid me and my master, and my young lady, of this son of Belial—this devourer of widows and orphans—this slayer of the poor and needy, who fills this place with innocent blood—him of whom it is written, 'They stretch forth their mouth unto the heaven, and their tongue goeth through the world. Therefore fall the people unto them, and thereout suck they no small advantage.' I will shrive him, shrive him of all save robbing the priest, and for that he must go to the bishop, if he live: and, if not, the Lord have mercy on his soul."

And so, weeping and trembling, the good old man pronounced the words of absolution.

Hereward rose, thanked him, and then hurried out in silence.

"You will pray your very loudest, Priest," said Martin, as he followed his young lord.

"I will, I will," quoth he, and kneeling down began to chaunt that noble 73rd Psalm, "Quam bonus Israel," which he had just so fitly quoted.

"Thou gavest him the bag, Martin?" said Hereward, as they hurried on.

"You are not dead yet. 'No pay no play' is as good a rule for priest as for layman."

"Now then, Martin Lightfoot, good-bye. Come not with me. It must never be said, even slanderously, that I brought two into the field against one; and if I die, Martin——"

"You won't die!" said Lightfoot, shutting his teeth.

"If I die, go back to my people somehow, and tell them that I died like a true earl's son."

Hereward held out his hand; Martin fell on his knees and kissed it; watched him with set teeth till he disappeared in the wood; and then started forward and entered the bushes at a different spot.

"I must be nigh at hand to see fair play," he muttered to himself, "in case any of his ruffians be hanging about. Fair play I'll see, and fair play I'll give, too, for the sake of my lord's honour, though I be bitterly loth to do it. So many times as I have been a villain when it was of no use, why mayn't I be one now, when it would serve the purpose indeed? Why did we ever come into this accursed place? But one thing I will do," said he, as he ensconced himself under a thick holly, whence he could see the meeting of the combatants upon an open lawn some twenty yards away; "if that big bull-calf kills my master, and I do not jump on his back and pick his brains out with this trusty steel of mine, may my right arm——"

And Martin Lightfoot swore a fearful oath, which need not here be written.

The priest had just finished his chaunt of the 73rd Psalm, and had betaken himself in his spiritual warfare, as it was then called, to the equally apposite 52nd, "Quid gloriaris?"

"Why boastest thou thyself, thou tyrant, that thou canst do mischief, whereas the goodness of God endureth yet daily?"

"Father! father!" cried a soft voice in the doorway, "where are you?"

And in hurried the princess.

"Hide this," she said, breathless, drawing from beneath her mantle a huge sword; "hide it, where no one dare touch it, under the altar behind the holy rood: no place too secret."

"What is it?" asked the priest, springing up from his knees.

"His sword—the Ogre's—his magic sword, which kills whomsoever it strikes. I coaxed the wretch to let me have it last night when he was tipsy, for fear he should quarrel with the young stranger; and I have kept it from him ever since by one excuse or another; and now he has sent one of his ruffians in for it, saying, that if I do not give it up at once he will come back and kill me."

"He dare not do that," said the priest.

"What is there that he dare not?" said she. "Hide it at once; I know that he wants it to fight with this Hereward."

"If he wants it for that," said the priest, "it is too late; for half an hour is past since Hereward went to meet him."

"And you let him go? You did not persuade him, stop him? You let him go hence to his death?"

In vain the good man expostulated and explained that it was no fault of his.

"You must come with me this instant to my father—to them; they must be parted. They shall be parted. If you dare not, I dare. I will throw myself between them, and he that strikes the other shall strike me."

And she hurried the priest out of the house, down the knoll, and across the yard. There they found others on the same errand. The news that a battle was toward had soon spread, and the men-at-arms were hurrying down to the fight; kept back, however, by Alef, who strode along at their head.

Alef was sorely perplexed in mind. He had taken, as all honest men did, a great liking to Hereward. Moreover, he was his kinsman and his guest. Save him he would if he could; but how to save him without mortally offending his tyrant Ironhook he could not see. At least he would exert what little power he had, and prevent, if possible, his men-at-arms from helping their darling leader against the hapless lad.

Alef's perplexity was much increased when his daughter bounded towards him, seizing him by the arm, and hurried him on, showing by look and word which of the combatants she favoured, so plainly that the ruffians behind broke into scornful murmurs. They burst through the bushes. Martin Lightfoot, happily, heard them coming, and had just time to slip away noiselessly, like a rabbit, to the other part of the cover.

The combat seemed at the first glance to be one between a grown man and a child, so unequal was the size of the combatants. But the second look showed that the advantage was by no means with Ironhook. Stumbling to and fro with the broken shaft of a javelin sticking in his thigh, he vainly tried to seize and crush Hereward in his enormous arms. Hereward bleeding, but still active and upright, broke away, and sprang round him, watching for an opportunity to strike a deadly blow. The housecarles rushed forward with yells. Alef shouted to the combatants to desist: but ere the party could reach them, Hereward's opportunity had come. Ironhook after a fruitless lunge stumbled forward. Hereward leapt aside, and spying an unguarded spot below the corslet, drove his sword deep into the giant's body, and rolled him over upon the sward. Then arose shouts of fury.

"Foul play!" cried one.

And others taking up the cry, called out, "Sorcery!" and "Treason!"

Hereward stood over Ironhook as he lay writhing and foaming on the ground.

"Killed by a boy at last!" groaned he. "If I had but had my own sword—my Brain-biter which that witch stole from me but last night!"—and amid foul curses and bitter tears of shame his mortal spirit fled to its doom.

The housecarles rushed in on Hereward, who had enough to do to keep them at arm's length by long sweeps of his sword.

Alef entreated, threatened, promised a fair trial if the men would give fair play: when, to complete the confusion, the princess threw herself upon the corpse, shrieking and tearing her hair; and to Hereward's surprise and disgust, bewailed the prowess and the virtues of the dead, calling upon all present to avenge his murder.

Hereward vowed inwardly that he would never again trust woman's fancy, or fight in woman's quarrel. He was now nigh at his wits' end; the housecarles had closed round him in a ring with the intention of seizing him; and however well he might defend his front, he might be crippled at any moment from behind: but in the very nick of time Martin Lightfoot burst through the crowd, set himself heel to heel with his master, and broke out, not with threats, but with a good-humoured laugh.

"Here is a pretty coil about a red-headed brute of a Pict! Danes, Ostmen," he cried, "are you not ashamed to call such a fellow your lord, when you have such a true earl's son as this to lead you if you will?"

The Ostmen in the company looked at each other. Martin Lightfoot saw that his appeal to the antipathies of race had told, and followed it up by a string of witticisms upon the Pictish nation in general, of which the only two fit for modern ears to be set down were the two old stories, that the Picts had feet so large that they used to lie upon their backs and hold up their legs to shelter them from the sun; and that when killed, they could not fall down, but died as they were, all standing.

"So that the only foul play I can see is, that my master shoved the fellow over after he had stabbed him, instead of leaving him to stand upright there, like one of your Cornish Dolmens, till his flesh should fall off his bones."

Hereward saw the effect of Martin's words, and burst out in Danish likewise.

"Look at me!" he said, "I am Hereward the outlaw, I am the champion, I am the Berserker, I am the Viking, I am the land thief, the sea thief, the ravager of the world, the bear slayer, the Ogre killer, the raven fattener, the darling of the wolf, the curse of the widow. Touch me, and I will give you to the raven and to the wolf, as I have this Ogre. Be my men, and follow me over the swan's road, over the whale's bath, over the long-snake's leap, to the land where the sea meets the sun, and golden apples hang on every tree; and we will freight our ships with Moorish maidens, and the gold of Cadiz and Algiers."

"Hark to the Viking! Hark to the right earl's son!" shouted some of the Danes, whose blood had been stirred many a time before by such wild words, and on whom Hereward's youth and beauty had their due effect. And now the counsels of the ruffians being divided, the old priest gained courage to step in. Let them deliver Hereward and his serving man into his custody. He would bring them forth on the morrow, and there should be full investigation and fair trial. And so Hereward and Martin, who both refused stoutly to give up their arms, were marched back into the town, locked in the little church, and left to their meditations.

Hereward sat down on the pavement and cursed the princess. Martin Lightfoot took off his master's corslet, and, as well as the darkness would allow, bound up his wounds, which happily were not severe.

"Were I you," said he at last, "I should keep my curses till I saw the end of this adventure."

"Has not the girl betrayed me shamefully?"

"Not she. I saw her warn you, as far as looks could do, not to quarrel with the man."

"That was because she did not know me. Little she thought that I could——"

"Don't holla till you are out of the wood. This is a night for praying rather than boasting."

"She cannot really love that wretch," said Hereward, after a pause. "You saw how she mocked him."

"Women are strange things, and often tease most where they love most."

"But such a misbegotten savage."

"Women are strange things, say I, and with some a big fellow is a pretty fellow, be he uglier than seven Ironhooks. Still, just because women are strange things, have patience, say I."

The lock creaked, and the old priest came in. Martin leapt to the open door; but it was slammed in his face by men outside with scornful laughter.

The priest took Hereward's head in his hands, wept over him, blest him for having slain Goliath like young David, and then set food and drink before the two; but he answered Martin's questions only with sighs and shakings of the head.

"Let us eat and drink then," said Martin, "and after that you, my lord, sleep off your wounds while I watch the door. I have no fancy for these fellows taking us unawares at night."

Martin lay quietly across the door till the small hours, listening to every sound, till the key creaked once more in the lock. He started at the sound, and seizing the person who entered round the neck, whispered, "One word, and you are dead."

"Do not hurt me," half shrieked a stifled voice; and Martin Lightfoot, to his surprise, found that he had grasped no armed man, but the slight frame of a young girl.

"I am the Princess," she whispered, "let me in."

"A very pretty hostage for us," thought Martin, and letting her go seized the key, locking the door in the inside.

"Take me to your master," she cried, and Martin led her up the church wondering, but half suspecting some further trap.

"You have a dagger in your hand," said he, holding her wrist.

"I have. If I had meant to use it, it would have been used first on you. Take it, if you like."

She hurried up to Hereward, who lay sleeping quietly on the altar-steps; knelt by him, wrung his hands, called him her champion, her deliverer.

"I am not well awake yet," said he coldly, "and don't know whether this may not be a dream, as more that I have seen and heard seems to be."

"It is no dream. I am true. I was always true to you. Have I not put myself in your power? Am I not come here to deliver you, my deliverer?"

"The tears which you shed over your ogre's corpse seem to have dried quickly enough."

"Cruel! What else could I do? You heard him accuse me to those ruffians of having stolen his sword. My life, my father's life, were not safe a moment, had I not dissembled, and done the thing I loathed. Ah!" she went on bitterly. "You men, who rule the world and us by cruel steel, you forget that we poor women have but one weapon left wherewith to hold our own, and that is cunning; and are driven by you day after day to tell the lie which we detest."

"Then you really stole his sword?"

"And hid it here, for your sake!" and she drew the weapon from behind the altar.

"Take it. It is yours now. It is magical. Whoever smites with it, need never smite again. Now, quick, you must be gone. But promise one thing before you go."

"If I leave this land safe, I will do it, be it what it may. Why not come with me, lady, and see it done?"

She laughed. "Vain boy, do you think that I love you well enough for that?"

"I have won you, and why should I not keep you?" said Hereward sullenly.

"Do you not know that I am betrothed to your kinsman? And—though that you cannot know—that I love your kinsman?"

"So I have all the blows, and none of the spoil."

"Tush, you have the glory—and the sword—and the chance, if you will do my bidding, of being called by all ladies a true and gentle knight, who cared not for his own pleasure, but for deeds of chivalry. Go to my betrothed—to Waterford over the sea. Take him this ring, and tell him by that token to come and claim me soon, lest he run the danger of losing me a second time, and lose me then for ever; for I am in hard case here, and were it not for my father's sake, perhaps I might be weak enough, in spite of what men might say, to flee with you to your kinsman across the sea."

"Trust me and come," said Hereward, whose young blood kindled with a sudden nobleness—"Trust me and I will treat you like my sister, like my queen. By the holy rood above I will swear to be true to you."

"I do trust you, but it cannot be. Here is money for you in plenty to hire a passage if you need: it is no shame to take it from me. And now one thing more. Here is a cord—you must bind the hands and feet of the old priest inside, and then you must bind mine likewise."

"Never," quoth Hereward.

"It must be. How else can I explain your having got the key? I made them give me the key on the pretence that with one who had most cause to hate you, it would be safe; and when they come and find us in the morning I shall tell them how I came here to stab you with my own hands—you must lay the dagger by me—and how you and your man fell upon us and bound us, and you escaped. Ah! Mary Mother," continued the maiden with a sigh, "when shall we poor weak women have no more need of lying?"

She lay down, and Hereward, in spite of himself, gently bound her hands and feet, kissing them as he bound them.

"I shall do well here upon the altar steps," said she. "How can I spend my time better till the morning light than to lie here and pray?"

The old priest, who was plainly in the plot, submitted meekly to the same fate; and Hereward and Martin Lightfoot stole out, locking the door, but leaving the key in it outside. To scramble over the old earthwork was an easy matter; and in a few minutes they were hurrying down the valley to the sea, with a fresh breeze blowing behind them from the north.

"Did I not tell you, my lord," said Martin Lightfoot, "to keep your curses till you had seen the end of this adventure?"

Hereward was silent. His brain was still whirling from the adventures of the day, and his heart was very deeply touched. His shrift of the morning, hurried and formal as it had been, had softened him. His danger—for he felt how he had been face to face with death—had softened him likewise; and he repented somewhat of his vainglorious and bloodthirsty boasting over a fallen foe, as he began to see that there was a purpose more noble in life than ranging land and sea, a ruffian among ruffians, seeking for glory amid blood and flame. The idea of chivalry, of succouring the weak and the opprest, of keeping faith and honour not merely towards men who could avenge themselves, but towards women who could not; the dim dawn of purity, gentleness, and the conquest of his own fierce passions—all these had taken root in his heart during his adventure with the fair Cornish girl.

The seed was sown. Would it be cut down again by the bitter blasts of the rough fighting world, or would it grow and bear the noble fruit of "gentle very perfect knighthood?"

They reached the ship, clambered on board without ceremony, at the risk of being taken and killed as robbers, and told their case. The merchants had not completed their cargo of tin. Hereward offered to make up their loss to them if they would set sail at once; and they, feeling that the place would be for some time to come too hot to hold them, and being also in high delight, like honest Ostmen, with Hereward's prowess, agreed to sail straight for Waterford, and complete their cargo there. But the tide was out. It was three full hours before the ship could float; and for three full hours they waited in fear and trembling, expecting the Cornishmen to be down upon them in a body every moment; under which wholesome fear some on board prayed fervently who had never been known to pray before.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW HEREWARD TOOK SERVICE WITH RANALD, KING OF WATERFORD.

THE coasts of Ireland were in a state of comparative peace in the middle of the eleventh century. The ships of Loghlin, seen far out at sea, no longer drove the population shrieking inland. Heathen Danes, whether fair-haird Fiongall from Norway, or brown-haird Dubgall from Denmark proper, no longer burned convents, tortured monks for their gold, or (as at Clonmacnoise) set a heathen princess, Oda, wife of Thorgill, son of Harold Harfager, aloft on the high altar to receive the homage of the conquered. The Scandinavian invaders had become Christianised, and civilised also—owing to their continual intercourse with foreign nations—more highly than the Irish whom they had overcome. That was easy; for early Irish civilisation seems to have existed only in the convents and for the religious; and when they were crushed, mere barbarism was left behind. And now the same process went on in the east of Ireland, which went on a generation or two later in the east of Scotland. The Danes began to settle down into peaceful colonists and traders. Ireland was poor; and the convents plundered once could not be plundered again. The Irish were desperately brave. Ill-armed and almost naked, they were as perfect in the arts of forest warfare as those modern Maories whom they so much resemble; and though their black skenes and light darts were no match for the Danish swords and battleaxes which they adopted during the middle age, or their plaid trousers and felt capes for the Danish helmet and chain corslet, still an Irishman was so ugly a foe, that it was not worth while to fight with him unless he could be robbed afterwards. The Danes, who, like their descendants of Northumbria, the Lowlands, and Ulster, were canny common-sense folk, with a shrewd eye to interest, found, somewhat to their regret, that there were trades even more profitable than robbery and murder. They therefore concentrated themselves round harbours and river mouths, and sent forth their ships to all the western seas, from Dublin, Waterford, Wexford, Cork, or Limerick. Every important seaport in Ireland owes its existence to those sturdy Vikings' sons. In each of these towns they had founded a petty kingdom, which endured until, and even in some cases after, the conquest of Ireland by Henry II. and Strongbow. They intermarried in the meanwhile with the native Irish. Brian Boru, for instance, was so connected with Danish royalty, that it is still a question whether he himself had not Danish blood in his veins. King Sigtryg Silkbeard, who fought against him at Clontarf, was actually his step-son—and so too, according to another Irish chronicler, was King Olaff Kvaran, who even at the time of the battle of Clontarf was married to Brian Boru's daughter—a marriage which (if a fact) was startlingly within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. But the ancient Irish were sadly careless on such points; and as Giraldus Cambrensis says, "followed the example of men of old in their vices more willingly than in their virtues."

More than forty years had elapsed since that famous battle of Clontarf, and since Ragnvald, Reginald, or Ranald, son of Sigtryg the Norseman, had been slain therein by Brian Boru. On that one day, so the Irish sang, the Northern invaders were exterminated, once and for all, by the Milesian hero, who had craftily used the strangers to fight his battles, and then the moment they became formidable to himself, crushed them till "from Howth to Brandon in Kerry, there was not a threshing floor without a Danish slave threshing thereon, or a quern without a Danish woman grinding thereat."

Nevertheless, in spite of the total annihilation of the Danish power in the Emerald isle, Ranald seemed to the eyes of men to be still a hale old warrior, ruling constitutionally—that is, with a wholesome fear of being outlawed or murdered if he misbehaved—over the Danes in Waterford; with five hundred fair-haired warriors at his back, two-edged axe on shoulder, and two-edged sword on thigh. His ships drove a thriving trade with France and Spain in Irish fish, butter, honey and furs. His workmen coined money in the old round tower of Dundory, built by his predecessor and namesake about the year 1003, which stands as Reginald's tower to this day. He had fought many a bloody battle since his death at Clontarf, by the side of his old leader Sigtryg Silkbeard. He had been many a time to Dublin to visit his even more prosperous and formidable friend; and was so delighted with the new church of the Holy Trinity, which Sigtryg and his bishop Donatus had just built, not in the Danish or Ostman town, but in the heart of ancient Celtic Dublin, (plain proof of the utter overthrow of the Danish power,) that he had determined to build a like church in honour of the Holy Trinity, in Waterford itself. A thriving valiant old king he seemed, as he sat in his great house of pine logs under Reginald's Tower upon the quay, drinking French and Spanish wines out of horns of ivory and cups of gold; and over his head hanging, upon the wall, the huge double-edged axe with which, so his flatterers had whispered, Brian Boru had not slain him, but he Brian Boru.

Nevertheless, then as since, alas! the pleasant theory was preferred by the Milesian historians to the plain truth. And far away inland, monks wrote and harpers sung of the death of Ranald the fair-haired Fiongall, and all his "mailed swarms."

One Teague MacMurrough, indeed, a famous bard of those parts, composed unto his harp a song of Clontarf, the fame whereof reached Ranald's ears, and so amused him that he rested not day or night till he had caught the hapless bard and brought him in triumph into Waterford. There he compelled him at sword's point to sing to him and his housecarles the Milesian version of the great historical event; and when the harper in fear and trembling came to the story of Ranald's own death at Brian Boru's hands, then the jolly old Viking laughed till the tears ran down his face; and instead of cutting off Teague's head, gave him a cup of goodly wine, made him his own harper thenceforth, and bade him send for his wife and children, and sing to him every day, especially the song of Clontarf and his own death; treating him very much, in fact, as English royalty during the last generation treated another Irish bard whose song was even more sweet, and his notions of Irish history even more grotesque, than those of Teague MacMurrough.

It was to this old king, or rather to his son Sigtryg, godson of Sigtryg Silkbeard, and distant cousin of his own, that Hereward now took his way, and told his story, as the king sat in his hall, drinking "across the fire" after the old Norse fashion. The fire of pine logs was in the midst of the hall, and the smoke went out through a louver in the roof. On one side was a long bench, and in the middle of it the king's high arm-chair; right and left of him sat his kinsmen and the ladies, and his sea-captains and men of wealth. Opposite, on the other side of the fire, was another bench. In the middle of that sat his marshal, and right and left all his housecarles. There were other benches behind, on which sat more freemen, but of lesser rank.

And they were all drinking ale, which a servant poured out of a bucket into a great bull's horn, and the men handed round to each other.

Then Hereward came in, and sat down on the end of the hindermost bench, and Martin stood behind him; till one of the ladies said:

"Who is that young stranger, who sits behind there so humbly, though he looks like an earl's son, more fit to sit here with us on the high bench?"

"So he does," quoth King Ranald. "Come forward hither, young sir, and drink."

And when Hereward came forward, all the ladies agreed that he must be an earl's son; for he had a great gold torc round his neck, and gold rings on his wrists; and a new scarlet coat, bound with gold braid; and scarlet stockings, cross-laced with gold braid up to the knee; and shoes trimmed with martin's fur; and a short blue silk cloak over all, trimmed with martin's fur likewise; and by his side, in a broad belt with gold studs, was the Ogre's sword Brain-biter, with its ivory hilt and velvet sheath; and all agreed that if he had but been a head taller, they had never seen a properer man.

"Aha! such a gay young sea-cock does not come hither for nought. Drink first, man, and tell us thy business after," and he reached the horn to Hereward.

Hereward took it, and sang—

"In this Braga-beaker,
Brave Ranald I pledge;
In good liquor, which lightens
Long labour on oar-bench;
Good liquor, which sweetens
The song of the scald."

"Thy voice is as fine as thy feathers, man. Nay, drink it all. We ourselves drink here by the peg at midday: but a stranger is welcome to fill his inside all hours of the day."

Whereon Hereward finished the horn duly; and at Ranald's bidding, sat him down on the high settle. He did not remark, that as he sat down, two handsome youths rose and stood behind him.

"Now then, Sir Priest," quoth the king, "go on with your story."

A priest, Irish by his face and dress, who sat on the high bench, rose, and renewed an oration which Hereward's entrance had interrupted.

"So, O great king, as says Homerus, this wise king called his earls, knights, sea-captains, and housecarles, and said unto them—'Which of these two kings is in the right, who can tell? But mind you, that this king of the Enchanters lives far away in India, and we never heard of him more than his name: but this king Ulixes and his Greeks live hard by; and which of the two is it wiser to quarrel with, him that lives hard by or him that lives far off?' Therefore, King Ranald, says, by the the mouth of my humility, the great O'Brodar, Lord of Ivark,—'take example by Alcinous, the wise king of Fairy, and listen not to the ambassadors of those lying villains, O'Dea Lord of Slievardagh, Maccarthy King of Cashel, and O'Sullivan Lord of Knockraffin, who all three between them could not raise kernes enough to drive off one old widow's cow. Make friends with me, who live upon your borders; and you shall go peaceably through my lands, to conquer and destroy them, who live afar off; as they deserve, the sons of Baylial and Judas.'"

And the priest crost himself, and sat down. At which speech Hereward was seen to laugh.

"Why do you laugh, young sir? The priest seems to talk like a wise man, and is my guest and an ambassador."

Then rose up Hereward, and bowed to the king. "King Ranald Sigtrygsson, it was not for rudeness that I laughed, for I learnt good manners long ere I came here: but because I find clerks alike all over the world."

"How?"

"Quick at hiding false counsel under learned speech. I know nothing of Ulixes, king, nor of this O'Brodar either: and I am but a lad, as you see: but I heard a bird once in my own country who gave a very different counsel from the priest's."

"Speak on, then. This lad is no fool, my merry men all."

"There were three copses, King, in our country, and each copse stood on a hill. In the first there built an eagle, in the second there built a sparhawk, in the third there built a crow.

"Now the sparhawk came to the eagle, and said, 'Go shares with me, and we will kill the crow, and have her wood to ourselves.'

"'Humph!' says the eagle, 'I could kill the crow without your help; however, I will think of it.'

"When the crow heard that, she came to the eagle herself, 'King Eagle,' says she, 'why do you want to kill me, who live ten miles from you, and never flew across your path in my life? Better kill that little rogue of a sparhawk who lives between us, and is always ready to poach on your marches whenever your back is turned. So you will have her wood as well as your own.'

"'You are a wise crow,' said the eagle; and he went out and killed the sparhawk, and took his wood."

Loud laughed King Ranald and his Vikings all. "Well spoken, young man! We will take the sparhawk, and let the crow bide."

"Nay but," quoth Hereward, "hear the end of the story. After a while the eagle finds the crow beating about the edge of the sparhawk's wood.

"'Oho!' says he, 'so you can poach as well as that little hooknosed rogue?' and he killed her too.

"'Ah!' says the crow, when she lay a-dying, 'my blood is on my own head. If I had but left the sparhawk between me and this great tyrant!'

"And so the eagle got all three woods to himself."

At which the Vikings laughed more loudly than ever; and King Ranald, chuckling at the notion of eating up the hapless Irish princes one by one, sent back the priest (not without a present for his church, for Ranald was a pious man) to tell the great O'Brodar, that unless he sent into Waterford by that day week, two hundred head of cattle, a hundred pigs, a hundred weight of clear honey, and as much of wax, Ranald would not leave so much as a sucking pig alive in Ivark.

The cause of quarrel, of course, was too unimportant to be mentioned. Each had robbed and cheated the other half-a-dozen times in the last twenty years. As for the morality of the transaction, Ranald had this salve for his conscience, that as he intended to do to O'Brodar, so would O'Brodar have gladly done to him, had he been living peaceably in Norway, and O'Brodar been strong enough to invade and rob him. Indeed, so had O'Brodar done already, ever since he wore beard, to every chieftain of his own race whom he was strong enough to ill-treat. Many a fair herd had he driven off, many a fair farm burnt, many a fair woman carried off a slave, after that inveterate fashion of lawless feuds which makes the history of Celtic Ireland from the earliest times one dull and aimless catalogue of murder and devastation, followed by famine and disease; and now, as he had done to others, so was it to be done to him.

"And now, young sir, who seem as witty as you are good-looking, you may, if you will, tell us your name and your business. As for the name, however, if you wish to keep it to yourself, Ranald Sigtrygsson is not the man to demand it of an honest guest."

Hereward looked round, and saw Teague MacMurrough standing close to him, harp in hand. He took it from him courteously enough, put a silver penny into the minstrel's hand, and running his fingers over the strings, rose and began.

"Outlaw and free thief
Landless and lawless
Through the world fare I,
Thoughtless of life.
Soft is my beard, but
Hard my Brain-biter.
Wake, men me call, whom
Warrior or watchman
Never caught sleeping,
Far in Northumberland
Slew I the witch-bear,
Cleaving his brain-pan,
At one stroke I fell'd him."

* * * *

And so forth, chaunting all his doughty deeds, with such a voice and spirit joined to that musical talent for which he was afterwards so famous, till the hearts of the wild Norsemen rejoiced, and "Skall to the stranger! Skall to the young Viking!" rang through the hall.

Then showing proudly the fresh wounds on his bare arms, he sang of his fight with the Cornish ogre, and his adventure with the Princess. But always, though he went into the most minute details, he concealed the name both of her and of her father, while he kept his eyes steadily fixed on Ranald's eldest son, Sigtryg, who sat at his father's right hand.

The young man grew uneasy, red, almost angry; till at last Hereward sung:—

"A gold ring she gave me
Right royally dwarf-worked,
To none will I pass it
For prayer or for sword stroke,
Save to him who can claim it
By love and by troth plight,
Let that hero speak
If that hero be here."

Young Sigtryg half started from his feet: but when Hereward smiled at him, and laid his finger on his lips, he sat down again. Hereward felt his shoulder touched from behind. One of the youths who had risen when he sat down bent over him, and whispered in his ear.

"Ah, Hereward, we know you. Do you not know us? We are the twins, the sons of your sister, Siward the White and Siward the Red, the orphans of Asbiorn Siwardsson, who fell at Dunsinane."

Hereward sprang up, struck the harp again, and sang—

"Outlaw and free-thief,
My kinsfolk have left me,
And no kinsfolk need I
Till kinsfolk shall need me.
My sword is my father,
My shield is my mother,
My ship is my sister,
My horse is my brother."

"Uncle, uncle," whispered one of them sadly, "listen now or never, for we have bad news for you and us. Your father is dead, and Earl Algar your brother, here in Ireland, outlawed a second time."

A flood of sorrow passed through Hereward's heart. He kept it down, and rising once more, harp in hand—

"Hereward, king, hight I.
Holy Leofric my father,
In Westminster wiser
None walked with king Edward.
High minsters he builded
Pale monks he maintained.
Dead is he, a bed-death,
A leech-death, a priest-death,
A straw-death, a cow's death.
Such doom I desire not.
To high heaven, all so softly,
The angels uphand him,
In meads of May flowers
Mild Mary will meet him.
Me, happier, the Valkyrs
Shall waft from the war-deck,
Shall hail from the holmgang
Or helmet-strewn moorland.
And sword strokes my shrift be,
Sharp spears be my leeches,
With heroes' hot corpses
High heaped for my pillow."

"Skall to the Viking!" shouted the Danes once more, at this outburst of heathendom, common enough among their half-converted race, in times when monasticism made so utter a divorce between the life of the devotee and that of the worldling that it seemed reasonable enough for either party to have their own heaven and their own hell. After all, Hereward was not original in his wish. He had but copied the death-song which his father's friend and compeer, Siward Digre, the victor of Dunsinane, had sung for himself some three years before.

All praised his poetry, and especially the quickness of his alliterations (then a note of the highest art); and the old king filling not this time the horn, but a golden goblet, bid him drain it and keep the goblet for his song.

Young Sigtryg leapt up, and took the cup to Hereward. "Such a skald," he said, "ought to have no meaner cup-bearer than a king's son."

Hereward drank it dry; and then fixing his eyes meaningly on the prince, dropt the Princess's ring into the cup, and putting it back into Sigtryg's hand, sang—

"The beaker I reach back
More rich than I took it.
No gold will I grasp
Of the king's, the ring-giver,
Till, by wit or by weapon,
I worthily win it.
When brained by my biter
O'Brodar lies gory,
While over the wolf's meal
Fair widows are wailing."

"Does he refuse my gift?" grumbled Ranald.

"He has given a fair reason," said the Prince, as he hid the ring in his bosom; "leave him to me; for my brother in arms he is henceforth."

After which, as was the custom of those parts, most of them drank too much liquor. But neither Sigtryg nor Hereward drank; and the two Siwards stood behind their young uncle's seat, watching him with that intense admiration which lads can feel for a young man.

That night, when the warriors were asleep, Sigtryg and Hereward talked out their plans. They would equip two ships; they would fight all the kinglets of Cornwall at once, if need was; they would carry off the Princess, and burn Alef's town over his head, if he said nay. Nothing could be more simple than the tactics required in an age when might was right.

Then Hereward turned to his two nephews who lingered near him, plainly big with news.

"And what brings you here, lads?" He had hardened his heart, and made up his mind to show no kindness to his own kin. The day might come when they might need him; then it would be his turn.

"Your father, as we told you, is dead."

"So much the better for him, and the worse for England. And Harold and the Godwinssons, of course, are lords and masters far and wide?"

"Tosti has our grandfather Siward's earldom."

"I know that. I know, too, that he will not keep it long, unless he learns that Northumbrians are free men, and not Wessex slaves."

"And Algar our uncle is outlawed again, after King Edward had given him peaceably your father's earldom.

"And why?"

"Why was he outlawed two years ago?"

"Because the Godwinssons hate him, I suppose."

"And Algar is gone to Griffin the Welshman, and from him on to Dublin to get ships, just as he did two years ago; and has sent us here to get ships likewise."

"And what will he do with them when he has got them? He burnt Hereford last time he was outlawed, by way of a wise deed, minster and all, with St. Ethelbert's relics on board; and slew seven clergymen: but they were only honest canons with wives at home, and not shaveling monks, so I suppose that sin was easily shrived. Well, I robbed a priest of a few pence, and was outlawed; he plunders and burns a whole minster, and is made a great earl for it. One law for the weak and one for the strong, young lads, as you will know when you are as old as I. And now I suppose he will plunder and burn more minsters, and then patch up a peace with Harold again; which I advise him strongly to do; for I warn you, young lads, and you may carry that message from me to Dublin to my good brother your uncle, that Harold's little finger is thicker than his whole body; and that, false Godwinsson as he is, he is the only man with a head upon his shoulders left in England, now that his father, and my father, and dear old Siward, whom I loved better than my father, are dead and gone."

The lads stood silent, not a little awed, and indeed imposed on, by the cynical and worldly-wise tone which their renowned uncle had assumed.

At last one of them asked falteringly, "Then you will do nothing for us?"

"For you, nothing. Against you, nothing. Why should I mix myself up in my brother's quarrels? Will he make that white-headed driveller at Westminster reverse my outlawry? And if he does, what shall I get thereby? A younger brother's portion; a dirty ox-gang of land in Kesteven. Let him leave me alone as I leave him, and see if I do not come back to him some day, for or against him as he chooses, with such a host of Vikings' sons as Harold Hadraade himself would be proud of. By Thor's hammer, boys, I have been an outlaw but five years now, and I find it so cheery a life, that I do not care if I am an outlaw for fifty more. The world is a fine place and a wide place; and it is a very little corner of it that I have seen yet; and if you were of my mettle, you would come along with me and see it throughout to the four corners of heaven, instead of mixing yourselves up in these paltry little quarrels with which our two families are tearing England in pieces, and being murdered perchance like dogs at last by treachery, as Sweyn Godwinsson murdered Biorn."

The boys listened, wide-eyed and wide-eared. Hereward knew to whom he was speaking; and he had not spoken in vain.

"What do you hope to get here?" he went on. "Ranald will give you no ships: he will have enough to do to fight O'Brodar; and he is too cunning to thrust his head into Algar's quarrels."

"We hoped to find Vikings here, who would go to any war on the hope of plunder."

"If there be any, I want them more than you; and what is more, I will have them. They know that they will do finer deeds with me for their captain, than burning a few English homesteads. And so may you. Come with me, lads. Once and for all, come. Help me to fight O'Brodar. Then help me to another little adventure which I have on hand—as pretty a one as ever you heard a minstrel sing—and then we will fit out a long ship or two, and go where fate leads—to Constantinople, if you like. What can you do better? You never will get that earldom from Tosti. Lucky for young Waltheof, your uncle, if he gets it;—if he, and you too, are not murdered within seven years; for I know Tosti's humour, when he has rivals in his way——"

"Algar will protect us," said one.

"I tell you, Algar is no match for the Godwinssons. If the monk-king died to-morrow, neither his earldom nor his life would be safe. When I saw your father Asbiorn lie dead at Dunsinane, I said, 'There ends the glory of the house of the bear;' and if you wish to make my words come false, then leave England to founder, and rot, and fall to pieces—as all men say she is doing—without your helping to hasten her ruin; and seek glory and wealth too with me around the world! The white bear's blood is in your veins, lads. Take to the sea like your ancestor, and come over the swan's bath with me!"

"That we will!" said the two lads. And well they kept their word.

CHAPTER V.

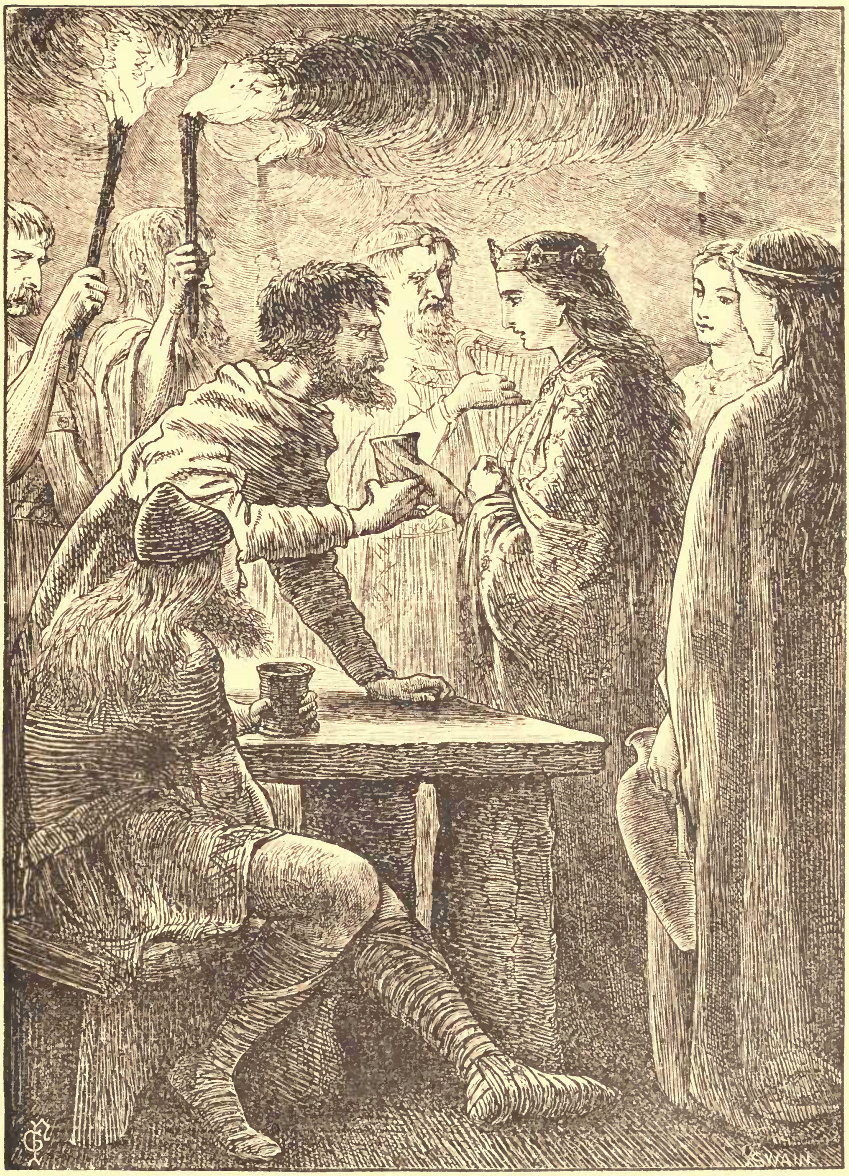
HOW HEREWARD SUCCOURED THE PRINCESS OF CORNWALL A SECOND TIME.

FAT was the feasting, and loud was the harping in the halls of Alef the Cornishman, King of Gweek. Savoury was the smell of fried pilchard and hake; more savoury still that of roast porpoise; most savoury of all that of fifty huge squab pies, built up of layers of apples, bacon, onions, and mutton, and at the bottom of each a squab, or young cormorant, which diffused both through the pie and through the ambient air, a delicate odour of mingled guano and polecat. And the occasion was worthy alike of the smell and of the noise; for King Alef, finding that after the Ogre's death the neighbouring kings were but too ready to make reprisals on him for his champion's murders and robberies, had made a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Hannibal the son of Gryll, King of Marazion, and had confirmed the same by bestowing on him the hand of his fair daughter. Whether she approved of the match or not, was asked neither by King Alef nor by King Hannibal.

To-night was the bridal-feast. To-morrow morning the church was to hallow the union, and after that Hannibal Grylls was to lead home his bride, among a gallant company.

And as they ate and drank, and harped and piped, there came into that hall four shabbily drest men—one of them a short, broad fellow, with black elf-locks and a red beard—and sat them down sneakingly at the very lowest end of all the benches.

In hospitable Cornwall, especially on such a day, every guest was welcome; and the strangers sat peaceably, but ate nothing, though there was both hake and pilchard within reach.



THE PRINCESS GIVING THE CUP TO HEREWARD.

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Next to them, by chance, sat a great lourdan of a Dane, as honest, brave, and stupid a fellow as ever tugged at oar; and after a while they fell talking, till the strangers had heard the reason of this great feast, and all the news of the country side.

"But whence did they come, not to know it already; for all Cornwall was talking thereof?"

"Oh—they came out of Devonshire, seeking service down west, with some merchant or rover, being seafaring men."

The stranger with the black hair had been, meanwhile, earnestly watching the Princess, who sat at the board's head. He saw her watching him in return; and with a face sad enough.

At last she burst into tears.

"What should the bride weep for, at such a merry wedding?" asked he of his companion.

"Oh—cause enough;" and he told bluntly enough the Princess's story. "And what is more," said he, "the King of Waterford sent a ship over last week, with forty proper lads on board, and two gallant holders with them, to demand her: but for all answer, they were put into the strong house, and there they lie, chained to a log, at this minute. Pity it is, and shame, I hold, for I am a Dane myself; and pity, too, that such a bonny lass should go to an unkempt Welshman like this, instead of a tight smart Viking's son, like the Waterford lad."

The stranger answered nothing: but kept his eyes upon the Princess, till she looked at him stedfastly in return.

She turned pale and red again: but after a while she spoke.

"There is a stranger there; and what his rank may be, I know not: but he has been thrust down to the lowest seat, in a house that used to honour strangers, instead of treating them like slaves. Let him take this dish from my hand, and eat joyfully, lest when he goes home he may speak scorn of bridegroom and bride, and our Cornish weddings."

The servant brought the dish down: he gave a look at the stranger's shabby dress, turned up his nose, and pretending to mistake, put the dish into the hand of the Dane.

"Hold, lads," quoth the stranger. "If I have ears, that was meant for me."

He seized the platter with both hands; and therewith the hands both of the Cornishman and of the Dane. There was a struggle: but so bitter was the stranger's gripe, that (says the chronicler) the blood burst from the nails of both his opponents.

He was called a "savage," a "devil in man's shape," and other dainty names: but he was left to eat his squab pie in peace.

"Patience, lads," quoth he, as he filled his mouth. "Before I take my pleasure at this wedding, I will hand my own dish round as well as any of you."

Whereat men wondered, but held their tongues.

And when the eating was over and the drinking began, the Princess rose, and came round to drink the farewell health.

With her maids behind her, and her harper before her (so was the Cornish custom), she pledged one by one each of the guests, slave as well as free, while the harper played a tune.

She came down at last to the strangers. Her face was pale, and her eyes red with weeping.

She filled a cup of wine, and one of her maids offered it to the stranger.

He put it back, courteously but firmly. "Not from your hand," said he.

A growl against his bad manners rose straightway; and the minstrel, who (as often happened in those days) was jester likewise, made merry at his expense, and advised the company to turn the wild beast out of the hall.

"Silence, fool!" said the Princess. "Why should he know our west-country ways? He may take it from my hand, if not from hers."

And she held out to him the cup herself.

He took it, looking her steadily in the face; and it seemed to the minstrel as if their hands lingered together round the cup-handle, and that he saw the glitter of a ring.

Like many another of his craft before and since, he was a vain, meddlesome vagabond, and must needs pry into a secret which certainly did not concern him.

So he could not leave the stranger in peace; and knowing that his privileged calling protected him from that formidable fist, he never passed him by without a sneer or a jest, as he wandered round the table, offering his harp, in the Cornish fashion, to any one who wished to play and sing.

"But not to you, Sir Elf-locks: he that is rude to a pretty girl when she offers him wine, is too great a boor to understand my trade."

"It is a fool's trick," answered the stranger at last, "to put off what you must do at last. If I had but the time, I would pay you for your tune with a better one than you ever heard."

"Take the harp, then, boor!" said the minstrel, with a laugh and a jest.

The stranger took it, and drew from it such music as made all heads turn toward him at once. Then he began to sing, sometimes by himself, and sometimes his comrades, "*more Girviorum tripliciter canentes*," joined their voices in a three-man-glee.

In vain the minstrel, jealous for his own credit, tried to snatch the harp away. The stranger sang on, till all hearts were softened; and the Princess, taking the rich shawl from her shoulders, threw it over those of the stranger, saying that it was a gift too poor for such a scald.

"Scald!" roared the bridegroom (now well in his cups) from the head of the table; "ask what thou wilt, short of my bride and my kingdom, and it is thine."

"Give me, then, Hannibal Grylls, King of Marazion, the Danes who came from Ranald, of Waterford."

"You shall have them! Pity that you have asked for nothing better than such tarry ruffians!"

A few minutes after, the minstrel, bursting with jealousy and rage, was whispering in Hannibal's ear.

The hot old Punic* blood flashed up in his cheeks, and his thin Punic lips curved into a snaky smile. Perhaps the old Punic treachery in his heart; for all that he was heard to reply was, "We must not disturb the good-fellowship of a Cornish wedding."

The stranger, nevertheless, and the Princess likewise, had seen that bitter smile.

Men drank hard and long that night: and when daylight came, the strangers were gone.

In the morning the marriage ceremony was performed; and then began the pageant of leading home the bride. The minstrels went first, harping and piping: then King Hannibal, carrying his bride behind him on a pillion; and after them a string of servants and men-at-arms, leading country ponies laden with the bride's dower. Along with them, unarmed, sulky, and suspicious, walked the forty Danes, who were informed that they should go to Marazion, and there be shipped off for Ireland.

Now, as all men know, those parts of Cornwall, flat and open furze-downs aloft, are cut, for many miles inland, by long branches of tide river, walled in by woods and rocks, which rivers join at last in the great basin of Falmouth harbour; and by crossing one or more of these, the bridal party would save many a mile on their road towards the west.

So they had timed their journey by the tides; lest, finding low water in the rivers, they should have to wade to the ferry-boats waist deep in mud; and going down the steep hill-side, through oak, and ash, and hazel copse, they entered, as many as could, a great flat-bottomed barge, and were rowed across some quarter of a mile, to land under a jutting crag, and go up again by a similar path into the woods.

So the first boat-load went up, the minstrels in front, harping and piping till the greenwood rang, King Hannibal next, with his bride, and behind him spear-men and axe-men, with a Dane between every two.

When they had risen some two hundred feet, and were in the heart of the forest, Hannibal turned, and made a sign to the men behind him.

Then each pair of them seized the Dane between them, and began to bind his hands behind his back.

"What will you do with us?"

"Send you back to Ireland,—a king never breaks his word,—but pick out your right eyes first, to show your master how much I care for him. Lucky for you that I leave you an eye apiece, to find your friend the harper, whom if I catch, I flay alive."

"You promised!" cried the Princess.

"And so did you, traitress!" and he griped her arm, which was round his waist, till she screamed. "So did you promise: but not to me. And you shall pass your bridal night in my dog-kennel, after my dog-whip has taught you not to give rings again to wandering harpers."

The wretched Princess shuddered; for she knew too well that such an atrocity was easy and common enough. She knew it well. Why should she not? The story of the Cid's Daughters and the Knights of Carrion; the far more authentic one of Robert of Belesme; and many another ugly tale of the early middle age, will prove but too certainly that, before the days of chivalry began, neither youth, beauty, nor the sacred ties of matrimony, could protect women from the most horrible outrages, at the hands of those who should have been their protectors. It was reserved for monks and inquisitors, in the name of religion and the gospel, to continue, through after centuries, those brutalities toward women of which gentlemen and knights had grown ashamed, save when (as in the case of the Albigense crusaders) monks and inquisitors bade them torture, mutilate, and burn, in the name of Him who died on the cross.

But the words had hardly passed the lips of Hannibal, ere he reeled in the saddle, and fell to the ground, a javelin through his heart.

A strong arm caught the Princess. A voice which she knew bade her have no fear.

"Bind your horse to a tree, for we shall want him; and wait!"

Three well-armed men rushed on the nearest Cornishmen, and hewed them down. A fourth unbound the Dane, and bade him catch up a weapon, and fight for his life.

A second pair were dispatched, a second Dane freed, ere a minute was over; the Cornishmen, struggling up the narrow path toward the shouts above, were overpowered in detail by continually increasing numbers; and ere half an hour was over, the whole party were freed, mounted on the ponies, and making their way over the downs toward the west.

"Noble, noble Hereward!" said the Princess, as she sat behind him on Hannibal's horse. "I knew you from the first moment; and my nurse knew you too. Is she here? Is she safe?"

"I have taken care of that. She has done us too good service to be left here, and be hanged."

"I knew you, in spite of your hair, by your eyes."

"Yes," said Hereward. "It is not every man who carries one grey eye and one blue. The more difficult for me to go mumming when I need."

"But how came you hither, of all places in the world?"

"When you sent your nurse to me last night, to warn me that treason was abroad, it was easy for me to ask your road to Marazion; and easier too, when I found that you would go home the very way we came, to know that I must make my stand here or nowhere."

"The way you came? Then where are we going now?"

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* Hannibal, still a common name in Cornwall, is held—and not unlikely—to have been introduced there by the ancient Phœnician colonists.

"Beyond Marazion, to a little cove—I cannot tell its name. There lies Sigtryg your betrothed, and three good ships of war."

"There? Why did he not come for me himself?"

"Why? Because we knew nothing of what was toward. We meant to have sailed straight up your river to your father's town, and taken you out with a high hand. We had sworn an oath—which, as you saw, I kept—neither to eat nor drink in your house, save out of your own hands. But the easterly wind would not let us round the Lizard; so we put into that cove, and there I and these two lads, my nephews, offered to go forward as spies, while Sigtryg threw up an earthwork, and made a stand against the Cornish. We meant merely to go back to him, and give him news. But when I found you as good as wedded, I had to do what I could, while I could; and I have done it."

"You have, my noble and true champion," said she, kissing him.

"Humph!" quoth Hereward laughing. "Do not tempt me by being too grateful. It is hard enough to gather honey, like the bees, for other folks to eat. What if I kept you myself, now I have got you?"

"Hereward!"

"Oh, there is no fear, pretty lady. I have other things to think of than making love to you—and one is, how we are to get to our ships, and moreover, past Marazion town."

And hard work they had to get thither. The county was soon roused and up in arms; and it was only by wandering a three days' circuit, through bogs and moors, till the ponies were utterly tired out, and left behind (the bulkier part of the dowry being left behind with them), that they made their appearance on the shore of Mount's Bay, Hereward leading the Princess in triumph upon Hannibal's horse.

After which they all sailed away for Ireland, and there, like young Beichan—

> "Prepared another wedding,
> With all their hearts so full of glee."

And this is the episode of the Cornish Princess, as told by Leofric of Bourne, the cunning minstrel and warlike priest.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

My blessing on you, little babes,
By whom I think it good,
To find in these my fading days,
My dearest days renew'd.

Oh! bless you, bless you, little babes,
Two little fairy gleams,
Who mix this twilight of my life
With happy morning dreams.

Oh! bless your little helpless ways,
Your curious crows and screeches,
From which my deaf old ears can shape
The sagest pretty speeches.

Oh! bless, and bless, and dearly bless
The little round blue eyes,
In which these old eyes love to watch
The half-thoughts gleam and rise.

Oh! bless, and bless, and dearly bless
Each fraction of a face,
In which my daughter daily grows
To some new form of grace.

O gracious little lives, in which
Two dearer lives are blent;
We bless your coming, and we bless
The precious love that sent;

The love that leads us in its hand,
That loves us even in sighs,
And bids, to light our downward road,
These little twinklers rise.

We bless you, bless you, little babes,
We bless your coming hither ;
Not happier your young lives to grow,
Than our old age to wither !

We bless you, little Gus and Flo !
We bless your coming hither ;
Oh ! grow, and grow, and happy grow,
Whilst we as happy wither ! P. A.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

II.—THE LAMP AND THE LIGHT.

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy ; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."—2 Peter i. 19.

St. Peter, expecting the approach of that end of life which his risen Lord had predicted to him, is anxious, before his decease, to secure to the Churches one last testimony to the truth which had made him free. He would assure them, with the earnestness of a dying man, that the Gospel which he had taught, and in which they were walking, was no cunningly devised fable. When the Apostles made known to their converts "the power and coming of the Lord Jesus Christ," they did so, not by conjecture, not even on the strength of a probability however great or an inference however conclusive, but as "eye-witnesses of that majesty" which they asserted. They had seen with their eyes, and heard with their ears, that which attested the Advent.

In such impressive terms does he speak—and no wonder—of one particular scene in the earthly life of Christ, which he, with two other men, had been privileged to witness. He takes as it were for his text the great miracle of the Transfiguration. He, with the two sons of Zebedee, James and John, had been taken aside from the rest, shortly after a remarkable prophecy that some of those standing there should not taste of death, till they had seen a "coming in power" of the kingdom of God; and, being led up into a mountain apart, had seen their Master gloriously transfigured, changed in fashion and aspect, before them, his face shining as the sun, and his raiment glistering with a preternatural light. In the presence of this astounding transformation, there appeared in glory two persons long since passed away from the earth, Moses the Lawgiver of the Old Dispensation, and Elijah the chief and representative of the Prophets. They were seen and heard, talking with Jesus. Their topic of discourse was that mysterious close and consummation of the work of Redemption, (St. Luke says,) "the decease which Christ should accomplish at Jerusalem." In the midst of such discourse, the minds of the three spectators overwhelmed all the time with fear and wonder, a bright luminous cloud passed over the scene; and out of it came an audible voice, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "This is my beloved Son: hear Him."

One who had witnessed such an event could never forget it : and well might St. Peter, in the close of life, speak of it as he speaks in words preceding the text, "He received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory," from the exceeding bright light which betokened God's presence, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount."

His words are before us ; surely to your ear, sincere, earnest, heart-felt words, if words were ever such : it is for us to ponder them, and God grant us grace to receive in its simplicity the truth which they disclose !

The text draws the inference. "We have also a more sure word of prophecy :" or more exactly, "And we have more sure the prophetic word ;" we have the word of the prophets confirmed, made more certain and stedfast, by the testimony borne to Christ at the Transfiguration.

"The prophetic word." A Prophet is one who speaks by God's commission in God's behalf. Prediction strictly so called is no essential part of his name or of his office. Some of the prophets of the Old Testament uttered scarcely one, if one, prediction. But they were all utterers, tellers forth, of some message of God. And whether that message took the form of remonstrance or encouragement, of promise or warning, of explanation of the past, reproof of the present, or revelation of the future, in all cases alike it was a constituent part of "the prophetic word :" it formed one portion, more or less prominent, of the whole of that inspired utterance, by which "God in time past spake unto the fathers by the prophets."

Now it is of this utterance as a whole—in other words, of the Volume of the Old Testament Scriptures—that St. Peter here says that it received confirmation, added certainty, from the words heard by him and his brother Apostles on the holy mount of Transfiguration. These words—that emphatic testimony to the Divine mission and to the Divine person of the Son manifest in the flesh—set the seal of God once again, as before at the Baptism, to the fulfilment in Jesus Christ of every utterance, whether of type, prediction, or promise, contained in the prophetic word, in the oral and now written testimony of the messengers of God, "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets."

"Whereunto"—to which prophetic word, as recorded in Holy Scripture—"ye do well in giving heed;" it is right that ye should, as ye do, pay to it the most earnest and devout attention; "as unto a light," or rather "a lamp, shining in a dark (murky or squalid) place, until day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts."

Observe, the prophetic word is characterized by a different term from that which is applied in Scripture to Christ himself. It is a lamp; not the light of day, not the light of the sun, but the lamp which is its substitute during the hours of evening and of night. The same word is applied to John the Baptist in the fifth chapter of St. John's Gospel. "He was a burning and a shining light:"—"he was the lamp which burns and shines" until the day dawn and the great light of Creation takes the place of the temporary and inferior substitute. So it is with the Prophets generally. What is true of the last and greatest of the prophets, the immediate forerunner and herald of Christ himself, is true of all. Ye do well in giving heed to their word, as to a lamp shining in a murky place till the day dawn.

But was then the Volume of the Old Testament closed and laid aside when Christ came in the flesh? when that true light arose, which lighteth every man coming into the world? Not so. It must still, St. Peter says, be honoured, and still studied. "Ye do well," he says, addressing men of faith and love, "in giving heed to it." The first coming of Christ did not close the work of the Old Testament Scriptures. Writing many years after that first coming, St. Peter commends those who attend to the prophetic word. He fixes a limit, but not a past limit, to the use of Holy Scripture.

(1) First of all, the day must dawn, and the day-star arise, in your hearts. Till Christ is found there, till his bright light is seen and felt within, till the heart rests and is satisfied in the revelation of Christ Himself in it and to it, so long, at all events, ye must give heed to the word which prophets and righteous men spake of old in preparation for his Advent. In this sense, the Advent spoken of is that of which the Lord himself said, "If any man love me, he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." Until that spiritual Advent is realized in us, there can be no intermission of the rule to "search the Scriptures."

How many of us, Christian friends, are ready, on this ground, to cease from the use of Scripture? In how many of our hearts has the day dawned and the day-star risen?

(2) But St. Peter hoped thus much of all whom he addresses. He hoped and he believed concerning all of them, that they had faith, and that their faith wrought by love. And yet he says to them, "Ye do well to give heed to the prophetic word, until," &c. In short, it is plain that he looks forward to a dawn not yet vouchsafed, to a rising not yet given. His thoughts run on to the great Advent of Christ in glory. His language is that of St. Paul in the 13th chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." The "night" is the time that is; the duration (as we speak) of this present world; the period, longer or shorter, as it may please God in his inscrutable wisdom to determine, during which the interests and the ambitions, the cares and the pleasures, the illusions and the sins, of this state of being, shall be suffered to run their course—as distinguished from that period, the arrival of which knoweth no man, when there shall be new heavens, and a new earth; when pain and sorrow, sin and death, shall be for ever done away; when the glory of God shall lighten his city, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof. That is the "day," for which Christians look: at present they are in the night; though it be a night blessed with many lesser lights of divine revelation, which shine until the day dawn and the day-star rise finally upon their waiting hearts. In the meantime they do well to give heed to the prophetic word. And this for a reason which follows, but into which the time suffers us not now to enter; because "no prophecy of Scripture is of any private interpretation;" because "prophecy came not by man's will," but "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

I would pause for a moment upon the expression "private interpretation."

I understand the "interpretation" or "solution" spoken of, to denote an explanation, not of, but by the prophecy.

Something is hidden in the darkness of the future, or in the obscurity of the invisible world. Hidden in God's deep counsels. Man cannot by guessing and cannot by searching find it out. It is an enigma, it is a riddle, of the divine. It is one of those dark impervious caverns which yawn on all sides around the little central light of revelation. God's servants would fain explore, but they cannot. They "enquire and search diligently," but it is in vain. At length God would solve this enigma, would tell this secret, would interpret this mystery. How? He interprets Himself, so far as He sees fit, to one of his prophets. "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets." That is the "interpretation" spoken of by St. Peter. It is the interpretation, by prophecy, of some hitherto secret thing. And what he says of it is, that it is no "private," that is, individual, that is, merely human thing:

it is not of the man himself to interpret God's mysteries: "Do not interpretations belong to God?" The interpretation, which *is* the prophecy, is the expression of another's mind, of another's purpose: it came not by man's will, but came as it was prompted by the Holy Ghost.

So strong and so general a testimony to the inspiration of Holy Scripture must ever be a comfort and help (not least in these times) to the doubting hearts of men.

We may easily lose ourselves in the by-paths which diverge on this side and that from the plain highway of truth. When, for example, we begin to define Inspiration, we are lost at once. The Bible lies unread while men quarrel over it: and when it is next opened, it is not as an oracle of truth, but as a thing soiled, spoiled, and desecrated by a treatment most opposite to its origin and to its end.

Let us suspend all these questions until we really know and really love the Bible; until by its help the day has dawned within, and the day-star arisen in our hearts. Let us resolve, every one of us, not to sit in judgment upon that word which is to judge us, but rather to let it speak for itself within, until we can gather from it, in the way of inference at least, some clear instruction, as upon other topics, so also upon this—the nature and the extent of its own claim to our reverence as the Book of God.

And, for the present, without entering into all the questions which are now sounding in our ears, as to the combination of the divine element and the human in Revelation, or as to the *mode* in which God communicated with those whom He certainly has constituted (whether we will have it so or not) the chief instructors and the chief benefactors of the race of man—instead of this, let us listen to that great Apostle who here speaks to us, and says, Ye do well to give heed to Holy Scripture, for this reason; that it is not a private, individual, merely human, utterance, but its writers came from God to you, and spake as they were moved to speak by the Holy Ghost.

What St. Peter says of the Old Testament cannot be less true of the completed Volume; of that Book in which Evangelists recorded the life and death of Jesus, and Apostles conveyed to Christian congregations the rule of faith and the rule of duty. I shall not spend one word in showing that what is said of the Prophetic, is true, at least equally, of the Evangelical and of the Apostolical Word.

1. First then, we have in the simplest form the duty of giving heed to Holy Scripture.

Doubtless we all imagine that we do so. In days of education it was our text book: in our public services we hear it read weekly: on God's holy day most families have it open:—what lack we yet?

We will reflect upon some possibilities which would certainly prove us disobedient to St. Peter's summons.

In one of the Church Collects for Good Friday, we pray for certain classes and races of men, that God will "take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of his word." And we can all understand how open unbelievers, professed impugners, of the Christian Revelation are guilty of such contempt. But in our Litany, speaking in behalf of ourselves and of Christian people, we pray, in like manner, for deliverance from "hardness of heart, and contempt of God's word." Thus there is such a thing even among Christians as contemning or despising the Word of God. This certainly must be the very opposite to giving heed thereto.

And what else is it but contempt, if we never take the pains to read, and to mark, and to learn, and to digest inwardly, God's Holy Word? if we count it, alone of all books, to need no patient study? if we think that we know beforehand all of it that we need to know, and never bend our knees, in meditation over it, to that God who caused it to be written for our learning? It is the diligent students of the Bible, who are known amongst us as the humble and the devout and the wise and understanding Christians. Them that honour it not, God doth not honour.

We cannot deny that there are peculiar difficulties in the way of this study. There is that impatience of familiar truth, which is in all of us by nature. There is an indisposition to the repeated reading of that which has been known from infancy, and which seems to offer nothing new as the reward of our research. There is a want of obviousness in the connection between reading and profit, even beyond that which hangs upon the use either of prayer, meditation, or communion. We all feel ourselves the worse for living one day without *prayer:* everything is jar, irritation and confusion; temptations have added strength, and duties a tenfold repulsiveness. But the evil consequences of neglecting the Bible are less tangible and more remote. It is not all at once that we become conscious of the dryness and barrenness and hunger of the soul in consequence of being denied its proper aliment, and left to subsist for weeks and years upon the putrid manna of a long-past and long-forgotten yesterday. We may go on thus for long without any sensible decay or any visible judgment. Thus for one person who lives without prayer, a hundred (it may be) or a thousand live practically without a Bible. They do *not* well in this matter of taking heed to the prophetic word.

Add to all this, the impediment felt and mourned over by many, of going back to the Bible from all manner of controversies as to its worth and its authority. Little do they know of the tenderness and precariousness of the life of faith within, who fling abroad here an argument and there a suspicion, here a jest and there a sarcasm, against that Holy Book which Christians in all time have agreed to look upon as the chief storehouse of truth, and the chief repository of comfort. Great indeed ought to be the force of that conviction, and great the urgency of that compulsion, which shall constrain a man not only to surrender for himself, but also to destroy for another, that trust in the sure word of revelation, which has been to so many the one anchor of the soul amongst the winds, waves, and storms of this restless and troublesome world! A man whose faith in the Bible has been thus rudely, thus cruelly shaken, cannot, without some new resettlement and reinstatement, which comes not to many, obey St. Peter's charge, to take heed, in all quiet diligence, to the prophetic word.

And yet, "to whom else shall he go?" Who, save Christ only, even professes to have for us "words of eternal life?"

2. We notice, further, the peculiar character here assigned to the inspired word. It is a lamp, shining in a dark place, until the day dawn.

As many other things—the Church, the Sacraments, conversion, faith itself—so also the written Word has erenow been put in the place of Christ and of the Holy Spirit. The "lamp" has been made the "light." The candle has been idolized as the sun. Language has been held about the Book, which ought to have been used only concerning Him to whom it points and guides.

A man may be well read, and well versed, and well skilled, in his Bible, and yet be no nearer the Way and the Truth and the Life, than he who has trusted in the punctuality of his church-going or in the frequency of his communions. The thing is possible, for it has been seen.

The proper description of the written Word is a lamp shining in a dark place, *until*——until something happens; and then to be withdrawn, being replaced by the full blaze of a cloudless day.

"A dark place." Yes, such is this world of ours: so full of phantoms and shadows, of unrealities and illusions, of nightly dreams and waking visions; so empty of solid joys, of heart-deep comforts, and of permanent satisfactions. And such too is this heart of ours; the reflection, in these respects, of the great world without: itself, like that, busy in the pursuit of happiness; yet evermore, when it brings that happiness in, and counts it over, finding it poor, and small, and partial, and evanescent.

Then the Word is like a lamp shining in this dark place—shining in the world, shining in the heart—until something comes. How true, how striking, a picture! Yes, it is a lamp. It is not the sun, not the bright noon, not even (of itself) the real and sober dawn. It is a lamp. By its aid we pore over the map of life, and try to prepare ourselves for its long stages and comfortless haltings. By its aid we study ourselves: see, in example, what we are; see, in precept, what we ought to be; see, in warning, what we must shun; see, in promise, what we must desire. By its aid, more than all, we read, in description, the character of God, the work of Christ, and the office of the Holy Spirit.

But here the Book stops; and the greatest of all steps, from death unto life, may not yet have been taken. The lamp shines through its hours, and we are thankful: but to live by candlelight were but half a being. The lamp shines in our dark places, *until*——

Until the day dawn. Until the day-star rise in our hearts.

(1) Yes, until One who caused the page to be written, makes the page speak, and speak of Him. Until He who left us this guide through the hours of darkness, says Himself once again, "Let there be light," and reveals Himself in our hearts by his Holy Spirit as "the Sun of righteousness risen with healing in his wings." It is the office of the Bible to tell of Christ, to point us to Christ, to show the way to Christ: not to supersede, not to be instead of Christ.

When the soul, informed by the Word, and at last quickened by the Spirit, has turned to the Lord; when, taught the way, it has also taken it, and come, penitent and earnest, to Him, to whom to come is at once eternal life; then the first office of the Bible is fulfilled: then in the individual soul the day has dawned and the day-star risen.

(2) But even then—then more than ever—the soul has recourse daily to that which has quickened once. Then again for daily growth, as before for one renewal, it gives heed to the prophetic, the evangelic, and the apostolic word. Still, though blind and dead no longer, its home is in a dark place; and it wants the lamp still, even though the inward dawn has begun. Still there is a watching and a waiting: for still it is night, on the whole, and not day; still the day-star shows not on the Church's horizon, nor is the dawn yet visible on the everlasting hills which encircle her dwelling.

Thus then the lamp must shine on, and the faithful will give heed to it still. Shine on, till the second Advent; even through that spiritual, that individual Advent, spoken of at the outset, which links the second Advent with the first. When that great hope of the Church shall be finally realized; when He that shall come is come, and no longer tarries; then shall the lamp fade away of itself before the brightness of his presence, and He who has been read of by its light shall reveal Himself face to face in glory.

But these things are as yet far above and beyond us, and humbler meditations are those which befit us in the present.

"Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." Receive it with meekness, study it with prayer, and it shall (under God) do this for you.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Use it thus; and at last, by its help, "the man of God shall be perfect."

In these things, soberly and thankfully received, let us find for the present satisfaction and repose.

In these things: and not less in those other modes of practical communication with a world unseen, by which Christ our Saviour has been pleased to lighten the darkness of time, and to cast, from the world of reality, a bright ray of hope upon the world of semblance and illusion.

But all this, in all its parts, through the operation of that Divine and Holy and Blessed Spirit, to whom, with the Father, and with his Son our Lord Jesus Christ, be ascribed all honour and glory, all might, majesty, and dominion, now, henceforth, and even for evermore. Amen.

ESSAYS, THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

II.—ON PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

THE hour is surely at hand when England must abolish either public executions, or capital punishments. If the latter be abolished, of course the former will vanish with them; but if capital punishments are to be retained, public executions must, in my judgment, cease. No inconsiderable party, as we all know, vehemently denounce all capital penalties; and certainly one of their most plausible arguments is derived from the enormous scandals and pernicious results of public executions. That they are attended by no counterbalancing advantages may be, I think, clearly shown; nor by any advantage at all which may not be better attained in another way.

The nation has been slowly feeling its way to a conclusion on this subject,—*very* slowly; but, if I do not greatly mistake, it is now rapidly making up its mind. This is principally due to the discussions of the public press; and more especially to the painfully vivid photographs which its "Correspondents" have given us of the characteristics and incidents of execution scenes, for the last few years. These gentlemen have, for a few short hours, consented to visit hell, in order to reveal its horrors to the folks above ground,—who else would form no conception of them. Without their aid the mass of the people, (who never frequent such spectacles,) would never have had their minds sufficiently possessed of the facts, to form a judgment. But they must be stone blind and deaf too, if they cannot see the frightful vision and hear the appalling sounds which the press flashed and thundered on their eyes and ears at the execution of the late Francis Müller. It may be that the thing itself was not *much* worse than in the days of our forefathers. Certainly we may gather from the pages of our older novelists, as Fielding and Smollett, and from the delineations of Hogarth, that the gallows was then, as now, a very questionable ally of the school or the pulpit,—in spite of the encomiums in that behalf sometimes bestowed upon it. But Fielding and Smollett belonged to a past and less fastidious age; and many took it for granted that the more hideous features of such scenes had been at least softened, if they had not vanished with the procession to Tyburn. The frequent pictures which the press has, of late years, given of a public *hanging*, have dissipated any such illusions, so far as they existed; and have convinced the millions who never visit such a spectacle that the evil is all unchanged, or rather looks worse,—more ghastly and horrible,—in the light and by the contrast of a higher general civilization; nay, probably *is* worse.

This last, indeed, might be reasonably inferred, both from *fact* and *reasoning*. It may be inferred from fact,—inasmuch as probably there never was such a picture of a veritable Pandemonium,—of such utter and brutal insensibility to the tragedy of sin and death there enacting, and which those who looked on madly mistook for a comedy,—of such cool, deliberate election of evil in the very presence of the Nemesis which avenged it, (as though that very circumstance gave vice and crime a distinct flavour and relish,) as was exhibited in the reports of the daily papers, and especially in that most powerful letter in the "Times," on the occasion of Müller's execution.

Never perhaps was there a case in which the bolt of the Divine Nemesis,—*zigzag* as it might for a moment, like the lightning which is its emblem,—more fully smote and shivered its victim; never was there a case which better exemplified the impotence of the criminal to anticipate and secure all the unsuspected avenues by which his guilt might be detected, or so to efface the scent of it, as to baffle the strong hounds of justice and prevent their getting on his track; never was there a case in which heaven and earth,—the laws of Providence, and the resources of human science which it impressed into its service,—more visibly conspired for the detection and punishment of guilt. Though the doomed man "took the wings of the morning and fled to the uttermost parts of the sea," yet the stronger wing of justice had outflown him, and he found the avenger already lying in wait for him in the very place of his refuge! And yet—and yet—that very hour of his execution, did the "synagogue of Satan" that assembled round the walls of Newgate, on November 14th, choose to show their contempt for all these "signs in the heavens above, and signs on the earth beneath."*

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* I justify such words by two or three sentences from the eye and ear witness of the "Times":—"It was," says he, "such a concourse as I hope may never again be assembled either for such a spectacle, or for the gratification of such lawless ruffianism as yesterday found

It was as if the men were no longer—as men generally are—befooled by a miscalculation of the future and blinded by present temptation; but as if they had deliberately said "Evil! be thou my good!"—eager to snatch a moment's gross sin, even with the flames of hell itself flaring and glowing in their faces. It may be surmised, perhaps, that the bulk of them so behaved because they did not believe there is any hell at all. Not believe there is a hell! They were *in* it; they made part of it, at that moment; for what hell can even a Dante or a Milton imagine worse than to be condemned to dwell in the midst of that seething Maelstrom of obscenity, blasphemy, malignity, of all unutterable lawlessness and wickedness? Utterly impotent seems the conclusion that there *can* be no such place as hell, while there are such scenes on earth; or that the devil *must* be a nonentity, while we see so many demons incarnate; differing apparently from the more ethereal spirit of evil only by adding the grossest sensuality to every other form of lawlessness, as if to make good the oft-discredited miracle of the swine with the devils in them! That most painfully vivid description by the "Times" correspondent is, if true, (and it bore all marks of fidelity to facts,) worse than any preceding page we ever read in the annals of the gallows.

But that these scenes, (if their horrors be not diminished by an advance of morals and religion more than abreast of civilisation,) will become more and more odious, may be inferred from the *reason* of the thing: they will not only *look* more hideous by contrast with civilisation, but *be* so; for whereas (as shall be proved) these spectacles, especially in such an age as ours, must by inevitable necessity,—by force of an obvious law of moral affinities,—attract to them only the very worst elements of society, so those worst elements must needs be worse than can be found in a ruder and more primitive community. No men are so lost as those whose intellect has been developed only to become the bondslave of the passions; who have borrowed from civilisation little but the art of masking evil, and of converting knowledge into cunning; who superadd to the dangerous, but still blind and honest, ferocity of the brute, somewhat of the subtlety and malignity of a fiend. Civilisation and knowledge are indeed themselves, like logic and rhetoric, simply *instrumental*; and are indifferent to the moral and immoral uses to which they may be put. But they are, at least, the more *natural* allies of goodness and virtue; and when divorced from them, and wedded to vice and crime, form a solecism in nature. When they are so conjoined, they breed forms of evil such as the poor savage can, happily, never aspire to emulate. It is as though one gave the wings of the eagle to the form of the serpent, or fixed in the jaw of the lion the fang of the rattlesnake.

Both from fact and from the reason of the thing, therefore, we infer that these spectacles have grown, and must still grow, worse instead of better. And can England, for very shame, endure their continuance? Will she periodically permit in her capital and in her great cities a spectacle which, (by necessity of nature, as will be shown,) calls forth from congenial darkness, from every obscure den and hiding-place where they lie scattered and ordinarily latent, every loathsome reptile form of vice and crime, to crawl and swelter in the blaze of day? Will she persist in every now and then raking all the social ordure into one rotting heap, the pestilential reek of which shames the light and poisons the air, and reminds us of the apocalyptic vision of the smoke that issued from the bottomless pit? Will she continue thus to collect all that is lost to shame, as if on purpose to enable it to defy authority, to mock at everything that but wears the semblance of decency and modesty, to laugh and jeer at everything venerable or awful, and to seize that very moment in which the law is vindicating its claims, for showing contempt of all law by breaking it at the gallows' foot? We have heard a great deal lately about the *utilisation* of our sewage; we know not how *this* sewage is to be utilised; but assuredly to let all the filth of London drain into the Thames is a far less disgrace to our civilisation than to persist in making the Old Bailey a periodical cesspool for all the moral abominations of London.

We are told that nothing in "the shape of decency or modesty or respectability" appeared in the crowd, that was not immediately victimised, insulted, "bonneted," robbed, and in case of resistance—which, however, was utterly hopeless (as though the whole thing was designed to be the triumph of lawlessness, and not the vindication of law)—knocked down and brutally maltreated. It is not very easy, perhaps, to imagine "modesty, decency, or respectability" taking their pleasure then and there; and one almost feels inclined to say, that if they did, they richly deserved their fate. The best that can be said for them is, that they went to gratify a peculiar *goût*, an eccentric appetite for "game," not only "high," but putrid. Now if men will have such venison, even though they cook it by hell fire, they may be thankful if they only burn their fingers.

For the inestimable service conferred by the press on this occasion, I think the public deeply indebted; and I cannot but hope that the scene of November 14th, and the comments upon it, will

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scope around the gallows. . . . . There can be only one thing more difficult than describing this crowd, and that is to *forget* it. . . . . None but those who looked down upon the crowd of yesterday, will ever believe in the leisurely, open, broad-cast manner in which garotting and highway robbery were carried on. . . . . Such were the open pastimes of the mob from daylight till near the hour of execution." "The impression, however," speaking of the silence at the moment of execution itself, "if any it was, beyond that of mere curiosity, did not last for long; and before the slow, slight vibration of the body had well ended, violence, laughing, oaths, obscene conduct, and still more filthy language, reigned around the gallows far and near."

soon bring public sentiment on this subject to flood tide.

I was anxious to see what comment the "Times" would make on this letter of its correspondent. In one half of the article I entirely concur, namely, that the scene, painful as it was, did not prove that capital punishments ought to be abolished: for which opinion, nevertheless, as it truly said, it would be made an argument. But I must confess, that the other half, in which it seemed to argue that it was a just corollary from the necessity of retaining capital punishment, that public executions must be retained also, (all such scenes notwithstanding,) by no means convinced me. It does not seem to me that the alternative offered is the only one; and if we may judge by the recent "presentments" of the Grand Jury for Lancashire, a large portion of the public is coming to the same conclusion.

But before proceeding to canvass this point I should like to say a few words on the *certainty*, in the nature of things, that public executions must be productive of evil, and of evil only.

The arguments of those who plead for the entire abolition of capital punishment are certainly not without weight and plausibility; though I cannot but think they derive their force from extrinsic considerations, (as for example, among others, the scandal of public executions,) rather than from any intrinsic validity. Assuredly it is not possible to attach much importance to that of Voltaire,—that "when a man is once hanged, he is good for nothing;" for unhappily he is often worth nothing before. But though the arguments for the abolition may not be very cogent, the condition of public opinion may make them irresistible. As I said in the "Edinburgh Review," seventeen years ago—"It is very possible that an impression of the inexpediency of inflicting the punishment in question may diffuse itself so widely, as to render it necessary for the legislature to abolish it. That time is possibly yet distant; but should it come, the experiment must be tried. Anything is better than an uncertainty of obtaining convictions. A milder punishment *certainly* inflicted, is better than one which would be more effectual, if it cannot be inflicted at all; to say nothing of the demoralizing effect of the spectacle of juries deliberately violating one or other of two imagined obligations. In this point of view, any system of legislation must accommodate itself to the actual state of the people, nor presume to be in advance of those who administer it."*

It is therefore of importance, if capital punishments are to be retained at all, that all plausible objections against them should be removed. One of these I hold to be the scandal of public executions; such, indeed, that if these could not be abolished without abolishing capital punishments too, I should be instantly converted into an advocate of the last measure. The evil, if any evil followed, could at best be but temporary; for if it were found, by the resistless logic of statistics, that murders increased upon us, there is not a philanthropist, however sentimental or fanatical, who would not call aloud for the re-enactment of the capital penalty. As long as it is supposed that no more murders would be committed than at present, those who have no eyes to see anything but guilt and its wretchedness, and overlook the *innocent* wretchedness which guilt has caused, flatter themselves that life would not be less secure than it is now. But if they found themselves mistaken, even they must yield to facts. There is not a man, surely, of so perverse a sympathy with crime, so misanthropically philanthropic, as deliberately to desire that the innocent should have their throats cut rather than that the murderer should be hanged.

But I apprehend that the time is not come, when we are called upon to consider any such alternative as that of the suppression of capital punishment altogether. While people are pretty well agreed that it should be restricted to cases of clear murder, or of such crimes as involve *constructive* murder of the coolest kind,—as, for example, firing a house with all its inmates sleeping in it,—yet they are also pretty well agreed that in such cases this punishment should be retained, as the only absolute security to society against those who have once broken into the treasure of life. They maintain that it is clearly sanctioned by the law of God; they know it is defended by almost every jurist of eminence; they believe it to be fully justified, and indeed necessitated, by the interests of humanity. And if it be necessary that society should have an absolute guarantee that a murderer shall do no more mischief, I do not see that there is any difference worth speaking of, between those who would continue and those who would abolish capital punishment. For if these last would in fact take *absolute* security on behalf of society against the repetition of the crime, then the only other conceivible mode of taking it is that of inflicting solitary imprisonment for life; and this, in fact, comes, in the generality of cases, but in a less merciful way, to capital punishment. It is in truth capital punishment of the most hideous kind. All *a priori* reasoning, physiological science, experiment, alike show that such a life soon becomes a living death; and is attended by the gradual and not very tardy extinction of the functions and faculties by which alone man can be truly said to live at all. You cannot reverse all the conditions of human existence, cut off man from all the vitalising influences of the society of his fellows, doom him to the absolute monotony and silence of a prison cell, without, in the majority of cases, superinducing insanity or idiotism. You can no more do it, without touching the vital functions, than you can keep the eye in perpetual darkness without destroying the power of vision. Under such a punishment, those very faculties of man's moral and intellectual nature, for the sake of which alone this equivocal mercy is contended for, become useless. The difference is one simply as to the mode of death; whether it is better to die by an acute or chronic disease. It is a choice between killing by inches, and killing at once; between laying the axe at the root of the tree, or lopping off its branches, barking and "girdling" it, and leaving it to perish by gradual decay. To condemn man to absolute and perpetual solitude, is to doom him to that last calamity which Dean Swift so dreaded for himself when he stood gazing at a tree whose upper parts were dead: "I shall be like that tree," said he, "I shall die a-top." To kill man thus is indeed worse than simply killing him; for it is to bury him before he is dead.

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* "Edinburgh Review," July, 1847.

For these reasons, an advocate of capital punishment in the extreme case of murder, may justly contend for it, not because it is the most just, or the most severe, or the most dreaded,—though it *is* so, (τὸ τῶν φοβερῶν φοβερώτατον, as an ancient said,)—but because it is a more *merciful* penalty than those would inflict who, without meaning death, do really decree it,—only by a slow fire, instead of the rope or the guillotine. While I sincerely appreciate that comprehensive philanthropy which compassionates suffering of all kinds, I cannot for a moment admit that this mode of treating murderers would be the wisest expression of it, or at all more merciful than hanging. This philanthropy does not look far enough. It can see the gallows, and it sees nothing else. That life should be taken by the hangman in a moment is in its eyes a dreadful thing; but the horror of taking life by small doses of a subtle poison, of letting it slowly ebb away,—this it does not picture to itself. But to him who has the imagination adequately to conceive it, there will be no comparison between the gallows and the solitary cell for life; between instantaneous extinction and a perennial death. I for one say, therefore, Give the murderer, while his faculties are still vigorous, what time you will for repentance, and all needful instruction and exhortation to bring him to it; but in *mercy* spare him that long decay to which, if you will not hang him, and yet must exact for society effectual guarantees against further mischief, you must doom him. Let him not, like Swift's tree, "begin to die a-top."

It is not difficult to show that the analogies which were formerly resorted to, (and not altogether abandoned yet,) to prove the benefits that may result from public executions, are altogether fallacious. It is sometimes said, "Does not the schoolmaster, now and then at all events, summon the entire school to witness the punishment of some notorious and signal offender?" Very true; but not to mention that *exceptio probat regulam*, and that a humane and wise schoolmaster generally punishes privately, as conceiving that it will be likely to have a better effect both on the delinquent and his companions, what is the analogy that is sought to be established?

If the *whole public could be compelled* to witness public executions, then the analogy would be complete. But, to make out the parallel as matters stand now, what ought to be the conduct of a schoolmaster when he flogs a boy? Why, he ought to tell the urchins, "that it was not *compulsory* on any of them to attend; but that if any of them would *like* to attend, they were welcome to do so!" And what would be the consequence? Why, if any of them felt a morbid curiosity for dreadful sights, or a dangerous love of strong sensations, or an odious love of seeing suffering, or a more odious delight in cruelty, or lack of kindliness, or a hope of seeing authority bravely defied, or a wish to encourage an incorrigible offender by sympathy,—such, but such alone, would be there. You would be sure to have the young Domitian, who was fond of stripping flies of their legs or wings, and thrusting pins through cockchafers, and who was diligently qualifying himself by such essays for a graduation in deeper cruelty. You would have the boy who was himself always getting into scrapes, who had often been under the dread "Flagellifer" himself, and who would feel a sort of malicious consolation in seeing another under the same punishment. You would have the young despot who was always playing tyrannical tricks upon the younger boys, and who delighted in seeing their terrors at his approach; it would be an enjoyment of a similar and stronger kind. You would have him who was a ringleader in every act of rebellion, and who denounced all just authority as tyranny; he would go for the purpose of seeing whether his companion would "die game;" and, if he had an opportunity, would encourage him beforehand (and perhaps by secret signals at the time) to a dogged resistance, or at all events a sullen fortitude, and a noble resolution not to play the part of a sneaking penitent. You would have him who was himself in danger of the same punishment, or perhaps had been an accomplice in that very fault which provoked it, but who had not been detected; drawn to the sight by a kind of horrible fascination, and drawn one step nearer to the crime, too, both by familiarity with the punishment and the fact that he *knew* it was possible to escape it; but especially if he saw the chastisement, and the authority that ordained it, made the subject—as it would be in such a choice circle of spectators—of ribald jest or bullying defiance. And to make the parallel complete, you would have him who has a disposition to pilfer, probably taking that very opportunity, of abstracted attention on the part of his companions, to exercise his youthful adroitness. In a word, you would find that whatever in the school was base, selfish, hardhearted, malignant, cruel, disposed to plot or to encourage rebellion against authority, would be there; and nothing besides. None who had a tinct of good-nature, fine intellect, amiable temper, kindly sympathy, would ever dream of accepting so curious an invitation. Their attendance must be *compulsory*, otherwise they would never be present.

It is possible, indeed, to conceive exceptional cases, (if all were *compelled* to be present,) in which the public punishment of some signal crime might do no harm, even if it did no good. But, not to insist that in general those who would be likely to be benefited by the spectacle—that is, who came with dispositions capable of instruction—would know their lesson very well without conning it at the gallows or the triangle, nothing can be more absurd than to make attendance *optional*, and so insure that only those shall be there who will *not* be benefited! And if any persons whatever be likely to benefited, it is a necessary condition that they should be *made* to attend; for nothing but a sense of duty or necessity can make well-disposed people go at all. Such people do not go to a hanging of free choice. Now it need not be said that compulsory attendance at a public execution is utterly out of the question.

But the plan on which the public hangman gathers his spectators is just on such a principle as we have supposed our wise schoolmaster to act upon.

To all who *like* such sights, the legislature in effect says, "Come and see; all you who dislike them, stay away." And the result is just what we might expect, and what we find.

Similar remarks apply to the case of military flogging, and of all public punishments, as we have applied to schools. If all attend, the result is still perhaps problematical; for the natural horror of seeing extreme suffering—no matter what the crime committed—generally awakens, for the time at all events, such invincible and involuntary sympathy of pity and horror, that it drowns the sense of guilt in compassion. But if none came but those who chose to come, we know just what sort of people alone *would* come; and the result would be the same as in the imagined school. Only those who were already hard-hearted, brutal, lawless, and cruel; at best, the victims of a morbid curiosity, and love of strong sensations,—which in themselves are moral failings, and require to be checked, not indulged, else they infallibly lead to something worse,—would be there. The highest motive—and that would be low enough—would be the wish to see with how much fortitude extreme agony could be borne, or with how much bravado just authority might be defied.

And this reasoning, duly considered, reveals the gross practical fallacy in which the very conception of the possible benefits of public executions, (if attendance be optional,) originates. It involves a fundamental mistake in the philosophy of human nature. *Voluntarily* to gaze on suffering—when there is nothing to be done, no active effort to be made to relieve it; or where there is no overbearing law which compels us, though it be painful, to encounter the sight as a necessity,—as for example, when a physician or surgeon looks with a dry eye on the agonies of his patient, or a school or a regiment is impartially compelled (like it or not) to witness what makes the heart shudder,—is always and simply a symptom of a hard heart, and helps further to harden it. All voluntary sight of suffering, involving none of these conditions, implies previous cruelty and callousness of nature; or, if there be nothing more at first than a morbid curiosity, it is sure, if the thing be repeated, to pass into something worse. We here see fearfully exemplified that law which Butler has done so much to make clear, though he was not the first who announced it; for the germ of his observations on this principle of our nature may be found in Aristotle. But the principle itself is of the last importance in relation to all education, and not least in relation to the subject now under consideration. All our passive emotions are weakened by repetition; but, notwithstanding this fact, they of course follow the law of all our habits, and crave, if indulged, increasing frequency of gratification. Now, if they have led on to the strengthening of a correspondent *practical habit*, (which such emotions seem designed principally to develop within us,) this weakening is of little consequence. Thus the sight of suffering naturally excites the emotion of pity; and if that pity can and will do anything for the relief of the suffering, it has answered its purpose; for indeed "the heart is made better" by it. Nor does it matter that the mere emotion decays in vividness at each repetition, —even till a surgeon, for example, can perform an operation as coolly as he eats his breakfast,—if the practical habit of benevolence has strengthened in proportion; for it will then prompt, with far greater power than any passive emotion could, to do the offices of pity. A Howard may look upon scenes with a stoical composure, nay, with a seeming hard-heartedness, which at first dissolved him in tears, and set about the work of relieving them as if he were made of marble, while his benevolence all the while is growing stronger and deeper. And thus, too, a physician may look on a patient's death-bed, nay, on a thousand in a year, and be none the worse for it. But if he who neither *could* nor *would* do anything for the relief of suffering, were continually thrusting himself into every dying man's chamber to which he could get access, for the mere purpose of prying into its horrors,—even though his motive at first might possibly be nothing worse than a morbid curiosity,—how would it fare with him? If he persisted in such an abominable propensity, if he pampered this canine appetite for the garbage of fancy, it is impossible that he should not exemplify the above law of our "passive emotions:" the habit would speedily generate something much worse than mere curiosity, would at last obliterate, by repetition, the capacity of pity, and, in a word, transform the man into a veritable *ghoul*. The mere fact that no good man would willingly look on sufferings except an imperious law or an instinct of benevolence made it a duty, however painful, at once condemns our present practice of summoning those, and those only, to the spectacle of public executions, who come of their own accord. It leaves us in no degree surprised that the gracious invitation should be responded to as it now is; it gives us just such an assemblage as might be expected. All the scum and offscouring of society (barring an eccentric creature here and there who has a diseased fancy for "supping full of horrors," and who, like a late notorious person, would sooner go to an execution than a banquet) flock to the scene as naturally as vulture to carrion. As things now stand, is there anybody who can for a moment be imagined to have any justifiable motive for going to such a spectacle, or any motive at all which does not make him odious? If so, it is he who can say, "I am going to see this sight, honestly and sincerely, from no idle feeling of curiosity, still less from any cruel desire to gloat on suffering; but that I may have my own heart more impressed with the dreadful effects of crime, and may be better guarded against the possible temptations to commit it." But is there one in a million of the spectators who could honestly say this? And if he said it, is there one in ten millions who would believe him? Would not everyone say, "This worthy man, if he can truly say that he went to learn such lesson, had *already* learned it, and might have stayed away. His heart is already sufficiently guarded against temptation, in *wishing* to be guarded."

But if there be any force in the argument that *public* executions are calculated to impress the spectator with the terrible consequences of crime, and so deter him from its commission, then the same reasoning will apply to *all* penal inflictions. Why restrict it to capital punishment alone? Nay, *à fortiori*, one would think that some other punishments, especially those in which much and prolonged corporeal suffering is involved, might make a deeper and more powerful impression than the transient convulsion, endured in silence and with covered face, of the poor wretch whose limbs quiver for a moment, and are then still for ever. It might be thought that the contortions and shrieks of a man under the lash would produce far more horror, as indeed they ever will; even *such* horror that none but one who is compelled to take part in such scenes—unless he be already utterly hard-hearted, or on the high road to it—can bear it; horror, which in every one not so fortified, either by duty or by brutality, becomes uncontrollable agony. However, as far as this argument goes, it will certainly apply, if it apply at all, to all punishment. It follows that we should throw our prison doors open—like our churches—for moral impression; and in fact do just what we do at public executions; that is, compel nobody, but invite all who have any *taste* for that sort of thing to inspect the prisoners during punishment; to come and gaze with a curious, or philosophic, or edified mind on the revolutions of the treadmill, (as at squirrels in their cage,) or at the application of the lash! Yet, strange to say, if the reasoning which represents public executions as an instructive spectacle be correct, we are so far from believing it applicable in other cases, that we have legislated in utter defiance of it. We have been, and are still, retrograding. We have abolished a number of those edifying spectacles which were once highly popular, as well as the punishments which supplied them; as the pillory, the stocks, and flogging at the cart's tail. It will be said, perhaps, that they were abolished principally because they were presumed to have had a pernicious effect on the criminal himself, and only made him worse than before. But this was not the only or the chief reason for the abolition of some of these punishments, more especially the pillory; nor is it easy to comprehend (what some sentimental prison-reformers have now and then affirmed) that the *indignity* of receiving personal chastisement can do much towards dishonouring one who has already reconciled himself to the practice of putting his hands into his neighbour's till or snatching his watch out of his fob! But, as just said, this was not the principal reason for the abolition of such public punishments. It was chiefly the effect they produced on the spectators; partly because they excited undue sympathy with the criminal, and thus counteracted the design of exemplary punishment;—as in that case of flogging the thief at Olney, so humorously described by Cowper, where the "pitiful lass" of Silver End boxed the ears of the "pitiless constable," and the constable chastised the too pitiful beadle, and the beadle *pretended* to chastise the thief, and where the only person who suffered nothing was the thief himself; partly because they tended to do that which has been shown to be so deplorable a result of public executions,—that is, to collect, by the very nature of the lure, that class of spectators who form the very dregs of the population, and to make them more brutal, more contemptuous of law, and more familiar with crime, than they were before. And therefore, though we still have some corporeal punishments, and have recently and not unwisely re-enacted them, in relation to some signally atrocious crimes, (as garotting and the wanton injury of public property,)—punishment which there is little hazard in saying will be found more effectually deterrent than any other,—we wisely dispense with publicity in the infliction. Why we should not do so in the case of hanging, after so long experience of the brutalising effects of the spectacle, it is hard to say.

It is curious to see how very little is said on the subject treated in the present essay, by the great writers on jurisprudence. In vain do we search their copious discussions for any adequate treatment of the expediency or otherwise of public executions. In vain shall we search Beccaria; in vain Montesquieu or Blackstone; or the copious dissertation on punishments by Michaelis in the fourth volume of his "Laws of Moses." As little is said in the great work of Bentham, or of his translator, Dumont. If these writers consider the effect of public punishment relatively to the spectators, it is still simply with a view to the reformation of the criminal code itself, not to the effect of punishment in general as connected with *publicity*. It is with the view of pointing out, for example, the inexpediency of punishments which, by their excessive or disproportionate severity, or revolting character, destroy any *salutary* effects of the spectacle, by exciting a sympathy with the criminal, bringing the law into odium, or quenching all sense of justice in the sentiment of horror. But barring this, all these writers seem to take it for granted that the spectacle itself, if the punishment be but just, *may be* an edifying one. None of them seems to have computed the entire moral effects upon the public, which a purely *voluntary* resort to see a hanging implies; or to see that, as by a necessary law, all the evil elements of the social body must gravitate thither.

It is true that these writers had something else, and more immediately pressing, to think of; and that was the revision and amelioration of the criminal code itself: the removal of those hideous anomalies, those cruel and disproportionate penalties, which disgraced every statute-book in Europe. And one and all of them in different degrees nobly contributed to this result; in one and all, principles and maxims are laid down which in due time bore fruit, and led on at length to the enlightened legislation which did so much for both humanity and justice. Slowly, however, did the light spread; and it is almost comic to see Blackstone sorrowfully acknowledging that no less than 160 "actions," according to the letter of the English law, came under the head of "felony," and exposed their perpetrators to capital punishment, and yet on the same page congratulating the reader that our penal code contrasts favourably with that of some other countries!

Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, even went so far as to deplore the abolition of the edifying procession to Tyburn, and to express grave fears lest the omission of that time-honoured custom should leave the people with one instructive admonition the less! "He said to Sir William Scott: 'The age is running mad after innovation; and all the business of the world is to be done in a new way; men are to be hanged in a new way; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation.' It having been argued that this was an improvement—'No sir,' said he eagerly, 'it is *not* an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the public was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?' 'I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson,' very needlessly adds the Boswellian echo, 'on this head; and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect which they formerly had. Magistrates, both in London and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this had too much regard to their own ease.'"*

So slowly do even great minds yield a prejudice founded on custom! For if ever there was a spectacle which one would suppose might be dropped without causing a sigh to anybody, it was surely *that*. Whether we take the descriptions of novelists, dramatists, or historians, nothing could be more brutalising to the populace than that "dance of death" to Tyburn. Habit can reconcile us to anything, and thus Johnson could view the very *abuses* of the ancient custom as among its uses! "The populace is *gratified* by it—the criminal *supported!*" as if either the one or the other entered into the original end of it. He speaks, with as little consciousness of the absurdity of his words, as the gaoler of a county prison felt, when, being asked how many he could hang on his new *drop*, he replied, "Why, sir, we *can* six; but four will hang *comfortably!*"

Yet it would be most unfair, while mentioning this odd freak of Johnson, not to mention that he was one of the very foremost in advocating the reform of the criminal law, by pointing out, with all his wonderful force of thought, the self-defeating effects of the severity of the existing code, both as exciting sympathy with the criminal and preventing the injured from prosecuting. There are few things in any of the professed writers on penal legislation more convincing or more powerful than No. 114 of the "Rambler." He there says, "The frequency of capital punishments rarely hinders the commission of crime, but naturally and commonly prevents its detection; and is, if we proceed only on prudential principles, chiefly for that reason to be avoided." And speaking of the inequality of punishments, he powerfully says, "They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing compared with his misery; and severity defeats itself by exciting pity."

Similar reasonings were put forth by his great contemporary Burke, in his plea for limiting the number of executions, in the case of the Lord George Gordon Riots.† Such great writers as these, and the illustrious jurists already mentioned, sowed the seed which slowly, but surely, bore fruit, and at length led to an effectual revision of our penal code by the glorious labours of such men as Romilly, Macintosh, and their contemporaries. If they had lived to our day,—however they might still have wished to see capital punishment retained in the case of murder,—they would assuredly have pleaded for the abolition of public executions.

The conviction that the effects of these odious exhibitions are in the immense majority of cases simply pernicious, has long been gaining ground; and probably few would now defend them on the plea that they are calculated to excite a wholesome moral impression; that they may be what some of our older writers fondly deemed them,—a sort of sermon, only preached from the gallows instead of the pulpit! So long as forty-six years ago the minute inquiries made by the Committee who drew up the important "Report on the Criminal Laws" (1819) tended to show that the effect of public executions was very problematical; and an able writer, canvassing the merits of the Report, and particularly questioning the propriety of entering into *this* question, yet virtually comes to the same conclusion to which the Commission had tacitly come. He says—"With regard to public executions, we believe that in all ages and countries, the good effects produced upon those whom curiosity has collected to witness them, have been extremely limited."

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* "Boswell's Johnson," vol. viii. p. 179.

† "Reflections on the Approaching Executions." Works, vol. ix.

The great and palmary argument *now* insisted upon, but which really seems very inconclusive, is that public executions give us the only effectual guarantee for the sentence of the law being actually carried out! It is not easy to imagine any real difficulty in the matter in a free country like our own. If, indeed, our Government were a mere despotism; if the officials charged with administering it, could enact the horrors of the Neapolitan prisons or of the old Spanish Inquisition, there would be reason good for this excessive scrupulosity. But is there the shadow of any such danger here? Do we not, under a system of complete responsibility to Parliament and People, confidingly invest the Government with the most enormous powers, involving the most comprehensive social interests in a thousand forms, without even dreaming that in the vast majority of cases there will be the slightest ground to question the probity, however we may often question the wisdom, of those who administer it? Do we not give to our statesmen, judges, and public officials of all kinds, power which nothing prevents being abused, in countless ways, but their public character and the consciousness that they are amenable on the faintest suspicion to public investigation and the severest penalties?—And is it conceivable that while we do all this, and without a scruple, the depositions and signatures of the sheriff, the gaol authorities, and (if you like to make assurance doubly sure) those of a commission of six or eight gentlemen, would not be deemed a sufficient security that the sentence of the law on a few miserable criminals has been duly carried out? If so, why do we *now* intrust to the hands of the proper authorities the administration of the far greater part of our penal machinery? Why do we not demand that the treatment and punishment of criminals in general should be freely open to public inspection?—Nor does the present system, as its advocates admit, absolutely secure the end. Even now, if the authorities duly empowered to carry out the law were really inclined to enter into a daring conspiracy to defeat it, success would not be impossible: and indeed report says that, in one or two instances, such a nefarious attempt to defraud justice has been actually made. Nor would it perhaps be impracticable, if *all* those on whom it devolves to manage the execution were such miscreants as such a conspiracy would imply. At the distance at which the rabble of spectators see the victim, very few can be sure that he is the man; fewer could swear to his identity; and perhaps among those who are in a position distinctly to see his features, there may not be one to whom he is known. Again, the term "publicity" is relative. Very few,—indeed a mere scantling of the population,—do in fact see an execution; and as to their *character*, certainly, if it came to a contest of testimony, one is inclined to say that the depositions and signatures of a respectable Commission, certifying that the deed was done, would weigh more, not only than the impressions, but the oaths of a million of such wretches as gathered themselves together in the front of Newgate on the morning of November 14th; not to mention that there is not the smallest reason to believe that those who go to such spectacles go for the purpose of ascertaining that justice is done, or the *proper* person hanged, or even think of the question of identity at all. They trust all that (as the nation would do, if the thing were devolved on duly qualified officials) to the common sense, honesty, and known responsibility of the officials themselves. I cannot say, therefore, that I am much moved with the argument that it would be difficult to convince the people, under the system of a Commission solemnly appointed for the purpose, that the condemned criminal had been hanged; or that some supposititious corpse, or illusory phantasm, or stuffed *effigies* of a man had not been juggled into his place. It may be safely said that there is not one man in a million who would pretend that he had a grain of doubt that the law had been duly vindicated. To take guarantees that a Commission so constituted had not all perjured themselves, would seem to most people as absurd as to "place guards on the outposts of possibility itself."

If we can take guarantees, as assuredly we may, that the sentence of the law shall be rigidly and impartially carried out within the prison walls, but in the presence of the proper officials alone, there can hardly be a doubt that such a mode of execution would make a far deeper impression, not only on the criminal himself, but on the criminal class generally. As to the former; the false supports which have so often buoyed him up, at all events prevented his fully realising his position, would be struck from under him. He would no longer be distracted by the thought of either a sympathetic or an infuriated crowd. It would put an end to the illusion of that shameful "glory" which has made so many criminals die with bravado in the presence of a vast multitude, and, above all, under the eye of the criminal class itself. That "notoriety" which makes him for a moment the "observed of all observers," though it be but on the gallows, and which so many a criminal mistakes for fame, will no longer "support" him,—to use Johnson's expression. If he be really penitent, or sincerely disposed to concentrate his mind on his terrible position, he will not be distracted (as many have been) in his last moments, by hearing the yells and bellowings of a riotous crowd just outside his prison.

It is, perhaps, impossible in the nature of things that he can feel his true condition, if he be made the object of attention to a vast multitude. Even if they all hate and loathe him, they will still *divide* his thoughts; if there be any sympathy, though it be only that of his own criminal class, it will be an argument for maintaining an air of callous hardihood; and if there be absolutely none—a rare case!—false shame will as often provoke sullen defiance of his fate as any better feeling.

But if compelled to take the dark journey alone, or with only the inflexible and solemn looks of the appointed witnesses of his death upon him, he would be far more likely to be properly affected. It would be with him, as it often is with the *débauché*, who talks with hardy insolence of death and futurity amidst his boon companions and over his cups, but who usually grows tame enough when God has him face to face, in the loneliness of a sick chamber, and in his dying hour.

As to the people generally; I firmly believe that the very imagination of death inflicted upon the criminal in the privacy of a prison, in absolute isolation from all his fellows,—the awe and mystery which would be associated with that terrible and silent scene, would more powerfully affect them than the heterogenous reminiscences of a public execution. It is one of those cases in which the imagination, acting with single concentrated energy, outdoes the effect of a many-coloured and distracting reality. Such a doom would carry with it much of the terror with which the secret "*Vehmgerichte*" were invested, only dissociated from all suspicion of injustice and irresponsibility.

Even under the most favourable circumstances—that is, in a more primitive state of society than our own—it would perhaps be impossible to render public executions really salutary. If they ever are so, it can only be when the people in general are less refined; when the spectacle does not attract, as it must do with us, the bad alone; and perhaps we may add, when the criminal classes are not (as they are sure to be if they have become such in the midst of civilisation) so callous to moral impression, or, as many would say, so superior to all superstition! Of the difficulty of making them simply edifying, even to the most moral population, we have a curious and scarcely credible instance (even if we allow for the well-known effects of epidemic enthusiasm,) in a work published about sixty years ago. In Denmark, it seems, according to M. Catteau, the prisoner was conducted from the prison with such attractive solemnities, and was treated to so charming a sermon just before he was hanged, that the spectacle, and all the pious care bestowed upon the culprit, turned the heads of the common people, some of whom committed murder on purpose to secure so efficacious a *viaticum;* and the Government was compelled to make hanging less seductive in order to correct this eccentric ambition!

Few will apprehend there is danger of any similar phenomena among ourselves. I imagine the most eloquent sermon which the most eloquent Ordinary of Newgate ever preached, or the most winning and persuasive tones in which he ever exhorted penitence to make an edifying end, could not lure any of our *non*-criminal classes to commit murder, in order to be the flattered object of such eloquence, or enjoy the benefit of such surpassing spiritual consolations. But, for the criminal class itself, it would perhaps not be irrational to fear lest the apparently edifying departure which so many great malefactors make, the sudden transfiguration which they undergo under the manipulation of ghostly hands, the readiness with which they are transformed from reprobates to saints, together with the sort of canonisation which the rabble incontinently gives them, should operate upon the minds of some among them; forming one bribe the more to the commission of crimes which, if detected and punished, will yet issue in a repentance so easy and an exit so edifying. Murder will but insure to the culprit spiritual aid and skill of the most approved and seemingly efficacious sort; make locks of his hair and fragments of his clothes precious in the eyes of the rabble as the relics of a martyr, and qualify him to die in the "odour of sanctity." Truly some of the representations we have read of the last moments of criminals may well make some who are on the same road imagine, that the gallows is not only about the easiest path to death, but the shortest road to heaven also!

Heartily do I agree with the editor of the "Times"—though I cannot see with him the necessity of retaining public executions at all—that the subject is well worthy of "the attention of the Commission which is now considering the whole subject of Capital Punishment;" for the spectacles in question are not only a foul blot on our civilisation, but present scenes of which the grossest barbarism would be ashamed. They are the mere Saturnalia of Sin, Death, and Hell.*

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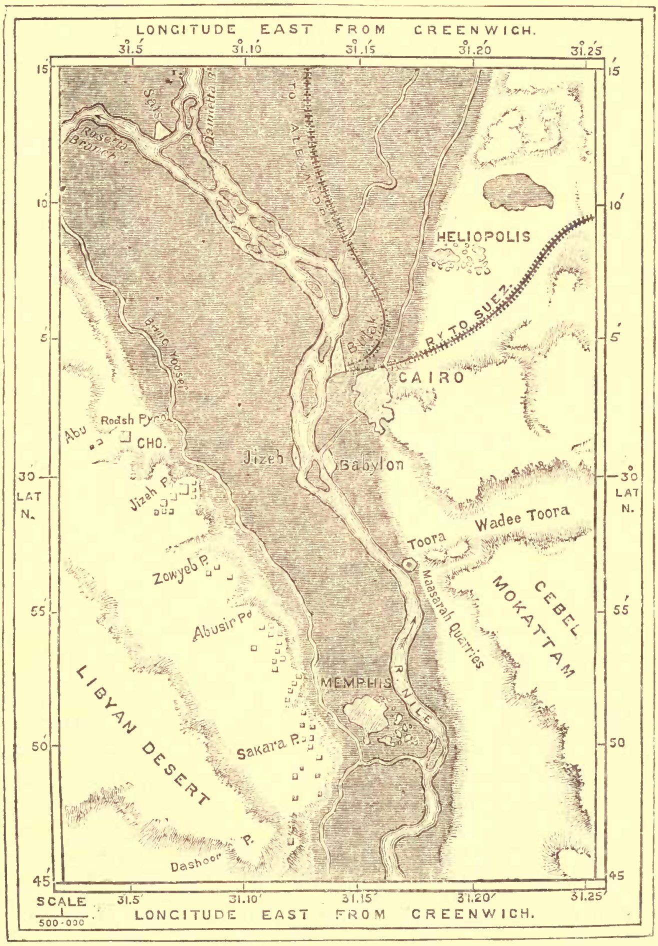
* The "Times" thinks that London may perhaps demand *exceptional* legislation in this matter. But the evil is much the same everywhere. The scenes at Stafford on the 27th of December last, were nearly as odious as those in London on November 14th.

EASTWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

II.—CAIRO.

In writing about Alexandria, I hardly alluded to the state of Christian missions or of the Christian Church in that city. And should any reader look for information on these matters respecting any of the places we visited, he will, I am bound to say, be disappointed. But let not my silence be misinterpreted. It does not arise, verily, from forming a low estimate, but rather a high one, of the importance of such inquiries. For a long and somewhat varied experience has taught me the extreme difficulty of ascertaining facts on a subject involving so many nice and delicate questions as the actual state of any mission, whether to Jew or Gentile. And having had, in the limited period to which I was compelled to confine my journey, neither the time nor opportunity necessary for inquiry, I feel that it would probably do more harm than good were I to give an opinion on such matters. It is possible that, with this explanation, I may record impressions made upon me by missionary operations, but I will not attempt to do more. I refuse to be cited by any party as a competent witness.*


LONGITUDE EAST FROM GREENWICH.
31.5'
31.10'
31.15'
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31.25'
15'
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30 LAT N.
55'
50'
45'
Rosetta Branch
Sais
Damietta B.
TO ALEXANDRIA
HELIOPOLIS
RY TO SUEZ
Bulak
CAIRO
Bahr Yousef
Abu
Rodsh Pyr.
CHO.
Jizeh
Babylon
Jizeh P.
Wadee Toora
Toora
Massarah Quarries
GEBEL MOKATTAM
Zowyeh P.
Abusir Pd
LIBYAN DESERT
MEMPHIS
R. NILE
Sakara P.
Dashoor P.
SCALE
500·000

Map of the Pyramid Field in Egypt.

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* No better proof can be afforded of the wisdom of this resolution—partially broken through in my first paper—than the following note (received after this paper

Although Alexandria is, as I stated in my former paper, the starting-point for Palestine (our ultimate destination), yet who could be in it without seeing Cairo? who could be in Cairo without seeing the Pyramids, and doing the usual round of travellers, since the Deluge, or thereabouts? and who, being in Cairo, could omit a visit to the Red Sea? and who could be at the Red Sea, and not, if possible, visit Sinai? Alas! our itinerary ends, like that of Pharaoh, at the Red Sea, for we could not follow Moses further. Of course then we went to Cairo, and in a few pages of easy talk I will tell what we saw there.

"It is a moighty queer thing entirely, you may depend," said an Irishman, "to get a railway ticket in Turkish or Arabic, I don't know which. All I know is, that though I can read Irish I can't read them characters like what a hen would write!" So we felt with Pat at the railway station of Alexandria, *en route* to Cairo. One's ideas about Egypt are made somewhat prosaic by a railway. The familiar whistle, with its impatient screech, which for years now has been a sort of European music, does not seem to harmonize with the Pharaohs. All the plastic power of fancy cannot cram Rameses the Great, or a member of any of the ten thousand dynasties, into a first class; nor realize the possibility of Sennacherib booking himself with his Assyrian staff for Memphis. It is not so, however, with the Jew, older than either. We saw many of them in the third class, and it seemed a quite natural position for this wandering and immortal tribe, who have had experience of every kind of locomotion, from the time they journeyed from Egypt to Canaan until the present day.

The Delta, as a shoreless ocean of flat, rich land, presented no feature to us of greater interest than a similar expanse of cultivated loam in England, Belgium, or anywhere else. But there ever and anon appeared those unmistakable signs of the old East which linked us to the past and belong not to modern Europe, which we turned our backs upon and tried to forget. There were, of course, the graceful palms and other trees of Eastern foliage fringing the horizon and reposing in the calm delicious air. There were camels ploughing—a combination, by the way, which seemed to me as unnatural as a pig in harness; for though the creature submitted with patient dignity to the drudgery, it had nevertheless the look of an upper servant out of place—an old huntsman or whipper-in of a gallant pack driving a coal-cart. It was never intended that this great thirstless teetotal abstainer (for days even from water), who can pace with his noiseless feet, as if in thick stockings, through the desert, and encounter sandstorms and every sort of horror, wander among the rocks of Sinai, go a long pilgrimage to Mecca, or enjoy Arabia Felix,—it was never intended that he should be reduced to do horse, donkey, or ox work, with the plough following his little brush of a tail across the Delta. The ox, if for no other reason than the base idolatries occasioned by his ancestors, should alone be doomed to drudgery like this. But we were told that 800,000 (yes, these are the figures) of horned cattle and horses had been cut off by murrain in Egypt; and that may account, though I don't believe it fully does, for the transformation of the noble "ship of the desert" into a wretched plough tug of the Delta.

As we passed along at a slow rate, yet by no means a smooth one, for a rougher railway we never travelled by, we saw other symptoms of a very different life from what we had been accustomed to;—such as the brown, dusty, crumbling, poverty-stricken, mud villages, built upon mounds of rubbish to keep them out of the inundation, with their squalid hovels, whitewashed mosques, and odd-looking inhabitants—male and female; and the pigeon villages, where those birds are reared in flocks for the market, their nests being clay pots built into a peculiarly-shaped second story with square walls inclining inwards, like the old Egyptian buildings. We also passed half-naked men swinging between them, with regular motion, a sort of basket by which they raised water from a ditch on a lower level to one on a higher, which distributed it over the whole field. We also passed water-mills for the same purpose, turned by oxen, camels, or horses; and frequently we passed Mussulmans at their devotions—ay, that is worth our pausing to notice once for all!

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was in type), which, in justice to the writer and the American mission, I have much pleasure in publishing:—

"Bathford, near Bath, 2nd January, 1865.

"Dear Sir,—In the January No. of your excellent Magazine, in a note to the article 'Eastward,' you state that there is in Alexandria an American mission to the Copts, with a boys' and girls' school well attended. You will, I doubt not, be ready to correct an error which might be prejudicial. The mission is to the Mahometans as well as the Copts, and its boys' school was well attended by the former until the recent establishment of the Viceroy's schools, which, offering the advantages of board, lodging, and pay, naturally drew away the Mahometan boys from other schools. But the mission does not only consist of schools; the American missionaries have an Arabic service on Sundays, and recently the Arabic audience was too large for the room, and a number were forced to sit outside, among whom were two Muslims, one of whom has applied for baptism, and the other is a refugee from the persecution at Constantinople.

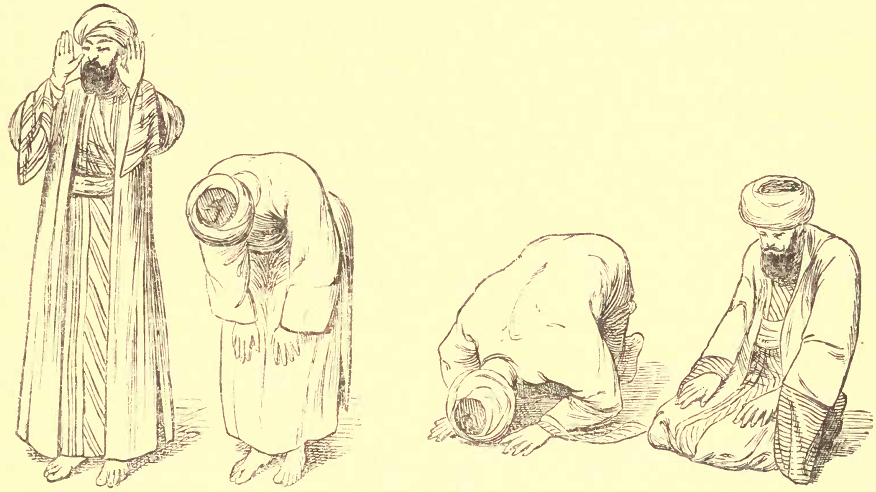
"I could give interesting details of the general mission in Egypt, but refrain from doing so without your leave. I will only state that the native converts are 50, and the average daily attendance at its schools 230.

"The American missionaries, I regret to say, are suffering from the depreciation in their currency owing to the disastrous war: one-third of the subscriptions by their churches at home only reach their hands, and they are appealing for help. The native members of the American mission churches in Egypt have responded nobly by subscribing 270*l.* 11*s.*

"I remain, dear Sir,
"Yours faithfully,
"H. Ranking,
"Formerly Chairman of the American schools at Alexandria.

"The Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D."

How far Mahometans observe the orthodox number of times for devotion (five a day,) I do not know; nor yet what proportion the devotional class bears to the indifferent. The fact, however, is patent to every one who travels in the East that prayer is offered up in every place, not in the mosque only, but in the field, on the ship's deck, in the shop, and amidst the confusion and bustle of the railway station. When one sees for the first time a man in a public place or in the middle of a field suddenly drop down to the ground, one is apt to think that he has been seized by a fit, until the fact dawns, from the regularity of his motions, that he is performing some duty. The worshipper goes about it in the most methodical manner. He spreads his carpet on the ground, if he has one, and then, as sailors would say, takes the bearings of Mecca, towards which he prays. This adjustment of his body, not to speak of his soul, is sometines not easy, especially on ship-board, when the vessel's course is constantly changing. In such cases he consults his fellow-believers, who will often gather round him, and suggest what in their opinion is the right point of the compass to which to direct his eyes. This being determined, he first of all, whether on land or on shore, stands upright with eyes open; then, after meditating for a moment, puts a thumb close to each ear, erects his fingers fan-like, and prays in silence. It is unnecessary to record all his subsequent acts—the bending down and touching the ground with his nose and forehead, the rising up and crossing his hands over his girdle, the kneeling, the sitting upon his heels, the rising up again, et cetera. Scrupulous care is taken as to the relationship of one foot to another, of the right hand to the left, as to the exact spot for the forehead and nose to touch the earth, with their distance from the soles of the feet; and many other "bodily exercises." The prayers, we were given to understand, are all of a stereotyped form, and consist of confessions, and short sentences acknowledging the greatness and attributes of Deity, with episodes regarding the authority of Mahomet. What strikes one is the serious, abstracted countenance of the worshipper, which seems to be unaffected by anything taking place around him any more than if he were alone in the desert. It is reckoned a great sin to disturb a man at his devotions.



Attitudes of the Mahometan during his Devotions.

One of the most reverential worshippers we saw, whose very beard seemed to be an Eastern religion embodied in hair, was an old man on the deck of an Austrian steamer some weeks later in our tour, but we may do honour to the respected devotee now. One of our companions, always full of the "charity which believeth all things," directed my attention to the reverence of the man. Then began, as often happens in such cases, a discussion regarding the different outward circumstances in which a real life of piety may exist and manifest itself, like light in the midst of darkness or like a plant growing under a stone, which ended with sundry speculations as to the mysterious connection between devoteeism and devilry—mere forms of religion without religion itself; but all agreed that this person seemed to be of the true sort, sincere and honest, though ignorant. So when he rose from his knees we were disposed to be very civil to him, and lent him a binocular glass to study the landscape, with which he was greatly delighted. But the good old man stole the glass, and it was only recovered after a search by the steward in his travelling bundle, where it was wrapt up in an old sheepskin. He seemed quite aware of the theft, and skulked off, not without fear of subsequent punishment, which however was not inflicted. He was a thorough type of formalism.

But to return to our railway journey. By far the most notable objects we saw before reaching Cairo were two grey triangles rising over some palms to the south, and piercing, wedge-like, the blue sky: they were the Pyramids. We reached Cairo in the evening, in time to enjoy a golden sunset with burnished clouds rising from the horizon of the Delta to the zenith. Except in peculiar circumstances, such as the presence of snowy peaks or masses of ice to reflect the light, sunsets increase in splendour with an advance to the north. Those of St. Petersburg are unsurpassed. The finest I ever saw at Venice even, were far inferior to them in brilliancy and variety of colour.

We went of course to Shepherd's hotel. To get clear of the railway terminus, however, was by no means easy. The crush of donkey-boys, omnibuses, carriages, and camels, with the crowd of nondescript characters, raised such a storm of sound and such clouds of dust and of doubt, as made the "situation" for a moment bewildering. But once in the hotel, we are again in Europe.

"Shepherd's" is a huge barrack in an open space, with trees and gardens in front. No position could be more agreeable. It has before the door an elevated verandah, approached by a few steps on each side, and forming quite a drawing-room tent in the open air. Within the hotel is a handsome dining-hall, and in the stories above there are broad stone-flagged passages or corridors, which seem to be infinite, and to go round the world; and opening from these corridors are bedrooms numerous enough to accommodate all travellers, with room to spare for mosquitoes and other more permanent lodgers, though these were by no means troublesome.

The verandah at Shepherd's had its own story to tell, and any man could read it. It is the Isthmus of Suez on a small scale, a traveller's link between India and Europe, with the addition of a few square yards which serve as a platform to connect the invalid homes of the cold north with the heating breath of the genial south. Here one meets young lads who have passed their examination at Addiscombe, dressed up *à la mode*, from canvas shoes to cambric-covered hats. They are upon the whole nice, clean-looking fellows, with a gentlemanly bearing about them, and an innocent puppyism, pipe included, which ceases in the eye of charity to be offensive on the verge of the real difficulties in life, which one knows they are about to encounter. Who would refuse a pipe or a snuff to a man before his going into battle? But what care these boys for leaving home! "Aint it jolly!" No! my boys; I know better, "it aint jolly," but, as you would say, "seedy." In spite of all your pluck, I know you have just written to your fathers or mothers with a tear which you would be ashamed to confess, hating to be thought "muffs." You have forced yourselves to declare for their sakes "how very happy you are;" yet you would give worlds to be back again for an hour even at home; and would hug the old dog, and almost kiss the old butler. I'll wager that merry lad with blue eyes and fair hair, has written to his sister Charlotte, who is watching for the mail, telling her to keep up her heart, for he will very soon be able to return on leave. And he has sent a single line to Jack, telling him that he may have the use of all his bats and guns, and fishing-rods, and whatever he has left behind him; for though he had his little tiffs with Jack at home, Jack, in spite of his this or that, seems now perfection in his brother's memory. And the lad also begs to be remembered, in a quiet, confidential way, to a certain young lady whom he is ashamed to name, but whom he verily believes will never marry another, but wait his return from India! God bless the boys! and bring them out of fever and gun-shot wounds to the old folks at home.

Meeting these fresh boys from the West are worn-out, sallow-complexioned veterans returning from the East. Among them are men whose fame is associated only with the dangers of sport with tigers and wild boars, or with the gaieties of the station. But just as likely among those quiet-looking gentlemen may be more than one who has governed a province as large as England, and been a king in the East, and been almost worshipped by wild tribes whom he has judged in righteousness and ruled with clemency. And they are returning to a country where old friends, who parted from them full of life and hope, are long ago buried; and they will visit "the old home" no more, for it is in the hands of strangers; while such of them as are bachelors will henceforth be frequenters of Oriental clubs, and be known as "old Indians," who are supposed to be peculiar and crotchety. There are few nobler gentlemen on earth, after all, than these same "old Indians!" Look at those two fine specimens with pith hats, brown faces, and long grey moustaches! They are very silent, and look sometimes as if very sulky; but their hearts are sound, though their livers are the reverse; and I respect even their growls, that seem to me like harmless thunder, without lightning, after a long sultry day.

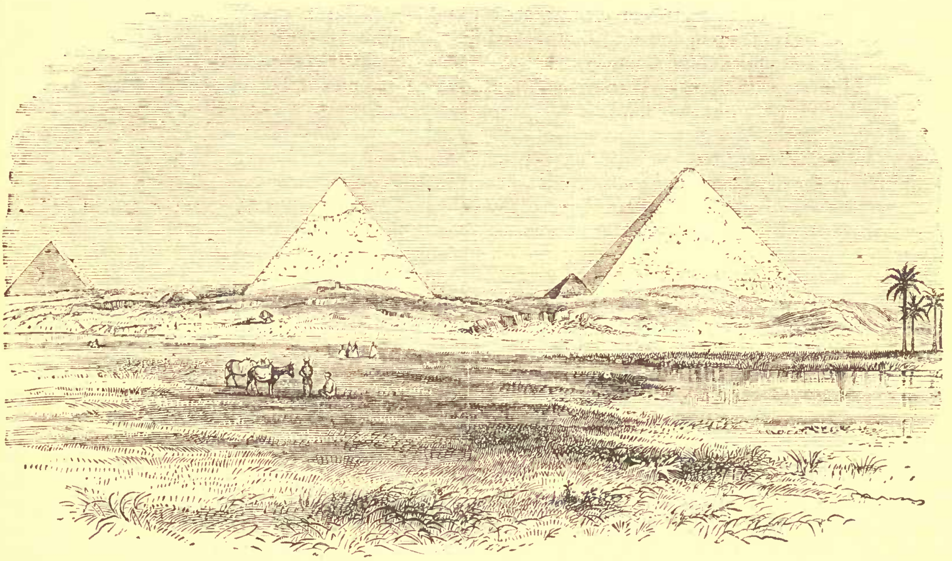
Slowly swinging in that easy-chair is a young man with a pale face and hard cough, while a meek, sweet-looking young woman—his sister, evidently—is reading to him. Near to them is an elderly man, equally feeble, with daughters, as angels, ministering to him. How one sees home friends perusing the letters from such groups, telling their anxious friends that they are "much better," and begging the mother, or sister, or children, to "hope for the best," for "Egypt is such a good climate, and James, or papa, or sister Mary, are *so* good and patient." Health to them!

Along with those are other sheep in this "Shepherd's" fold—men of cotton and men of iron, who possibly may be sheep only in their clothing, with a little patch of wolf-skin under it, at least when having to deal with the Pasha; men of travel too, who have been poking through every part of creation, and whose tents are all pitched under the trees opposite the hotel, as they intend to start on a journey to Sinai, or whose boat is ready to proceed to Luxor and the Cataracts; Americans of course too, from the North and South, and clergy from the same western land with silk waistcoats and immense clerical respectability; and clergy besides from all lands, some dressed as if descending from the pulpit, and some as if they had never entered it.

We have some things to see in Cairo, but we must in the first place "do" the Pyramids, and pay our respects to these old mysterious piles of stone in the desert which people were wondering at before Abraham was born.

The donkey boys who gather around Shepherd's hotel, and seem to be there day and night, make a rush at every stranger who gives any sign of going out to see the sights. The moment one descends the steps, he has a confused impression of a crowd of round, black faces, mixed with asses' heads; while from all sides proceed shouts and screams of "Very fine donkey," "This donkey be Yankee Doodle," "Dan Tucker," "Jem Crow," "Snooks," "Billy Taylor," "Jack and Gill," or some other name suitable to the supposed nationality or taste of the person besieged.

Mounted on very good donkeys, selected by a nice lad named Hassan, a well-known hanger-on at the hotel, and one of John Bull's "rascals, sir!" we set off for the Pyramids. My donkey was small and strong, but in the saddle I saw nothing of him except his ears. The ride at first is through the scattered suburbs of Cairo. Passing through these we came to a mound of rubbish which, as I was informed, marked the Babylon of Egypt. We shortly after reached the bank of the old river, which swept swiftly on with its brown muddy-looking water.



View of the Pyramids, on approaching them from the Plain.

The first view of the Nile here was to me singularly enjoyable. Indeed the first view of a great historical river is always most interesting. It is one of those features of a country which is as unchangeable as the mountains, and is always associated with its history as the permanent highway of all generations, requiring no repair and incapable of decay. And here was the Nile! It is one of the locks of snowy hair on the old head of the world. Reminiscences began to crowd upon the mind, from Moses to Captain Speke; and one ever and anon wished to convince himself of the fact that this was really the ancient river of history. Yet all the objects which met the eye and filled in the view were appropriate. There were picturesque boats and palm-trees on the further shore, and over them were the grey Pyramids rearing their heads a few miles off. What more could we ask to make up a real Egyptian landscape in harmony with one's ideal?

After crossing the ferry and traversing a flat plain on the western shore, with villages and groves of palm-trees, we reached at last an open space with nothing between us and the Pyramids. The first thing which strikes one is, not their size, for that cannot be measured by the eye, but the high platform on which they stand. It is about 130 feet above the level of the green flat of the Delta, and in the midst of a pure sandy desert. "I never thought they were among the sand or so high up: did you?" "I thought they would have looked far larger! Did not you?" "Where in the world is the Sphinx?" "There she is!" "What! that little round ball rising above the sand!" These are the sort of questions or replies which one hears, if anything be spoken at all, as he moves towards those venerable mounds.

We found the strip of land which separates the Pyramids from the green valley to be much broader than it at first seemed. It was thus well on in the day when we reached our destination, and the heat was consequently greater than we had made up our minds for. We made for the Sphinx first, and went round and round her. She appeared like a huge boulder rising out of the sand. I did all in my power to realise the calm majesty, the dignity, serenity, et cetera, of that strange creature's expression; but I gave it up in despair. She seemed to me to be an Egyptian Mrs. Courady, whom no power could invest with beauty. I envy those who can enjoy her smiles. She may have been a theological Venus in the days of the patriarchs; but a most gigantic small-pox from the battering rams of Cambyses, or the fierce anger of some invader, has destroyed the smoothness of her skin. I regret my insensibility to her charms, but I can't help it. She is still a riddle to me.

We also visited here a tomb or temple, I forget which, called "Campbell's," in honour of my excellent cousin, Colonel Peter Campbell of Duntroon (how we Highlanders cling to cousinship when it is respectable!), once consul in Egypt. It is buried in sand, except where the descent into its interior has been cleared. The huge stones of beautifully polished granite with which it is formed throughout, and which are so exquisitely fitted into each other, are very striking. There are two rows of granite pillars about twenty feet high. Some of the smooth blocks of granite in the wall are thirteen feet long, by five broad, and four thick. Travellers who have visited the great temples of the Nile would overlook such a small affair as this; but compared with our European buildings or modern Egyptian ones, it is Cyclopean, and made us feel that

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build."

The nearer we approached the Great Pyramid, the more it rose upon us as a revelation of majesty and power. When it was proposed to me to ascend it, I agreed as a matter of course; and when one of our party kindly hinted at the difficulty, I looked up to the artificial molehill, and swaggering about my exploits on Highland and Swiss mountains, I expanded my chest, drew myself upright, and pitied the scepticism of my fellow-traveller. The offer of the Arabs to help me up, I rejected with a smile of quiet assurance and contempt. Walking along the base of the structure, which seemed interminable, we got upon the first ledge, and began the ascent. Half-a-dozen bare-armed, lightly-clad, dark-complexioned, white-teethed children of the desert surrounded me—measuring me with their eyes, and jabbering irreverently in Arabic, about my size, I believe: but they ended by volunteering their assistance. Their speech was interlarded with the one word, which constantly occurs, and forms an important portion of the language of Modern Egypt and Canaan—*backsheesh.* I begged them courteously to leave me: and with an elasticity remarkable to no one but myself I mounted the first step. Having done so, I felt entitled to pause and breathe; for this first step seemed to be a five-feet wall of limestone. To my amazement I found another before me, and another and another, each of which I climbed, with the assistance, I confess, of the Arabs—two before and three behind—but with a constantly diminishing sense of strength, and an increasing anxiety to know when I should reach those short, easy steps which I had been gazing at from below. I was told that the steps to the summit were all like those I had passed, but I was also told not to be discouraged thereby, as, by hard work, I should be a good way up in half-an-hour; and once up I could rest, so as to be fit for the descent, which, after all, was the real difficulty! I gazed up to a series of about 200 stone walls which, after reaching to an elevation of 120 feet higher than the ball of St. Paul's, were lost at last in the blue sky, and I looked down half-dizzy to the base beneath me. The next wall above me was somewhere about my chest or chin! So meditating upon the vanity of human wishes, upon the loss to my parish (so argued the flesh) by a vacancy, upon the inherent excellence of humility, the folly of pride and of sinful ambition, I then, in a subdued but firm tone, declared that no arguments with which I was then acquainted would induce me to go a yard higher. I pleaded principle, but strengthened my convictions by pointing to the burning sun and the absence of a ladder. Bidding therefore farewell to my companions, who went up those giant stairs, I begged my clamorous guides, who clung around, to leave me until they returned. The obvious terror of the Arabs was that they would lose their pay; but I mustered breath enough to say in the blandest manner, "Beloved friends and fellow-labourers! sons of the desert! followers of the false prophet! leave me! go round the corner; I wish to meditate upon the past: depart!" And then I emphatically added, "*Backsheesh, backsheesh, backsheesh!* Yes!" They seemed to understand the latter part of my address, held up their fingers and responded, "*Backsheesh?* yes!" I bowed, "Good!" They replied, "We are satisfied!" and vanished. And so they left me some twenty steps up the Pyramid, and looking towards Ethiopia and the sources of the Nile. I was thankful for the repose. One had time to take in the scene in quiet, and to get a whiff from the inexhaustible past in that wondrous spot. The Arabs away, everything was calm as the grave, except for the howls of a wandering jackal that, like a speck, was trotting away over the tawny sand beneath me.

As to what one's thoughts are in such a place, I believe they are very different from those which one would have anticipated, or which are suggested by memory in seclusion afterwards. Instead of receiving present impressions, we possibly try to pump up emotions deemed suitable to the occasion. We gaze upon the mountain of stone around us, on the Sphinx at our feet, and on the green valley of the Nile; we recall early readings about the wonders of the world, of travels in Egypt, and stories of the big Pyramid; and we ask, "Are we really here? Are these the things which stirred our hearts long ago?" And then trying possibly to gauge the depths of time since these pyramids were erected, we place historical milestones a few centuries apart, putting the first down at the period of the Reformation, then jogging up to the Crusades, the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the Old Testament times, those of Joseph and his brethren, until we reach Abraham. We then look at the big stones about us and say, "These were placed here long before Abraham!" Then we begin to ask, "Who built them? what were they built for? and who on earth was Cheops?" And then possibly some shells in the limestone attract the eye, and we ask, "When were the occupants of these alive?" And we thus get past Adam and Eve, into the infinite cycles of geologists, until at last the chances are one gets so bewildered and dreamy that he slides into a speculation as to whether "Shepherd" has packed any soda water or pale ale for lunch, for it is very hot; or mutters with Byron,

> "Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
> Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops!"

It is, after all, very humiliating to think how a slight pain in foot or head, a disagreeable argument, a hot sun, a stubborn donkey, a scratch on the nose, or some trifle, will affect the whole landscape, however grand. I will back a "corn," or a bad tooth, to destroy the glory of the past or present, and reduce all other thoughts to one burning sensation of intolerable pain!

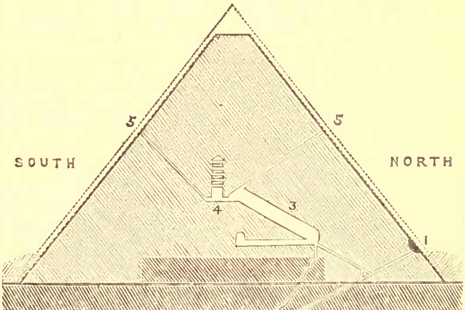
Yet, confessedly, few can escape in such circumstances an awed feeling of vast and unknown antiquity, nor fail to hear faint echoes from the tide of human life that chafed against these immortal walls before history began. I doubt not a great part of the charm which fascinates us in such scenes arises from the consciousness of human brotherhood which all historical countries suggest—of the existence long since of beings like ourselves—men who planned and laboured, lived and died, thousands of years ago, but are yet alive somewhere, and with whom, could they only start into life now, we would be able to sympathise. After all, *persons* are the life of this world, and a personal God the life of the universe.

Before descending from my elevated seat let me point out more fully the relationship of the Pyramids to the valley of the Nile, and to Cairo. Imagine the Delta to be, what it often is, a sea, and the valley of the Nile a narrow strait bounded on the east side by low desert limestone hills, and on the west by an elevated ridge of tawny sand. At the entrance of the strait is Cairo on one side, with its clustering monuments in the sun-light, and on the opposite side are the Pyramids, elevated on a beach of genuine desert sea-shore—sharply separated from the high-tide mark of the inundation.

While leaving the Pyramid, the famous passage from dear old Sir Thomas Browne's "Chapter on Mummies" came to my memory:—"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth on a Sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnous on a Pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller as he paceth amazedly through those deserts asketh of her, Who built them? And she mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not!"

Here I ought perhaps to insert a chapter about the Great Pyramid, with information derived at second hand from the circulating or more recondite library; for at first hand I know nothing about it, except what I have revealed. But let me inform a certain excellent lady, in reply to a question which she put to me, and others probably, like her, whose readings on Egyptian antiquities are not more extensive than my own, that the steps I have spoken of are not inside, but outside the Pyramid; and that when built these ledges were all covered so as to present a smooth surface of polished marble which has been stripped off by sundry Caliphs, and made use of in other buildings.

Let me also remind those who have forgotten their geography, that this big Pyramid is about 480 feet high, and that its base covers thirteen acres. It is not, however, hollow, but a solid mass of stone, with the exception of one or two small chambers in the interior, reached by passages, opening from one side, and widening to a more roomy corridor before reaching the centre, where the celebrated stone coffer lies. As to the use



1. Entrance. 2. Well. 3. Corridor.
4. Chamber with Porphyry Coffer. 5. Air Passages.

of the Great Pyramid—for there are dozens of smaller ones in the land—that is a question not yet settled. But it was not built for a tomb, nor for astronomical purposes, nor for idolatrous worship. A theory started by the late Mr. John Taylor, and expounded at length by the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Professor C. Piazzi Smyth—to whose interesting book we refer the reader * — seems highly probable, if the data on which it is founded are correct. The theory is that it was a great national or world standard of weights and measures of every kind, founded on an exact knowledge of the axis of rotation of the globe; that in this big cairn are measures of length marked off, the unit of which is one inch, or $\frac{1}{500000000}$ of the earth's axis of rotation; that the porphyry coffer in the centre is a standard grain measure or chaldron, holding to a fraction four of our English quarters, or 70,982 English cubic inches; and that there are also subdivisions of the year into months, weeks, and days, "checked off," in the grand gallery leading to the coffer, with sundry other details which we cannot enter on. As the Astronomer Royal is now at the Pyramid we hope to be able on his return to give in our pages the results of his measurements and investigations. In the meantime we are inclined to believe that Mr. Taylor and the Professor are on the right track of discovery.

No event occurred worth recording on our return journey, except the fall of my donkey—if that has any interest to the intelligent public. The event seemed to be of great personal interest to the worthy animal, exciting in me a certain sense of undignified bewilderment, and producing sensations which reminded me of early days, and also of increasing infirmities. The transition was sudden and odd, from dreaming about the Pharaohs and the Exodus, to finding one's-self lying beside an ass in the mud of the Delta. The animal seemed to take his fall as a matter of course. I presume it was a sort of duty which he often imposed upon himself on this route, as a last resource to obtain relief from an extra load. After his rest he jogged on, like Peter Bell's donkey, with perfect ease and unfaltering step.

Next day we visited Heliopolis. The ride to it through the country is most pleasant, with the green fields, palms, acacia, and sycamore trees, and springs of water and water-mills. On reaching it, one sees little with the outer eye, except a granite obelisk with sharply-cut hieroglyphics, standing in an open space of tilled fields, which are surrounded by mounds and walls of brick, in which the chopped straw that was mixed with the clay is yet visible. But Joseph—that noblest of men—married a daughter of the parish minister of Heliopolis; and Plato—that great orb of thought—studied at this primeval Oxford. Can any man paint with words the thoughts suggested by such facts? That obelisk was raised one hundred years before Joseph was born. Herodotus saw it when he came to this old university to get information about Egypt. The Pyramids, older still, rise like mountains in the horizon beyond! Near this is shown the tree under which the Virgin reposed on her flight to Egypt with her Son. It was probably planted centuries afterwards. What of it? One rejoiced to be, for the first time in his life, on the traditional track even, of those wonders which fill the earth, and of facts which transcend fiction.

During those short expeditions around Cairo we were, of course, accompanied by our donkey boys, to take charge of their steeds, and belabour or lead them, as required,—all being under the command of Hassan. These boys were with us during three days, under a hot sun from morning till evening, running and jabbering along the dusty highway like *flibberty-jibbets;* yet though pressed to eat a portion of our lunch—offered by us from sheer pity for their wants—they steadily refused, simply saying, "Ramadan! Ramadan!" It was the annual Mahometan Fast, and no better proof could be afforded of the strictness with which it is kept by the mass of the people. Their principles are not true, but they are true to their principles. They cannot be blamed for eating with an appetite the moment the sun goes to bed, but must be praised for their self-denial during the day. We may safely conjecture regarding them, as an oddity of a Scotch preacher once did of the Pharisee who boasted that he fasted twice a week, "I'll wager he made up for it during the other days!" But I don't think these supple, all-skin-and-whipcord boys, ever enjoyed what a voracious Westerner of the same class would call "a blow out."

Let us to the Bazaars. A walk of a quarter of an hour across the open space before the hotel and through nameless streets with little interest save to the Franks, brings us into those crowded arcades of merchandise. They are broader, higher, more aristocratic, and richer than those of Alexandria, and are the most picturesque we have seen. Not so out-and-out Oriental, critics say, as those of Damascus, but, to a stranger who cannot detect the true signs of genuine Orientalism, they are fully more interesting. They are partially covered at the top with matting or palm-leaves, to keep out the glare of the sun and to produce coolness. Every trade has its own "location," and birds of a feather here flock together, whether gunsmiths, butchers, coppersmiths or shoemakers, dealers in soft goods or hardware, pipes or tobacco, horse-gear, groceries, carpets, or confections.

The people who crowded these bazaars, in their various costumes of many colours, are always a source of intense interest. The most striking points in the buildings are the balconies, which in some cases almost meet from opposite sides of the street; but there is an endless variety of quaint tumble-down bits of architecture, with fountains, and gateways shutting in the different quarters,

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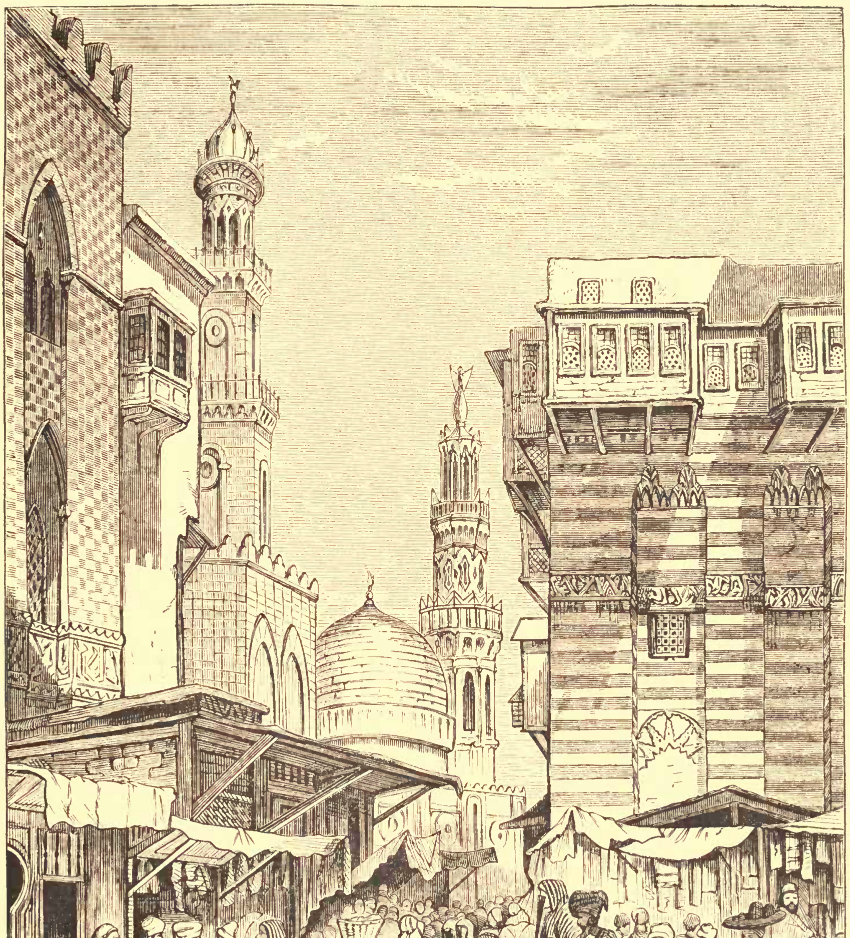
* "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." London: Strahan. 1864.



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

while the mosques, with their high walls and airy minarets, overlook all. Ever and anon we saw vistas along narrow crowded lanes, and views into back courts and caravanserais, with such groupings of men and camels, merchants and slaves, horses and donkeys, Bedouins and Nubians, mingled with such brilliant colours from Persian carpets and shawls, such bright lights and sharply-defined shadows as made every yard in our progress exciting, and tempted us to sit down as often as possible on some bench or shop-front to enjoy the inimitable picturesqueness of the scene. A great artist once told me that for three days he tried to settle himself in order to paint in the bazaars of Cairo, but his mind always got so distracted with the richness of his subject that he could never compose himself to his work. No sooner did he resolve to paint one bit than he saw another which seemed better, until for a time he gave it up in despair.

When seated on a bench contemplating the stream of Oriental life which rushed past us, we had what I must call the good fortune to see a very characteristic specimen of an Oriental quarrel. It was between a woman and a shopkeeper. The woman was, like most of her sex whom one meets with in Cairo, obese and dumpy, with the usual veil over her face, which allowed however her flashing dark eyes to be seen, glaring like those of a tigress. Her nails, which she seemed disposed to bring into immediate use as weapons of offence, were dyed. She had large ear-rings and other ornaments. The cause of her wrath seemed to be the loss of a bracelet, which the shopkeeper appeared to have seized as security for some debt. But what a picture were those two! They looked into each other's faces, and shouted at the top of their voices without a pause, question and reply being impossible amidst the roar of their vehement indignation. Their rage was not a series of squalls with thunder and lightning, but rather the continued scream of the tornado. They hurried off to the police, and thither, with a small crowd of excited partisans, we followed them. The police, who were smoking their pipes in a divan under a verandah near one of the gates, rose up, and calmly heard the disputants for a time. The woman demonstrated like a maniac, flung her arms around her, pointed to her bracelet, and yelled; the accused, with forefinger close to the woman's face, tried to yell louder; several men and women took each their part, and all spoke and yelled at the same time, while the leading officer in the centre, joining in the chorus, with hands extended to all parties, yelled at the top of his voice. The discord was made up of screeches without a pause, in harsh and guttural, but apparently most emphatic, Arabic. We never saw such a perfect quarrel before, such a thorough exhibition of human passion; yet it was too ludicrous to be horrible, for all this vehemence meant little: it was like that of the sea captain who excused himself for always speaking in a rage by saying that, if he spoke quietly, none of his crew would believe he was in earnest. How the dispute in question ended, I know not; but I am persuaded that both Billingsgate and St. Giles's would have meekly retired from a contest of words with either the hero or heroine of the Cairo bazaars.

But let us go back to our quiet seat on the bench, and, like "Jock the laird's brother" on the louping-on stone, "glower frae us." There is a strange combination of noise and quiet in the bazaars. Both belong to the East. There are no "cars rattling o'er the stony street," for there are no stones to rattle over. The roadway is hard clay. We are therefore delivered from the loud, grating, harsh European noises of coal-waggons and other vehicles. Here they glide along like sleighs over snow. But the very absence of the noise of wheels necessitates the use of powerful lungs, to warn the moving mass of danger. Accordingly there is an endless shouting of something like this: "Yemīna!" (to the right;) "Shemālek!" (to the left;) "Ducharuc" (thy back;) "Regalek!" (thy leg;) "Jāmlăck!" (thy side;)—very much like the cries from one vessel to another of "Starboard!" or "Larboard!" to avoid a collision; while the constant "Hoah!" (look out!) is ever heard as a note of general alarm.

We were astonished at the freshness of the atmosphere, and the absence of all disagreeable smells in these crowded streets. Never once were we offended by any one of the seventy "distinct and separate" perfumes which Coleridge has immortalized as characteristic of Cologne. Any abnormal odour which we caught was aromatic and agreeable. I don't pretend to account for this, or to say how far police regulations, the dry atmosphere, or the dogs, have the credit of it; but I was informed that, for this town of upwards of 300,000 souls, drainage, in its "social science" sense, has no existence.

As to the dogs, which throng the streets, they are a great Eastern institution, constantly present in all its magnitude to the eye and ear of the traveller. The Cairo dogs, as far as I could judge, belong to the same pariah race, in form and feature, as those of other Eastern cities. They are ugly brutes, without any domestic virtues, and without culture or breeding; coarse-skinned, blear-eyed, and scrubby-tailed. They lead an independent public life, owe no allegiance to any master or mistress, not even to any affectionate boy or girl. They have no idea of human companionship, and could not conceive the possibility of enjoying a walk with man or woman; nor of playing with children, mourning a master's absence, or barking wildly on his return home. They are utterly heathen, and never, like our decent sheep dogs, enter church or mosque. No tradition has ever reached them of any of their tribe having entered a house, even as a tolerated beggar, far less as a welcome guest or honoured friend. To have built the Pyramids or reigned at Memphis would not appear to them more absurd than their possession of such aristocratic privileges. They are kindly treated by the public, in so far as food goes, yet not as friends, but only as despised wretches, the depth of whose degradation is made to measure the charity of those who deign to show mercy to them. We saw six of them patiently watching a poor man at breakfast. How low must their self-respect have sunk! Alms, when bestowed even generously, are received without any genial wag of the tail. That caudal appendage has no expression in it; its sympathetic affection is gone. Their political organisation is loose, though a kind of republic exists among them, made up of confederate states, each state being a quarter of the town and independent of every other. They cannot rise to the idea of *united* states. Thus, if any dog wanders beyond the limit of his own district, he is pursued by the tribe upon whom he has presumed to intrude, and is worried until he returns home, to gnaw his own state bones, consume his own state offal, and be supported by his own niggers. These four-footed beasts have no home, no kennel, no barrel even, which they can call their own. A rug, a carpet, or even a bed of straw, are unheard-of luxuries. They live day and night in the streets. Miserable creatures! I don't believe the smallest Skye terrier would acknowledge them as belonging to his race, but, proud as a piper, would snarl past them with curled-up tail, and a low growl of dogmatic unbelief in the identity of the species, and of insulted dignity at the notion of a return bark being expected from him.

Some people are able, by the power of their fancy, to reproduce in ordinary daylight the Arabian Nights of old El Kahira, or Cairo, as it is called. We think it quite possible, after some months of total separation from Europeans, devoted to the study and reading of Arabic, and to the smoking of timback in a narghelli, that one might reproduce before his mind's eye the ideal glories of the days of Haroun al Raschid. But for a man going from one railway to another, it is impossible to enjoy the old faith in Aladdin's lamp, to invest any Barber with interest, or to expect to get directions from the Genii, as we do now from Bradshaw. Yet one evening, when passing through a bazaar, we took a cup, or rather a china thimbleful, of delicious coffee, with its dark grounds as more solid nourishment; and then we had, for a moment, such a glimpse of Eastern life as might, with time and culture, have grown into a genuine Arabian-night feeling. It was a repetition of the scene in the bazaar of Alexandria described in my first paper, with the difference of a larger café, a more interested audience, and, above all, the fact that they were listening, as former generations had done, to a person reading aloud, with great gusto, stories of a similar kind to those of "The Thousand and One Nights." It was a pleasant sight, and suggested not only romantic thoughts of the past of El Kahira and Bagdad, but, what was of infinitely more importance to me, practical thoughts as to the immense power, which we Westerns have never developed, of good story-telling for the people, illustrative of minor morals, and of "the thousand and one" every-day details of common life, which should be considered and attended to by them for their physical and social well-being. The deep foundations of life require to be firmly laid, and big stones placed upon them, by heavier and more complicated machinery than this, but many an interstice might be filled up in the building, and many a valuable hint given for its internal economy and comfort, by the lighter machinery of good, racy, vernacular, pointed story-telling, which would form most effective week-day sermons for our people over their tea and coffee.

In the meantime, I must bid adieu to Cairo and its bazaars. In my next I may take a glimpse into the mosques, and then for the Red Sea!

Note.—A few hints regarding Palestine travel may be useful at this season of the year when so many start for the East.

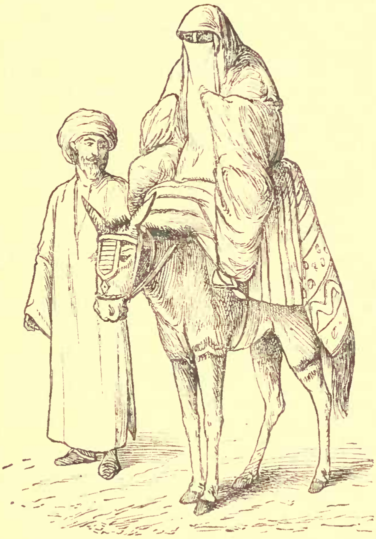
The possibility of visiting Sinai *en route* to Palestine can be ascertained only at Cairo, owing to the unsettled state of the tribes of the desert; but at Cairo perfectly accurate information upon this point can be obtained.

A steamer, weekly, at least, leaves Alexandria for the Levant, and lands passengers at Jaffa; or—if the weather is bad, and that difficult seaport cannot be entered—at Caipha in the Bay of Acre, and under the shadow of Carmel. The time occupied in the voyage from Alexandria to Jaffa is at most thirty hours. Jerusalem can be easily reached from Jaffa in eight hours by Ramleh, and in twelve hours by the more interesting route of the two Bethhorons and Nebi Samuel. A party may hire a dragoman at Cairo; but a good one may very possibly be obtained from the hotel-keeper at Jaffa, or even at Jerusalem. A single traveller ought not to engage one until he reaches Jerusalem. The pay for a dragoman at present is about thirty shillings a day for each person of a party of about five, if the engagement be for at least thirty days. The dragoman provides tents, horses, mules, and all the provision required, including the payment of the bills in the one or two hotels in which the traveller can reside. He pays also *backsheesh*, guards, everything, in short, except perhaps his fare to Jaffa (if hired at Cairo) or back fare from Beyrout. Travelling by Sinai, the traveller should be more liberal with his *backsheesh* than the dragoman. Not so in Syria. The dragoman should never be permitted to divert a traveller from any route agreed upon, or which he may wish to take. In spite of some infirmities of conduct, for which others were fully as much to blame as himself, we found our dragoman, Hadji Ali, a very honest and trustworthy fellow: but with all of them a strict bargain should be made before starting, and they need to be carefully watched as well as kindly treated during the journey.

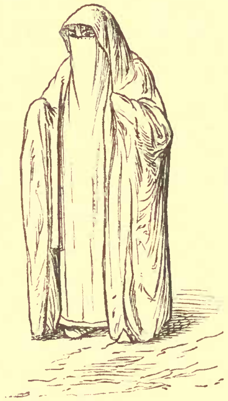
We would recommend the traveller before beginning his tour in Palestine, to make a very careful survey of the girths of his saddles, and the backs of his horses, which are often in a horrid state. Those who wish to ride with comfort ought to provide an English saddle, with good girths and crupper. Two pairs of trousers partially lined with chamois leather should be provided for riding. A bag and portmanteau are not too much luggage; a pith hat and white canvass shoes are comfortable; a Scotch plaid indispensable. The traveller should carry a revolver: it looks heroic, fierce, and dangerous; but it is much safer for himself and others, much more economical, as well as more agreeable for all parties, that he should leave the powder and ball in England till his return. A medicine chest is also very useful and respectable, provided it is never used except when the cook or muleteer wish to avail themselves of some of its "unemployed operatives."

If any man has the courage not only to brave the dangers of that "great and terrible wilderness," but also the anathemas of the "Anti-Tobacco Society," I would advise him to buy his cigars in England, should he be so foolish as to buy cigars anywhere. If further he can defy the teetotal League and the great prophet of Mecca, he will find a little good cognac at the end of a long day's journey helpful to his "oft infirmities." Better far if he can with equal comfort dispense with both of these appliances. A pound or two of good tea from England should be added to his store. We also recommend him to take with him not only Dean Stanley's "Palestine," which is essential, but also his lectures on the Jewish Church. "The Land and the Book," the last edition of Robinson, and the articles on Palestine and the Holy Sepulchre in Smith's Dictionary, will be also useful. For the sake of the nervous I may state that there is really no danger whatever, nor any discomfort, to any sensible and healthy man in journeying throughout all Palestine: it can be done with perfect ease. And for the sake of the married, I may add that any healthy lady up to fifty, even though she has never been on horseback since she was at school, may accompany her spouse, provided he be sedate and willing to take things quietly. From Beyrout a most comfortable diligence will convey passengers in a single day, and along a splendid road, to Damascus. "Touching the coined money," as Dominie Sampson would say, sovereigns are the best coin all the world over: the circular notes of Coutts can be easily cashed at Jerusalem or Beyrout. Finally, a large Macintosh sponge bath, with sides only inflated—and these about ten inches deep—can be packed into a small space, and will be found at sea and on land a great luxury.

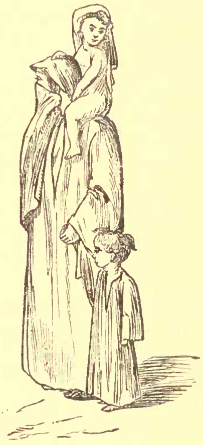
SKETCHES FROM CAIRO.



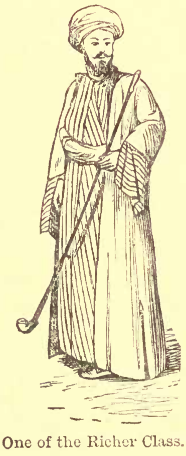
A Woman of the Richer Class Riding.



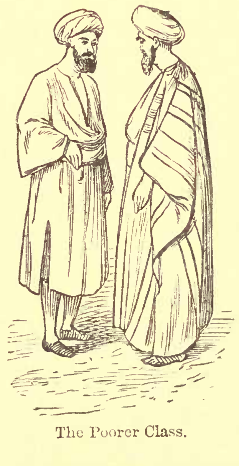
Walking.



A Woman of the Poorer Class.



One of the Richer Class.



The Poorer Class.

TINY NEEDLEWORKERS.

THE wide-spread sympathy felt for the sufferings of needleworkers is generally confined to two classes—the sempstresses of the East end, and the dressmakers of the West end of London. The fact that such labourers live and work in town, is considered to augment the evils of their condition. Fresh air, health, and freedom from sedentary employments are always associated with a country life; and foul air, sickness, and in-door slavery are equally associated with a town-life. Investigations, however, made from time to time, into the state of our rural population at the various seats of manufactures, disclose facts which show that the country has as little to be proud of as the town. A government report recently made by Mr. J. E. White on the workpeople employed in the Hosiery manufacture of Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire, proves that country parents may be as hard taskmasters as town milliners and slop-sellers.

The Hosiery trade of these three counties—which is the hosiery trade, in fact, of the United Kingdom—is roundly stated to have a money-value of six millions and a half sterling a year, and to employ about one hundred and twenty thousand people. Twenty years ago this branch of manufacture was almost entirely domestic—carried on at the homes of the work-people,—but the introduction of steam-power has largely changed this state of things. The trade, as a whole, is developed; its returns are increased, as well as the earnings of those who are employed in connection with the new power, but the very large balance of the work which remains, and must remain for a long time, owing to certain mechanical difficulties, in the hands of the home-workers, is much depressed by this machine competition. The present scarcity of cotton further helps to depress this branch of industry, and the condition of the mechanics and their families is very miserable.

After the fabric has been produced upon the machine or frame, whether worked by steam-power or not, a large amount of labour, chiefly needlework, is required for mending, and also in most cases for forming each article by joining the edges or the separate parts in which many of the articles are made, generally spoken of as "seaming," or in the case of gloves as "stitching," &c. Much of the material made in factories and "cut up" into smaller pieces is stated to be sewn there by stitching machines worked by steam-power or treadle, but a great amount is also sent out from the factories into the country to be seamed. This country seaming is done almost entirely by mothers and their children, or by females at their own homes, and the ages of most of the children employed would surely astonish even an East-end slop-seller. Children, according to reliable authority, have been employed at this needlework at two years of age; and it is common to employ them at ages varying from three years and a half, to seven, eight, and nine years. Though boys have been put to work in frames so young that their weak fingers have easily become distorted by the constant grasp of the iron, the labour of those who seam, and who are chiefly girls, is far more excessive. As a rule the small shops as well as the houses are unfit as places of work for the young. Such a shop is generally just long enough and broad enough to hold the number of frames placed in it in a single or double row, with bare passing room. It is often not more than six or seven feet high, and is without proper means of ventilation. Often from one to four frames are in the only living room, poverty not allowing the cost of double fire and light, where, as in some cases, there is a second room. Many of these rooms are as squalid as the worst town dwellings, and crowded as they are, with frames, furniture, and inmates, and noisy with the rattle of frames, meals, such as can be had are cooked and eaten, infants are nursed and put to sleep, and other home work is done, of which, however, cleaning seems to form but a rare part. Seaming is done by the family in the same room; and it is common for girls and women to sit up at work all Friday night, and even for children to be kept up long after midnight. A young woman dares say she was six years old before she began to work till twelve at night, though she worked in a frame all through the night before she was twelve years old. Evidence has been given by parents that their own child—a girl—worked all through the night at about six years of age, with a statement that work of this kind is general. The parents, particularly the mothers, look oppressed and haggard with want, and worn with hard work and care, and the children are heavy, stunted, and without animation. The ignorance, even amongst adults, is extreme. The parents commonly complain that the means of education, where provided, are out of their reach. Where provided they are not always efficient, and a boy complains of being taught by lads no bigger than himself, who only "ax you once and then hit you." The scanty light by which poverty often obliges the seamers to work adds much to the strain upon the eyes in the often long-continued night work. Weak sight is common amongst seamers, and very young girls are often compelled to wear spectacles.

As soon as the children can "see to thread a needle," they are packed off to what are called the "nussing and seaming schools." At these schools the largest amount of seaming is taught, with the smallest amount of reading. The children give their work for their teaching. They go at eight o'clock in the morning, or from that to nine, and when there is much work, or on Friday—the day before "sending in" day at the warehouses—they stop till nine o'clock, or later, at night. These children get an hour for dinner, and, when they are "very good," and work hard, they sometimes get a "knob o' suck" (a piece of sweetstuff) on Saturday.

They soon learn to seam, and are at once taken home to work for the benefit of the family. Let a mother describe the system:—

"I have eight children, six girls and two boys, the eldest fourteen, the youngest an infant. The age at which girls begin seaming is just according as people are circumstanced. The common age is five. Those parents who can afford it keep their children from it longer. A girl of five after two or three months could earn one penny or twopence. My little girl, Mary, aged seven, could get sixpence or ninepence a week, seaming all day. We have kept her at it till ten at night. Sometimes she has a bit of sleep, and I have to wake her. I've heard tell of people pinning their children to their knee to keep them up and to keep them from going away from their work, but I never pinned mine. When we were stitching gloves I have put the glove on a young child's finger to work, because the child could not do it itself. I have stood another young child upon a stool, so that it might be able to see up to the candle on the table. It makes the children cleverer when they begin very young. Children are not of much use at stitching till they are about seven, but they are cleverer if they begin to learn at six. I began at five years old; stayed up often till twelve before I was nine, and worked all night before I was twelve. Parents can't be very particular about the age if they have work: they *must* do it.

"When there is plenty of work it is quite common to stitch till past midnight. Boys stitch fingers sometimes. I have seen a boy twelve years old come home from winding at eight or nine o'clock, and then set to stitch the fingers of three dozen pairs of coarse gloves. When I was a girl, I have sat up myself stitching all through the night, after being at work in a factory all day, and others will stitch after their day's work in the same way. Girls do not always go out to do stitching only. Little girls of eight or so often go out to nurse a baby, and have to stitch while the baby is asleep in the day, and they are kept to stitch after the baby is put to bed. This is called a 'nussing and seaming school.' I went to one. My mistress promised me a penny at the end of nine months if I was a 'good girl': I was a 'good girl,' and my mistress got a deal out of me, but I never got the penny. I never got more than a 'knob o' suck' on Saturdays. The work is very bad for the eyes: my eyes are very weak now, though I'm a young woman. The black work tries us most.

"Thursdays and Fridays are our worst days. On these nights children are kept at the 'schools' till nine or ten if good wage is given—that is towards two shillings a week. It is seldom as much as half-a-crown. Parents will not generally let them stay later than nine or ten, because they think they have done enough for their money, and they often want them to stitch for themselves at home when they get back. My sister went out to nurse a baby when she was going seven. She was always kept to stitch on Thursday and Friday nights till nine or ten. Once she was kept till eleven, and my father fetched her away: but then he was so very particular. She generally went at seven in the morning.

"What makes the work come so heavy at the end of the week, is, that the men are 'shacking' at the beginning. On 'Saint Monday' they go 'pigeoning,' 'skittling,' or after some other amusement, and do but little on Tuesday beyond setting the winders to work, and most don't begin regularly till Wednesday. There are some, however, who work regularly through the week, if they can get work. It would be much better for all to make Monday like any other day. As it is, the work is always behind, and comes in to the stitchers at all times on Friday night, up to twelve, or one and two. They must sit up to do the work then, as the gloves have to be finished and taken into Nottingham in the morning. This late work throws out the meal-times, and we have to get our food how we can."

This is not an account of the condition of full-grown workpeople, given under pressure, by a Bond Street milliner, or an Aldgate slop-seller; it is an account of the condition of thousands of country infants and children, given by a country mother. The state of education under such circumstances may be easily imagined. Take one stunted man's description of his own intellectual acquirements:—"I went to an infant school a bit, but not a deal to a Sunday school. I don't know my letters. Don't know 2 or 1 in large print. Am sorry to say, but I can't. Am very bad at it, and many are like me. Have heard a few people read out of newspapers, but have not heard of the Queen's name. Have heard 'Victoria,' but can't say whether it is her name. Have heard people reading of France, but don't know what it is, or whether it is the name of a place."

Any description of the condition of those employed in the domestic branch of this large manufacture is necessarily somewhat general, and admits of several exceptions; but the unavoidable impression left on the mind by a visit to the stockeners' homes is one of severe labour and much suffering in persons of all ages, and of much oppression of body and neglect of mind in the young. Most parents seem to look upon the fact of their children working in the manner described, as nothing remarkable, or out of reason. Some regret it, but as an evil for which there is small blame anywhere, and no possible help. As one poor withered child, plaintively said, after sitting up all night, "It's very hard work, sir, but there's a many has to do it."

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

(*Continued from page 58.*)

THE necessity of contrivance for the accomplishment of purpose arises out of the immutability of laws. They must be conformed to, and obeyed. Therefore, where they do not serve our purpose directly, they can only be made to serve it by ingenuity and contrivance. This necessity, then, may be said to be the index and the measure of the power of Law. And so, on the other hand, the certainty with which purpose can be accomplished by contrivance, is the index and the measure of mental knowledge and resource. It is by wisdom and knowledge that the forces of nature—even those which may seem most adverse—are yoked to service. This idea of the relation in which law stands to will, and in which will stands to law, is familiar to us in the works of man: but it is less familiar to us as equally holding good in the works of nature. We feel, sometimes, as if it were an unworthy notion of the Will which works in nature, to suppose that it should never act except through the use of means. But our notions of unworthiness are themselves often the unworthiest of all. They must be ruled and disciplined by observation of that which is,—not founded on *à priori* conceptions of what ought to be. Nothing is more certain than that the whole order of nature is one vast system of contrivance. And what is contrivance but that kind of arrangement by which the unchangeable demands of law are met and satisfied? It may be that all natural forces are resolvable into some One Force, and indeed in the modern doctrine of the Correlation of Forces, an idea which is a near approach to this, has already entered the domain of science. It may also be that this One Force, into which all others return again, is itself but a mode of action of the Divine Will. But we have no instruments whereby to reach this last analysis. Whatever the ultimate relation may be between mental and material force, we can at least see clearly this,—that in nature there is the most elaborate machinery to accomplish purpose through the instrumentality of means. It seems as if all that is done in nature as well as all that is done in art, were done *by knowing how to do it*. It is curious how the language of the great Seers of the Old Testament corresponds with this idea. They uniformly ascribe all the operations of nature—the greatest and the smallest—to the working of Divine Power. But they never revolt—as so many do in these weaker days—from the idea of this Power working by wisdom and knowledge in the use of means: nor, in this point of view, do they ever separate between the work of first Creation, and the work which is going on daily in the existing world. The saying that "The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth: by understanding hath He established the heavens,"—is coupled in the same breath with this other saying, "By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down their dew."* Every instance of contrivance which we can thoroughly follow and understand, has an intense interest—as casting light upon the method of the Divine government, and upon the analogy between the operations of our own minds and the operations of the Creator. Some instances will strike us more than others—and those will be very apt to strike us most which stand in some near comparison with our own human efforts of ingenuity and contrivance. There is one such instance which I propose to consider in this paper—the machinery by which a great purpose has been accomplished in nature,—a purpose which man has never been able to accomplish in art, and that is the navigation of the air. No more beautiful example can be found, even in the wide and rich domain of animal mechanics—none in which we can trace more clearly, too, the mode and method in which Laws the most rigorous and exact, are used as the supple instruments of purpose.

"The way of an eagle in the air" was one of the things of which Solomon said, that "he knew it not." No wonder that the Wise King reckoned it among the great mysteries of nature! The force of gravitation, though its exact measure was not ascertained till the days of Newton, has been the most familiar of all forces in all ages of mankind. How, then, in violation of its known effects, could heavy bodies be supported upon the thin air—and be gifted with the power of sustaining and directing movements more easy, more rapid, and more certain than the movements of other animals upon the firm and solid earth? No animal motion in nature is so striking or so beautiful as the—

"Scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare
The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air." †

Nor will the wonder cease when, so far as the mechanical problem is concerned, the mystery of flight is solved. If we wish to see how material laws can be bent to purpose, we shall study this problem.

In the first place it is remarkable that the force which seems so adverse—the force of gravitation drawing down all bodies to the earth, is the very force which is the principal one concerned in flight, and without which flight would be impossible. It is curious how completely this has been forgotten in almost all human attempts to navigate the air. Birds are not lighter than the air, but immensely heavier. If they were lighter than the air they might float, but they could not fly. This is the difference between a bird and a balloon. A balloon rises because it is lighter than the air, and floats upon it. Consequently, it is incapable of being directed, because it possesses in itself no active force enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed. It becomes, as it were, part of the atmosphere, and must go with it where it goes. No bird is ever for an instant of time lighter than the air in which it flies; but being, on the contrary, always greatly heavier, it keeps possession of a force capable of supplying momentum, and therefore capable of overcoming any lesser force, such as the ordinary resistance of the atmosphere, and even of heavy gales of wind. The law of gravitation, therefore, is used in the flight of birds as one of the most essential of the forces which are available for the accomplishment of the end in view.

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* Proverbs iii. 19, 20.

† Longfellow's "Wayside Inn." Ser Federigo.

The next law appealed to, and pressed into the service, is again a law which would seem an impediment in the way. This is the resisting force of the atmosphere in opposing any body moving through it. In this force an agent is sought and found for supplying the requisite balance to the force of gravity. But in order that the resisting force of air should be effectual for this purpose, it must be used under very peculiar conditions. The resisting force of fluids, and of airs or gases, is a force acting equally in all directions, unless special means are taken to give it predominant action in some special direction. If it is a force strong enough to prevent a body from falling, it is also a force strong enough to prevent it from advancing. In order, therefore, to solve the problem of flight, the resisting power of the air must be called into action as strongly as possible in the direction opposite to the force of gravity, and as little as possible in any other. Consequently a body capable of flight must present its maximum of surface to the resistance of the air in the perpendicular direction, and its minimum of surface in the horizontal direction. Now, both these conditions are satisfied (1) by the great breadth of surface presented to the air perpendicularly in a bird's expanded wings, and by (2) the narrow lines presented in its shape horizontally, when in the act of forward motion through the air. But something more yet is required for flight. Great as the resisting force of air is, it is not strong enough to balance the force of gravity by its mere pressure on an expanded wing—unless that pressure is increased by an appeal to yet other laws—and other properties of its nature. Every sportsman must have seen cases in which a flying bird has been so wounded as to produce a rigid expansion of the wings. This does not prevent the bird from falling, although it breaks the fall, and makes it come more or less gently to the ground.

Yet farther, therefore, to accomplish flight, another law must be appealed to, and that is the immense elasticity of the air, and the reacting force it exerts against compression. To enable an animal heavier than the air to support itself against the force of gravity, it must be enabled to strike the air downwards with such force as to occasion a rebound upwards of corresponding power. The wing of a flying animal must therefore do something more than barely balance gravity. It must be able to strike the air with such violence as to call forth a reaction equally violent, and in the opposite direction. This is the function assigned to the powerful muscles by which the wings of birds are flapped with such velocity and strength. We need not follow this part of the problem farther, because it does not differ in kind from the muscular action of other animals. The connection, indeed, between the wills of animals and the mechanism of their frame is the last and highest problem of all in the mechanics of nature, but it is merged and hid for ever in the one great mystery of Life. But so far as this difficulty is concerned, the action of an eagle's wing is not more mysterious than the action of a man's arm. There is a greater concentration of muscular power in the organism of birds than in most other animal frames, because it is an essential part of the problem to be solved in flight, that the engine which works the wings should be very strong, very compact, of a special form, and that, though heavier than the air, it should not have an excessive weight. These conditions are all met in the power, in the outline, and in the bulk of the pectoral muscles which move the wings of birds. Few persons have any idea of the force expended in the action of ordinary flight. The pulsations of the wing in most birds are so rapid that they cannot be counted. Even the Heron seldom flaps its wings slower than at the rate of from 120 to 150 working or downward strokes in a minute. Yet the Heron is remarkable for its slow and heavy flight, and it is difficult to believe, until one has timed them with a watch, that the pulsations have a rapidity approaching to two in a second. But this difficulty is an index to the enormous comparative rapidity of the faster-flying birds. Let any man try to count the pulsations of the wing in ordinary flight of a Pigeon, or of a Blackcock, or of a Partridge, or still more of any of the diving sea-fowl. He will find that though the quickness of sight enables him to see in most of these birds each single stroke separate from the next, it is utterly impossible to count them; whilst in some birds, especially in the Divers, and very often in the common Partridge, the velocity is so great that the eye cannot follow it at all, and the vibration of the wings leaves only a blurred impression on the eye.

Our subject here, however, is not so much the amount of vital force bestowed on birds, as the mechanical laws which are appealed to in order to make that force effective in the accomplishment of flight. The elasticity of the air is the law which offers itself for the counteraction of gravity. But in order to make it available for this purpose, there must be some great force of downward blow in order to evoke a corresponding rebound in the opposite, or upward direction. Now, what is the nature of the implement required for striking this downward blow? There are many conditions it must fulfil. First, it must be large enough in area to compress an adequate volume of air; next, it must be light enough in substance not to add an excess of weight to the already heavy body of the bird; next, it must be strong enough in frame to withstand the pressure which its own action on the air creates. The first of these conditions is met by an exact adjustment of the size or area of the wing to the size and weight of the bird which it is to lift. The second and the third conditions are both met by the provision of a peculiar substance, feathers, which are very light, and very strong; whilst the only heavy parts of the frame-work, namely, the bones in which the feathers are inserted, are limited to a very small part of the area required.

But there is another difficulty to be overcome—a difficulty opposed by natural laws, and which can only be met by another adjustment, if possible more ingenious and beautiful than the rest. It is obvious that if a bird is to support itself by the downward blow of its wings upon the air, it must at the end of each downward stroke lift the wing upwards again, so as to be ready for the next. But each upward stroke is in danger of neutralising the effect of the downward stroke. It must be made with equal velocity, and if it required equal force, it must produce equal resistance,—an equal rebound from the elasticity of the air. If this difficulty were not evaded somehow, flight would be impossible. But it is evaded by two mechanical contrivances, which, as it were, triumph over the laws of aërial resistance by conforming to them. One of these contrivances is that the upper surface of the wing is made convex, whilst the under surface is concave. The enormous difference which this makes in atmospheric resistance is familiarly known to us by the difference between the effect of the wind on an umbrella which is exposed to it on the under or the upper side. The air which is struck by a concave or hollow surface, is gathered up, and prevented from escaping, whereas the air struck by a convex or bulging surface escapes readily on all sides, and comparatively little pressure or resistance is produced. And so, from the convexity of the upper surface of a bird's wing, the upward stroke may be made with comparatively trifling injury to the force gained in the downward blow.

But this is only half of the provision made against a consequence which would be so fatal to the end in view. The other half consists in this—that the feathers of a bird's wing are made to *underlap each other*, so that in the downward stroke the pressure of the air closes them upwards against each other, and converts the whole series of them into one connected membrane, through which there is no escape; whilst in the upward stroke the same pressure has precisely the reverse effect—it opens the feathers, separates them from each other, and converts each individual feather into a self-acting valve, through which the air rushes at every pore. Thus the same implement is changed in the fraction of a second from a close and continuous membrane which is impervious to the air, into a series of disconnected joints through which the air passes without the least resistance—the machine being so adjusted that when pressure is required the maximum of pressure is produced, and when pressure is to be avoided, it is avoided in spite of rapid and violent action.

This, however, exhausts but a small part of the means by which law is made to do the work of will in the machinery of flight. It might easily be that violent and rapid blows struck downwards against the elastic air, might enable animals possessed of such power to lift themselves from the ground and nothing more. There is a common toy which lifts itself in this manner from the force exerted by the air in resisting, and reacting upon little vanes which are set spinning by the hand. But the toy mounts straight up, and is incapable of horizontal motion. So, there are many structures of wing which might enable animals to mount into the air, but which would not enable them to advance or to direct their flight. How, then, is this essential purpose gained? Again we find an appeal made to natural laws, and advantage taken of their certainty and unchangeableness.

The power of forward motion is given to birds, first by the direction in which the whole wing feathers are set, and next by the structure given to each feather in itself. The wing feathers are all set backwards, that is, in the direction opposite to that in which the bird moves, whilst each feather is at the same time so constructed as to be strong and rigid towards its base, and extremely flexible and elastic towards its end. On the other hand the front of the wing, along the greater part of its length, is a stiff hard edge, wholly unelastic and unyielding to the air. The anterior and posterior webs of each feather are adjusted on the same principle. The consequence of this disposition of the parts as a whole, and of this construction of each of the parts, is, that the air which is struck and compressed in the hollow of the wing, being unable to escape *through* the wing, owing to the closing upwards of the feathers against each other, and being also unable to escape *forwards* owing to the rigidity of the bones and of the quills in that direction, finds its easiest escape *backwards*. In passing backwards it lifts by its force the elastic ends of the feathers; and thus whilst effecting this escape, in obedience to the law of action and reaction, it communicates, in its passage along the whole line of both wings, a corresponding push forwards to the body of the bird. By this elaborate mechanical contrivance the same volume of air is made to perform the double duty of yielding pressure enough to sustain the bird's weight against the force of gravity, and also of communicating to it a forward impulse. The bird, therefore, has nothing to do but to repeat with the requisite velocity and strength its perpendicular blows upon the air, and by virtue of the structure of its wings the same blow both sustains and propels it.

The truth of this explanation of the mechanical theory of flight may be tested in various ways. Perhaps the simplest is an experiment which may be very easily made. If we take in the hand the stretched wing of a Heron, which has been dried in that position, and strike it quickly downwards in the air, we shall find that it is very difficult indeed to maintain the perpendicular direction of the stroke, requiring, in fact, much force to do so; and that if we do not apply this force, the hand is carried irresistibly *forward*, from the impetus in that direction which the air communicates to the wing in its escape backwards from the blow.

Another test is one of reasoning and observation. If the explanation now given be correct, it must follow that since no bird can flap its wings in any other direction than the vertical—*i.e.*, perpendicular to its own axis (which is ordinarily horizontal), and, as this motion has been shown to produce necessarily a forward motion, *no bird can ever fly backwards.* Accordingly no bird ever does so—no man ever saw a bird, even for an instant, fly tail foremost. A bird can, of course, allow itself to fall backwards by merely *slowing* the action of its wings so as to allow its weight to overcome their sustaining power; and this motion may sometimes give the appearance of flying backwards,—as when a Swift drops backwards from the eaves of a house, or when a Humming Bird allows itself to drop in like manner from out of the large tubular petals of a flower. But this backward motion is due to the action of gravity, and not to the action of the bird's wing. In short, it is falling, not flying backwards. Nay, more, if the theory of flight here given be correct, it must equally follow that even standing still, which is the easiest of all things to other animals, must be very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to a bird when flying. This also is true in fact. To stand still in the air is not indeed impossible to a flying bird, for reasons to be presently explained, but it is one of the most difficult feats of *wingmanship*, a feat which many birds, not otherwise clumsy, can never perform at all, and which is performed only by special exertion, and generally for a very short time, by those birds whose structure enables them to be adepts in their glorious art.

And here indeed we open up a new branch of the same inquiry, showing, in new aspects, how the universality and unchangeableness of all natural laws are essential to the use of them as the instruments of will; and how by being played off against each other they are made to express every shade of thought, and the nicest change of purpose. The movement of all flying animals in the air is governed and determined by forces of muscular power, and of aërial resistance and elasticity being brought to bear upon the force of gravity, whereby, according to the universal laws of motion, a direction is given to the animal which is the resultant, or compromise between all the forces so employed. Weight is one of these forces—absolutely essential to that result, and no flying animal can ever for a moment of time be buoyant, or lighter than the air in which it is designed to move. But it is obvious that, within certain limits, the proportion in which these different forces are balanced against each other, admits of immense variety. The limits of variation can easily be specified. Every flying animal must have muscular power great enough to work its own size of wing: that size of wing must be large enough to act upon a volume of air sufficient to lift the animal's whole weight: lastly, and consequently, the weight must not be too great, or dispersed over too large a bulk. But within these limits there is room for great varieties of adjustment, having reference to corresponding varieties of purpose. To some birds the air is almost their perpetual home—the only region in which they find their food—a region which they never leave whether in storm or sunshine, except during the hours of darkness and the yearly days which are devoted to their nests. Other birds are mainly terrestrial, and never betake themselves to flight except to escape an enemy, or to follow the seasons and the sun. Between these extremes there is every possible variety of habit. And all these have corresponding varieties of structure. The birds which seek their food in the air have long and powerful wings, and so nice an adjustment of their weight to that power and to that length, that the faculty of self-command in them is perfect, and their power of direction so accurate that they can pick up a flying gnat whilst passing through the air at the rate of 70, or 80 miles an hour. Such especially are the powers of some species of the Swallow tribe, one of which, the common Swift, is a creature whose wonderful and unceasing evolutions seem part of the happiness of summer, and of serene and lofty skies.

There are other birds in which the wing has to be adapted to the double purpose of swimming, or rather of diving, and of flight. In this case, a large area of wing must be dispensed with, because it would be incapable of being worked under water. Consequently in all diving birds the wings are reduced to the smallest possible size which is consistent with retaining the power of flight at all; and in a few extreme forms, the power of flight is sacrificed altogether, and the wing is reduced to the size, and adapted to the function, of a powerful fin. This is the condition of the Penguins. But in most genera of swimming birds, both purposes are combined, and the wing is just so far reduced in size and stiffened in texture as to make it workable as a fin under water, whilst it is still just large enough to sustain the weight of the bird in flight. And here again we have a wonderful example of the skill with which inexorable mechanical laws are subordinated to special purpose. It is a necessary consequence of the area of the wing being so reduced, in proportion to the size of the bird, that great muscular power must be used in working it, otherwise the force of gravity could not be overcome at all. It is a farther consequence of this proportion of weight to working power, that there must be great momentum and therefore great velocity of flight. Accordingly this is the fact with all the oceanic diving birds. They have vast distances to go, following shoals of fish, and moving from their summer to their winter haunts. They all fly with immense velocity, and the wing-strokes are extremely rapid. But there is one quality which their flight does not possess—because it is incompatible with their structure, and because it is not required by their habits—they have no facility in evolutions, no delicate power of steering; they cannot stop with ease, nor can they resume their onward motion in a moment. They do not want it: the trackless fields of ocean over which they roam are very broad fields, and there are no obstructions in the way. They fly in straight lines, changing their direction only in long curves, and lighting in the sea almost with a tumble and a splash. Their rising again is a work of great effort, and generally they have to eke out the resisting power of their small wings, not only by the most violent exertion, but by rising against the wind, so as to collect its force as a help and addition to their own.

And now again, we may see all these conditions changed where there is a change in the purpose to be served. There is another large class of oceanic birds whose feeding ground is not under water, but on the surface of the sea. In this class all those powers of flight which would be useless to the Divers, are absolutely required, and are given in the highest perfection, by the enlistment of the same mechanical laws under different conditions. In the Gulls, the Terns, the Petrels, and in the Fulmars, with the Albatross as their typical form, the mechanism of flight is carried through an ascending scale, to the highest degrees of power, both as respects endurance, and facility of evolution.

The mechanical laws which are appealed to in all these modifications of structure require adjustments of the finest kind, and some of them are so curious and so beautiful that it is well worth following them a little farther in detail.

There are two facts observable in all birds of great and long-sustained powers of flight:—the first is, that they are always provided with wings which are rather long than broad, sometimes extremely narrow in proportion to their length; the second is, that the wings are always sharply pointed at the ends. Let us look at the mechanical laws which absolutely require this structure for the purpose of powerful flight, and to meet which it has accordingly been devised and provided.

The law appealed to in making wings rather long than broad is simply the law of leverage. But this law has to be applied under conditions of difficulty and complexity, which are not apparent at first sight. The body to be lifted is the very body that must exert the lifting power. The force of gravity which has to be resisted may be said to be sitting side by side, occupying the same particles of matter, with the vital force which is to give it battle. Nay, more, the one is connected with the other in some mysterious manner which we cannot trace or understand. A dead bird weighs as much as a living one. Nothing which our scales can measure is lost when the "vital force" is gone. It is The Great "Imponderable." Nevertheless, vital forces of unusual power are always coupled with unusual mass and volume in the matter through which they work. And so it is that a powerful bird must always also be in some degree a heavy bird. And then it is to be remembered that the action of gravity is constant and untiring. The vital force, on the contrary, however intense it may be, is intermitting and capable of exhaustion. If, then, this force is to be set against the force of gravity, it has much need of some implement through which it may exert itself with mechanical advantage as regards the particular purpose to be attained. Such an implement is the lever—and a long wing is nothing but a long lever. A very small amount of motion, or motion through a very small space, at the short end of a lever produces a great amount of motion, or motion through a long space, at the opposite or longer end. This action requires indeed a very intense force to be applied at the shorter end, but it applies that force with immense advantage to the end in view: because the motion which is transmitted to the end of a long wing, is a motion acting at that point through a long space, and is therefore equivalent to a very heavy weight lifted through a short space at the end which is attached to the body of the bird. Now this is precisely what is required for the purpose of flight. The body of a bird does not require to be much lifted by each stroke of the wing. It only requires to be sustained; and when more than this is needed—as when a bird first rises from the ground, or when it ascends rapidly in the air—greatly increased exertion is required. And then it is to be remembered that long wings economise the vital force in another way. When a strong current of air strikes against the wings of a bird, the same sustaining effect is produced as when the wing strikes against the air. Consequently birds with very long wings have this great advantage, that with pre-acquired momentum, they can often for a long time fly without flapping their wings at all. Under these circumstances a bird is sustained very much as a boy's kite is sustained in the air. The string which the boy holds, and by which he pulls the kite downwards with a certain force, performs for the kite the same offices which its own weight and balance and momentum perform for the bird. The great long-winged oceanic birds often appear to float rather than to fly. The stronger is the gale, their flight, though less rapid, is all the more easy—so easy indeed as to appear buoyant; because the blasts which strike against their wings are enough to sustain the bird with comparatively little exertion of its own, except that of holding the wing vanes stretched and exposed at a proper angle to the wind. And whenever the onward force previously acquired by flapping, becomes at length exhausted, and the ceaseless inexorable force of gravity is beginning to overcome it, the bird again rises by a few easy and gentle half-strokes of the wing. Those who have seen the Albatross have described themselves as never tired of watching its glorious and triumphant motion:—

> "Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
> Even in its very motion there was rest." *

Rest—where there is nothing else at rest in the tremendous turmoil of its own stormy seas! Now, the Albatross has the extreme form of this kind of wing. Its wings are immensely long—about 14 feet from tip to tip—and almost as narrow in proportion as a riband. Our common Gannet is an excellent, though a more modified, example of the same kind of structure. On the other hand, birds of short wings, though their flight is sometimes very fast, are never able to sustain it very long. The muscular exertion they require is greater, because it does not work to the same advantage. Most of the gallinaceous birds (such as the common Fowl, Pheasants, Partridges, &c.) have wings of this kind; and some of them never fly except to escape an enemy, or to change their feeding ground.

The second fact observable in reference to birds of easy and powerful flight—namely, that their wings are all sharply pointed at the end—will lead us still farther into the niceties of adjustment which are so signally displayed in the machinery of flight.

The feathers of a bird's wing have a natural threefold division, according to the different wing-bones to which they are attached. The quills which form the end of the wing are called the "primaries:" those which form the middle of the vane are called the "secondaries;" and those which are next the body of the bird are called the "tertiaries." The motion of a bird's wing increases from its minimum at the shoulder-joint to its maximum at the tip. The primary quills which form the termination of the wing are those on which the chief burden of flight is cast. Each feather has less and less weight to bear, and less and less force to exert in proportion as it lies nearer the body of the bird; and there is nothing more beautiful in the structure of a wing than the perfect gradation in strength and stiffness, as well as in modification of form, which marks the series from the first of the primary quills to the last and feeblest of the tertiaries. Now, the sharpness or roundness of a wing at the tip depends on the position which is given to the *longest* primary quill. If the first or even the second primary is the longest, and all that follow are considerably shorter, the wing is necessarily a pointed wing, because the tip of a single quill forms the end; but if the third or fourth primary quills are the longest, and the next again are very little shorter, the wing becomes a round-ended wing. The common Rook and all the Crows are examples of this. The Peregrine Falcon, the common Swallow, and all birds of very powerful flight have been provided with the sharp-pointed structure.

The object of this structure, and the mechanical laws to which it appeals, will be apparent when we recollect what it is on which the propelling power, as distinct from the sustaining power, of a bird's wing depends. It depends on the reaction of the air escaping *backwards*—that is, in the direction exactly opposite to that of the intended motion of the bird. Any air which escapes from under the wing, in any other direction, will of course react with less advantage upon that motion. But from under a round wing a good deal of air must necessarily escape *along the rounded end*—that is, in a direction at right angles to the line of intended flight. All the reaction produced by this escape is a reaction which is useless for propulsion. Accordingly in all birds to whom great velocity of flight is essential, this structure, which is common in other birds, is carefully avoided. The Hawks have been classified as "noble" or "ignoble," according to the length and sharpness of their wings: those which catch their prey by velocity of flight having been uniformly provided with the long-pointed structure. The Sparrow-Hawk and the Merlin are excellent examples of the difference. The Sparrow-Hawk, with its comparatively short and blunt wings, steals along the hedgerows and pounces on its prey by surprise; never chasing it, except for a short distance, and when the victim is at a disadvantage. And well do the smaller birds know this habit and the limit of his powers. Many of them chase and "chaff" the Sparrow-Hawk, when he is seen flying in the open, perfectly aware that he cannot catch them by fast flying. But they never play these tricks with the Merlin. This beautiful little Falcon hunts the open ground, giving fair chase to its quarry by power and speed of flight. The Merlin delights in flying at some of the fastest birds, such as the Snipe. The longest and most beautiful trial of wingmanship I have ever seen was the chase of a Merlin after a Snipe in one of the Hebrides. It lasted as far as the eye could reach, and seemed to continue far out to sea. In the Merlin, as in all the fastest Falcons, the second quill feather is the longest in the wing; the others rapidly diminish; and the point of the wing looks as sharp as a needle in the air.

There is yet one other power which it is absolutely necessary to some birds that their wings should enable them to exert; and that is the power of standing still, or remaining suspended in the air without any forward motion. One familiar example of this is the common Kestrel, which, from the frequent exercise of this power, is called in some counties the "windhover." The mechanical principles on which the machinery of flight is adapted to this purpose, are very simple. No bird can exercise this power which is not provided with wings large enough, long enough, and powerful enough to sustain its weight with ease and without violent exertion. Large wings can always be diminished at the pleasure of the bird, by being partially folded inwards; and this contraction of the area is constantly resorted to. But a bird which has wings so small and scanty as to compel it to strike them always at full stretch, and with great velocity in order to fly at all, is incapable of standing still in the air. No man ever saw a Diver or a Duck performing the evolution which the Kestrel may be seen performing every hour over so many English fields. The cause of this is obvious if we refer to the principles which have already been explained. We have seen that the perpendicular stroke of a bird's wing, has the double effect of both propelling and sustaining. The reaction from such a stroke brings two different forces to bear upon the bird—one whose direction is upwards, and another whose direction is forwards. How can these two effects be separated from each other? How can the wing be so moved as to keep up just enough of the sustaining force, without allowing the propelling force to come into play? The answer to this, although it involves some very complicated laws connected with what mechanicians call the "parallelogram of forces," is practically a simple one. It can only be done by shortening the stroke, and altering the perpendicularity of its direction. Of course if a bird by altering the axis of its own body, can direct its wing-stroke in some degree *forwards*, it will have the effect of stopping instead of promoting progression. But in order to do this, it must have a superabundance of sustaining force, because some of this force is sacrificed when the stroke is off the perpendicular. Hence it follows that birds so heavy as to require the whole action of their wings to sustain them at all, can never afford this sacrifice of the sustaining force, and except for the purpose of arresting their flight, can never strike, except directly downwards, that is, directly against the opposing force of gravity. But birds with superabundant sustaining power, and long sharp wings, have nothing to do but to diminish the length of stroke, and direct it off the perpendicular at such an angle as will bring all the forces bearing upon their body to an exact balance, and they will then remain stationary at a fixed point in the air. They are greatly assisted in this beautiful evolution by an adverse current of air; and it will always be observed that the Kestrel, when hovering, turns *his head to wind*, and hangs his whole body at a greater or less angle to the plane of the horizon. When there is no wind or very little, the sustaining force is kept up by a short rapid action of the pinions, and the long tail is spread out like a fan to assist in stopping any tendency to onward motion. And here it may be observed that the tails of birds have not, as is often supposed, any function analogous to the rudder of a ship. If this function had been assigned to them, the vane of the tail must have been set, not, as it is, horizontally, but perpendicularly to the line of flight. A bird's tail has in flight no lateral motion whatever. It does indeed materially assist the bird in turning, because it serves to *stop the way* of a bird when it rises or turns in the air to take a new direction. It contributes also largely to the general balance of the body, which in itself is an important element in the facility of flight. Accordingly, almost all birds which depend on great ease of evolution in flight—or on the power of stopping suddenly, have largely developed tails. This is the case with all the birds of prey. But there are some exceptions which show that great powers of flight are not always dependent on the possession of a large tail—as, for example, the Swift.

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* Professor Wilson's Sonnet, "A Cloud," &c.

The Humming Birds are perhaps the most remarkable examples in the world of the machinery of flight. The power of poising themselves in the air,—remaining absolutely stationary whilst they search the blossoms for insects,—is a power essential to their life. It is a power accordingly which is enjoyed by them in the highest perfection. When they intend progressive flight, it is effected with such velocity as to elude the eye. The action of the wing in all these cases is far too rapid to enable the observer to detect the exact difference between that kind of motion which keeps the bird at absolute rest in the air, and that which carries it along with such immense velocity. But there can be no doubt that the change is one from a short quick stroke delivered obliquely forward, to a full stroke, more slow, but delivered perpendicularly. This corresponds with the account given by so accurate an observer as Mr. Gould. He says: "When poised before any object, this action of the wing is so rapidly performed that it is impossible for the eye to follow each stroke, and a hazy semicircle of indistinctness on each side of the bird is all that is perceptible." There is another fact mentioned by those who have watched their movements most closely which corresponds with the explanation already given—viz., that the axis of the Humming Bird's body when hovering is always *highly inclined*, so much so as to appear almost perpendicular in the air. In other words the wing-stroke, instead of being delivered perpendicularly downwards, which would infallibly carry the body onwards, is delivered at such an angle forwards as to bring to an exact balance the upward, the downward, and the forward forces which bear upon the body of the bird. Mr. Darwin says, "when hovering by a flower, the tail is constantly shut and expanded like a fan, *the body being kept in a nearly vertical position.*" Mr. Wallace, another accurate observer, describes the Humming Birds as "balancing themselves vertically in the air."

These are a few, and a few only, of the adjustments required in order to the giving of the power of flight;—adjustments of organic growth to intensity of vital force—of external structure to external work—of shape in each separate feather to definite shape in the series as a whole—of material to resistance—of mass and form to required velocities; adjustments, in short, of law to law, of force to force, and of all to Purpose. So many are these contrivances, so various, so fine, so intricate, that a volume might be written without exhausting the beauty of the method in which this one mechanical problem has been solved. It is by knowledge of unchanging laws that these victories over them seem to be achieved: yet not by knowledge only, except as the guide of Power. For here, as everywhere else in nature, we see the same mysterious need of conforming to imperative conditions, side by side with absolute control over the forces through which this conformity is secured. When any given purpose cannot be attained without the violation of some law, unless by some new power, and some new machinery—the requisite power and mechanism are evolved—generally out of old materials, and by modifications of pre-existing forms. There can be no better example of this than a wing-feather. It is a production wholly unlike any other animal growth—an implement specially formed to combine strength with lightness, elasticity and imperviousness to air. Again, the bones of a bird's wing are the bones of the mammalian arm and hand, specially modified to support the feathers. The same purpose is effected by other means in connection with precisely the same bones in the flying mammalia—the Bats. In these animals the finger-bones instead of being compressed or soldered together to support feathers, are separated, attenuated, and greatly lengthened to afford attachment to a web or flying membrane which is stretched between them. In other ages of the world there were also flying Lizards. But in all these cases the mechanical principle is the same, and there has been the same ingenious adaptation of material and of force to the universal laws of motion.

On the earth and on the sea man has attained to powers of locomotion with which, in strength, endurance, and in velocity, no animal movement can compare. But the air is an element on which he cannot travel—an ocean which he cannot navigate. The birds of heaven are still his envy, and on the paths they tread he cannot follow. As yet! for it is not certain that this exclusion is to be perpetual. His failure has resulted quite as much from his ignorance of natural laws, as from his inability to meet the conditions which they demand. All attempts to guide bodies buoyant in the air must be fruitless. Balloons are mere toys. No flying animal has ever been formed on the principle of buoyancy. Birds, and Bats, and Dragons, have been all immensely heavier than the air, and their weight is one of the forces most essential to their flight. Yet there is a real impediment in the way of man navigating the air—and that is the excessive weight of the only great mechanical moving powers hitherto at his disposal. When science shall have discovered some moving power greatly lighter than any we yet know, in all probability the problem will be solved. But of one thing we may be sure—that if man is ever destined to navigate the air, it will be by a strict obedience to the laws and by a close imitation of the means which have been employed by the Creator for the same purpose in flying animals.

(To be continued.)

ON THE ZAMBESI.

A SHORT SKETCH OF A LONG JOURNEY.

By JAMES STEWART.

I.—IN THE DELTA, FROM THE SEA TO SHUPANGA.

At sunrise on the first of February, 1862, two ships lay at anchor off the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, some seven miles distant from the land. One was Her Majesty's steamer Gorgon, and the other a small merchant brig. Over the quarter of the latter vessel Mrs. Livingstone and myself were leaning, and watching the progress of a small steamer coming out from the low tree-covered shore. This we believed to be the Pioneer with Dr. Livingstone on board, and for whom we had been looking, during the previous three weeks.

When this ship was yet some little distance off, I took my glass and could distinctly make out the features of a sturdy looking man in the dress of a naval officer, but without the distinctive badge and stripes, who was standing on one of the paddle boxes. I had no difficulty in recognising him, and I said to Mrs. Livingstone—"There he is."

The start of emotion this announcement produced, even though it was not unexpected, had hardly subsided before the Pioneer let go her anchor, and a small boat brought Dr. Livingstone alongside. He clambered on deck, and met his wife who had not seen very much of him for the previous ten years. Mrs. Livingstone had chosen to accompany me from England, and now after seven months' sailing, waiting at the Cape, and tossing up and down the Mozambique, I was glad to see her safe in her husband's arms.

Next day, with two of the ships we crossed the formidable bar and anchored in Kongone Harbour. There we remained a week. In the meantime I had explained to Dr. Livingstone the object of my journey—of which he had known something a year previously by correspondence. It was to see the country, with the view, in the event of a favourable report, of establishing a mission which should embrace along with the ordinary teaching and preaching, certain direct industrial efforts. And having presented my credentials and printed papers, he was good enough to make an arrangement by which I should accompany him so far into the interior. This, however, was not subsequently carried out.

Home-dwelling readers draw terrible pictures of the African river delta. The very sound of the words is suggestive of prevalent malaria; of tidal mud and lagoon-like reaches of sluggish river meandering through hot and dreary plains of gigantic grass; of mosquitoes in numberless millions and mangrove swamps filled with the sensible effluvia of a profuse vegetation, and sheltering every low form of amphibious life that delights in ooze and revels in slime, with deadly fever lurking everywhere.

The picture is partly true and partly false, but at first your mind is certainly not filled with the contemplation of such horrors. And during the eight days we remained at Kongone the flat and featureless delta of the Zambesi did not seem so unsalubrious a place. One does not think of the unhealthiness, till the fever has poisoned the blood and given a sombre hue to all one's thoughts.

We sailed into the main stream by a canal some six or seven miles long, but so narrow that the paddle boxes of the steamer brushed aside the waving and luxuriant underwood of the virgin African forest; and the sound of the paddle-floats, as they struck the water in the quiet morning air, seemed a strange disturbance to the primeval stillness of these woods.

After leaving the belt of mangroves which varies in depth with the reach of the tide, we sailed very slowly day by day through a vast grassy plain. The flatness of its expanse was broken here and there by clumps of Palmyra and cocoa-nut palms; of lignum-vitæ trees, mimosas and sycamores; and various mallows and sterculiads, of which latter the enormous and grotesque and long-lived baobab was the most gigantic. Scattered over the plain there were also the brown roofs of small native villages, the abodes of the dwellers in the hot and damp delta.

The river itself is more than a mile wide; and in flood a great volume of water sweeps down between its flat banks. It is full of low grassy islands, and not unlike the Danube between Silistria and the Black Sea. If to the scenery of the latter river any of our readers who have passed that route will add a flora and fauna tropical and African, and African heat, they will have no inapt resemblance to the appearance of the lower Zambesi. In the dry season the channel contains numerous bars and sandspits which make the upward voyage very tedious.

No mountains are seen till we arrive at Shupanga less than a hundred miles from the sea, and then the blue tops of Morumbala appear in the distance, and afford a pleasing change of landscape. Our progress up the river, was from many causes extremely slow: and it was not till the evening of Sabbath 23rd February that we reached Shupanga, and cast anchor close to a beautiful grove of mangoes. These handsome trees look at a little distance like fine English elms or beeches, but with a denser foliage, and produce the most delicious of all tropical fruits. We expected to remain here a few days: as the event proved, it came to be a stay of many months.

II.—TO THE SMALL LAKES.

To see the country; to get rid of some disquieting thoughts; and to witness the operation of canoe-building on a large scale, I went a short journey of three days back from the river. I had no white companion, but, instead, a man who though half an African half a Chinaman, was by courtesy called the Senhor, and who was going into the interior to look after canoes for his employer at Quillimane.

The tall six feet grass that covers the country was still bending under the very plentiful dew with which the African summer night wets the thirsty earth, when we started with a considerable following of natives. An hour's travel brought us to a neat and small village among little fields of maize, millet, manioc, sweet potatoes and ground-nuts. These, with bananas, and four or five different sorts of beans, form the staff of life in that part of Africa.

The day's journey led us through alternate belts of forest and open grassy country, very flat and rich in soil, judging from the height of the grass and the size of the timber. Through the forest the path is labyrinthine enough, but the shade is cool and refreshing, and there is a damp, leafy, earthy scent as of warm palm-houses in botanic gardens at home. Small antelopes were abundant below, and birds, baboons and monkeys in the branches above. The flora is not so diversified as on hills, but there is a considerable variety of species, and also of grotesqueness as well as elegance of form in stem and leaf in these dense forests.

I was noticing this in the presence of a beautifully shaped leaf which might form a new pattern for designers, for I have not seen anything exactly like it on the manufactured fabrics of this country, when we suddenly emerged from the cool shade and pleasant gloom of the woods on an open grassy belt, on the edge of which lay a small lake. This was about four o'clock, and thus:

> "In the afternoon we came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

No glimpse of African landscape my eyes have rested on, either before or since, impressed me as that did with its truly African character. In the hot, languid afternoon air, the small lake lay in lagoon-like stillness. Its margin for many miles was covered with a deep fringe of blossoms of large white water-lilies. Snow-white ardettas, beautiful airy-looking creatures, steel-grey cranes, and black-winged red-beaked plotuses rose in flocks at our approach, and floated away through the warm atmosphere with their easy, sailing, dreamy flight. Black and white hornbills, more wary and shy, more keen of sight and stronger of wing, sat on the tops of distant trees uttering their hard, horny note. Water-buck and antelopes of various species were grazing peacefully on the gentle grassy slopes, and standing in the shade of small clumps of young trees that grew on the soil of old ant-hills. Large hippopotami lifted their square box-looking heads out of the tepid waters, to examine the string of bipeds that wound round the margin of the lake. They looked towards the shore, blew through their huge nostrils little jets of spray, and with stolid, heavy snorts, that seemed to come from cavernous depths of lungs, sank half satisfied, half-doubtful, into the depths below, only to reappear in a minute or two, shaking the water from their small ears, to stare and snort and dive again to the bottom.

I stood still to look at this scene of tropical grandeur and beauty, that it might be for ever among the pictures of memory. I wondered what effect it had on my companions. Africans, as a rule, are not thrown into ecstacies by striking views and grand glimpses; and if poetic feelings arise in those dark breasts, few poetic words burst from those full lips. But it would be unjust to say that Africans are insensible to the beauty of external nature.

We had still some distance to go, and we passed on rapidly, leaving deer and hippopotami undisturbed by a single shot. About sundown the maize and millet-fields we again entered told us we were close to the village of Tambara. Some women who were drawing water at a well recognised the Senhor, ran home, mustered the available female force of the village, and came out again to escort us to the place where the men were standing. There was much clapping of hands and calling out of "Moio, moio! —Sir, sir!" and a good deal of a vocal process by the women, which can only be described by the word lullilooing!

Sesa, the head-man, was not at home, but the next in order received us under a large tree. We were conducted to an open space in the centre of the village, mats were spread for us to sit down, and fires kindled immediately. The antelope and monkey which had been shot on the journey were skinned and on the way for supper, and in an hour a savoury steam of monkey stew was issuing from one of the large black pots. It is one of the customs of the country that he who kills the animals shall first eat thereof, and so they brought me a large dish of this stew, and asked me to eat. But I had no lusting after monkey meat, and bid them use it themselves.

Nothing so half human as monkey flesh has ever defiled my lips; and after alligator I have never wiped my mouth and said I have enough! Elephant flesh, however, though strong, is very good; and fresh hippopotamus steaks, to my taste, very much better. I have often been glad to get either. Neither could I detect in hippopotamus, either roast or boiled, that strong porky flavour of which some complain. Elephant soup is likewise good, better the second day than the first, as it is improved by long boiling, and when well made is thick, gelatinous, and nutritious.

Instead of monkey, I got some antelope, and the Senhor and I supped together. He plied a bottle containing a strong and coarsely-distilled spirit, the product of the cashew-nut and other fruits. He invited me to drink, but I had no wish to invite a fever by drinking such fiery stuff, and therefore declined. I made some tea, and this also was not disagreeable to the Senhor's taste.

As the moon rose broad and full above the tall trees that encircled the village and cleared land, I took a walk through the place, to see its evening life, and then retired to the hut in which I was to sleep. I was still lying in the darkness thinking over a few verses I had read, when I was startled by a tremendous peal of large drums, and that measured clapping of the hands which calls the African villagers to the katieka, or dance.

It was impossible now to sleep, and as the festivities promised to be on a large scale, I got up to see. The women and children sung and clapped their hands: the drums were beaten by the men. Both men and women danced, and performed movements not always very graceful or refined. Some of these remarkable *poses plastiques* will not bear description to ears polite.

There was a suffocating amount of dust and heat, and smoke, and sweat and noise disturbing and polluting the cool pure moonlight air of that beautiful night. It was the enjoyment of the villagers however. Two things only could make such amusements bearable: bounding animal spirits, and ignorance of anything better. A good deal of the rollicking savageism of Africa rests on these two causes. But as people get older, the animal spirits lose their spring. And some of the older women I noticed seemed to enjoy this fun no more than if they had been at their heavy daily task of pounding corn in the banda, or native mortar. They clapped their hands mechanically and wearily, as in duty bound, but the expression of their worn and withered faces seemed to say that such life was very poor enjoyment, indeed. Poor people, they have need of better teaching! I got tired, and after a time slipped away quietly out of the crowd to my hut. The noise of revelry by night still rang from end to end of the village, but I fell into a sound slumber on my reed bed.

We started early next morning, and about noon reached the place in the forest where the canoes were building. There we found a large number of fallen trees of immense size; the wood being of the same hardness as mahogany. The trees had been felled partly by small axes, and partly by fires kindled at the base of the stem. About twenty nearly naked men were at work on these trunks with small hatchets and adzes of native manufacture. With these light axes and by kindling small fires in the middle line of the tree, after many days, or rather many weeks of labour, the first rude form is given to the primitive vessel. It has then to be transported to the river, which may be twenty miles distant. Ropes of strong fibrous creepers, with which the African forest abounds, are then attached to the half-finished ship. Rude rollers are prepared: and the men, women and children of the nearest village, and subsequently of all the villages on the route, are then summoned. They lay hold of the rough cables, and with an immense deal of pulling, and still more noise and shouting, the hollow trunk begins to move and, for the next fortnight or three weeks, makes slow daily journeys to the bank of the river. There it receives the finishing touches, and without either plane or chisel, a wonderful degree of smoothness is given to it, both inside and out. An iron ring is fitted into the bow: a large and clumsy helm astern; and the launch is then completed. The largest of these canoes will carry about 40 men, or about 3 tons of goods; and on the lower Zambesi they are worth about 14*l.* to 16*l.*

I saw more of the country and of the life of the people before I left; but as the Senhor had to remain to look after the building of this primitive fleet, I returned to Shupanga, with five native companions, by a somewhat different route from that which I had come. On the return march I first witnessed the use of the fire-stick, by which the African in his native wilds supplies himself with fire by means of friction, without the aid of flint or steel, or any of the modern applications of phosphorus.

III.—LAST DAYS.

THE Expedition still remained at Shupanga. And now the days of April were drawing to a close; and so also, though we knew it not, were those of one of our number.

On the afternoon of the second last Sabbath of April I was sitting in the verandah of the house at Shupanga, when Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone came up from the ship. I joined them, and we went for a short walk up the river-side. The following Sunday Mrs. Livingstone was dead.

During the week she became seriously ill of fever, and on Saturday she was moved up to Shupanga House. Danger was then apprehended. Dr. Livingstone himself had remained closely watching by her, day and night together. Dr. Kirk attended her medically. Everything that could be thought of was done to induce a favourable change of symptoms, but without effect. The fatal sign came in unconsciousness to pain and inability to swallow. About six on Sunday evening I had gone down to the ship, when a message came that Dr. Livingstone wished me to come to the house. When I entered the room, and had gently closed the door, he said, "The end is evidently near, and I thought I would send for you."

The end was evidently near; for a certain fixedness of feature, and heavy stertor made this too plain. By the side of a rude bed formed of boxes, but with a soft mattress, and not therefore uncomfortable, on which lay his dying wife, sat Livingstone who had met so many dangers and passed through so many deaths. It will be rudely lifting no veil that should remain unlifted if I say he was weeping like a child. No one's eyes could keep from filling.

He asked me to commit her soul to God in prayer. And he, Kirk, and myself knelt down, and we prayed to Him who has promised to hear us in the day of our trouble, commending her spirit to her Saviour's merits and all-embracing mercy and love. In less than an hour, as the last rays of the sun were departing, there came over the face of the sufferer that final change that sorrow and anxiety shall nevermore alter; and the spirit returned to God who gave it. In this way died Livingstone's wife and Moffat's daughter, at the close of a long clear sunny day, on the last Sabbath of April, 1862.

Next morning a heavy, cold mist lay on the flat lands to the north-east, and over all the country hung a pall of natural gloom. The forenoon was consumed in making various preparations; the grave had to be dug deep to prevent the intrusion of wild beasts and wilder men. The blue-jackets and men of the Pioneer were marched up by Mr. Young, and at midday Mrs. Livingstone was buried under a large baobab tree. At her husband's request, I read the Church of England burial-service over the grave. The sad ceremony was soon over, and we turned and walked from the place in silence.

Mrs. Livingstone's death was occasioned by the true fever of the country, the disease terminating, as it frequently does, in coma. There are some, no doubt, who will harshly blame her for venturing to the Zambesi at that time. Let me say this to qualify such blame. During eight of the previous ten years in which so much of the African continent was for the first time laid open, she had seen very little of her husband. She had a certain share in the work — woman's share not unfrequently—to wait and suffer in patience; for during some of those years she hardly knew whether he was alive or dead. And now, naturally enough, if not too wisely, having found her way to the Zambesi and joined her husband, she had only spent three months in his society, when alone, and without the companionship of a single white woman, she had to lie down and die. And how much hope, and fear, and sorrow, and restless aching of heart, as well as of later happiness, had now been suddenly ended.

A tumulus of sun-dried brick, and a large white cross, in addition to the gigantic tree, mark the place where now rests the wife of Dr. Livingstone.

Resurget.

IV.—ASCENT OF THE SHIRE—THREE WEEKS' VOYAGE IN A CANOE.

MAY and June, as well as March and April, had passed away, and it was now plain that the ships could not ascend the river till next rainy season; and that I must wait a year at Shupanga, or proceed alone into the interior, as far as the disturbed state of the country and the presence of famine would allow me. I resolved, therefore, to go as far as the Murchison Cataracts on the Shire, and as far as the Kebrabasa rapids on the Zambesi. These two journeys occupied me several months.

The contour of the country through which I passed during the three weeks, can be easily described. A few days after leaving Shupanga, I entered the river Shire. It presents a great contrast to the Zambesi, which is broad, shallow in the dry season, and the mother of many islands, as a native would say. The Shire is narrow—about 100 to 150 yards wide—well defined in its channel, with few islands, and deep for the first 100 miles. Ten miles above its junction with the Zambesi, there rises a series of pleasing low rounded hills, 500 to 600 feet high, covered to the top with grass and small timber. Thirty miles further up the river sweeps round the base of Morumbala mountain, which rises to the height of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet, and forms the conspicuous commencement to that chain of hills which runs parallel to the river for a distance of about 200 miles. A less regular chain runs along the western side of the river. The valley itself, through which the Shire winds with many a link and bend, as may be seen by ascending some of the hills on the eastern shore, is thus a great alluvial plain of rich black fat earth, not heavily wooded near the banks, but bearing everywhere grass never less than six feet high, through which clumps of trees are sparingly scattered, giving to the country a park-like appearance; and here and there are long belts of Palmyra palms—the cocoa palm has by this time disappeared. It does not travel far from the coast.

A little above Morumbala the traveller enters the first of two great marshes that form marked features of the Shire valley. At no very distant date these have been small lakes through which the river held its course. The lower is called the Morumbala marsh, and the upper, 100 miles further up, by the winding of the river, is called the Elephant marsh, from the great number of elephants that find a congenial home and safe retreat in its solitude. They are generally seen, but I did not see any in passing. These marshes are not great pools, but tracts of land, each about thirty miles long, intersected by innumerable reedy canals and lagoons. The northern end of the Elephant marsh is marked by a semi-circular belt of palmyras, about twelve or fourteen miles long. In these marshes the land is so flat that if you wish to see half a mile off you must mount, acrobat fashion, on the shoulders of one of your men, and balancing yourself with a punting pole, you may then take a leisurely survey of the surrounding sea of waving green, grass and reeds alone being seen all round, and the tops of distant mountains far off. It is not very enlivening work passing through these marshes. Canoe travelling would be thought by most of my readers frightfully monotonous. But it is quite endurable for the sake of the moral ends to be accomplished.

In this journey, thus so cursorily described, of course I have passed a large number of villages. None of them are very large, but they are pretty frequent. Their names do not as yet live in story or in song: and as they would not interest my readers, I shall not mention them. There are tens of thousands of such places on Africa's broad continent, whose unwritten history the past has wholly swallowed up. Yet in them live multitudes who are moved to laughter and to tears by the very same things that move us. We who dwell in abiding cities of solid stone, with our busy life, rich and full with the ripened thought of all the past, and the giant works of present art to minister to all our wants, can hardly realise the life that millions of our species pass in these villages that exist for a few years, and if once forsaken leave no ruins behind. The people generally are civil: ready to sell, if they have what you require, anything or everything, from a few eggs, a pot of beer, a few dried fish, a bundle of elephant or hippopotamus flesh, to a cotton loom or a small canoe. If they could only grow in quantity sufficient to form a large trade of such natural products as abound in the country, what profits, what colossal fortunes, might be theirs!

During the middle part of this journey, I fell in with Mr. Scudamore of the Universities' Mission, and we sought out Bishop Mackenzie's grave together; and visited some of the chiefs on the way. On Saturday, 2nd August, I arrived at the temporary station of this Mission. From all the gentlemen there I received a most hearty and friendly welcome: and especially from my friend Mr. Horace Waller, whose acquaintance I had made at Shupanga in April. The station was built on a small height, about eighty feet above the river. When I got up I looked about on the plateau. And when I saw the little huts that, out there, represented a capital sum of 20,000*l.* at home, and the support and patronage of the great and the learned and the wealthy of two Universities and many great cities, I wished that men in England could see from what small beginnings and rudest elements of things the great results of missionary enterprise have to spring, and then with more patience would they wait for what needs time and prolonged efforts to produce.

V.—AMONG THE HILLS.

From the station I made several short journeys on foot among the hills. On the first of these, with Mr. Waller, we came on what seemed to be a curious superstition of the country, or some very diabolical piece of midnight work in connection with the slavery business. After our arrival at the village of a chief named Mankokwe, we were refused permission to enter, he being busy, it was said, with a deputation from a part of a country where lives the spirit of a certain deceased chief, and who communicates with his people by a sort of pythoness, who is called his wife. For this purpose an unfortunate woman is immured in a hut, and fed and cared for at the expense of the community, and when she dies another is put in her place. Each large village supplies a wife in turn, and now the evil day had come to Mankokwe's door. My first impression was, that the whole thing was a farce; but about midnight I was awoke by a loud cry ringing through the woods, by hearing the people rushing out of their huts, and the women talking in tones of great commiseration. The cry "Mkasi angu! Mkasi angu!" ("My wife! My wife!") was the lament of some poor fellow who had been bereft of his wife in the night, that she might become the spouse of the cold shade of the mountains. Such, at least, as Herodotus says, is the popular belief, as it was told to me.

My second journey was to the north-east, with Mr. Rowley, and if there were drawbacks from the disturbed state of the country, and from the scarcity of food, they were made up for by pleasant companionship. We went as far as Magomero, and in the blackened remains of several burnt villages, ascertained that the wave of war which was rolling from the north had passed south of the old mission station before it spent its full force. It was on this plateau of the Shire that it was thought the experiment of planting the Gospel in that part of Central Africa could be successfully made.

The ascent of the hills is commenced by passing through the pleasant little valley of the Kubula, which gradually narrows into a mountain gorge. Thereafter for a day the path is a series of steep ascents and descents. Now it passes up the face of a hot and scorching hill at an angle that severely tries the knees and lungs of the climber; and at other times it descends into narrow shady ravines by the side of the most limpid and beautiful streams that any land can boast of, winding about among clumps of graceful feathery bamboos, sycamores of perpetually green foliage and deep shade, among moist rocks covered with mosses and ferns, and other plants that shun the sun and love damp places. This is pleasant enough; but presently the path again leads for an hour among sharp rocks or protruding boulders of grey glistening granite or blackish basalt. Of these rocks, with a mixture of other metamorphic sorts, the hills are chiefly composed.

The height is not more than 4,000 feet, but a long day's journey is necessary, for the descents are many, as well as the ascents. The sight from the edge of the plateau is very grand. Towards the west there appears a vast stretch of the crests of rolling hills overhanging narrow valleys. Towards the east there appears a great comparatively level plain, with a gentle slope eastwards. The plain is about eighty or ninety miles long, or perhaps more, and about fifty broad, and is shut in on the south by magnificent mountains called the Melanje, on the east by Lake Shirwa, and on the north by Mount Zomba. Out of this level table-land rise, like islands out of a calm sea, a great number of conical hills, some only a few hundred feet high, others, like Chiradzuro, rising to the height of 4,000 feet. This gives the plateau anything but a tame appearance; nevertheless, conical detached hills are not those which painters love to copy.

The population is not dense, but it is considerable. The plain everywhere is well-watered, and the villages generally by the banks of streams. The cultivation consists of maize, millet, bananas, Congo beans called nandola, and several other common African products. The flora of the hills and plateau is of course much more varied than that of the level valley below, where the rampant grass or heavy timber chokes all small and delicate flowers. The people in the hills smelt and work iron in a very primitive but ingenious way: bartering hoes and axes with the people of the valley, and receiving in return balls of tobacco and bags of raw cotton.

In the beginning of September, I went northwards to the Murchison Cataracts. On this journey I spent ten days, and had during that time the society of Mr. Proctor, also of the mission party. This was in some respects the most interesting, and certainly by far the most picturesque, part of the Shire journey.

These cataracts are in all seven in number, and stretch over a distance of thirty-five miles. At none of them does the water descend over the rock at an angle greater than that of forty-five degrees; at most of them very much less, from twelve to fifteen or twenty degrees. They are formed by the river passing over the north-west termination of that range of hills that runs, almost without break, parallel to the Shire, from a point forty miles above its junction with the Zambesi. But for these falls there would be uninterrupted water communication, for boats of light draught, from the sea to the northern end of Lake Nyassa, a distance of nearly 500 miles of latitude.

The rocks over which these cataracts pass are mostly igneous. Grey granite is the predominant rock at Matiti, the lowest of the falls. Two miles further up, at Upikira, the second fall, in addition to granite, basalt and a rough hornblende make their appearance. These, with other metamorphic varieties, are continued up to the Great Fall at the top of the cataracts, where a quarter of an hour's walk over the shoulder of a rounded hill brings the traveller suddenly down into an alluvial valley, as flat as if it had been artificially levelled. This is the valley of the Upper Shire.

We continued our journey northwards as far as Guluwe, sixty miles from Lake Nyassa, where the entire failure of food caused us to turn. There we found the people beginning to die of the famine that afterwards swept off its thousands. We arrived at Guluwe on a Saturday night. Twelve of us supped off the fore-quarter of a very small and lean goat, our last provisions; and immediately thereafter, when the moon rose, we went to hunt. We soon found game, but neither Proctor's shot nor my own was successful. The results of the chase were to me only a fall out of a tree whither I had run for safety after missing my buffalo, and a fever next day. On Sunday the hunt was continued without success; and on Monday, weak from want of food and the effects of fever, yet sorely against my will, we commenced our homeward march.

To support a party by hunting requires long experience, and the surrender of one's days and nights to such work; and though I shot a little, I cannot boast of my prowess as a hunter. To educate men—or pave the way for that—not to hunt wild beasts, was my vocation and object on the Zambesi.

The inexplicable difficulty of food will be explained if I say we always commenced our journeys without any, as provisions were as scarce at the station as elsewhere.

VI.—ASCENT OF THE ZAMBESI TO KEBRABASA RAPIDS.

In September I bade farewell with regret to my friends at the mission station, and descended the Shire with Waller. To Dr. Dickenson and Mr. Scudamore it was, alas! a final farewell.

From Shupanga early in November I started for Kebrabasa, and for a few days travelled with my friend, Mr. Richard Thornton, geologist to the Livingstone expedition. He was the first, along with Baron van der Decken, to penetrate to the snowy mountains of Kilimanjaro, under the equator. He was now making a geographical survey of the country adjacent to the Zambesi. His activity and energy led him, on days favourable for theodolite observations, to work through the hottest hours of the most blazing noons. From these excessive exertions and the effects of the climate, a few months afterwards he lost his life, and died at the age of twenty-five, all too soon for science, and too early for his friends.

After parting with him, I continued my journey alone; travelling rather slowly, and it was not till the 15th of December that I reached Kebrabasa; literally the work of ascending the river is cut in two—the navigation is here at an end. Such is the meaning of the native name; and it is a true description of the effects of these extraordinary rapids.

After leaving the canoe at the lower end of the rapids, I went a day on foot. It would require a more lengthy description than the limits of this paper allow, to give the reader any adequate conception of that vast wilderness of stone, and those Titanic masses of rock which form the great groove, seventy miles long, that has been cut through these mountains by the river Zambesi in forcing its way down to the sea. Rocks in river beds at home give one no idea of these tremendous fragments. Boulders as big as cottages cumber the channel, which is exposed in the dry season.

No one, I believe, has yet traced these rapids from end to end. The appearance of the lower part in the dry season is this. The natural channel of the river is about a quarter or a third of a mile wide. In the middle is a deep canal with perpendicular rocky sides, which winds about sometimes at a very sharp angle, with many rocky recesses and projecting points, and full of wild swirling eddies, in addition to the naturally turbulent current. In this canal, varying from thirty to seventy yards in breadth, for perhaps one third of the year, flows all the water of the Zambesi, which is spread out into a channel of a mile broad below.

In flood the whole channel is filled up, and then those hillocks of piled-up rock, deep hollows of sand, the canal, and the gigantic boulders have all disappeared under the surface of a broad sheet of water that sweeps down between shores of rounded tree-covered hills, 700 to 1,000 feet high. The difference produced by this change, between the flood and dry season, is so great, that it is said to be difficult to recognise the surrounding country. Within a few days, while I was there, the river rose ten feet.

Of the rocks, which seem to be all or chiefly igneous, a porphyry, and a curiously coloured syenite—quite unlike the Egyptian syenite—are the most conspicuous; and some of these masses are polished and blackened in an odd way on their upper exposed surfaces. Below, and when fractured, they are of a whitish red; above, they are black and glistening, like a very dark African face or a well-polished boot.

It is a safe generalisation now to make, that all African rivers, unknown as well as known, have such unfortunate interruptions. This arises from the form of the African continent. It has a flat margin of low rich unhealthy coast land varying from 40 or 50 to 200 or 300 miles broad. To that succeeds the interior plateau, the shape of the country being, to use Speke's comparison, like that of an inverted dinner-plate.

Beyond nearly losing my canoe among the rocks, by breaking the "chiwindo" or tow-rope of palm fronds—beyond being awakened on a Sunday night by a shower of rain falling on my face, to discover that my blanket was shared by a very unwelcome bed-fellow, a large yellow-and-black mottled snake—and beyond falling into the river, and being carried down by the current some distance,—nothing very worthy of note occurred on the upper part of this journey. The latter accident was the most serious. So far had I got separated from the canoe, that for a few minutes I thought my journey through Africa and through life were alike at an end; and a pang of keen regret shot through my heart that it should have so terminated. But the time was not yet come. By hard swimming I saved my life, and was pulled on board rather exhausted.

This mishap occurred during what is called a "chirumvurumvuru"; a native word signifying a sudden violent tornado, with lightning, thunder, and rain; and one of the most remarkable instances of exact onomatopœia that probably exists. The sharp whistling sound that comes before the full roar of the blast, is as faithfully expressed by the first syllable, when correctly and slowly pronounced, as the full strength of the storm is by the remainder of the word being rapidly uttered. When I first heard this strange vocable, I pulled out a small vocabulary and wrote it down. Njara, my lad, who had acted as valet, cook, native tutor, general confidant on native affairs, and *fidus Achates*, all rolled into one, and who served me for seven months with sterling honesty, and great patience and fidelity, was rather amused at the number of times he had slowly to repeat this word.

From Tete I went to the coal-fields of the neighbourhood. Those seams I saw were in a natural section of yellowish sandstone, about fifty feet high, which had been laid bare by a small stream cutting out a channel for itself, and thus exposing the rock. The coal was in beds of various thickness; that from which I took a small quantity was seven feet thick; there were others much thicker. These seams were lying at an angle of forty-five degrees. They had been previously examined by Mr. Thornton. On the important point, the value of the coal, it is believed, from the specimens that have been examined, to be of fair quality and of old formation.

Close by, on low rounded hills, near the coal seams, there were lying about considerable quantities of magnetic iron ore. Copper is also said to be found in the neighbourhood, but this last I did not see.

Christmas Day I spent in Tete, and was hospitably entertained by the Governor. He is a shrewd man, but too deeply implicated in the support of that infernal slave traffic which desolates some of the richest parts of this earth.

In the Narrows of Lupata I spent a quiet Sunday on my downward voyage. This is a part of the Zambesi, twelve to sixteen miles long, where the river passes through a gorge in the range of hills that lies nearest to the coast, though at a distance perhaps of 200 miles from the sea. The scenery is very striking, and picturesque enough to rival some of the finest parts of the Rhine between Boppart and Bingen; though the hills are more rounded and somewhat different in form; and of course there are other differences. There is no Stolzenfels below, no Johannisberg above!

On New Year's Day, 1863, I arrived at Shupanga, and found Dr. Livingstone where I had parted from him six months before. In the interval he had explored the river Ruvuma. In ten days the Expedition sailed up the river, and when all its members had departed I was again alone at Shupanga.

While there I took my last and worst attack of fever. Of this inevitable contingency of African travel, though I have said nothing, I had my fair share. Altogether, I must have had eighteen or twenty well-defined attacks, involving in every case the necessity for the use of calomel and quinine, once or twice of croton oil. The fevers have three stages—a cold, with rigors more or less severe, the teeth chattering with the thermometer at 105° in the shade; a hot, with a profuse drenching perspiration; and a convalescent stage, in which you feel perfectly well but perfectly weak. If I was frequently ill I generally got quickly better, and did not usually suffer from those disagreeable accompaniments of slight coma, occasional vomiting, and what patients generally believe to be true hæmaturia, but which is not that.

At Shupanga only did I suffer for a considerable time. A curious psychological fact, as it seems to me, occurred while I was recovering. I had fallen on the floor during the night, I suppose in a faint. On recovering, I felt in the most ludicrous perplexity as to where I was. It was dark and still, without sight or sound. The howl of a hyæna, common enough on most nights, would have told me I was in Africa. But the mind, weak from the body's feebleness, could not muster from the stores of memory, or from present observation, any answer to the question, "What place is this, is it Scotland or Shupanga?" A sort of reflective consciousness made me aware of my being somewhere; but, as neither sensation nor memory would give any information, I could not tell exactly where. As I lay on the earthen floor I moved my left hand. It rested in a hole which had been an eyesore for several days. My hand recognised it from its peculiar broken edge; and the wandering mind, through this sensation, re-established its connection with surrounding matter, and immediately answered the question, that I was in Africa, alone, and in a fit of fever. Upon which I crept back to bed.

These fevers are the chief obstacle to the occupation of the country. They do not appear very speedily to produce any great organic mischief, but they weaken the system. The valleys will always be feverish; but on the higher lands, and by less exposure, moderate activity, and better food, the fever may be nearly, but not entirely, avoided. The strain on the system from exposure, want of good food, and frequent fevers, shows itself in many ways, and amongst others on the teeth. Hard living and travel tries them severely. Though I knew nothing of toothache, I have to confess to the loss while on the Zambesi of a pair of very useful molars in the lower jaw, which simply came out without pain or trouble of any sort.

My greatest privation was the want of wheaten bread. I could have used in three weeks the whole supply in the shape of biscuits that with care had to last six months.

VII.—HOMEWARD FOOTSTEPS.—CONCLUSION.

I HAD now seen as much of the country as could be examined at that time, from the existence of a surrounding belt of war and famine, and as much as served my objects. Further exploration would have involved my staying another year, and I therefore resolved to bend my steps homeward.

This is not the place, nor is there now space in this paper, to express any general summary of opinions, but of the people themselves I formed a higher impression on most points, both intellectually and morally, their present circumstances being considered, than our common traditional beliefs about the African race had led me to entertain. This, I think, will be generally held by all who have no selfish ends or pecuniary interests to serve, by pushing down those unfortunate people in the mire in which they are already sunk. Their religion is man's natural religion everywhere—a confused belief in the existence of one Great and Good Spirit—the Molungo; and a mixed feeling of fear and deference to the multitudes of malignant spirits—fitis—who are supposed to inhabit the hills and valleys, forests and fountains of the land, and who are the chief causes of all the misfortunes that befall men.

The country itself contains many valuable natural products, but all as yet in an undeveloped state. Coal, and iron, and cotton are three of the most important. By the people themselves the cotton is woven in a rude way, and in a district untouched by famine I noticed a considerable number of acres of the growing plant, and counted as many as twenty-four native looms at work. There is not yet, however, enough to make an extensive trade: that is, to freight ships with. The people grow it only for themselves, not for export.

They are all cultivators of the soil, and not nomadic: and the women I regret to say are the chief agriculturists. The sole implement of cultivation is the native hoe. Horses are unknown in the valleys of the Zambesi and the Shire, and cattle only found at some distance inland, and where that minute but formidable opponent of civilisation, the tsetse fly, does not exist. Goats of rather handsome shape, and sheep of the fat-tailed sort, constitute the pastoral wealth of these districts.

The diseases of the people are generally few and simple. They suffer from fever as do white men, but only on rare occasions. Chronic or old man's bronchitis, as it is sometimes called, afflicts the older people and frequently cuts them off. This is the mtombwe or cough of the natives. I have also seen a few cases of leprosy, and one albino. His eyes were pink, like those of a white rabbit, but not so decidedly coloured as I had expected. His sight was weak, and he disliked being exposed to the sun, as it irritated his skin and raised small pustules: or, in the expressive but disagreeable language of my informant, "it made his skin rotten!" Both the parents of this man were said to be black.

Sloughing or phagedenic ulcers are also at times of scarcity of food exceedingly common: and elephantiasis is seen on the coast.

But there is another perpetual ulcer of a different kind, which, more than anything else, tends to keep the African continent in a state of social chaos, intellectual torpor, and spiritual death, and that is the accursed slave-trade. This is still carried on by Spanish, and probably also Portuguese ships; and by rascally Arabs in their sneaking little dhows. The import into the small island of Zanzibar by the activity of those Arab traders sometimes amounts to 20,000 slaves annually.

In February I descended the Quaqua river to Quillimane, where I was received by Colonel Nunes, and, curiously enough, was lodged in the same room that Dr. Livingstone occupied when he reached the east coast on his famous journey across the continent from St. Paul de Loando. I waited six weeks for a ship to Mozambique; six weeks longer at Mozambique, staying in a large, airy, and nearly empty house, given me by the Governor. Thence I sailed to the Cape in Her Majesty's ship *Gorgon*, commanded by Captain John Wilson, with whom, when again I get stranded on some distant shore, may it be my good fortune to meet. I owe him some thanks.

In the house of Dr. James Abercrombie, for more than forty years one of the best known men at Cape Town, and one of my best friends there, I took up my abode when I arrived in that place. For the hospitality of the Cape I ought to speak. Dinners were not few, and the society of one's friends was rendered all the more pleasant by the recollection of dangers past. I sailed to Southampton in the mail steamer *Saxon*, and arrived in this country after an absence of nearly two years and a-half, grateful to Him who had preserved my life in a region where so many of my friends had lost theirs.

To a private meeting in Edinburgh I presented my Report. The present unhappy state of the country to which it referred, the recall of the Livingstone expedition, and the probability of the Church of England Mission being withdrawn, rendered it unadvisable for the Committee to proceed immediately.

Let us hope the delay is but for a time. The Gospel, aided by industrial missions, with a practical and directly civilising agency, varied in its modes of operation, is the only remedy for the many miseries of the dusky and benighted millions who inhabit that continent. On the Zambesi region there is, in the eyes of all men of any charity and sense, ample room and verge enough, not for one, but for half-a-dozen missions, with a free border-land of two or three hundred miles between each. To this work, in another part of the country, I purpose in a few months to return. To the Christian sympathy of my patient and courteous reader I commend the interests of a race that has few friends, but for which better days are surely yet to dawn.

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ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

At the very time that Jack was fighting with Thomson in the school playground, Alfred Hagart was making a successful raid amongst the Spiggleton manufacturers. Trade was brisk, patterns were in request, and good prices were freely given. By Friday afternoon—the combat came off on Thursday—he had sold the last of his stock, and had a more satisfactory roll of bank notes in his pocket than it had known for months. On Saturday morning he started on his homeward way out of Spiggleton, with a parcel neatly done up in brown paper dangling from his left hand, and in the highest possible spirits. He thought he had never seen such a beautiful morning. The air exhilarated him like wine, and as he walked along he could not help admiring the soft braided autumnal clouds. He hummed incontinently snatches of the old songs he was wont to sing when a young blooming courageous man in London, certain to conquer the world, and to make a name in art—and it did not strike him how strange these had been for some years to his lips. Success had come, and these songs returned to him as swallows return in spring to the old eaves. He gave cheerful salutation to the stone-breakers by the wayside. He stopped a little girl whose face he fancied bore some resemblance to Katy's at home, asked her name, patted her on the head, told her to be very good and obedient and to mind her lessons, and nearly drove her mad by a present of sixpence. He thought the waggoners who trudged past a very prepossessing set of men. He could not remember to have seen the gorse so yellow, the bunches of heather so purple, and chaffinches and bullfinches with such pretty coats, or hopping in such numbers across the roads, or feeding so lustily on the hips and haws in the hedges. "That ill-looking rascal Poverty," he said aloud, "has been hanging about my door for a year past; but I have given him a kick now which will make him keep his distance for awhile." He was in high spirits, and walked on rapidly, dangling the brown paper parcel as he went.

An hour brought him to the moor, and another hour to the clachan of King's-barns—a sort of oasis in the moory desert. At King's-barns the coach running from Spiggleton to Greysley changed horses. The inn was a white one-storied building, with a large sign, containing two gilded keys crossed on a blue field. Over the inn hung a large willow tree. Beyond the inn was a smithy, from which proceeded a noisy clanking of hammers, and through the door Alfred could discern a permanent fiery glow, and at intervals a brilliant shower of sparks. Before the smithy a horse stood meekly, with its bridle tied to a nail—waiting the smith's attentions. Opposite the inn were barns, and against the walls of one of these leaned a new cart-wheel, the centre and spokes of which were painted scarlet. Before the inn door a large Newfoundland dog lay dozing in the sunshine. While Alfred was yet some score of paces distant, a troop of white pigeons came over the willow with a whirr of wings, and alit in the roadway—another whirr of wings as he advanced, and they streamed over the barns opposite, two of them throwing the most curious summersaults on the way, as if making fun of being shot. As Alfred came up he looked at the inn wistfully for a moment, and then his face brightened. "Hang it," said he, "what's the harm? I'll have a glass of ale and wait for the coach, which will be here in an hour. Why should a man walk when he can afford to ride? This has been a lucky campaign, and after a victory a man may sing *Te Deum.* Margaret, poor dear, won't think me extravagant:" and so saying he turned into a sanded passage, pushed open a door, entered a low old-fashioned room with a huge green bull's-eye in the window, around which the ivies and later honeysuckles clustered prettily, and thumped with his knuckles on the little deal table.

When the ale was placed before him in a pewter tankard, Alfred took a mighty pull at it, then laying it down he pronounced the monosyllable "Ha!" aloud, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He then took out the roll of notes from his pocket, counted them over leisurely, and while doing so his face became perfectly luminous, as if struck by an idea of extraordinary brilliancy. What was the idea, it is not for me to say; but, his face quite beautiful to behold the while, he divided the parcel into four equal divisions, placing one in each of his trousers' pockets, and one in each of the pockets of his waistcoat. He then undid the brown paper parcel, which consisted of some dark dress stuff, and a smaller parcel wrapped in tissue paper. The dress stuff he hung over the back of a chair, and retired a step or two to admire the effect. "Poor Mag," he said, "it's not much, but you'll value it at forty times its worth. I'd slipper thee in gold if I could!" The dress stuff he folded carefully, and put aside. He then opened the smaller parcel, displaying a slip of crimson silk sleeping in its folds, and with a dexterous movement of the hand he twisted it like a scarf. "She'll look a little sunbeam in this, with her white frock," he muttered, smiling at it with his head on one side. He then wrapt up the silk in its paper, put it inside the dress stuff, tied the whole up again in the brown paper, and laid it on the table. He then applied himself to the pewter, and when he had emptied it the sound of wheels was heard outside, and by the time he had paid the reckoning the Greysley coach was as the door, and the smoking horses were being led round to the stables.

He had no sooner climbed to the top of the coach than he was accosted by a little gentleman with prominent whiskers, who sat there. The little gentleman was dressed in grey, and wore a white hat with a band of crape round it. "Ah, Hagart, how do?" extending three fingers to be shaken. "Glad to see you! How's Margaret? What has brought you to this part of the world?"

At this salutation Alfred became painfully conscious of his brown paper parcel. He felt that to carry such a parcel was far from distinguished, and so he slipped it out of sight between his legs, while he became scarlet with vexation. "I have been at Spiggleton on business," he said, "and am on my way home. I hope your family are well, Mr. Stavert. What are *you* doing here?"

"Business also," said Mr. Stavert. He then, while he kept his head in its old position, twisted his eyes into their left-hand corners so that he could take a view of his companion, while he smiled knowingly. "Business also, Hagart. Money can't rest, you know. Heard of an opening for a little capital in this quarter. Come down to look at it. Have half a mind to go in. Faint heart, you know, never won fair lady. Mines!" And he closed his mouth hard, and made a rattling cataract of the loose silver in his breeches pocket—which people richer than you, are in the disgusting habit of doing.

While the fresh horses are being yoked, which put a stop to conversation, I may as well tell who Mr. Stavert was, and how he became acquainted with our friend.

Mr. Stavert was a man of some little means, and had for wife a remote and out-lying descendant of the great McQuarrie family. Hagart and he were connections therefore, and they had met perhaps some half dozen times previously. Stavert had called on Hagart in London—the only one of his wife's relations who had done so—and our friend had rather a liking for him on that account. Mr. Stavert had neither business, trade, nor profession, but having money at his disposal he dabbled in house property here, in shares in this thing or the other there; and being a shrewd man enough he generally contrived to make such speculations pay. He lived quietly—Cuchullin Lodge, near Hawkhead, was his address—and he flitted into the business world as a rook flits into the street of the country town before the inhabitants are stirring—to see what he could pick up. He had a keen eye for bargains; he was present at auctions and sales of sequestrated furniture, securing for an old song this thing or the other. He was under the impression that luck was in store for him in these quarters; that if he bought a dozen snuff-coloured oil paintings at a sale one of them would be certain to turn out a Raphael; that if at a country house, the family of which had gone to wreck, he bought a cabinet at the price of old fire-wood, he would be sure to discover in the cabinet a secret drawer, and in the secret drawer—well, he did not know what, but something worth his while. No such stroke of good fortune had yet come his way, but he was daily expecting it. At all events he had his profit and his pleasure, and Cuchullin Lodge was plentifully furnished with old tables and chairs of curious workmanship, old China cups and saucers, cracked specimens of Bohemian glass, old Highland brooches and broadswords—the last being Andrea Ferraras of course! Having no recognisable grandfather of his own, of his wife's noble descent, and especially of her connection with the great McQuarrie family, he was extremely proud. He drew nobility from his wife, and wore it proudly. His house, as I have said, was called Cuchullin Lodge. His seal was a stalwart hand grasping a huge battle-axe; and this noble device he was careful to imprint on all his letters. His own family names, so far as they could be discovered, were John, James, Robert, and the like; but these he scorned utterly: his only daughter was called Flora, and his sons, all of them at least who were alive, were severally named Hector, Norman, and Torquil. He was a member of the Hawkhead Highland Society, and once a year, clad in the garb of old Gaul and with glittering claymore in hand, in company with a number of individuals similarly attired, to fierce bagpipe music he marched through admiring streets to the field where pipers strove in dissonance, and lean, long-winded fellows from Lochaber ran races and leaped hurdles, and brawny men from Athole tossed the mighty caber. When Conachar died—the pride of his house—he wore crape on his left arm for six months, and spoke of the deceased in a respectful tone. Resident in the neighbourhood of Hawkhead, the Stavert family were in constant communication with Miss Kate McQuarrie, who was regarded by them as a very august personage indeed. To her they were continually bringing presents of fruits and flowers from the Cuchullin gardens, and, in spite of occasional tiffs, they were regarded by the entire circle of their acquaintance and by themselves as the old lady's heirs-apparent.

Miss McQuarrie was seldom out of the thoughts of the Stavert household, and the coach had no sooner started from King's-barns, than Stavert asked "Have your heard anything of Miss Kate of late?"

This was always a sore subject with Alfred, and his face grew red. "No," he said, "I am not likely to hear anything from that quarter, and I don't much wish, to either."

Again Stavert's eyes went into their left hand corners, while his head remained immoveable and the knowing smile came to his lips. "What will you take for your chance of her cash?"

Alfred did not like this talk at all. He knew the Staverts were to have the money when the time came, and he thought the question somewhat uncalled for.

"Money down!" said Stavert, the eyes and the smile still fixtures.

"I'll take nothing for my chance, as you call it. I don't wish her money. I have never looked for it, and I don't think besides there is any likelihood of my getting it."

"You heard that she has been ill?"

"Mrs. Hagart—her sister—" (Hagart could not help laying a little emphasis on the words) "heard some report of that kind, but as it did not come directly, and as we have both been badly used by her, we took no notice of it. But I trust she's better all the same."

"Miss Kate has made a new will. Did you hear that?"

"I did not hear a word about it. How should I? But what does it matter? *you* of course come in for everything at the end, everybody knows that."

"Do you know, I think your chance is looking up," and Stavert now turned round and looked Hagart full in the face.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you. When Eliza—Mrs. Stavert, you know—heard that Miss Kate was ill—and they heard it in no more direct way than you did—she and Flora—my daughter, whom you have never seen I think—set off to Hawkhead at once to nurse her, leaving me to follow in a day or so. I had a letter from my wife every day, giving me information of the invalid's condition—so attentive she was and anxious. Three days after I packed up my portmanteau, put in my black clothes,—for one, you know, could not tell what might happen, especially at her age, and its always best to be prepared for everything; and besides, if the worst was to come to the worst, I mightn't be able to get home, there would be so much to arrange. When I presented myself with my portmanteau, what do you think I found? My daughter crying, my wife hysterical, and Miss Kate, worn to a shadow, sitting up in bed in a most terrible rage. I asked what was the matter. 'Take me away,' cried my daughter. 'I'll never enter this house again, never,' sobbed my wife. 'Don't till you're asked,' shrieked Miss Kate, sitting up with the bed-clothes around her, out of which her head stuck like an angry hawk's. 'I'm not dead yet! Do you hear? Sorry to disappoint you.' Well this was unpleasant. I got my women-kind into a coach—for they would not stay in the house another moment, although it was just time for luncheon, and I was somewhat hungry—and there they told me the whole story. It seems that Miss Kate has a brooch, as big as a Highland target, set with precious stones, and that this brooch was lying on the looking-glass on the invalid's dressing table. As Miss Kate seemed asleep Eliza asked Flora to try it on, to see how it would become her. In a trice Flora pinned it on her dress, and they both were admiring it in the looking-glass when the sick woman opened her eyes. 'Put that down, you gipsy; it's not yours yet!' You may fancy the brooch was dropped at once, as if it had been red-hot. But Eliza, who has a spirit of her own, I can tell you, said something about its being promised to Flora years ago. '*She* won't have it: *you* won't have it!' cried Miss Kate. 'It won't go past my own sister.' 'Your sister, Margaret Hagart!' cries my wife, beginning to sob, 'what has she ever done for you? Has she ever attended you in sickness, made your gruel, mixed your medicines, slept on the floor beside your bed, as I have done?' 'She has let me alone,' said the other, 'and that's more than ever you have done.' 'What ingratitude!' says my wife, her feelings getting the better of her. 'Margaret Hagart was an undutiful daughter; she broke her poor father's heart, she disgraced her family, she made a low marriage, she's as poor as a church mouse, and'——but I beg your pardon, Hagart, I quite forgot, I really didn't mean to——"

"Never mind," said Hagart quietly, "worse has been said of me than that by my wife's relations. I know you didn't mean to offend. You were only speaking in inverted commas. But you said that Miss Kate had made a new will."

"Oh yes. After this disagreeable passage of arms I was a good deal nettled, as you may suppose; but my wife and daughter, after the first natural anger was over, behaved like angels. From their hearts they forgave her entirely, and would have been at her bedside next morning, I believe, to give her her medicine if I had allowed them. The fact is, I fully expected that when Miss Kate had thought over the matter she would have sent for them. But as no message came I didn't know what to think, so last week being in Hawkhead, I stepped into Hook and Crook's office—Miss Kate's men of business—and learned casually that she had sent for them, and that a new will was in progress. That's the sixth she has made to my knowledge during the last six years," added Stavert, somewhat testily.

Alfred remained silent. "I don't care a straw for the matter myself," continued Stavert. "It's weary waiting for dead men's shoes, and when you get them, as often as not, they pinch your feet. If Kate's money should come your way, I'll be content, Hagart. Your wife is nearer her than mine; and between ourselves she likes me as little as she likes you."

After that the talk broke into indifferent channels, and at the next stage Stavert got down to look at the something he had heard about in the neighbourhood, leaving Hagart to journey alone homewards, much meditating on what he had heard.

CHAPTER V.

The day after the fight Jack found himself in high popularity. He had shown pluck in the encounter with Thomson—who was the bigger and elder boy; he had been severely punished, and his punishment he had taken bravely, and as a consequence his mates admired him more than they did his foe, who by dint of fibbing, it had become generally known, had got off comparatively easily. Much meditating the matter during the evening, the schoolmaster had come to the conclusion that the lad had been unfairly treated, and that some slight reparation should be made in the presence of the whole school if circumstances provided a decent opportunity. As he entered the schoolroom he smiled on Jack and addressed him in a few words of studied civility, which made the boy's heart jump; and when during the class examination—for on the Friday the entire work of the week was gone over—he fairly tripped up the heels of all opponents and placed himself in the position of dux, he received from the master a public compliment. This was a triumph! It was like being knighted by a king in the presence of a whole army. Jack felt it, the whole school felt it, and Jack's popularity reached its acme. When the classes were dismissed to the playground, Thomson was standing in a corner looking vicious, and Jack went up at once and offered to resume the game of fisticuffs with him that afternoon in some place where they would be beyond the jurisdiction of the schoolmaster and where no assistant could have a chance of interrupting them. "Perhaps you think you can lick me," said Jack, "and if you think so, I'll give you another chance." Thomson lowered, and looked as if he could have eaten his opponent with much pleasure: he then muttered some words of declinature, and walked away. Jack's companions were witnesses of the obliging offer, and of course Jack was a hero in their estimation, and Thomson a sulky fellow, a coward and a sneak. The resumption of hostilities in the manner suggested would have been an event; and the boys were naturally disgusted that the sulky Thomson had declined to contribute to their amusement. Figuratively speaking they carried Jack shoulder-high, and trampled Thomson under contemptuous feet.

In the evening, after Katy had gone to bed—for the child was delicate, and was often looked on by Mrs. Hagart till tears from a foreboding heart came into the maternal eyes—Jack went into the kitchen where Martha was ironing linen, her sleeves rolled up over her red arms, and the implement which was not in use placed on the toaster before the fire. The young fellow liked the kitchen for its warmth and light, and because he could there listen to Martha's stories, which were chiefly of a ghostly character, and repeat what portions of the Waverley Novels he had heard his father read, or relate the feats which certain of the British Regiments had performed in the Peninsula and at Waterloo—on which subject his father was garrulous when they walked together. On the present occasion Jack brought one of his school-books with him, and sat down on a low stool in the centre of the light and heat.

"I am going to read you a story," said he.

"Read awa'," said the maiden laconically as she took up the fresh iron from the toaster, wiped the smooth surface of it rapidly with her apron, and resumed operations on the front of one of her master's shirts.

He then began reading aloud from the school-book an abridged account of Mungo Park's African experiences. Read how he travelled for days and days through the hot wilderness, how he was thirsty and hungry, how he lodged at night in trees while jackals and hyenas prowled underneath, and the vast roar of the lion was heard in the distance; how, in his sore distress, he saw the delicate moss in the desert, and drew courage from the thought that the Power which planted and supported *it* there would also care for and support him; how the African women took pity on him, took him into their huts, gave him food and a couch of skins, and sang, as they spun, melancholy songs—that he had no sister to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn. Jack affected himself by his reading, and when he came to the end he looked up in Martha's face—who had by this time struck work, and was standing with her back to the dresser quietly devouring every word—expecting to gather therein some response to his own moved feelings. But Martha was a damsel of an imperturbable and unsentimental cast, and although interested in the narrative her interest was of a different kind from that of the reader.

"Save 's! tae hae gaen through a' that—what a horse o' a man!"

"But," said Jack, colouring a little from the unexpected shock, "think of the moss, Martha."

"Bonny eneuch, but he wad hae been better pleased if he could hae made his dinner o't," said Martha, as she took an iron from the toaster and drew her finger swiftly across it to see if it was sufficiently heated.

Jack could laugh a little by this time, and he put the book aside. "Martha," said he, after a little pause, "Katy and I are going to make a journey to-morrow."

"Ay, an' whaur are ye an' Katy gaun?"

"Along the canal bank. I promised to let Katy see the canal, and the old castle, and the old coal-pit."

"Tae fa' in an' be drooned!"

"O there's a paling round the pit; it's quite safe. And I wish to show her the canal going across the river, and everything along the banks. She's never seen them."

"But will yer mother let ye?"

"She said she would if I took great care of Katy and did not go too far. I said nothing about the old pit, though."

"Ye manna gang far. Miss Katy is no strong, and canna be fatigued. When will ye turn back?"

"If Katy gets tired, at the place where the passage-boat stops. We can see all we wish by that."

"Ye should turn at the second brig. It's a lang way for ye to gang yer lanes. But noo aff to bed! I hae that basketfu' o' claes to sort before I sleep, an' the maister 'ill be here the morn. Aff wi' ye!"

And so Jack had to carry his brain, seething with Mungo Park, and his excursion of to-morrow, off to bed with him, where it shaped during the night the most extraordinary dreams.

Next morning Jack and Katy rose quite eager about their walk. The boy had something to show, and was delighted to act the part of *cicerone.* The canal had always affected his imagination powerfully; he knew it led to Hawkhead and other towns, and it suggested to him in some obscure way a whole big world lying outside his experience. He had walked often for some distance along the bank alone, but a sense of solitariness more than weariness had driven him back. For Jack, like most imaginative young people, who have not yet become familiar with themselves, was sadly disturbed in lonely places, where there were no houses and no palpable signs of human life. The external unfamiliarity was not greater than the internal unfamiliarity. Queer thoughts came into his head, he was conscious of strange feelings which he could not yet comprehend or give a name to, and he was scared by these quite as much as by the silence and the emptiness. There is no terror like loneliness, no curse so heavy as isolation. Childhood, if at all impressible or imaginative, has always been troubled after this fashion; and it is from this trouble that, a few years after, youth draws its passionate delight in poetry; for in reading the poets, the youth finds that these thoughts and feelings are not personally peculiar, that by them he connects himself with the race; that although new and inexplicable, they are as old as the heart of man. Through poetry the world becomes a mighty room of mirrors, where from every corner recognition is flashed back. And so the young man comes to look upon the poet as his best friend, and to find his dearest society in that solitude which was aforetime irksome. Katy, who had never travelled farther than from the fireside to the schoolroom, was quite tremulous with a pleased expectancy; she was that day to behold wonders; her brother was to be a magician; and her excitement brought an unwonted colour to her cheek, and lustre to her eyes. It was her first excursion, and it was an event in the child's life, as the first ball is an event in the girl's. Mrs. Hagart smiled at her children's enthusiasm, and insisted on clothing them warmly, mixing her motherly precautions with counsels and advices; telling Jack to take care of Katy, imploring Katy to have an eye after Jack, and on no account to allow him to climb trees, break through hedges, or to walk near the canal edge, concluding finally with instructions not to go too far, as their father was expected home that afternoon, and it would never do for them to be absent on such an occasion. The children were standing on the doorstep with their mother and Martha while these injunctions were being delivered, and just as they were passing out of the little gate Martha suddenly exclaimed, "Diel tak' the laddie, his collar's gaen wrang again," and ran out after them. "Here, bairns," she said, producing a small bag, after she had pushed them out of Mrs. Hagart's sight, "here's a piece for ye, but dinna be late, and dinna let Miss Katy walk owre far. Be aff wi' ye. Yer collar's a' richt I see."

It was a warm bright day towards the middle of October, when the world was at rest after the travail of growth and ripening; and over the children as they walked hung the warm azure spaces, and the soft bars and wisps of autumnal cloud which Hagart, on his way from Spiggleton, was at that very moment admiring. Jack and Katy walked on smartly, and in a short time they left the road, and descended on the canal bank. The land was high on either side, and Katy looked at the hips and haws in the hedges, and the dark green firs with their bronze trunks, and the red beeches, and the slender ashes with their clusters of scarlet berries, with that admixture of wonder which gives such a zest to all the delights of childhood. The world loses much when it ceases to become strange. An old king regards his crown very much as an ordinary mortal regards his old hat. And when a rook came sliding slowly along through the summer air, and folded his wings on a tree top, and croaked audibly, she fairly stooped.

"It's only a crow," said Jack, with some contempt, as he divined her feelings, "and a crow is little better than a sparrow. As we get on we shall see birds worth looking at."

In due time they reached the bridge which carried the canal across the river. This was one of the promised sights of the day, and Jack was resolved to make the most of it.

"Look here, Katy!" he cried, as he pressed his face against the railing, and looked down on the stream beneath. "You see the bridge carries the canal across the river and not a drop falls through. Don't be afraid. Look down; isn't it deep? I don't know how it was done," he continued, in a puzzled tone, "for when the bridge was building the canal water must have poured out at both sides. I will ask father about it. See, see the water-hen, yonder, flying across the river! Ah, she's got among the rushes. Do you know, Katy," here he spoke in a strictly confidential tone,—"Do you know I can swim across the river down there; but don't tell mother, else she won't let me out on the Saturdays next summer—of course she'll be afraid I'll be drowned."

"Oh, Jack, don't swim ever there again! Michael Hamilton was drowned, you know, last year."

"Yes, but not down there. It's quite safe down there. Besides, it was in winter, and Michael was on the ice when it broke up. Father has promised me a pair of skates next winter."

Katy somewhat timorously looked down through the railings, and shuddered at the depth; she saw the water-hen skim across the surface of the stream; she was also puzzled with the engineering difficulty which beset Jack, and agreed with him that father should be applied to on the matter. They then resumed their walk.

"Isn't all this strange, Katy?" went on the young gentleman, with the air of a man who had seen the world. "*I* have been half way to Hawkhead! When I grow big I shouldn't like to remain at home. When father walks with me he tells me about foreign countries. Egypt—where Joseph and Pharaoh lived, you know—and the Pyramids; the desert and the Bedouin robbers, with their horses and dromedaries, and black tents; America, with its big lakes and prairies, and wild red Indians, and galloping hordes of buffaloes, ten miles long, and trappers telling stories by their watch-fires at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. When I grow big I shall go and see those places. Father says I shall be a great man. I wonder what I shall be, Katy? I should like to be Edmund Kean, or Edward Irving, or Buonaparte when he ran across the bridge with the flag in his hand, and the cannon-balls whistling about him; or Sir Walter Scott, who wrote the stories about Balfour of Burley and Jeanie Deans. Father is always speaking about great men, and tells me I shall be one. But I think I should like best to go abroad."

"I don't want ever to leave home," said Katy.

"That's because you are a girl, and girls never like to leave home. Mother never likes to leave home. But look, look yonder, over the woods, where the crows are flying, that's the castle!"

And in a short time, on the opposite bank of the canal, on a rising ground cinctured with woods, the red bulk of the castle was distinctly visible, with broken arches and windows that let through the sky, and with dark green patches of ivy here and there on its walls. Around the turrets jackdaws and starlings were flying like gnats. The sun shone full upon it, and on the billows of coloured foliage that surrounded it. This was felt to be the supreme sight of the day, and the children sat down to contemplate it at leisure.

"I would like to live in a castle," said Katy, at length.

"All the people that lived there are dead long since," said Jack. "That castle is nearly as old as the abbey in Greysley. Queen Mary lived there, and she has, may be, looked out at yon window. How queer that seems, Katy! She slept there the night before the battle of Langside. Father says that Queen Mary was the most beautiful woman that ever lived, and that every man who looked on her face fell in love with her, and that every man who fell in love with her was brought to the scaffold, and was proud to die for her. I wish I had lived in her time. But see! Katy, Katy! there's a shilfa—chaffinch, father calls it."

Katy looked, and saw a pretty bird hopping at a little distance on the canal bank, but in a moment it was gone, with a flash of coloured wings.

"O Jack, what a pity; what a pity!" said Katy almost crying; "the shilfa is better than the bridge or the castle."

A brilliant idea struck Jack when he saw his sister's distress. "Katy," he said, "let us take the bread which Martha gave us and crumble it on the bank, and hide ourselves behind a bush, and we'll see shilfas and a lot of other birds coming to peck them. Never mind the old pit to day! We can see it some other time. I'll keep a bit for you in the bag, in case you should get hungry. Shall we? Well then, hide yourself behind the bush here, where you won't frighten them, and I'll scatter the crumbs."

When Katy was properly ambushed, Jack took one of the slices of bread, and broke it into small pieces, which he sprinkled on the ground. He then took his place beside his sister, who had watched his proceedings with much interest. Katy grew excited, and Jack had some difficulty in preventing her from peeping over the bush at intervals. "You mustn't do that, you'll frighten them. I can see beautifully, and I'll give you my place when they come."

Then something made a jerking flight across the canal, and the chaffinch alit near the crumbs, looked round him warily, and then began to peck. "There's the shilfa again! Do you see it well? Isn't it bonny. Here are other two, bullfinches by jing, cock and hen! Ain't they making a capital dinner? And, my eye!" whispered he, getting quite excited, "see the new one just lighted, that's a yellow yelderin." And next moment Jack was knocked almost speechless at the success of his *ruse*, for there amongst the crumbs, pecking away with diligence, was a redbreast, just as if it had hopped out of the most pathetic story book in the world, where indeed—to town children at least—it is best known.

"That's a robin," he said; "I never saw one before, except in winter."

"The pets," whispered Katy, looking with all her eyes; "couldn't we catch one and put it in a cage? It would be so nice to feed it, and give it bits of sugar."

"They'll be off if we move or speak loud. But I'll get you plenty of young ones when summer comes, and then you can feed them as much as you like. Ain't they tucking in! The crumbs will be finished in a jiffey. Look! look! the robin's going to fight!" and Jack leaning forward in his eagerness to witness the combat, slipped his foot and went rolling down the bank.

When he picked himself up the birds were gone, of course, and there was Katy standing up behind the bush and looking down on him with a face of alarm. "I'm not hurt," he cried out, laughing as he knocked the dust from his elbows and knees. "I'm not hurt in the least. Come down, and take care and not slip. I rather think I astonished them!" and he laughed heartily, as if he had performed some very clever action.

"You have never seen a bird's nest?" said Jack, as they resumed their walk. "I knew dozens this spring. Father found them for me: he's a splendid bird-nester, but he would not let me take away so much as a single egg. He knows the name of every bird that flies, I think. The shilfa builds in trees. I don't know where the bullfinch builds. I never saw its nest, and I never heard father speak about it. The yellow yelderin builds in dry banks and ditches, and under long tussocks of withered grass, and its eggs look as if they had been splashed with ink. But the prettiest eggs of all are the hedge sparrow's—a sort of blue-green, just like the stones in mother's ring. I'll show you lots of nests when summer comes."

When they drew near the station-house which was the bourne of their journey, Jack in huge delight spied at some distance beyond, coming towards it, the long white passage boat, and the black caps and scarlet jackets of the outriders. At the station-house the boat stopped to allow passengers to get out, and to take in others. He hurried Katy forward that they might reach that point in time to see all that could be seen. He wondered what horses would be out that day, hoped they might be his favourites, Smiler, the grey, and Paddy-from-Cork, the roan; and promised himself much enjoyment in pointing out their several merits to Katy. The boat and the horses were to his mind better than even the birds. The excursion had been successful, but the passage-boat was a pleasure on which he had not calculated, and on that account the pleasure was all the greater.

CHAPTER VI.

The station-house, situated on the bank of the canal, about three miles' distance from Greysley, was a small white inn, which, if one might judge from its somewhat dilapidated appearance, did not drive a roaring trade. Behind were one or two outhouses, and on the same line with itself was a large shed, in which luggage for the passage-boat was stowed. The whole place was sleepy enough usually, and only when the boat appeared did it wake up to some semblance of life. As the children approached, half-a-dozen intending passengers came out of the inn with their parcels and stood upon the little wharf. A country road, with beechen hedges on each side, came right down on the canal bank by the side of the station-house, and at the end of the road a plain carriage waited, the coachman on the box, while a little further forward a serving man in dark livery stood at ease, one white-gloved hand clasped on the other. Jack glanced at the somewhat unusual sight as he passed, and thought he had never seen horses with such sleek coats, or that arched their necks and tossed their heads so proudly. The children had hardly got in front of the station-house when up trotted Smiler and Paddy-from-Cork with their riders, who seemed to Jack to look down haughtily, as befitted their dignity. The drag-rope was immediately unloosened, and the long boat, with its white awning, under which the people sat, came alongside the wooden wharf with a bump. Parcels were tossed in, parcels were tossed out; passengers stepped in carefully and disappeared under the awning; passengers emerged from the awning and stepped out carefully on the wharf. Amongst the passengers who came out Katy noticed an old lady with her maid,—the old lady mightily interested in the matter of luggage; and to her the serving man in dark livery came forward and touched his hat. A sentence or so was interchanged, and the man took the luggage under his own special charge, and with the assistance of one of the station-house hangers-on, had it conveyed to the carriage, which was waiting. This Katy noticed with her quick eyes; Jack was busy watching Smiler and Paddy-from-Cork, the latter having at the moment its hot nostrils thrust into a pail of water which an ostler was holding up to it on knee crooked for the purpose. Released from the care of luggage, the old lady took her maid's arm and came along the wharf, assisting herself with a stick. She stooped a little, her face was thin and pale, but her eye was keen and sharp, and, in its glances, seemed to pierce everybody and everything. She was strangely dressed, the child observed, and in some particulars not specially well. She wore a dress of black silk—silk which had evidently been turned—and the upper part of her body was covered with a white tippet. The hand that rested on the stick was thin and withered, with big blue veins wandering through it, and the fingers, Katy saw, were covered with massive rings. She was speaking to her maid, and her voice was sharp and imperious—a voice that could administer rebuke as a strong and willing arm a lash, and which seemed to be unaware that there was such a thing as contradiction or dissent in the world. Passing towards the carriage in front of the children she bent on them her keen eyes, then stopped short and gazed on them for a moment or so, much to Katy's trepidation—Jack was at that moment watching how the ostler was dashing the remainder of the pailful of water on Paddy-from-Cork's fetlocks—and went slowly on. After going half-a-dozen paces she whirled her maid impatiently round, and came towards them. Jack was now conscious that he was the object of scrutiny, and although he coloured he returned the gaze with steadiness. The old lady stopped right in front of them, at about the distance of a yard.

"Come here!" she said; and she beckoned with a finger that was like a wild bird's claw.

The children advanced: they could not very well tell why.

"What is your name?"

Jack did not like to be catechised after this fashion, but there was an imperiousness in the lady's manner which he could not resist.

"Hagart," he said.

"And you live in Greysley? Your mother's name is Margaret, your father's—Alfred?"

"Yes," said Jack, a good deal astonished.

"Your father is an artist, or a painter, or something of that kind?"

There was something in the intonation of the question—some little spice of contempt or hostility, as it seemed to the boy, which nettled him; and, lifting up his head proudly, he blurted out, "My father is a gentleman," and then he blushed scarlet at his own temerity.

The old lady's eyes lingered on his face for a little, after a somewhat inscrutable fashion. "Your name is John," she went on, "and this is Katy! Let me see you, Katy."

Katy, who had shrunk back a little, was drawn forward by the strange questioner. She was trembling; and when the old lady placed both her hands on her cheeks, lifted up her face, and gazed into it as if she wished to read something in it, she fairly broke down and cried.

The quick colour flooded Jack's face in an instant—but this time it was anger, not shame—and his eyes grew bright. "Let Katy alone!" he said impetuously. "Who are you? I never saw you before. You have no right to question us. Come away, Katy!" and he took his sister's hand.

And thereat the curious sweetness of a smile came into the severe mouth, which puzzled the boy. She looked at him till the smile died away, and when it died the face did not seem nearly so stern. "Who am I? You may well ask! It's my turn to be questioner now. Did you never hear your mother speak of her sister?—of her whom you were called after, Katy?"

"No," said Jack, "I never did," while he mentally contrasted his mother's youthful figure and soft outlines with the bowed figure before him.

This response of Jack was true in the letter if not in the spirit. He certainly had never heard his mother speak directly of Miss Kate McQuarrie—but then his mother had spoken of her frequently to Martha, and through Martha some dim shadowy notion of Miss Kate, her habits and whereabouts, had oozed and percolated to the children—sufficient to make them recognise her now.

"So, so; but I have no reason to complain. She took her way, I mine. Tell your mother that I have seen you to-day, and that I recognised you by your faces. Tell her that I would not act to-day as I acted long ago. Tell her I don't ask to meet her. Tell her that I have been ill, and that I am going to stay with some friends near this. Will you remember?"

"Yes," said Jack and Katy, both at once.

"Then go home, dears," said Miss Kate McQuarrie—for, as a matter of course, it was she—as she turned away. But the next moment she had left her maid's arm and came hobbling back. "Stay," she said, and then she thrust a coin into Katy's hand, and closed the little fingers upon it. "It's a sixpence; but don't open your hand till you come to the first tree. Mind! Here's a sixpence to you, John, and don't open *your* hand till your sister opens hers. If you disobey me, I'll come to you in your sleep and frighten you in your dreams. Kiss me, Katy!" and the old lips came down and lingered on the young cheek and mouth. "Now go home, go home, and the first tree—remember!"

Miss Kate looked after the children. "Oh me," she said, as she put her hand to her forehead, and pressed it wearily, "their faces vex me sorely;" then turning round, she took her maid's arm, and walked towards the carriage.

Jack and Katy began to walk home in a perfect state of bewilderment. During the colloquy the passage boat had started, and the black caps and red jackets were seen ahead disappearing round a curve of the canal. But they had on a sudden lost all interest. "That was our aunt," said Jack, finding his voice at last.

"She said I was called after her," said Katy.

"Isn't it strange we never heard of her—from mother? Mother told me that her people were rich: I wonder if aunt is rich! I wonder what she has given us," continued he, suddenly remembering and working the coin in his hand. "It seems bigger than a sixpence; it's a shilling perhaps! Shall we look?"

"No, no; wait till we come to the tree."

"Then run, and we'll be able to find out all the sooner;" so off they started.

"Now!" said Jack when they reached the tree. They both opened their hands, and were appalled by the gleam of gold. Miss Kate's sixpences were sovereigns.

"Hallo!" cried Jack, staring at the gold piece glittering in his palm.

"Let us go home," cried Katy, all in a tremor; "let us go home to mamma, Jack."

Jack thought this was the best thing to be done under the circumstances, and they started off at once. A crowd of birds were pecking at the crumbs which had been scattered half an hour before, and flew off at their approach unheeded. The old castle had lost its charm, although the sun shone lovingly on the red walls, and the birds were yet sailing around the turrets. They crossed the canal bridge, and saw the stream beneath, but they did not pause a moment to look through the railings. The strange meeting, and the sixpences which had transformed themselves into sovereigns, had got into their bewildered brains, and abode there to the exclusion of everything else. They walked rapidly, and when they came to the path that led down from the canal by the side of the distilleries to the road along the river bank, they were further astonished by beholding their father trudging briskly along with a brown paper parcel dangling from his left arm. Expected in the evening, there he was walking home in the early afternoon!

"See!" cried out the children, both at once, as they ran up to him, and displaying the sovereigns that had grown warm in their perspiring palms—so closely had they been held.

"Where did you get these?" said Hagart, "did you find them? or have you become a highwayman, Jack?"

"We got them from our aunt," they said, both at once.

"From Miss Kate McQuarrie!" said Hagart, coming to a full stop and staring at them. "And where did you see Aunt Kate?"

"At the station-house on the canal. We walked there this morning. She came out of the passage-boat while we were standing there. She said she knew us by our faces. She slipped this into our hands, and told us that we were not to look at what it was till we came to the first tree."

"She frightened me very much, and then she kissed me, and told me that I was her namesake. Am I, papa?"

"I never heard you speak of Aunt Kate, father! She said she was sorry for something she had done to mother, and that we were to tell mother that she had been ill, and was going to stay with friends near the station-house."

"Why, this beats Stavert!" said Hagart. "I never was so astonished by anything in the whole course of my life. What a bundle of news I have for Margaret, to be sure! She won't care much for my present now." And then as some happy idea struck him his face became luminous as we saw it in the little Inn at King's-barns. "It will be as good as a play," he muttered half to himself. "But come along," said he, thrusting his parcel into his left armpit, and taking his children one in each hand. "Don't speak to your mother about this till once I give you leave. Remember. But it's very odd."

They walked for a little space in silence, and then Hagart said suddenly, "Do you remember the stone griffin I once showed you on Sir Andrew Freemantle's gates, Jack?"

"Yes!"

"Do you ever remember to have eaten a half-cooked rhubarb dumpling without sugar—a dumpling that set your teeth on edge?"

"Yes; and very sour and bitter it was."

"Exactly! I should fancy your aunt resembles the griffin and the sugarless dumpling. What is she like? I never saw her in my life."

"Very old," said Jack. "She has a hooked nose, and stoops, and walks with a stick, and leans on the arm of a maid—but she has the sharpest eyes; they go through you."

"She had the funniest old-fashioned bonnet, and wore a black silk skirt, and a large white tippet," said Katy.

"Humph! Well now, say nothing about this till I give you leave. Do you know, Jack, I have been in luck! Spiggleton's a very Peru. This campaign has been like one of Napoleon's Italian ones—victory on victory! I have sold all my sketches, my boy!"

"All your sketches!"

"All! every one, Jack. And I'll take the field with a new army in a fortnight. Napoleon did not let his enemy rest—no more will I. I'll invade Spiggleton, and dictate my own terms to the rascals. Trade is brisk, and I'll have my own prices."

When Alfred reached his own door he gave the bell such a triumphant peal that his wife started and ran to the window, where she stood gazing on him with some surprise. He had hardly time to kiss his hand gallantly to her when Martha opened the door. "Now, Martha, take these children off, and make them wash their hands and faces. They are to dine with me to day. And, Martha, don't let them into the parlour till I call for them. Off with you!"

By this time Mrs. Hagart was in the lobby. "You are earlier than we expected, Alfred, and dinner is not quite ready. Where did you meet the children?"

"On the way home," said Hagart, as he entered the parlour with his wife and closed the door; "and I promised the rogues that if they tidied themselves they should dine with us. And now—" by this time he had dropped into a chair, and was regarding his wife with a beaming countenance—"I suppose you are dying to know what fortune I have had!"

"Yes, indeed, Alfred," said his wife, extracting considerable comfort from his pleased face.

"Mercenary minx! What do you think of that?" and out of his right breeches pocket he took out a small roll of notes.

His wife counted over the roll, and when she was done she smiled. "This is pretty well, Alfred."

"And that!" and out of his left breeches pocket came another small roll. When his wife had counted *it* she said, "Bless me! you have been quite in luck."

"Should you like any more?" cried he.

"Well——"

"For I have got more yet," and out of one vest pocket came another roll, and out of the other vest pocket yet another roll. "There they are—fifty pounds in all." And then he got up and kissed his wife, who was at that moment the happiest little woman in the world.

"Fifty pounds is a large sum, Alfred. We will be able to pay——"

"Don't talk of paying! You'll pay everything and everybody. I'll be back in Spiggleton in a fortnight and bring more."

"But why didn't you give it me all at once?" his wife asked as she rolled up the money.

"To bring surprise to a climax! I separated them two hours ago. Every roll of notes brought an additional sunbeam to your face, Mag, very pleasant to see. You would not deny me that pleasure, would you? I've been thinking about it all day. You have been pale and anxious enough at times—God knows. I would do anything to make you happy."

"And you make me always very happy, Alfred. We have had our trials, but——"

"Now don't speak," said Alfred, putting up his hand. "I have something more for you yet." And he brought over the paper parcel and opened it. "Now then, isn't that pretty?"

His wife admired her dress hugely and went to the window to examine its texture, but her eyes had no sooner fallen on the scarf which Alfred had uncovered than—divining its purpose, and for whom it was intended—she put her hand to the bell; "We must have Katy in to see this."

"Wait a bit. They will come in good time. Sit down, Margaret! Do you remember Stavert—who called on us once or twice in London when we married first?"

"Yes."

"Well, he came in on the coach with me from King's-barns—for with fifty pounds in my pocket I nobly scorned to be a pedestrian—and he spoke to me about your sister."

Mrs. Hagart's face was covered in a moment by a pained flush. This was the first time that her husband had alluded to Miss Kate McQuarrie in her hearing since the day he thrust that lady's letter in the fire.

"He spoke to me about your sister," and he then related the conversation, interpolating his own remarks by the way. "That's what Stavert said. He and his wife are in disgrace, but whether our chances are looking up I shall leave the younkers to tell." He then went to the parlour-door, and called out, "Come here, ye freebooters, and explain to mamma how you come to be in possession of golden coin!"

In a moment Katy and Jack were in the room, the sovereigns in their hands.

"From whom did you get that money?" cried Hagart, glancing at his wife, and managing his household drama with considerable dexterity.

"From an old lady who told us she was our aunt. We met her at the station-house by the canal. We were to tell you she had been ill. She said she knew us by our faces."

"She kissed me, and told me I had been called after her," said Katy.

"She put sovereigns in our hands and told us they were sixpences, and we were not to open our hands and look at them till we came to the first tree; and so we ran to the tree, that we might see what we had got. I thought my sixpence was a large one."

Hagart was in great spirits; but what was his dismay when he saw a complex trouble come into his wife's face. She suddenly took hold of Kate, pressed her to her heart, and broke into a great fit of crying.

"Margaret," said he, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, Alfred!" she sobbed, still straining the child close, "I am so glad—and so sorry. You can't understand me. You don't know what I have been keeping in my heart for so long. I wish the children had not met my sister."

"Why, Margaret? There's no harm done, so far as I can see, and perhaps some good may come of it. I don't care, of course, for her money; but I shouldn't be surprised if she came to see you one of these days."

"No, no, Alfred; she won't come; she won't write. I don't know why I should feel so vexed"—the little woman here began to wipe her eyes—"and perhaps after all it is better that she should have seen the children and liked them, poor dears. You must think me very foolish! We'll have holes bored in the sovereigns, Alfred, and the children will wear them. I value them very much, and would not exchange them for anything ten times their value."

And so, aided by many comforting words from her husband, Mrs. Hagart regained composure; and after running into her bed-room to wipe away the traces of tears, the whole family sat down to dinner. When the meal was over, and the children gone, Hagart, over his second tumbler of punch, worked himself into the belief that he was to make a fortune out of Spiggleton, and his wife believed that he was so destined—as she had believed that out of this thing or the other he was so destined a dozen times before.

THE LAST WORDS OF SOCRATES.

"We owe a cock to Æsculapius."

No scorn or doubt was thine, O martyred one,
  Nor feigned compliance with accustomed rite.
  But Faith, in that last hour, serenely bright,
Through smile half-sad, and jest half-earnest, shone.
Rich rays of glory crown the westering sun;
  And thou, thy long day's journey all but o'er,
  Casting one glance from that eternal shore,
Thy crown of light, thy better life hadst won.
No draught Nepenthè, quick and strong to soothe,
  Vied with that hemlock in its power to save,
And dim eyes, opening on th' unveilèd Truth,
  Saw the far land that lies beyond the grave;
Hushed into silence man's perpetual strife,
All healed by death the long disease of life.

E. H. P.

THE GREEKS AND THE GREEK CHURCH IN LONDON.

After writing my papers on the Jews in London,* my eye happened to fall upon a paragraph in the newspapers, to the effect that a deputation was about to be sent from the Eastern or Greek Church to prepare the way for intercommunion with the Protestant Churches of the West. The subject interested me, and I resolved to institute inquiries for my own information as to the actual state of the Greeks and of the Greek Church in London, and how they stand affected towards us. I purpose telling the readers of Good Words the result, premising that I offer no opinion whatever on the desirableness or undesirableness of the proposed union, but simply wish to give information on the subject.

The idea of a union between the Church of England and the Greek Church dates as far back as the time of Peter the Great, who is said to have proposed it through his Ambassador to this country. The proposition, however, if it ever was made, fell to the ground—possibly from a somewhat excusable objection our Government had to entertain a religious question emanating from such a source. From that time till within the last three or four years the subject, with one or two ineffective exceptions, seems to have dropped, at least on the part of the Western Protestant Churches; but now it appears to have been taken up with considerable energy. Several clergymen of the Church of England entertained the possibility of intercommunion, and the deeper they went into the question the greater appeared the possibility of accomplishing it. But it remained for that eminently practical nation, the United States of America, to take the first step towards its accomplishment.

At the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, held in New York in October, 1862, the Reverend Dr. Thrall, one of the clerical deputies from California, called the attention of the meeting to the fact, that there were at that time in San Francisco between three and four hundred communicants of the Greek Church, many of whom had been under his pastoral charge, although not feeling free to receive the Communion at his hands owing to the unsettled relations between their Church and his own. The congregation was increasing rapidly in numbers; they were about to build a church of their own and become organised into a parish, and before long there might be appointed in that city a Bishop of the Russo-Greek Church, who would claim jurisdiction, and thus bring about a conflict with the Bishop of California. He asked for the appointment of a committee of inquiry and correspondence on the subject, the main object of which would be to present the claims of the American Church, as a true portion of the Church Catholic, as duly qualified to guide and feed those who might come from the Russian dominions to reside temporarily or permanently in America. Such a movement might at last enable the Anglican and Greek Churches to present an undivided front to Rome and the infidel.

After a lengthened discussion, the motion was put and carried unanimously; and a committee, composed of three Bishops and six clerical and lay deputies, was appointed to carry out the resolution.

A short time after the adjournment of the general convention the committee had the gratification of receiving a communication from the Rev. George Williams, B.D., of King's College, Cambridge, congratulating them on the step they had taken, and informing them that many English divines of great eminence, including the late Bishop of London, had already entertained the practicability of their proposal, and that he had personally visited Russia with the view of ascertaining the opinion of the Greek clergy, which he found to be most encouraging. He, moreover, advised the American Protestant Episcopal Church to correspond with the English clergy on the subject, as the united efforts of the two Churches would have a greater effect in bringing about the object in view than each acting independently.

The American committee appear to have unanimously adopted the suggestion. A communication from them was forwarded to England. The result was the formation of the American and English committees—two in name, though in fact one joint committee of the Reformed Catholic Church—for considering and reporting upon this delicate and momentous matter.

It must not be imagined that the movement in England and America was viewed with indifference by the Greek clergy. The subject, on the contrary, was most cordially entertained by them; and two letters were sent to the chaplain of the Russian embassy in Paris, the learned Arch-Priest Wassilieff, signed by thirteen patriarchs of the Greek Church, and by him inserted in the "Union Chrétienne," a journal published in Paris. These letters profess the warmest satisfaction at the idea of again uniting the Greek Church with her Western sisters, and express a strong hope that the movement will be encouraged in every possible manner. The Arch-Priest Wassilieff has himself written several admirable articles in the "Union Chrétienne" on the subject, which want of space will not allow me to quote in the manner they deserve. One short extract alone must suffice as showing the feeling of the rev. gentleman towards the English Church:—

"We do not hesitate to say that the Anglican

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* See Good Words for 1864, pp. 864, 920.

Reformation has left untouched a great Catholic principle which allows that Church to renew at pleasure the bonds of fraternity with the ancient Universal Church. Let it be understood that we do not here speak of the Roman Church. Romanism and Catholicism are incompatible ideas: they differ from each other as do the particular and the universal. Therefore a re-union of the Anglican with the Roman Church as it is, is properly considered impossible. The Anglican Church will never submit to the yoke of Papacy. Her religious convictions as well as the national aspirations are irresistibly opposed to any such thing. The Anglican Church will be no one's slave."

In the Arch-Priest's address to the Protestant clergy of England, he says, "The *true* Catholic Church in seeking for *unity* does not confound it with *uniformity*. As to matters of opinion, while she is faithful to apostolic discipline, yet in its application she is tolerant of national peculiarities. It is a principle with her to allow every people their own liturgic tongue and their national independence, her end being the salvation of souls, and her kingdom not of this world.

"Then, brethren of England, you may with entire confidence extend your hand to us, as we with respect and in all sincerity extend ours to you.

(Signed) "THE ARCH-PRIEST WASSILIEFF."

The perusal of the papers from which the above statements are abstracted rather puzzled me, for I had imagined that the Russo-Greek Church had little to recommend it to the Protestant mind over the Roman Catholic. I considered, and had in fact been taught, that the doctrine of Mariolatry was carried by it even to a greater extent than by the Latin Church; that the confessional was as powerful in the one as in the other, and the hierarchy as despotic; that the adoration of pictures was carried to a greater extent than in Roman Catholic countries; and that in Russia the Czar was the spiritual Head of the Church, and used it frequently for political purposes. But now I am informed that the Russian Greek Church is fully as free from temporal jurisdiction and as liberal as the English Protestant Church itself.

By way of arriving at a just conclusion on the question, I resolved to wait on the Archimandrite of the Greek Church in London, the Rev. Narcissus Morphinos, and obtain if possible from him some information on the doctrine and organisation of his Church. To this resolution I was greatly stimulated by the high reputation for learning, piety, and courtesy of the reverend gentleman. When I called on him it was not without some trepidation, as I was not only utterly unknown to him, but was also without any letter of introduction.

If I was somewhat nervous when I entered his sitting-room, the feeling vanished when I met the reverend gentleman, as nothing could be more amiable than the reception he gave me as soon as he was aware of the object of my visit.

"I will give you all the information in my power, candidly and willingly," he said.

He placed before me a sheet of foolscap paper and pen and ink, and then seating himself on the opposite side of the table, he continued:

"Now ask me any questions you please, and you can, if you like, write down my answers."

I willingly accepted his offer, and the following is a tolerably exact report of the questions and answers which passed between us.

Q. "Will you inform me what position the Virgin Mary holds in the Greek Church? I have been told by a Roman Catholic gentleman that it is higher than in his own creed?"

A. "The statement is utterly without foundation. We highly venerate the Virgin, but nothing more. We neither adore nor worship her. In our Liturgy you may perceive we have not a single prayer to her. In our catechism, also, the student is expressly cautioned against any idea of the kind."

Q. "Do you offer any worship to pictures?"

A. "None whatever; that again is a slander of the enemies of our Church. In our catechism all are warned against any error of the kind."

Q. "What is the reason then that a picture of the Virgin or a Saint is found in every Russian peasant's house?"

A. "You must bear in mind that the great mass of the peasantry and lower orders generally were, till lately, exceedingly ignorant; although now great efforts are being made for their instruction. It would be useless to put a tract or a printed prayer into the hands of a man who could not read. The pictures in the Russian peasants' houses are simply for picture reading. A man who cannot read can easily understand the meaning of a painting. As learning progresses among them, the necessity for this picture-reading will be the less; still, at the same time, a fine painting or a good copy may occasionally teach a good lesson."

Q. "Do you believe in purgatory?"

A. "Certainly not. The Greek Church accepts nothing for which it has not Scripture authority, and neither in the Old nor New Testament is the word purgatory mentioned."

Q. "Do you hold to the practice of the confessional in the Greek Church?"

A. "We do; but you must not confound our confessional with that of the Roman Catholics."

Q. "Why not?"

A. "We differ in many respects. We have no regular series of questions to put to a penitent. Our confession is conducted in the following manner. Before administering the Sacrament, I inform my congregation of my intention to do so, and request those who may wish to receive it to give me their names. I ask each if he has any particular sin weighing on his conscience so heavily as to impede him from communicating, as in that case it will be necessary for him to confess it."

Q. "Is the gravity of the sin left to his own conscience? Is he at liberty to decide whether it is sufficiently serious to necessitate confession?"

A. "It is. If he replies that he has no heavy sin weighing on his mind, I ask him no further questions, but administer to him the Sacrament. If, on the contrary, he tells me he has, I hear his confession."

Q. "Do you question him on other sins he may not have stated?"

A. "Certainly not; it is only on the sins he has voluntarily confessed that I examine him."

Q. "Suppose, for example, he has robbed any one of a sum of money?"

A. "I advise him to repent of his fault, and make restitution of the money stolen if it be in his power; and if he does not obey me, I refuse him the Sacrament."

Q. "Suppose he makes restitution, what steps do you then take?"

A. "I pray with him that his sin may be forgiven, and if I believe him to be penitent, I allow him to communicate."

Q. "Do you insist on any penance?"

A. "We have no penance in the Greek Church."

Q. "Do you grant him absolution?"

A. "In the Greek Church we have no absolution for confessed sins. The power of forgiveness of sins we believe is only in the hands of the Almighty."

Q. "In the Roman Catholic confession there are many regular questions asked, some of which are exceedingly repugnant to the Protestant mind, especially when addressed to women. Do you use them in the Greek Church?"

A. "Never. No Greek priest dare question women on subjects of the kind. We are very cautious to avoid the slightest appearance of scandal, or even the possibility of it in the Greek Church. All our parochial clergy are obliged to be married before they are ordained."

Q. "Has the hierarchy of the Greek Church the power of altering or adding to doctrinal points?"

A. "None whatever. We follow strictly the Holy Scriptures, which we hold to be the only rule of faith. In this we diametrically differ from the Romish Church. For example, the doctrine lately promulgated by the Pope—that of the Immaculate Conception—could not have been propounded by the Greek Church."

Q. "Is your Church liberal in its opinions?"

A. "Yes. Perhaps more so than your own. I will give you an example. If an English Protestant dies in our country he is buried without difficulty in Greek consecrated ground, and the service may be performed, either by an English Protestant minister or one of our own community. A short time since I was called upon to perform the burial service over a poor Greek who had died in London. A piece of ground had been selected in one of your cemeteries. At the last moment permission was refused me, as it was consecrated ground. I argued that the Greek Church was so nearly allied to the Anglican that there should be no difficulty in the matter, but without avail. I was not allowed to bury the poor man in consecrated ground."

Q. "Do you consider the inter-communion of the Russo-Greek Church and the Anglican to be practicable?"

A. "Nothing would delight me more. There appears to me, however, to be great difficulties in the way, but remember I am only expressing my own individual opinions. As I told you before, the Greek Church follows implicity the Holy Scriptures in their teaching, but your Church appears to be more allied to the Roman Catholic on some questions than ours, and on matters of the kind I think great objections will arise to perfect inter-communion. In all subjects of discipline the Greek Church is the most tolerant in the world, but hitherto she has proved inexorable to all innovation in doctrinal matters, and this determinatiom on her part has formed the great solidity of the Greek Church, and has defended her from schismatic changes. Fifty years since, when it was proposed to unite the Greek Georgian Church with the Russian, it was found, on investigation, that the doctrines were in every point exactly the same, although the Churches had been separated since the fourth century."

Q. "Will you kindly quote an instance in which you consider the Greek Church follows more closely the Holy Scriptures than our own?"

A. "I will take perhaps the most material—the procession of the Holy Ghost. The Greek Church believes that the Holy Ghost proceeds solely from the Father."

Q. "From what text do you derive your authority?"

A. "From the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, the 26th verse. 'But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, *even* the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.' I consider there are other objections to intercommunion, but that I hold to be the principal."

I now changed the conversation to the Greek congregation in London and their church. The worthy Archimandrite answered all my questions on this subject with the same frankness as he had hitherto shown.

"The Greek congregation in London," he said, "does not exceed four hundred and fifty or five hundred, comprising women, children, and native servants. The men are mostly merchants, almost, if not all, of good standing and great respectability. Many of them have their offices in the immediate neighbourhood. In Finsbury Circus you will find several of the highest firms. I perhaps may be considered prejudiced, but I believe it would be difficult to find in London a more respectable congregation than my own. Those who reside at a distance also attend service at my church."

"Have not the Russians a church of their own in London?"

"Yes, there is one attached to the embassy, but if there had not been it would have been impossible for them to have attended at mine, as they do not understand our language, although our service is exactly the same. As I said before, in the Eastern as in the Protestant religion, the service must be in the language of the worshippers. Would you like to see our church? We can enter it from the house."

I told him I should consider it as a favour, and he immediately led me into the building. It was small, of a square form, and in beautiful order. The altar was concealed by low ornamented gates (the Iconostasis), which were approached by two broad marble steps on which the communicants knelt when receiving the Sacrament, the priest taking the bread and wine from the altar behind him. There was no organ, the Greek Church having as strong an aversion to the instrument as Presbyterians. On each side of the steps leading up to the altar were two immense candelabra, each holding perhaps ten or a dozen candles. In front of the altar was a considerable space, which during the service is kept clear. To the right of the altar were three seats for the trustees of the church, and on the left were two desks for the readers, and a pulpit behind them. On the right beyond the trustees' seats, were three rows of seats for women, and facing the altar were those for the men. Altogether there were one hundred and fifty-six seats. There were also two very small lateral galleries, scarcely seen from below. What particularly struck me was the shape and carving of the seats. They were something of the shape of our cathedral stalls. The carving on them, though in low relief, was so artistically designed and executed, that I called the attention of the Archimandrite to their beauty.

"They certainly are very handsome," he replied, "the mere carving of each seat cost eight pounds."

"By whom was it paid?"

"By subscription among the congregation. The church has been built about thirteen years, and the whole expense was borne by the Greek merchants in London."

"And from what funds is the church maintained?"

"Entirely from private voluntary subscriptions."

"What rent do you receive for each sitting?"

"We have no sittings appropriated to particular individuals. Any person coming into the church takes the first he finds vacant. From women and children we receive no contributions. All expenses are paid by the men by annual subscriptions, according to their means or liberality."

"If it is not an indiscreet question, what may be the amount of the usual subscription?"

"Some gentlemen pay five pounds a-year each, others ten, some twenty, the average I think is about twenty-five, two subscribe eighty and one two hundred."

"And what may be the gross amount of your receipts?"

"About sixteen hundred pounds a-year, irrespective of our charity fund, which will be about two hundred a-year more?"

I looked round me with astonishment, for the church by no possibility could have held more than four hundred persons. Perhaps the worthy Archimandrite noticed my surprise, for he continued, "I will show you our printed balance sheet if you please."

He did so afterwards, and I found the annual income of the church from sittings to be £1660.

"Have you many Greek poor?" I inquired.

"Very few, or our charity fund would be much larger. The Greek Church strongly insists on the necessity of good works."

"Do you burn lights in the day time before your altar?"

"We do, but neither that nor our ceremonies would be any impediment on our part to intercommunion with the Western Churches. We hold that all nations have their own peculiar ideas as to the most respectful method of worshipping the Creator, and the simple service of the Presbyterians we admit to be as valid as our own. We allow every nation not only their own language but their peculiar rites as well."

I remained some time longer with the Archimandrite, and then took my leave, much gratified with my visit and the courtesy I had received.

I afterwards waited on the Reverend Eugene Papoff, the priest of the Russian embassy, and requested he would give me his opinion on certain points connected with the Russo-Greek Church. The reception he gave me was fully as cordial as that I had received from the Archimandrite. To my inquiry whether the Czar, as temporal head of the Russo-Greek Church, had any jurisdiction in spiritual matters, he informed me that he had none whatever. The Russian Church was governed by a synod over which the Emperor had no control. To my question, whether he believed it would be possible to unite the Eastern with the Western Churches, he pointed out the same difficulty as that instanced by the Archimandrite, the doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost. All other points he believed might be smoothed down. He spoke with great animation on the subject of the union of the Churches, pointing out the immense effect it would have could the eighty millions of the Eastern Church be united with the Western Churches, and his great desire that it might be accomplished. He showed me also the chapel of the Russian Embassy, but as it was at the time undergoing repairs, I could not judge of it properly. He told me that as very few Russians reside in London beyond those attached to the Embassy, it was as large as was required, the principal portion of the Russian merchants who reside among us being from the German provinces, and of course mostly of the Lutheran persuasion.

Without wishing to say anything as to the propriety of the intercommunion of the Churches, I may yet observe that if we are allowed to judge of the tree by its fruits, the Greek Church, as well as the Greeks, is worthy of our respect. I submit that the fact of so small a congregation subscribing £1660 a-year by voluntary subscriptions to the maintenance of their church irrespective of their charity fund, does them credit. But this is not all. Among the most liberal contributors to our Protestant charities in London are the Greek merchants, so much so that they offer admirable examples to many of our London merchants.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

ON THE NATURE AND COMPOSITION OF FOOD.

By LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., LL.D.

[THE SECOND OF TWO PAPERS.]

In a previous article we pointed out that there were three great classes of ingredients in food, (1) the nitrogenous ingredients, popularly called "flesh-formers," (2) the non-nitrogenous substances, such as fat and starch, popularly termed "heat-givers," and (3) mineral ingredients. We accepted, as sufficient for scientific as well as for practical purposes, these great generalisations of Liebig. In doing so, it is fair to tell the reader that certain physiologists will consider we are not up to the present state of knowledge, and that we ought to abandon such divisions, "because flesh-formers may not always form flesh, and may sometimes serve as heat-givers, and that both must co-operate in nutrition." But we have already warned the reader that nature requires an admixture of all the classes of aliments in perfect nutrition. This picking to pieces a grand connected classification is not new in the history of the eminent German chemist to whom science owes so much. When he wrote on agriculture, his broad conceptions were misunderstood, and small interpolations were supposed to disconnect or to destroy them, till at length an eminent farmer, the late Mr. Pusey, told us that the only thing which science had done for agriculture was to show "that nitrogen was the food for wheat and phosphorus for turnips." This picking out of two elements from twelve, every one of which was equally necessary to the growth of the plants, was such a singular misapprehension of scientific teaching, that the author of the present paper then remonstrated in the following terms:—"This is a strange retrograde step in agriculture, when one of its most eminent cultivators, and editor of the Journal of the English Agricultural Society, commends the notion of specifics in the practice of his art. What would be thought of a like dogma in animal physiology? Because the Arab in his desert has little fat and therefore more nitrogenous tissue or flesh; because a Highlander is large-boned and therefore abounds in phosphate of lime; would it be permitted to pick out the two single elements,—nitrogen and phosphorus—from food, and give as a practical dictum, like that announced by Mr. Pusey for agriculture, that nitrogen is the food for an Arab, and phosphorus is the food for a Highlander!" But this illustration, which was taken on account of its absurdity, has now become almost a reality in the writings of some of our distinguished physiologists. Because they find that portions of each of the classes of alimentary ingredients may pass undigested through the system, they tremble to call them of necessity "flesh-formers" or "heat-givers;" because the first class may, and in fact do, under certain circumstances, act in developing heat, and because the heat-givers must co-operate with nitrogenous substances in building up the body, a due proportion of both being essential for the support of life, they abandon the generalisation, and look only to the amount of two elements, carbon and nitrogen, neglecting every other element in food, in the absence of one of which full nutrition would be impossible. To deny that the nitrogenous constituents of food are the flesh-formers for such reasons is like saying that bricks are not made of clay, because water and coal are also necessary for their production. This looking to detail and losing the great whole is neither new to common life nor to science. A man may pass through a city without seeing it on account of the separate houses, or he may miss the forest from the multitude of its trees. To some the fine proportions and adornment of a noble edifice are lost, though the size and material of the individual stones may have been observed. So some physiologists have tried to upset a beautiful generalisation by presenting difficulties which have only existence in a limited understanding of it. It is not asserted by chemists that each of the three divisions of food can act in its own way without mutual co-operation. Flesh could not be made by the nitrogenous ingredients of food, unless the heat-givers and mineral ingredients were at the same time aiding it in the work, nor could the two latter be of use in nutrition unless the former were in active co-operation. If they are not well adjusted and taken in proper quantity, some part of them may pass through the system unused. The beauty and truth of the great classification of the ingredients of food is not weakened but strengthened by such facts. We shall adhere, therefore, to the threefold division of food, asserting that the nitrogenous materials are essentially the builders up of the organs of the body, when aided by mineral ingredients, and in co-operation with the non-nitrogenous substances, which have their separate but connected duties to perform in the support of respiration and consequently of heat.

An adult man takes from 30 to 60 ounces of solid food daily, or in the course of the year about seven times the weight of his body, and yet that remains of the same weight at the end of the year as it was at the beginning. We know that part of this food is burned away in the support of respiration, but we have not yet considered in detail what becomes of the nitrogenous portions of the food. The body of a man consists of certain chemical ingredients the weight of which is known to us. Quetelet found by a large series of observations that the mean weight of an adult man of 30 years of age is a little above 140 lbs., or exactly 2245 ounces; if such a man were put into a mortar and mashed up, so that all his organs were destroyed and his bones mixed up in the mass, the chemical constituents of the pounded-up man would be as follows, in ounces and tenths of an ounce. (And here we may remind the reader, who is not accustomed to work with decimals, that the figure after the point always means tenths of an ounce in this paper; and when a *second* figure occurs after the point, it refers to so many hundredths of an ounce.)

Albuminoids or "flesh-formers" .	342·9	oz.
Derivatives from albuminoids, like gelatin	109·4	,,
Fat	55·2	,,
Colouring and extractive matter .	12·5	,,
Mineral substances	205·9	,,
Water	1519·1	,,
	2245·0	,,

We may run the first two lines together, and say that a man of 30 years of age contains in his body 452 ounces of substances having a like composition to the flesh-formers in his food. There is an old tradition that the body of a man changes completely in seven years. The fact is that it changes, if not completely, at least nearly so, in about 113 days. In other words the body wastes at such a rate, that all its nitrogenous substances would disappear in 113 days if the waste were not supplied by flesh-formers in the food. The bones obviously take a longer time to change, and if we may hazard a guess by the quantity of phosphates excreted, they may not change completely for 15 years. The blood is continually carrying to each organ of the body nutritive substances to repair it, but it is also simultaneously carrying away matters which have served their purpose and which are to be removed from the system. The new materials are built exactly into the place and form of those which are removed, so that the configuration of each organ or tissue remains apparently unaltered, although in fact continually changing. In every organ of an individual, life, in the form of local births, and death, by the destruction of parts, rapidly and incessantly alternate. A portion of matter is endowed with its allotted period of life, and is moulded into a living tissue, while a like portion of matter dies and is absorbed and secreted as its predecessors were before. The probability is that force is never manifested in any organ of the body without a partial destruction of it. A finger cannot be raised without a portion of its muscles being wasted in the effort, absorbed into the blood, and subsequently excreted from the system. The oxygen dissolved in the blood which circulates through the muscle is the immediate cause of the destruction. Blood circulating through a muscle at rest contains about 7½ per cent. of oxygen, but when the muscle is in a state of contraction it is reduced to 1⅓ per cent.; so that it obviously passes over and necessarily destroys the tissue which is exhibiting activity. Violent muscular effort soon shows this result by exhaustion. Rest now becomes necessary to enable the blood to restore the wasted part and build in living tissue in the place of that which has been removed. There is no reason why we should be afraid to admit that every thought and sensation produces a similar waste of nerve and brain tissue, just as mechanical labour does of muscular tissue. It is impossible to conceive mind manifesting itself to the world through inert and unchanging matter, when we know that animation and the power of change are essential to every living act. As our intellectual work is done through the agency of material organs, these must be altered in the performance of the commands of volition.

We now proceed to consider how much material must be supplied to the body to compensate for the waste which it experiences under different circumstances. We first propose to discuss how much food is requisite for mere subsistence; then to ascertain what quantity suffices for full health; and finally to supplement our information by investigating the amount necessary to support hard and continuous labour.

To treat these subjects properly would require a large volume: in our present limits little more can be expected than generalities. We need not search long to find cases in illustration of the quantity of food which is just barely sufficient to prevent starvation. In the well-known mutiny of the "Bounty," Captain Bligh and twenty-five men were set adrift in boats near the Friendly Islands, and from the close of April to the end of May subsisted on a daily allowance of one-twenty-fifth of a pound of biscuit for each man, with a quarter of a pint of water, and occasionally a teaspoonful or two of rum. While each man must have wasted daily, at a minimum, 2 oz. of albuminous or flesh-forming matter, he received only 280 grains of solid food, containing 39 grains of flesh-formers, or only one-twelfth of the daily loss of the body. Such an instance as this is one of prolonged starvation, not of subsistence. Perhaps no example of an existence prolonged by low diet is more remarkable than that of Franklin and Richardson in their memorable march from the shores of the Northern Ocean to Fort Enterprise. Only one hundred and forty miles had to be accomplished; but the march was undertaken in a climate demanding unstinted food, while the travellers could get little else to eat than *tripe de roche*, a sort of moss. The emaciated travellers found that a mile or two became a heavy day's journey. Yet we all remember that one of the party, Michel, a half-bred Iroquois, remained strong and active, while his companions were dying; the cause being afterwards ascertained to be that he lived upon the flesh of the dead, killing his comrades for a supply of food. With a strength thus preserved, Michel could easily have overcome Richardson and Hepburn in open fight, when the former, with a moral courage rarely surpassed, unsupported as he was by jury or court martial, became at once the judge and the executioner of the wretch who nourished himself by the sacrifice of his fellow-men. We have recalled this anecdote, because it presents a desired contrast, and illustrates our meaning, that prolonged starvation is not subsistence in the sense intended by us. We wish to arrive at a condition of food on which a man might subsist without being able to do active labour, for from such a foundation we might build up the requirements of persons under varying conditions. In prisons we have persons confined in warm houses, and doing but little work, while we have also cases recorded where the allotted food has proved insufficient for their sustenance. Let us quote two instances in point. In Bengal, some time since, the rations of the prisoners were entrusted to a contractor, and, as might have been expected, he gave them in such limited quantity, that the health of the prisoners suffered, and their weight sensibly decreased. Under this system each prisoner received weekly 140 oz. of rice, 24 oz. of dahl (a kind of pea), and 3½ oz. of oil. The *daily* value of this diet is as follows:—

Flesh-formers	2·05 oz.
Fat	0·73 ,,
Starch and sugar	17·84 ,,
Mineral matter	1·30 ,,

The total carbon in this diet is 9·05 oz. Here, then, we have an instance of a diet on which men lived, though barely and insufficiently. As, however, these men were Hindoos, let us take another instance from this country. Some years since a medical man, wofully ignorant of the science of dietetics, recommended that the prisons of Dundee, Perth, and Paisley should substitute treacle-water for milk; that is, an aliment containing no flesh-formers at all for one rich in them. The new diet was then as follows in the case of the Dundee prison:—Oatmeal, 10 oz.; bread, 6 oz.; meat, 1 oz.; treacle, 1·9 oz.; barley, 1·7 oz.; peas, 2 oz.; vegetables, 2 oz. Under this dietary the prisoners became discontented, although their health did not suffer materially; but Dr. Christison, who drew attention to the case, states that 50 per cent. of them lost in weight an average of 4·3 pounds each. This gives us, then, an excellent instance of a mere subsistence dietary. Its nutritive value is expressed in the following numbers:—

Flesh-formers	2·87 oz.
Fat	0·87 ,,
Starch	12·94 ,,
Mineral matter	0·48 ,,

The starch equivalent of the heat-givers is 15 oz., the total carbon in the food being 7·58 oz., and the ratio between flesh-formers and heat-givers is 1 : 5·2. One more instance will suffice. In the recent valuable inquiry into the food of the labouring classes, made by Dr. E. Smith at the instance of the Medical Officer of Health to the Privy Council, the diet is given of needlewomen in London. Calculating this diet by our tables, we find its nutritive value to be the following:—

Flesh-formers	1·90 oz.
Fat	1·04 ,,
Starch	8·94 ,,
Mineral matter	0·31 ,,

The total carbon in this diet is 5·8 ounces, while the ratio of the flesh-formers to the starch equivalent, which is 11·36 ounces, is as 1 : 6 nearly. That a diet so low as this should prevail among our poor needlewomen, inferior as it is to the insufficient rations of the Hindoo prisoners when fed on contract, sufficiently accounts for the excessive mortality among them as they pursue their tedious work:—

> "In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
> Sewing at once with a double thread
> A shroud as well as a shirt."

Summing up what we fear may have been wearisome numbers to many of our readers, it may be stated generally, that a man is reduced to the verge of starvation when he has only 2 oz. of flesh-formers daily in his food. The variation in fat and starch is less between a sufficient and insufficient diet than in the case of flesh-formers, but when the fat falls to 1 oz. daily and the starch to under 12 oz., the diet must be considered a mere subsistence one, even as regards the heat-givers. This estimate only allows 7·1 oz. of carbon in food, while 8oz. may be considered a minimum, even in a low ordinary diet. In our poor-law unions it is usual to give a subsistence diet, or one suited to the small amount of labour in the workhouse test, and the Poor-Law Board have for several years discussed the nutritive value of the diets given. This experience is highly valuable, and is mainly due to an intelligent official of the Board, Mr. Harries, who from an early period perceived the importance of regulating the dietaries by chemical instead of by arbitrary considerations. The following numbers express the value of the dietaries of able-bodied paupers, as the mean result for all England and Wales during the year 1863:—

	Men.	Women.
Flesh-formers	3·19 oz.	2·85 oz.
Heat-givers	14·41 ,,	12·76 ,,
Mineral matter	0·60 ,,	0·52 ,,

We are now prepared to go a step further, and discuss what may be considered a full and satisfying diet for able-bodied men who are engaged in occupations that do not involve excessive mechanical labour. We might take as a class of this kind the large body of soldiers found in each country during peace, and whose support in activity and health ought to be and is one of its most important public concerns. As the result of experience, we do find that there is a singular accordance in the nutritive value of soldiers' diets in different countries, as will be seen by the following figures :—

	England.	France.	Prussia.	Austria.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Weight of solid food in ounces . . .	59·67	48·6	55·0	40·75
Flesh-formers . . .	4·25	4·40	4·0	4·21
Fat	3·46	1·43	1·10	1·39
Starch	15·67	16·39	16·85	15·11
Mineral matter . . .	0·79	0·70	0·72	0·64
Carbon	11·90	10·45	10·50	10·38

An inspection of these numbers points out the singular fact that, although the amount of solid food varies considerably in quantity, as it also does in the materials of which it is composed, yet the amount of flesh-formers in each country is remarkably uniform, in all cases reaching or slightly exceeding 4 oz. daily, while the quantity of carbon is usually 10½ oz., although in the case of the English soldiers it is nearly 12 oz. These military diets are only in times of peace, for they are found to be quite insufficient during war. They are in fact hardly sufficient for the recruit during his heavy drills, although the sergeant fattens and thrives under them. We may therefore safely take the nutritive value thus expressed as being sufficient for men who are not exposed to heavy labour. We select one or two instances in which the daily consumption of food has been carefully weighed, from among the middle classes, to show the limit of variations :—

	Flesh Formers.	Starch Equivalent.	Mineral Matter.	Carbon.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
1. Dr. Dalton; height 5 ft. 7 in.; muscular, athletic; philosopher	4·59	21·65	0·60	10·45
2. Dr. Hammond; 6 ft. 2 in., 14 stone; physiologist . . .	4·25	17·78	0·58	9·28
3. Physician to Murray's Lunatic Asylum, Perth; age 33, weight 8½ stones; walks daily 3 to 4 miles . . .	3·47	18·93	0·54	8·91

The numbers derived from the study of these middle class diets, lead us to results very nearly the same as those for soldiers, viz., that for able-bodied men, not engaged in active mechanical labour, there should be in their daily food, 4 oz. of flesh-formers, from 2 to 4 oz. of fat, and from 8 to 12 oz. of starch. Besides these ingredients, a man of this kind should receive daily ¾ oz. of mineral ingredients, 23 oz. of oxygen from the air, and about 80 oz. of water, partly contained in the food, and partly imbibed as drink. This is the only way in which a diet can be considered in the present state of science. The system which still prevails among some medical men, and among some Government officers, of looking only to the total number of ounces of solid food, without reference to its composition, is much more silly than would be the act of a builder who looked only to the total weights of building materials shot into his yard, without examining whether these aggregate weights consisted of water, lime, or bricks. Let us recapitulate the results to which we have arrived : the mere subsistence food of a man, without labour, being 2 oz. flesh-formers, 1 oz. fat, and 10 to 12 oz. starch, we must add for comfortable and healthy nutrition to this diet, 2 oz. more of flesh-formers, and 2 oz. more of fat, besides mineral matter, water, and air. We are now able to go another step in advance and inquire, whether such nutrition is fitted for a fully employed labourer.

All experience teaches us, that when much labour is to be accomplished, a large quantity of food must be consumed. A horse, when put to work, receives corn and beans, both being rich in flesh-formers, in addition to hay. Soldiers cannot fight on their peace diet. We learnt this by dire experience in the Crimea, when our overwrought and underfed soldiers died by thousands of disease, and not by the bullets or steel of the Russians. Towards the end of the war, the mistake was rectified, and the troops became healthy. Other countries knew the fact, and issued "war rations" as part of their system in feeding troops. These war rations are shown in the table given in the next page.

If these numbers be compared with the peace rations already given, it will be found that the 4 oz. of flesh-formers in peace increased to from 5 to 6 oz. in war; the heat-givers and carbon being augmented in proportion. Not less than 5½ oz. of structural food ought to be given in war, when toilsome marches, want of sleep, and trench-work task the body heavily in labour. Our sailors in the navy receive 5 oz. of flesh-formers daily, and those of the French navy 5½ oz. In the Crimea our soldiers, with their insufficient diet, were only able to remove 10 cubic yards of earth daily, in the construction of the railway from the port to the camp; while the English "navvies" sent over, removed 20 cubic yards. The latter, however, received 45½ oz. of solid food daily, containing 5¾ oz. of flesh-formers, and above 17 oz. of carbon. Navvies, when labouring on piece-work, frequently eat upwards of 80 oz. of solid food, containing 6¾ oz. of flesh-formers, nearly 4 oz. fat, and 24½ oz. of starch, the carbon being about 15½ oz. In fact, the contractor who engages them knows that their working power is gauged by their appetite, and the men whose appetites fail, are not unfrequently discharged as unfit for employment. "I send round my clerk," says a contractor, "when the men are getting their dinners, and those who can't eat, he marks with a bit of chalk, and we send them about their business." Right in principle though not humane in practice. When unusual work is required, an unusual supply of food must be given. In the late Schleswig war, the meat was doubled on actual fighting days, and the soldiers then fought on a navvy's allowance of nearly 7 oz. of flesh-formers. In Holland there is, or there was lately, a singular economy in this respect. The Dutch soldier in garrison was fed like a pauper, with 3 oz. of flesh-formers daily, but his war ration brought it up to nearly 4½ oz.; "Dutch courage," or fighting with a full stomach, has thus a physiological explanation.

	Solid Food.	Flesh-formers.	Starch Equivalent.	Mineral Matter.	Carbon.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
English soldier (Crimean ration) . .	41·0	4·5	19·0	0·6	10·3
Ditto ditto (Kafir ration) . . .	47·4	5·7	21·1	0·7	11·6
French soldier (Crimean War) . . .	59·7	6·5	26·8	0·9	14·4
Prussian ,, (Schleswig War, 1864)	48·0	5·9	22·7	0·8	12·4
Austrian ,, (War ration)	38·6	5·1	26·2	0·5	14·2
Russian ,, (Crimean ration) . .	36·6	4·7	16·0	0·6	8·7

From what has been already said, it will have been gathered that we are of opinion that 2 oz. of flesh-formers may keep a man alive when at rest; but that 3½ oz. are required to preserve his health with moderate exercise; while 6 oz. are requisite for a hard day's work. The difference between the two last numbers gives us 2½ oz. as the quantity of flesh-formers necessary for hard productive labour, or for exercise such as walking twenty miles daily, over and above the 3½ oz. used for keeping the body in health. In the functions of bodily activity there are four kinds of work which a man has to perform: (1) Vital work; (2) Heat work; (3) Mechanical work; (4) Mental work. The vital work refers to that proceeding in the body, in the direction of which man is more or less an unconscious agent. The heart beats, the blood circulates, the lungs play, digestion, assimilation, and secretion go on by an inner directive movement independent of the man's will. On these operations a large amount of work is expended. We can calculate it with accuracy in the case of the human heart. This important organ is continually propelling blood with force through the arteries, never ceasing day or night in its labours. If we suppose that the efforts used by it in propelling blood were all concentrated in raising its own weight, then its daily work is represented by the astonishing number that it might raise its own weight about ninety miles high. But the conscious man in which the heart resides can, with a hard day's work, only do as much as is represented by raising the weight of his own body one mile high. It follows from the investigations of Haughton that the heart, weighing only 9⅘ oz., does one-third of the daily force of the whole frame, which weighs 150 lbs. It labours incessantly, and can tire out 200 times its own weight of the stanchest muscles of the body. The mechanism arranged by Divine power, and placed beyond human control, performs its functions with that wonderful perfection which is observed in all the works of the universe carried on independently of man's will, while the less perfect working of the muscles of the body is no doubt owing to man's inability to use to the best advantage the machine entrusted to the guidance of an imperfectly instructed and erring will. After what has been said, it will not be surprising to find that rather more than one half of the flesh-formers in food are required for the work of life, leaving only about one-half for productive labour. With regard to the "Heat work," we have little to do at present, for this is chiefly got out of the heat-givers, or substances not containing nitrogen. It is by the transformation of the organic tissues that the vital, mental, and mechanical works are performed, or that the immaterial powers are manifested through matter to the world. The tissues in changing are oxidised, or partially burned, and are excreted in the form of urea. This oxidation may produce heat, and we know that so much heat as would raise the temperature of a pound of water by one degree Fahrenheit is equivalent to the mechanical effect produced by allowing 772 lbs. to fall through the space of one foot. So that the change of tissues may produce mechanical effects in the body instead of heat. This is the essential physical difference between a plant and an animal. Though plants have certain mechanical effects to produce, these are quite subordinate to their general purposes in life, while the conversion of chemical affinity into mechanical effects is the characteristic of animal existence. The potential energy of the food and of the oxygen of the air produces the muscular energy and heat of the animal.

It is not quite certain, but it is, nevertheless, highly probable, that under ordinary circumstances the force expended in the labour of an animal is derived only from the potential energy in the flesh-formers of food, and in the oxygen which transforms them from organic tissues into urea, which is the chief excretive matter of the system. All experience teaches that work can only be got out of an animal by nitrogenous food, and that the amount of available labour is proportional to the quantity of flesh-formers consumed in the food. Let us compare the labour of a horse and of a man in this respect. Seven men can do the work of one horse, according to the usual calculation, or the labour of a man equals one-seventh of that of a horse. A strong horse may be well sustained when at rest with 15 lbs. of hay, and 5 lbs. of oats; but if real work is to be got out of the horse, 16 lbs. of oats are supplied. Calculating from the known composition of hay and oats, the horse receives 27 oz. of flesh-formers when at rest, and 24 oz. additional when at work. If the horse be at work on a railway, it co-operates with an excavator or "navvy," who we have shown eats 6¾ oz. of flesh-formers, of which 3½ oz. are required for his bodily subsistence in health, and 3¼ oz. are available for work. So that the real working food in the case of the horse and of the man is as 3¼ oz. are to 24 oz., or as 1 : 7⅓. which is very nearly the proportion of their working capacities, as ascertained by experience. In the case of the horse, the working power is got out of plants; in the case of the man, it is derived from a mixed animal diet. Yet such a diet is not essential to a man. The miners in Chili, who work like horses, live nearly like them, for two loaves in the morning, boiled beans in the day, and roasted grain at night constitute, according to Darwin, their ordinary food. Even distinguished physiologists doubt whether there is enough potential energy resident in the wasting tissues of the body, to account for the labour of a man. This hesitation is groundless, and can only arise from the fact that few calculations have been made on the subject. We find that the daily waste of tissues secreted as urea by the kidneys, would, after supporting fully all the vital functions of the body, and the limited mental functions of a labourer, enable him to execute such mechanical labour as would raise about one million pounds to the height of one foot. But it has been found that the hardest labourer can, by continuous work, only raise daily 792,000 lbs. to the height of one foot. Though man uses his powers much more economically than a steam-engine, it cannot be supposed that he husbands every part of it, and, therefore, an excess of available power was to be looked for. It is, however, in this excess that physiologists have found their stumbling-block. They have perceived that heat, as well as mechanical work, is produced by the waste of flesh, and have, therefore, hesitated to admit a separate class of heat-givers in food. A carnivorous animal is often obliged to depend upon its own tissues as a source of heat during its long-sustained fasts. Even in confinement the hyena is seen moving from side to side of its cage, not in impatience of its imprisonment, but by exercise to transform its tissues, and to allow part of the potential energy of the flesh and oxygen to pass into heat, so that the temperature of its body might be sustained. So a man in a cold day rubs his hands and beats together his arms, or dances with his feet. It is known as the result of experiment that the temperature of the muscles rises during contraction. In tetanus the heat of the body is raised from 98° to 111° on account of the muscular convulsions producing heat. If the transforming tissues do not produce mechanical power to the full extent, they pass the unused force in the form of heat. Darwin tells us that, when in the Pampas, he lived tolerably well, though confined to a meat diet, "but felt that it would only agree with him with hard exercise." Yet he found the Guachos living for months on nothing but beef, "although they eat, I observe, a very large proportion of fat." The Guachos were carnivorous, and like the carnivora required heat developed by exercise, unless they had fat to keep up the heat-work of the body independently of the transformation of tissue. And this explanation accounts for a remark of Sir John Richardson, in his Arctic Travels—"When people have fed for a long time solely upon lean animal food, the desire for fat becomes so insatiable, that they can consume a large quantity of unmixed and even oily fat without nausea." So that we are brought back again by these remarks to the necessity of heat-givers as constituents of food, which we were afraid our readers might lose sight of in the length of our remarks on the production of mechanical effects from the transformation of the organised flesh-formers. To insist again upon the absolute necessity of a proper and judicious admixture of the different ingredients of food, we might quote Moleschott's estimate, that the average complete food for an adult man in good health should contain, in 1000 parts,

Water	812·07	parts.
Flesh-formers	37·70	,,
Fat	24·36	,,
Starch, sugar, &c.	117·17	,,
Mineral matter	8·70	,,
	1000·00	

The Chinese are the only nation who *manure* their blood by separate mineral ingredients not found in the food, for they carefully incinerate the husk of rice and mix the ashes with the grain.

We have hitherto confined our remarks to adult able-bodied men, and cannot find space to discuss the dietaries of the young and of the aged. The proper amount of nutriment in the food of children is a matter of such surpassing importance that we feel much inclined to dwell upon it in detail. We must content ourselves however by observing that after having examined and discussed the dietaries of a large number of public schools, containing resident children from 7 to 14 years of age, with an average of about 10 years, we arrived at the conclusion that such school dietaries ought to have the following daily nutritive value:—

Flesh-formers	3·3 oz.
Fat	1·6 ,,
Starch, &c.	11·4 ,,
Starch equivalent of heat-givers . .	13·8 ,,
Mineral matter	0·6 ,,
Carbon in the food	8·2 ,,

The ratio of flesh-formers to heat-givers as expressed by the starch equivalent is in the dietary of school children as 1 : 4·2, while in that of adults it is as 1 : 5. But when we recollect that the bodies of the young have to grow as well as to be sustained, we understand why the proportion of flesh-formers is greater in their case than with the full-grown man. Dr. E. Smith's work, termed "Practical Dietary," affords useful hints on this subject.

The various numerical results presented to the reader may convince his mind without giving him the power of embodying them with practical applications. If this be the case, the reason is to be found in our deficient systems of education. We are not taught as we should be the useful practical lessons of life, or how to apply the teachings of science to our every-day wants. We forget the saying of Milton:—

> "To know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom."

Nor shall we attain the benefits which these discoveries of science are calculated to bestow upon mankind until women are taught domestic economy rationally, not empirically, as a part of their education. Women are the feeders as well as the mothers of men, and if our ladies would but devote a small fraction of the time, which they expend in exercising their fingers by playing scales on the piano, in cultivating a knowledge of the science of life, it would serve them well when they experience their "joy that a man is born into the world;" they would then more seriously fulfil the solemn duties which they have to perform, would largely diminish the amount of infantile mortality, and would give to the world successive generations more fitted to accomplish the purposes of the great God who created them. As part of this rational education an acquaintance both with the science and art of cookery should rank high in importance. Paley says, "As the state of population is governed and limited by the quantity of provisions, perhaps there is no single cause that affects it so powerfully as the *kind* and *quality* of food which chance or usage has introduced into the country." Count Rumford observes, "It seems to me more than probable that the number of inhabitants who may be supported in any country upon its national produce depends as much upon the state of the *art of cookery* as upon that of *agriculture*." There is much more philosophy in the last remark than might be discovered by a superficial consideration of it. If that man be a benefactor to his country, who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, so equally is he who, by a judicious selection and cooking of food, enables two men to be fed for the same sum that one was fed before. If the one practically extend the territory of his native land, the other by husbanding its resources enables a larger population to be fed and retained within it, instead of being driven out in a forced emigration by want of the necessaries of life. Let us illustrate this point. In the Irish famine the author of this article was one of the Government Commissioners, and had his attention directed to the necessity of feeding a large population on a very limited supply of money. Such questions as these naturally arose to the mind and were then discussed—Does the market price of flesh-formers vary much in different kinds of food? Does the price of heat-givers and of carbon show large variations; if they do, what is the method of combining them so as to make a shilling feed six people, when it formerly fed only three? Luckily such considerations as these, which, from their novelty, obtained little attention in the Irish famine, have had an intelligent application during the late cotton famine in Lancashire. Suppose, in illustration of our meaning, that we write down the weights of a few kinds of food which would be necessary, if taken alone, to give a weekly supply of 28 oz. (4 oz. daily) of flesh-formers to an able-bodied man. They are as follows, with their retail market price in Edinburgh on January 2nd, 1865:—

			s.	*d.*
147	oz.	Butcher's meat, costing . .	6	1
700	,,	Fresh milk . . ,, . .	14	7
93	,,	Cheese . . ,, . .	3	0
127	,,	Split peas . . ,, . .	1	2
200	,,	Flour . . ,, . .	2	1
341	,,	Bread . . ,, . .	2	8
175	,,	Oatmeal . . ,, . .	1	4
2000	,,	Potatoes . . ,, . .	8	11

Let us, in like manner, find out the weight and the cost of giving 140 oz. of the starch equivalent of heat-givers required for a week's nutrition of an adult. The numbers now are:—

			s.	*d.*
416	oz.	Butcher's meat, costing . .	17	4
1120	,,	Fresh milk . . ,, . .	23	4
224	,,	Cheese . . ,, . .	7	0
221	,,	Split peas . . ,, . .	1	10
190	,,	Flour . . ,, . .	2	0
298	,,	Bread . . ,, . .	2	3
183	,,	Oatmeal . . ,, . .	1	4
616	,,	Potatoes . . ,, . .	2	9

The great difference between the numbers in these two tables shows that it was never intended that man should live on one kind of food, but that he should make proper mixtures of them, in order that he might supply the deficiency in one ingredient by an abundance of it in another kind of food. Thus potatoes, which are a dearer food than meat for the supply of flesh, are far cheaper as a source of heat to the body, so with this view we associate them in our meals. Cheese gives us cheap flesh but dear fuel, so we take with it bread, which supplies the latter economically. Potatoes lay on flesh at an extravagant rate, so with potato soup we mix peas, which add to its nutritive value and to their economy.

The making of palatable mixtures of various kinds of food forms the art of cookery. It is a maxim as old as Hippocrates, that "whatever pleases the palate nourishes," and it is only when taste becomes depraved by indulgence that the pleasure of eating becomes contemptible. Many dishes of the cook are full of scientific significance. As an illustration, let us ask, why are small square pieces of bread, fried in lard, sent up with vegetable soup? Because starch requires to be mixed with saliva before it is converted into sugar in the act of digestion, and as the soup would pass to the stomach without mastication, fried or hard bread protected from the water by fat, so as to prevent its softening, is taken along with the soup, and compels mastication and a flow of saliva. But if cooks exhibit important scientific applications, they often err from ignorance of science. All the sapid or tasting ingredients of flesh reside in its juices, and not in the solid substance. If the flesh of a deer, an ox, a pig, a cat, or a fox be well squeezed, so as to express their juices, what remains has the same vapid taste for all of them. For this reason roast or stewed meat is generally better flavoured than boiled, and the cook protects the juices by pouring melted fat over the joint during its roasting. In boiling meat for soup, cold water should be used at first, so as to extract as much of the nutritive juices as possible, and the heat be raised gradually. But if the meat be wanted in a boiled state for itself, and not for its soup, then it should be plunged at once into boiling water, and kept boiling for a few minutes, so that all the outer albumen may be coagulated, in order to imprison the sapid and nutritive juices; then cold water should be added till the temperature is reduced to 160°, at which it should be kept till the cooking is completed, because that heat is necessary for the coagulation of the colouring matter of the blood. In all cases, no more heat than is sufficient should be employed in cooking. Thus, in making soup, all the fire in the world will not make the water hotter than its boiling temperature, at which point it can be retained by a very moderate expenditure of fuel. Violent ebullition, such as we see cooks often practise, while it does no good, does much harm, not only by wasting coal, but also by carrying off in the steam much of the aromatic and volatile ingredients of the food. Having thus commended the art of cookery as a worthy object of study, we must leave it in order to complete our article with a few general considerations.

The food of different countries has much influence on the character and prosperity of the populations inhabiting them. Cheap and easily procured food is by no means a constant blessing to the nations possessing it. On the contrary, it often produces such a rapid increase of population, that the working classes, in countries tolerably supplied with food, are often in a state of misery and degradation. A lavish abundance of food may produce wealth, but the wealth, in such cases, is very unequally distributed, being enjoyed by a few, while the mass of the population, whose growth it has stimulated, compete with each other for wages, and subsist without enjoying the comforts of civilised life. In such cases we generally find that nations have become lazily satisfied with the bounties which nature has lavishly bestowed upon them, and content themselves with one or two articles of food, instead of exercising productive labour in the supply of a variety. What potatoes were to the Irish before the famine, rice is to the Hindoo, and dates to the Egyptian. But, in all these countries, the same results followed—abject misery among the masses, contrasted with a sprinkling of wealth upon a few. Let us examine the cause of this phenomenon as regards Ireland. An acre planted with potatoes produces about six tons of the tubers, and this quantity is stated to be sufficient for a family of six persons, allowing 6 lbs. daily to each member. An acre of wheat produces 1830 lbs. of the grain, which yields 1700 lbs. of flour. As 25 ounces of flour would barely feed a man daily, a little calculation will show that the acre of wheat could not support more than three men, while the acre of potatoes is alleged to support six. The difference in bulk, as a means of satisfying the appetite, is very considerable, for while the potato feeder got 6 lbs. the wheat-supported man has only 1½ lb. Hence arose the popularity of the potato in Ireland; for, although it is not true that a man could be sustained on 6 lbs. of potatoes daily, he could be with the addition of butter-milk. This economy of subsistence produced a rapid increase of the population, and its natural consequence, depreciation in the rate of wages. But it produced also a reckless and improvident character among the Irish peasantry. The potatoes were grown on the lazy-bed system, which induced no improvement of the land, for it compensated in part for bad drainage. The labour required was only at three periods of the year: during sowing, earthing, and harvesting, while idleness prevailed for the rest of the time, and the habits of the population necessarily became idle and impulsive. We see like results following interrupted labour in Sweden and Norway, where cold interferes with the work; and in Spain and Portugal, where heat frequently arrests it; the result, however, is the same as with the Irish—fickleness and instability of character being the consequence of impulsive interrupted labour. But there is also a physiological, as well as economic reason why the wages of the Irish were so much lowered by their dependence on one staple article of food. Before the famine, the average consumption of an able-bodied labourer, in Ireland, was 9½ lbs. of potatoes for a man, and 7½ lbs. for a woman. But 9½ lbs. of potatoes contain little more than 2 oz.

of flesh-formers, which it will be recollected is the mere subsistence allowance, and on which a man could not do a day's work. For a low day's work, 4 oz. are requisite, and this would imply the consumption of 19 lbs. of potatoes, an amount that even an Irishman's stomach could neither have held nor digested. But as a labourer could not do a fair day's work he could not receive a fair day's wage; so it is not wonderful that he was ground down with poverty. The Irish famine was the greatest blessing to Ireland. Although it occasioned much individual suffering, it produced unmixed national good. The confidence in the potato was rudely broken, new kinds of food were introduced to the peasantry, new wants were created, and labour of a more uniform and equal kind was required to gratify these wants. The excess of population necessarily emigrated, and the remainder, having less competition, and being able, by their more nutritious food, to give better and more productive labour, had their wages rapidly increased. It will, indeed, require more than one generation to root out the evils of the past, but the improvement even now is marked in a high degree. No labourer is a better one than the Irishman when properly fed, and he now ranks equal in nutrition to our Scottish agricultural population.

Whilst Ireland was groaning under poverty, partly owing to misrule in past ages, but chiefly due to inferiority in food, Scotland was a thriving country. There were other causes besides food for this difference, but that was a notable and important cause. In

"The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,"

oatmeal furnished an aliment which enabled productive labour to be freely given, and high wages to be freely paid. But there is still a lamentable absence of variety in our Scotch cookery for the poorer classes, and this is not likely to be remedied till dietetics are more familiarly studied. Scotland has given us for the years 1856-1857 admirable agricultural statistics which open up curious questions. Could such a country produce suffficent flesh formers to feed its population of 3,062,294 persons, allowing 3 oz. of flesh formers daily to each? The requirement is no less than 93,560 *tons* annually. But the agricultural plants of Scotland, excluding grass and hay, yield every year 130,178 tons of albumen, fibrin and casein. Our oats alone grow 80,000 tons of these flesh formers; but as 180,000 horses come in competition with our population in their appreciation of them, we must allow them 3 lbs. of oats daily, and this reduces, after a further withdrawal of one-tenth for seed, our flesh formers in oatmeal to 60,800 tons available to man. Let us further bestow all the beans on horses, the turnips on cows, and sacrifice the barley to whisky, and we have left 87,000 tons of flesh formers for food. This is not sufficient for our requirements, but then we have not considered the supply of animal food. Our milch cows alone yield us 19,500 tons of flesh-formers in milk to eat with our porridge, and this addition brings us above our wants; so that we are enabled to send some of our oats to our English friends to feed their horses, and abundance of cattle for that meat-loving nation. These calculations show that Scotland could support a much larger population than she possesses, even though our deer forests retard the growth of beef and mutton.

If we cast a general survey over the whole world, the influence of food on national character is most striking. It may be, and no doubt is, an excess in this direction to say with Mülder, that the steadiness and constitutionalism of England is owing to its beefsteaks and porter, and that the revolutionary character of France depends upon their infinite variety of dishes; but there is some truth even in this extravagant view. In Africa, the flesh-eaters conquer and subdue the miserable tribes who subsist on vegetable products. In the Indian mutiny, the rice-eaters of Bengal were not the men who made our empire totter, but the pulse-feeders and the flesh-eaters of the upper provinces. The gallant Ghoorkas, who gave us aid in our distress, were omnivorous like ourselves, and fond as we are of hunting down game and eating it. England would never dare to trust her defence to an army of vegetarians. Prior felt this when he wrote—

"Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But how restrain his rage or force,
When first he kills, then eats his horse?"

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

II.—THE HONORABLE MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

A HISTORY of the Civil Service of the East India Company would be a most interesting and instructive record. In that service many great men, sprung from the middle classes, without high family connections or any other adventitious circumstances to give them more than their first start in life, have risen to high position and to still higher reputation. From the days of Warren Hastings to the days of John Lawrence, there have never been wanting members of the Civil Service to evince by their actions the possession of heroic qualities of the highest order. To be a civilian in India is not to be merely a member of a great bureaucracy. The duties which he is called upon to face are not solely the duties of the desk. As the soldier in India is often called upon to lay down the sword and to take up the portfolio of the administrator, so the civilian is often, on the great highroad of his duty, surrounded by circumstances which compel him to lay down the portfolio and to gird on the sword. Of the civilian-soldier there was no better type than Henry Lawrence. Of the soldier-civilian there is none better than Mountstuart Elphinstone. Both by their unaided exertions attained to the highest honours. The one, in the greatest crisis which our Indian Empire has ever witnessed, was appointed provisionally to the Governor-Generalship. The other was twice offered the Governor-Generalship and twice refused it. I have given some account of the first; I now proceed to narrate some of the more noticeable incidents in the history of the second.

Mountstuart Elphinstone was the fourth son of a Scotch peer of that name; but though by courtesy an "honorable" and of a very ancient lineage, the associations of his family were rather those of the middle classes than of the aristocracy, and many of his kindred, moved by that spirit of adventure which is so powerful an element in the national character, had gone forth to seek their fortunes in the East. His father was a soldier, who rose to be a general officer and Governor of Edinburgh Castle; but one of his uncles was a Director of the East India Company, and Indian writerships were held to be no unsatisfactory provision for the younger sons of Scotch peers.

The first fourteen years of Mountstuart's life were spent in Scotland; a goodly part of them in Edinburgh Castle. What he learnt either at home or at the High School, which he attended for two years, was probably not much; for he was not a studious boy, but one delighting in manly exercises, and somewhat addicted to mischief. Seventy years afterwards there were those who still bore in remembrance the lithe figure and the long curly golden locks of the good-looking, lively, sprightly boy, who outraged the loyal sensibilities of his father and other officers of the Castle, by singing snatches of revolutionary songs, learnt from the French prisoners who were confined there. His juvenile principles had a strong republican complexion, and the hair which he wore down his back was intended to be the outward sign of his revolutionary sentiments. And it is related that, years afterwards, the memory of this juvenile republicanism was a standing joke against him, and that after his arrival in India some of his companions gave it practical expression, by presenting Mountstuart with a cap of liberty and a tri-color cockade.

When he was fourteen years of age, he was sent to England, and placed under the educational charge of Dr. Thomson of Kensington; with whom he remained until he was taken away to be sent to India, as a writer on the Company's establishment. He spent his holidays at the house of his uncle Mr. Adam, whose son John was destined for the same service and who lived to become one of its brightest ornaments. As a stripling, young Elphinstone does not seem to have been more grave in his studies than as a boy. He was said to have been "clever enough for anything," but very idle, full of spirit, and somewhat boisterous in his mirth. But he was fond of reading too—in certain directions; and it is remembered that he delighted in quoting Shakespeare and reciting snatches of doggerel rhyme, perhaps of his own making. Those were days when no one thought of literary examinations or proficiency-tests of any kind, and yet they produced public servants unsurpassed by any that have been given to India by Haileybury or the Civil Service Commission.

In July, 1795, Mountstuart Elphinstone, being then sixteeen years of age, embarked for India. Among his fellow-passengers was his cousin John Adam, of whom I have already spoken, and a cadet named Houston, who was going out to join the Bengal Cavalry. The former, in due course, became Secretary to Government, member of Council and, during a brief interregnum, Governor-General of India. The latter, after doing some good service in India, became Lieutenant-Governor of Addiscombe (where he was known to more than one generation of cadets by the sobriquet of "Black Dick"), and died Sir R. Houston, K.C.B.*

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* These memoranda of the boyish life of Mr. Elphinstone are derived principally from an excellent memoir published in the "Journal of the Asiatic Society"—a memoir for which the readers of that publication are

When, early in 1796, young Elphinstone landed at Calcutta, Sir John Shore was Governor-General of India. He was a man of a quiet mind, and the times were eminently quiet. But the historian of his career has one noticeable incident to dwell upon —one not unexciting story to tell—the story of the Oude succession. Sir John Shore set aside the claims of Vizier Ali to the throne of Oude, and the young man from that time cherished a feeling of bitterest resentment against the English. A dangerous and disaffected person, he was held under some kind of surveillance at Benares, but he had a considerable number of followers, with all his own insolence and vindictiveness, and one day in 1799, they fell upon the British officers at the Residency, and massacred all within their reach. It happened that at this time Mr. Elphinstone was assistant to the magistrate at Benares. His young cavalry friend, Houston, was paying him a visit whilst the slaughter was going on at the Residency; and the disastrous tidings reached them in time only for them to mount their horses and, pursued by Vizier Ali's troopers, to ride for their very lives. There are some men who appear to be born ever to be in the thick of the world's action—ever on the great high-road of History, pressing forward, with their loins girt about; whilst others repose quietly in peaceful nooks, or saunter idly along the by-ways of life. To the first, and the smaller class, belonged Mountstuart Elphinstone. This escape from Vizier Ali's horsemen prefigured his whole career. There was now to be a great growth of History; and for more than twenty years he was to be ever in the thick of it.

A new Governor-General had begun to reign; and a new era had commenced. Lord Wellesley was a man with a "grand policy," and, scorning all constitional restraints, he determined to work it out. This grand policy was incompatible with peace; so in a little time our armies were in motion, firstly in Southern India, where Tippoo was to be subdued; and secondly in Central India, where accounts were to be settled with the Mahratta princes. To the events which were developing themselves in the latter part of the country, I have now to invite the reader's attention—a wide expanse, stretching from Delhi to Poonah, over which Lord Wellesley was extending the network of his diplomacies, in days when diplomacy was ever another name for war. For men of action the times were most propitious. The Company's civil servants might "provide the investment," or administer the regulations; they might be merchants, or magistrates, or revenue collectors, if they desired to live peaceably with good houses over their heads; but for more adventurous spirits there was a grand outlet through what was officially called the "Political Department," but which in Europe is known as the Diplomatic Service. To that service all the most high-spirited young civilians eagerly betook themselves; and Mr. Elphinstone among the first of them. His early inclinations had been all towards the military profession; in his teens he had looked upon the life of a subaltern as the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment; and there was that in him, which, had circumstances favoured his wishes, would have made him one of the first captains of the age. But although it was provided that he should live much in the camp, and see, face to face, the stern realities of war, there was no recognised position for him in the battle-field, and therefore only the danger of the fight without its honours and rewards.

But there were honours and rewards of another kind, and young Elphinstone was fully satisfied. In 1801, he was appointed an assistant to the British Resident at Poonah, or in other words an attaché to the British Mission at the court of the Peishwah—the greatest of the Mahratta princes. The Resident was Colonel (afterwards Sir Barry) Close; an officer of high distinction, to whom both soldiers and diplomatists looked up with reverence, and under whom any young aspirant might be proud and happy to serve. In the whole range of the service there was no post better suited to call forth and develop the energy and ability of such a man as Mr. Elphinstone. Once appointed to it, he was on the high road to fame and fortune. The times, as I have said, were most propitious for those who panted for action. The Mahrattas having usurped the power of the Mogul, and established their supremacy in Upper India, were now contending among themselves. This was our opportunity. The great game was now to be played with something like a certainty of winning. The disunion of the Mahrattas was their weakness; their weakness was our strength. *Dum singuli prœliantur universi vincuntur.* It was Lord Wellesley's policy to interfere in these internal disputes, and he did so, by espousing the cause of the Peishwah and entering into a friendly alliance with him. Whether the British Governor might not have been content to look on a little longer, without taking a hand in the game, is a question for historians to discuss. It is enough here to say that having entangled ourselves in diplomacies we were soon in the midst of war.

The year 1803 was a memorable one in the annals of India; memorable in the career of Mountstuart Elphinstone—memorable in the career of a still greater man, who then first made for himself a place in history. Colonel Arthur Wellesley, the brother of the Governor-General, had taken part in the operations which resulted in the conquest of Mysore; but the qualities which he had displayed were not so conspicuously great as to preserve him from the reproach of being favoured as the brother of the Governor-General. The Mahratta war, however, proved him to be a true soldier. It was the

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indebted to Sir Edward Colebrooke. It is to be hoped that the general public will be allowed in this respect to participate in the advantages now enjoyed only by the members of the Society. The memoir is too good to be buried in the Proceedings of a learned and too limited community.

privilege of Mountstuart Elphinstone to watch the dawn of the great captain's glory. It has happened to many a man at the outset of his career to profit largely by an accident which has been a heavy blow and a great loss to another. Second only perhaps to Barry Close, in the diplomatic service of India at that time, was Colonel John Malcolm. It had been arranged that to this officer, who knew all the Wellesleys well, and in whom the Governor-General had unbounded confidence, should be entrusted the political conduct of the operations in Berar; but at the commencement of the campaign he fell sick, and, bitterly disappointed, he was compelled for very life's sake to quit the camp. Then Mr. Elphinstone was sent to fill his place, and eagerly he went to the front. In August, 1803, he joined General Wellesley at Ahmednuggur; and though he had not been long in camp before sickness fell upon him also, he did not succumb to it. The great battle of Assye found the young civilian with his foot in the stirrup beside his military chief. The flanks of their horses touched each other as they rode, conversing quietly as on parade, through the thick of that hot fight. All his old military ardour was then revived; and such not only was his coolness under fire, but the quickness of his eye and the soundness of his judgment with respect to military dispositions and combinations, that at the close of the campaign Wellesley said of his young friend that he had mistaken his calling, for he was certainly born a soldier.

This was after the siege of Gawilghur, at which Mr. Elphinstone was present, and had again evinced the fine soldierly qualities which had excited the admiration of Sir Arthur Wellesley at Assye. There was then a season in which the negotiator took the place of the military commander, and there were some sharp diplomatic conflicts which demanded the exercise of no common skill and sagacity: for one of the astutest of native politicians was then arrayed against us—the well-known Wattel Punt. By this time, however, Colonel Malcolm had returned to camp. Just fifty years afterwards, Mr. Elphinstone, who always recalled those old days with delight, described to the writer of this memoir the effect produced by Malcolm's reappearance, as that of a sudden return of fine weather, cheerful and exhilarating; such was the sunshiny, genial nature of the man. As willing to play as to work, "Boy Malcolm" enlivened everyone who came within the influence of his bright face and his hearty laugh, and the gravity of Sir Arthur Wellesley was not proof against it. Among the objects of his mirth at that time was their astute diplomatic antagonist, Wattel Punt, whom Malcolm nicknamed "Old Brag," after a game of cards formerly much played in India—a game which required in the player an imperturbable countenance and an impassive demeanour. "What a face for Brag!" said Malcolm, who had once been addicted to the game; and from that time the sobriquet clung to the Mahratta diplomatist. Many years afterwards the Duke of Wellington told Mr. Elphinstone that Talleyrand reminded him a good deal of "Old Brag;" but that the Frenchman was "not so clever."

Malcolm's absence had made Elphinstone's fortune. Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote officially to his brother, the Governor-General, in eulogistic language, well deserved, of the services rendered to him by the young civilian. "Upon the occasion," he wrote, "of mentioning Mr. Elphinstone, it is but justice to that gentleman to inform your Excellency, that I have received the greatest assistance from him since he has been with me. He is well versed in the languages, has experience and a knowledge of the Mahratta powers and their relations with each other, and with the British Government and its allies. He has been present in all the actions which have been fought in this quarter during the war, and at all the sieges. He is acquainted with every transaction that has taken place, and with my sentiments upon all subjects. I therefore take the liberty of recommending him to your Excellency."

On the conclusion of peace, Mr. Elphinstone was appointed to represent British interests at the court of the Rajah of Berar; and he remained at Nagpore, after the departure of Lord Wellesley from India, during the brief second reign of Lord Cornwallis, and the interregnum of Sir George Barlow. The times were uneventful; but they were not wanting in opportunities to a man of Mr. Elphinstone's character; for rarely has one so fitted for active life evinced at the same time so eager an inclination towards studious pursuits. In quiet times, he could subside contentedly into a book-worm, and find measureless delight in the great works of ancient and modern literature. One of his favourite authors was Thucydides, and many years afterwards he reminded his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Jenkins of the days when they read the works of that great historian together at Nagpore. Having left England at the early age of sixteen, and having up to that time shown no great partiality for persevering study, he had carried with him to India only a slender stock of learning. But he had taken with him, all the same, a genuine love of literature, and he coveted the possession of a greater store of this precious intellectual wealth. So, whenever there was not much active work to be done, in the line either of war or of diplomacy, he addressed himself eagerly to his books. There are many who, in after days, knowing him only as a scholar and a recluse, were slow to believe in the energy of his character and the activity of his habits; but at the time of which I am now writing he was all energy and activity, and his literary campaigns were but the complement or filling-up of a life of action. He was a bold and accomplished rider; he delighted in field-sports; he had a quick eye and a ready hand with the boar-spear; and in the face of any kind of danger, was as cool and collected as though he had nothing before him more difficult than a Greek verb.

Those were days when reputations ripened rapidly, and young men went to the front with great responsibilities upon them, such as in later times were seldom entrusted to them in the earlier stages of their career. The British Government in India, now represented by Lord Minto, had need of all its ablest servants; for it seemed that a conjuncture had arisen of a grave and alarming character, and that England might soon be called upon to contend with other great powers for the mastery of the East. It happened that, after the peace of Tilsit in 1807, there was great dread of the results of the close alliance which was then formed between the powers of France and Russia. After the bloody fights of Eylau and Friedland, the two armies had fraternised, and the two emperors had embraced each other on a raft floating on the surface of the river Niemen. Among the vast projects of conquest which they then formed was a conjoint campaign "contre les possessions de la Compagnie des Indes." The territories of the East India Company were to be divided between these two great continental potentates. It was believed that the attack would be made by land rather than by sea; and that Persia would become a basis of operations against the north-western provinces of India. The danger was not an imaginary one. It was the harvest-time of great events, and the invasion of India by a mighty European force did not seem to rise above the ordinary level of the current history of the day. So the British Governments in India and in England prepared themselves for the defence of their Eastern dominions. This, in the first instance, was to be done, not by the equipment of armies or the erection of fortifications, but by diplomatic address. It was possible to undermine French influence at the court of Persia; and it was possible to obtain the good offices of the sovereign princes occupying the territories between the British and the Persian frontiers. The invading armies must have marched through Afghanistan and Sindh, or through Afghanistan and the Punjab. It was of primary importance, therefore, for the British Government to cement friendly alliances with the rulers of those countries. And Lord Minto wisely determined to send embassies to them. Mr. Elphinstone was then selected to conduct the British mission to be despatched to the Court of Caubul. In these days, there is nothing in such a task as that which then devolved upon the young statesman, to lift it out of the regions of common-place. But fifty years ago the great tract of country lying between the Sutlej River and the Hindoo Koosh was almost a *terra incognita* to British travellers. One enterprising Englishman—a civil servant of the East India Company, named Forster—had explored those countries, and had published two interesting quarto volumes descriptive of them. But he had travelled in disguise, and crept along his route; whereas there was now to be an imposing embassy, making a great display of the wealth of the British Government and the greatness of its resources. The reigning monarch at that time was Shah Soojah, he with whom at a later period we formed a closer and more disastrous alliance. Mr. Elphinstone was to endeavour to rouse his fears for his own safety, and by showing him that if Persia entered into a compact with the European powers hostile to England he would inevitably be destroyed, stimulate him to put forth all his strength to oppose their progress from the westward. It was the policy of our government to abstain from entering into even defensive engagements with the Court of Caubul; but Mr. Elphinstone was told that "should the contracting these engagements be absolutely required by the King, the eventual aid to be afforded by us ought to be limited to supplies of arms, ordnance, and military stores, rather than troops."

Proceeding by the route of Bekanier, Bahwulpur, and Mooltan, the mission entered Peshawur on the 25th of February, 1809; and on the 5th of March, Mr. Elphinstone had his first audience of the King. Whatsoever might be Shah Soojah's character as a ruler or a statesman, the English Ambassador saw plainly that he was a courteous, well-mannered gentleman, and that his feelings towards the British government were really, as they were professedly, friendly. But he was distracted by domestic cares. He had a dangerous revolution to cope with in his own kingdom. He did not wish the British mission to proceed any further into the heart of his dominions, which were in a disturbed state; and, indeed, the best advice that he could give to the English gentlemen was, that they should go home as fast as they could. When a man's own house is on fire it is no time to alarm him on the score of remote dangers; so Elphinstone prepared himself to depart, but not before he had negotiated a treaty of general friendship with the Shah, and indeed done all that it was requisite to do; for the dangers which he had been sent to anticipate had disappeared by themselves. There was no longer any fear of Persia becoming the vassal of France and Russia, and helping those powers to invade our British dominions.

But there were other results flowing from this embassy than those of a diplomatic character. Though Mr. Elphinstone had visited only the outskirts of what was then the kingdom of Caubul, and according to subsequent distribution of territory did not enter Afghanistan at all, he contrived to acquire almost as much information relating to the whole country and all classes of its inhabitants, as if he had made the grand tour from Peshawur to Caubul, and from Caubul to Candahar. He returned indeed laden with literary spoils, and it is not to be doubted that the fruit was well worth the cost of the gathering, large as was the expenditure upon it. The government of the day grumbled—as governments and individuals are wont to grumble in such circumstances—when the bill was to be paid; but the highest praise was bestowed upon Elphinstone, and the most liberal consideration shown to him, when he sought an extension of time to make out his accounts and to complete his reports. This work he performed at Calcutta, where he remained throughout the year 1810. But one of the highest diplomatic appointments in the country was waiting for him. He had been selected to fill the office of Resident at Poonah; and at the beginning of 1811 he set out to join it.

He took ship at Calcutta; and among his fellow-voyagers was that young apostolic chaplain, Henry Martyn, who was setting out on his journey to the Persian Gulf, and to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Widely different as were their lives, their characters, and their objects, they were both men of a high order of intelligence, and united by the common sympathies of genius. It is easy to understand how, after a little while, they mutually agreed within themselves to avoid certain debatable topics of discourse, and to take for their themes such matters of common interest as are never wanting, when two highly cultivated minds are brought into contact with each other. If Martyn learnt much from Elphinstone, we may be sure that Elphinstone also learnt much from Martyn. When they landed at Bombay, both were brought up for critical judgment before the learned recorder of Bombay, who was continually sitting in literary assize both on books and on men. General Malcolm, recently returned from Persia, was then at Bombay. He introduced Elphinstone to Mackintosh, and Elphinstone introduced Martyn. When not interrupted by an incursion of what the recorder called "Vandals"—or common-place, small-talk people—there was much animated discourse at the breakfast-table, or in the evening, between those four—the soldier, the civilian, the lawyer, and the priest—which truly must have been worth hearing.

During his residence at Calcutta, Elphinstone had brought together and arranged the valuable information he had collected relating to the countries which he had visited beyond the Indus, and those still further to the northward, which he had never reached. But he had intended, in the first instance, that this information should take the shape only of a report to Government; and it was not until Sir James Mackintosh stimulated him to seek a larger audience and to give the public the benefit of his labours, that he began even to meditate on the possibility of publishing a book of travels. He had by no means made up his mind on the subject, when he quitted Bombay and made his way to the Mahratta capital, taking with him a promise from Malcolm to pay him an early visit. In May, the promise was redeemed. In spite of the hot weather, the two friends, in whom at that time the enthusiasm of the sportsman glowed with equal heat, gave themselves up rather to hard riding and fierce boar-hunting than to literary pursuits. In truth they had both of them pored too long over their papers, and were fain to brush away the cobwebs in the jungle. It was not till some time after Malcolm had left him, that he began seriously to consider the question of publication; and then he said that his appearance as an author would depend much upon the extent of country which Malcolm intended to embrace in the great work upon Persia which he was then preparing for the press. "It is necessary," he wrote, "that I should know with some precision what you intend to do, or I shall spoil your work and waste my trouble (and no small trouble it is writing quires of paper, let alone writing for the public), while I might be hunting, hawking, reading, &c., &c., with much more profit both to myself and the public, even if I did not take in hand the account of India, which you so fully convinced me was required." Malcolm's answer was satisfactory. He purposed to confine his inquiries to Persia; so Elphinstone sate himself down at Poonah to write an account of the "Kingdom of Caubul."

He wrote very carefully and conscientiously, for he was one not easily pleased, and sometimes he was so little satisfied with his work that he felt inclined altogether to abandon his project. He was encouraged, however, by one or two of his friends; especially by Mr. Jenkins, who then represented British interests at Nagpore, and to whom the historian from time to time submitted portions of his manuscripts, courting the critical revisions of his friend. Jenkins, it would seem, had even a severer distaste for anything like diffuseness and redundancy than Elphinstone, and used the pruning knife with an unsparing hand. "I am once more at my eternal book," wrote the latter to Jenkins in 1814, "correcting the duplicate for despatch to England. I see the benefit of your cutting, and am very thankful for the zeal with which you performed that uninviting duty. It is something like a real amputation, where the surgeon has a tedious and disagreeable task, and for the time gets no thanks from the patient." At last the book was finished and sent home; and the great publishing house of Longman and Co. undertook to produce it. And they brought it out in becoming style, as books were brought out in those days—a magnificent quarto, with an elaborate map and coloured engravings, published at a price which would now be sufficient to scare away most purchasers. It was an undoubted success. It made Mr. Elphinstone's literary reputation; and it is still, after a lapse of fifty years, consulted with undiminished interest and advantage by all who seek information relating to the countries which it so faithfully describes.

At that time, the patience of Indian authors was severely tried by the tardiness and uncertainty of communication with England. The interval between the dispatch of the manuscript and the arrival of the printed book was so great, that a writer had almost forgotten his work before it came back to him in type. Mr. Elphinstone's case was no exception to the rule. He had almost begun to think that he should never hear of his book again, when he received from England tidings to the effect that it had been published, that it had been reviewed, and had become the talk of London and

Edinburgh. This revived his spirits, and he wrote with all the enthusiasm of a young author, in the first flush of his fame, to communicate his good fortune to the friend who had taken so much interest in the progress of his work. "My immediate object," he wrote to Mr. Jenkins in May, 1816, "is to tell you of the success of my Travels, in which I am sure you will take as much interest as myself. My letter must in consequence be a mere collection of puffs of my own works, for which this is all the apology you are to expect. First, the *Edinburgh Review*—[It is Sir James Mackintosh, a partial friend, and writing with the professed design of encouraging the Indians, but still it cannot be totally false and delusive]:—'The style of Mr. E. is in our opinion very good. It is clear, precise, significant, manly, often nervous, always perfectly unaffected, severely guarded against every tendency to Oriental inflation [*totum munere hoc tuum est*] quite exempt from that verbosity and expansion which are the sins that most easily beset our ingenious countrymen in the East.' . . . Lady Wood writes from Edinburgh that 'The reputation and success of Caubul astounded her ears on all sides, &c. The Man of Feeling (Henry Mackenzie) had been to see her on the evening before, and talked of the noise he had heard of this book, and his desire to see it (it had then been out above three weeks).'" Other evidences of the interest which the work had excited and the praises it had elicited are given, and then Elphinstone says, "Malcolm corroborates all these stories, and says that he was at Oxford when the review came there, and that the hakims [wise men] were even more struck with the extracts than with the review. . . . Now," continued Elphinstone, "as I am sure that you will be glad to hear all this, I tell it to you at the risk of appearing vain and foolish; but though I tell it to you, I do not tell it to all the world; and I beg you to consider well to what persons you whisper the secret that Midas has ass's ears. My conclusion is that the book has answered much above my expectations, which you remember were sufficiently moderate, and that the great reasons are the novelty of the subject and the plainness of the work."

But the time was now approaching when he was to "have a rougher task in hand," and face more dangerous enemies than the critics of London and Edinburgh. Lord Minto had been succeeded in the government of India by Lord Moira, better known to Indian history by his subsequent title of the Marquis of Hastings. The new Governor-General had taken up the reins in a critical period of our history, and there was plainly much work to be done of the most active and stirring character. Ten years had passed since, under an alarming financial pressure, an unsatisfactory peace had been patched up with the Mahratta powers. It was a conclusion where nothing was concluded, a settlement where nothing was settled. And much of our work had now to be done over again. But before the great game was to be played in Central India, the Nepaulese, according to Lord Moira's programme, were to be fought and conquered. Some of our leading Indian statesmen at that time, including Elphinstone and Metcalfe, thought that it would have been wiser to have settled the Central Indian question first. "We ought," wrote the former to Mr. Jenkins in February, 1815, "to have settled the centre of India before we began with the Goorkhas." "The grand and irreparable mistake," he added, "was Barlow's peace. Scindiah and Holkar had engaged us with regular armies, they were beaten to the ground, and we had only to impose such terms as should keep them quiet for the future, instead of which we left them entire to profit by their experience. Accordingly they have employed ten years in adopting a system of war better suited to their circumstances, and we must have another and perhaps a longer tussle, before we get them down again. I should hope Scindiah would stay quiet at present, and let us station a force in Bhopaul, after which we must lie on our oars, and not complete the confederation of the Nerbuddah until we have more leisure. When we once begin in earnest on the protection of the Peishwah's country in that neighbourhood, I think we must have a war with Scindiah; and even if we avoid that, we must one day have a Pindaree hunt, which is the same thing." And then he added, with one of those rapid transitions from politics to literature which are so charmingly frequent in his letters, "I wish your work were done before that time comes. Pottinger's has gone home in a ship that sailed yesterday.* . . . I wish I had mine back again, but as I cannot, I trust to the divine enemy. Stick to the method of Tacitus."

It would be out of place in such a memoir as this to enter minutely into the complicated history of Mahratta politics at that time. The situation was well described by Metcalfe, in a few sentences, when he said, "There is Runjeet Singh looking eagerly on from the north-west. There is Meer Khan within a few marches of the Agra and Delhi frontiers. There are Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar settling whether they shall attack us or not; and thus virtually menacing our frontier from Agra down to Cuttack. There are the Pindarees ready to pour themselves into every defenceless country." These last were the enemies with whom, in the general interests of peace and order, it was our first business to contend; and as soon as the conclusion of the Nepaul war afforded the means of organising a large force for operations in Central India, the orders were given, the grand army was collected, and the Governor-General, who was also commander-in-chief, placed himself at its head. Although the primary and ostensible object of the assembling of the force was the extirpation of these hordes of freebooters, it seemed from the first to be more than probable that a war with the substantive Mahratta states would follow these first movements. The Mahrattas, indeed, were convinced that this was our design: and, as the princes and chiefs of India are more frequently driven into hostility by their fears than by their resentments, there could be little doubt as to the ultimate result.

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* The works to which reference is here made are Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Henry) Pottinger's "Account of Beloochistan," and Mr. Jenkins' "Report on Nagpore." The latter, in which Mr. Elphinstone took great interest, and which had the benefit of his revision, never appealed to the public and the critics, but, printed in an official shape, it has had many diligent students, and has ever been highly appreciated as one of the best Indian monographs in existence.

But the exact shape that the conflict might take was long doubtful. It had been the policy of the British Government to support the Peishwah against the lesser chieftains who threatened his authority; and it would still have been our policy, if the man himself had been worthy of our confidence. But he was essentially a weak prince, and, in his weakness, suspicious on the one hand and treacherous on the other. He had more than the ordinary amount of Mahratta guile, and less than the wonted Mahratta courage. From the first the insincerity of his character had been clear. "This Badjee Rao will never do!" had been the dictum of Sir Arthur Wellesley more than ten years before; and it was now the dictum of Mr. Elphinstone. "Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," the Peishwah had, whilst collecting large bodies of Mahratta troops in the neighbourhood of Poonah, endeavoured to corrupt the fidelity of the Sepoys in the British service. Of the treachery of Badjee Rao, Mr. Elphinstone had been long aware; but it was sound policy, at that time, not to precipitate a rupture by betraying his suspicions, so he limited his course of action to protective measures, and quietly prepared himself for a crisis which he knew could not be very remote. The autumn of 1817 saw that crisis rapidly approaching.

On the 17th of October, Elphinstone wrote to his friend Richard Jenkins, at Nagpore, saying:—"I suppose that you are very busy, being so near the scene of action. Are your Mahratta ministers as intriguing, prevaricating, shuffling, lying, cavilling, grumbling, irritating a set of rascals as mine are here? If I recollect them right, they are not. I think Jeswunt Rao and the rest had some little candour when they were in the right, and some little sense of shame when they were in the wrong, of which there is no trace here. Certainly your sweeping judgment during the last troubles would have been safer in the end than the more moderate course adopted, and not less just." A fortnight later, it was evident that the anticipated rupture had become a question of hours. Appearances were more and more threatening. The enemy were swarming around the English position, waiting for a signal to throw off the mask. The story may best be told in Mr. Elphinstone's own words. On the 30th of October he wrote privately to Captain Agnew, who was an assistant to General Malcolm, and at that time representing his superior with the force under Sir Thomas Hislop:—"You know how the Peishwah has been going on lately, and you also know that I wished to keep everything back as much as possible for fear of interfering with our negotiations at Gwalior by any appearance of a rupture here. This led me to allow the Peishwah to assemble his troops, which he has done with a degree of celerity that I did not think he could have displayed. I also allowed them to occupy their usual stations, none of which were close to our camp, and though of no consequence while the parties were small, became very threatening in the present state of the Peishwah's army. In spite of all my forbearance, however, the Peishwah's preparations threw the whole country into a ferment. Poonah began to be deserted, and there was an universal opinion that we were speedily to be attacked. During all this time I was watching the Peishwah's intrigues with the Sepoys, and about the 27th I found them going on with increased boldness, and repeated offers were also made to several of our dependents to join against us, and a large sum of money, with a quantity of shawls, &c., were sent into camp in the night. The Peishwah's troops began to hold themselves in readiness, and it appeared that they were about to execute the plan attributed to them in their dealings with the Sepoys—to attack or overawe our camp so as to enable their partisans to come over and induce those who hesitated to join them. Independently of all temporary circumstances, you must know, by the reports that have been made, the wretched position occupied by our brigade among trees and enclosures close to the town. This, combined with the security which we were obliged to affect for the purpose of keeping off a crisis, put it in the Peishwah's power, if he had the spirit, to surprise our camp any night he pleased, and, even if there were no disaffection, to throw us into irrecoverable confusion. On considering all these circumstances, I thought it best to put the brigade in a posture of defence, which, besides the direct advantage of being on our guard, gave us that of bringing the Peishwah's plots to a crisis at a time when he was not perhaps prepared, and freed us from the appearance of timidity produced by our dissembling the knowledge of proceedings which were the talk of the whole country. I therefore wrote to the European regiment to come on as fast as possible without regard to anything except the health of the men; and I likewise begged Colonel Burr (who commands here) to keep his men within the lines, and to remove some great defects in the state of our ammunition and provisions. At the same time I sent to the Peishwah to say that mere military principles required our officers to be on their guard when closely contiguous to another army; that I had therefore authorised them to take the requisite steps, but that I had no suspicion of the Peishwah; and as there were no discussions pending between the Governments, he had nothing to do but remain quiet and everything would go on as smoothly as ever. This created no great sensation at the time, except affected indignation at being suspected; but as soon as it was dark, the whole army got under arms, and I really thought that we should have had a breeze. All, however, is now quiet (at 10 A.M.). I expect the European regiment in this afternoon, and shall then encamp the whole brigade at Khirkee—a good position, out of the reach of surprise, and not easily accessible to the agents of corruption. I shall then having nothing to think of but soothing the Peishwah. I shall take the greatest care to keep the matter of the seduction of the Sepoys secret. I do not think it can have gone far."

After the removal of the British cantonments, the demeanour of the Peishwah's troops became more and more insolent and aggressive. The cantonments were plundered without obstruction from the Peishwah's Government, and it was obvious that a crisis was approaching. General Smith, anticipating a rupture, had concentrated his forces at Phooltamba. This the Peishwah declared to be a menace, saying that it was the third time we had assembled troops at Poonah, and he was determined to bring things to an early settlement. He then deputed Wiltojee Naik, one of his confidential servants, to make certain demands upon Mr. Elphinstone for the removal of the cantonments, for the dismissal of the European regiment, and for the reduction of the native brigade. After a long conversation on the subject of his master's demands, Wiltojee remarked that if the Resident did not comply with them, his Highness's friendship would not last, and warned him of the bad consequences of a rupture. But a threat of this kind was not likely to have much effect upon a man of Mr. Elphinstone's temper. "I renewed my assurances," he wrote, "of our wish for peace, and said that if his Highness moved his army, I should withdraw to camp; that if he remained quiet, or receded, we should still consider him as a friend, and should be careful not to cross the river that separates our camp from the town, but that if his troops advanced towards ours, we should be obliged to attack them. Immediately after Wiltojee Naik quitted me, the Peishwah left the town and withdrew to Parbutty; and within less than an hour large bodies of troops began to move in the direction of our camp, and in such a manner as to cut off the Residency. On the receipt of Wiltojee Naik's message, I had withdrawn a company that had been left in the old cantonments, and as soon as it reached the Residency, the detachment there marched off to camp, keeping the river between them and the Peishwah's troops, who were moving in the same direction. The Residency was immediately plundered and burned." "As the Peishwah's troops," wrote Elphinstone, "advanced, Lieutenant-Colonel Burr fell in, and very judiciously moved out to meet them. He was joined by the battalion formerly in the Peishwah's service from Dapoorie. As he advanced, a cannonade was opened from the Peishwah's guns, which did little execution, and soon after the line was surrounded by vast bodies casually coming on at speed. The 7th Native Infantry, which was drawn off from the left of the line by the eagerness of the men to attack a battalion of Ghoorkahs, was charged while separated, but completely beat off the attack, and the derangement was promptly repaired by Colonel Burr, who immediately joined the corps, and by his coolness and promptitude speedily extricated it from its perilous situation. The horse continued to hover round in large masses until the end of the affair, but were deterred by Colonel Burr's skilful arrangements from any more attempts to charge. After firing some rounds from the field-pieces, the line moved forward, the Peishwah's guns were drawn off, and soon after the whole field was cleared of his troops, on which Colonel Burr returned to this camp, it being now dark. The loss of our brigade in this affair amounts to about 90 men; that of the Peishwah's troops is said to be about 500." It was characteristic of Elphinstone, that he said little about himself. But in truth he fought the battle, and was the real hero of the day. He suffered severely too—"All my writing implements," he reported, "with everything I had, except the clothes on my back, have formed part of the blaze at the Residency, which is now smoking in sight."

Having had this taste of the quality of our troops, the Mahrattas were disinclined to give us further battle; and for some days active hostilities were suspended. But the interval was fatal to the Peishwah. Reinforcements, under General Smith, were hastening to Mr. Elphinstone's assistance. On the 13th they arrived at Poonah, and arrangements were immediately made for an attack on the Peishwah's camp. The blow, however, was not struck until the 17th; and then it fell upon a routed army. The advance of our divisions was sufficient to scare the enemy; they saw that all hope of resistance was utterly futile; so they broke and fled. The game was all up with the Peishwah and his advisers, and the great city of Poonah lay prostrate and helpless at our feet.

Then all the humanity of Elphinstone's nature was roused within him, and how to save the city from the fury of the troops became his first care in the emergency that had arisen. There were many circumstances to inflame the passions of the British soldier, and he scarcely hoped to be able to extinguish them. "After the flight of the army," he wrote to Lord Hastings, "General Smith took measures for reducing the city of Poonah, if necessary, and for saving it, if practicable, from the fury of our troops. This had long been an object of great anxiety to General Smith, and the consideration of it had entered into all his plans for the defeat of the army. The plunder and destruction of our Residency and Cantonments, the losses of many of the Sepoys, the disgraceful circumstances of the murder of the officers at Tulligaum, the massacre of the wives of the Sepoys who had fallen into the enemy's hands on the 5th, the mutilation of a Sepoy who had been taken prisoner while straggling from General Smith's line of march, and many other acts of impotent rage on the part of the Peishwah's Court, had raised the indignation of the men to the highest pitch, and they did not conceal their eager desire to revenge themselves by sacking and plundering the enemy's capital. In this state of the feelings of the army, it appeared difficult to save Poonah in any circumstances, and impossible in the event of resistance. To obviate the last danger, General Smith and I sent letters in duplicate flags of truce to the Peishwah and Gokla offering to protect the town, if evacuated; and warning them of the consequence of holding out. One copy was carried on to the Peishwah and Gokla, who promised an answer, but never sent it. The other was given open to the person in charge of the Peishwah's fortified palace, who promised an answer by noon. Before he arrived, Hurree-rao, the banker generally employed by the Company, came to solicit protection for the bankers and merchants, and offered to establish our guards in the city. In this he succeeded, though some contemptible preparations had been made for defence. Guards were posted at the four principal public offices and the Peishwah's palace, which may be considered as the citadel of Poonah. Every arrangement was made by General Smith for the security of the place. Some trifling excesses were committed in the suburbs before there was time to take precautions, but the city suffered no injury, and the loss of property was quite insignificant. Considering all circumstances, the forbearance of the troops deserved high admiration. General Smith's success in protecting Poonah is attended with very important advantages, tending to maintain our general reputation, and to conciliate friends in the present contest, and as preserving a very fertile source of supply both of money and of commodities for the army."

So Badjee Rao became an outcast and a fugitive; and Mountstuart Elphinstone, as was sportively said at the time, became Peishwah in his place. A new career now opened itself out before him. He had, up to this time, been distinguished only as a diplomatist. In that capacity he had evinced, in a remarkable degree, the sagacity to foresee and to overcome all difficulties and the high courage which encounters all dangers with a cool and resolute bearing. But he was now to find another field for the exercise of his great abilities. Henceforth he was to shine as an administrator. The territories ruled by the Peishwah were to become part and parcel of the British dominions. He had forfeited them by acts of treacherous hostility; and the English Government deemed it essential to their security to curb for ever his power to threaten the paramount state and disturb the peace of the country.

The year 1818 found Mr. Elphinstone entering upon his new duties, as "Commissioner" or governor of the Poonah territories. I remember once to have heard a distinguished English writer declare his opinion that our Anglo-Indian statesmen had been much over-rated, for that it was "very easy to govern people of that kind." There could not be a more prodigious mistake. To govern a people aright, it is necessary that we should understand them aright. And it is anything but an easy matter to understand aright a people, or rather a congeries of peoples, differing from us and perhaps from each other in their languages, their religions, their political institutions, and their social usages; least of all is it easy when these communities are to the last degree jealous and exclusive, and both suspicious and resentful of the approaches and inquiries of strangers. That during the years he had spent, as representative of British interests at the Court of the Peishwah, he had gained much serviceable information relating to the character, and the usuages, and the institutions of the Mahrattas, is not to be doubted. But when he began to superintend the internal administration of the country, he acknowledged, with the true humility of wisdom, how much more he had yet to learn. In later days, men forsaking the traditions of the good old school of Munro, Malcolm, and Elphinstone, have ridden their favourite theories rough-shod over both the privileges and the prejudices of people newly subjected to our sway, never questioning their inclination to be measured by the Benthamite foot-rule of the European stranger. But half a century ago our statesmen, in a ceded or conquered country, held it to be their first duty to learn thoroughly the manner in which the natives of India had governed themselves, before prescribing the manner of governing for them. Now this matter of native administration was, and is, a very heterogeneous and complicated affair; much good mixed up with much evil; and, noticeable above all things by those who care to investigate the truth, such a multiplicity of rights and privileges, derived from different sources and maintained by different tenures, that it demands very cautious treading, on the part even of the wisest and the justest, not to crush some of them underfoot. It may be said, indeed, that in proportion as the British Administrator understands and respects these rights and privileges, his administration is successful. These great essential conditions of knowledge and of sympathy, Mr. Elphinstone now, with his strong head and his large heart, most religiously fulfilled. He was not one to regard the overthrow of a native government as an unmixed benefit to the people. Indeed, at this time he was fearful lest, in the conjuncture which had arisen, other native principalities might be overthrown; and he wrote to Mr. Jenkins, April 13, 1818, saying,—"I hope that you are setting up a native government. One example is enough; and two entire conquests on our hands would embarrass us both in the acquisition and retention. I was far from thinking, as you supposed, that you ought to have deposed the Rajah at once. I thought you very right to keep him on his musnud, although his folly baffled all calculation." And that he was in no hurry to recast the administration of the Poonah territories, as he found it, is clearly evidenced by the fact that a year after the government had passed into his hands, he wrote to the same correspondent (January 17th, 1819) saying ;—"You ask what we are about, and how it happens that you do not hear from us. Both questions can easily be answered in one. We are learning the late system of Justice, Police, and Revenue, and considering what it suits us to establish in its room. In the meantime, as events will not wait till we have finished our deliberations, we are carrying on the government on such principles as the studies alluded to suggest. All this occupies much time and labour. There are five of us belonging to the commission, and all our hands are full all day. I omitted one branch of our labour, which is important enough—fixing the lands to be hereafter held by Jagheerdars. We are also carrying on an expedition against Sawunt Warree under Sir W. Kier, and we have military arrangements of distribution and reduction to superintend."

From the performance of these important duties, which in effect were those of a Lieutenant-Governor of a great province, Mr. Elphinstone was called to fill a still higher and more honourable post. In 1819, the chief seat in the Government of Bombay was vacated by the retirement of Sir Evan Nepean; and it became necessary to appoint a successor. There were then three servants of the Company who had founded such high claims to distinction that the appointment of either one of them to the vacant post would have given general satisfaction throughout India, and with respect to whose several chances of succession public opinion was pretty equally divided. It is a remarkable fact that they were all three of them Scotchmen. One, Sir John Malcolm, had come from a small farm in Dumfriesshire; another, Sir Thomas Munro, from an obscure merchant's office in Glasgow; Mr. Elphinstone alone had any aristocratic connexions, but no one doubted for a moment that his prospects of succession would have been equally good if his origin had been as humble as his contemporaries'. He owed nothing to his birth; nothing to his family. It has been stated, indeed, that his uncle, Mr. William Elphinstone, the director, consistently supported the claims of Sir John Malcolm. But when Mr. Canning, who at that time presided at the India Board, named these three distinguished public servants, and intimated that the appointment of any one of them to the vacant government would meet with the approbation and receive the sanction of the Crown, the Court of Directors of the East India Company selected Mr. Elphinstone to fill the office of Governor of Bombay.

He entered upon the duties of his government at no very stirring period of our history. There were no exciting events, no exceptional circumstances of any kind, to give *éclat* to his administration. He went on from year's end to year's end, along the straight, quiet road of unostentatious beneficence. Not in one great measure or in another great measure—not in any individual actions standing prominently forward to claim the especial notice of the biographer—is the history of his success recorded; but in the completeness and consistency of the whole. If it be asked what he did at Bombay to earn so great a reputation as a statesman and a ruler, it is enough to answer that he made for himself an enduring place in the hearts of the people. To write this is in effect to write that he was wise and just and humane. Bishop Heber * related of him that he had heard it said that "all other public men had their enemies and their friends, their admirers and their aspersers, but that of Mr. Elphinstone everybody spoke highly." And there is still, after the lapse of forty years, no name in Western India more reverenced or more beloved than that of Mountstuart Elphinstone.

There was at this time a many-sidedness about Mr. Elphinstone's personal character and habits which excited the surprise and admiration of all who had an opportunity of closely watching his career. His activity took first one shape and then another. You might have conceived, at one time, that he was an ardent sportsman, with all his heart in the chase; at another, that he was a literary recluse with no thoughts beyond his books; and, again, that his whole mind was given up to the administrative duties of his office. The sport and the literature were in reality but the complements of his official life,—contributing, each in its way, to make up the full perfection of the statesman's character. For it may be said that great statesmen are seldom merely statesmen—that a man to be fit to encounter adequately the pressure of public affairs must have interests apart from the bureau, to keep his mind fresh and his nerves braced up for the contest. That Mr. Elphinstone was a patient and laborious man of business, we know from the evidence of one of his chief secretaries. Mr. Warden says that his conscientious consideration of all the details of his official business was such, "that he took as much pains about a matter of five rupees as about the draft of a treaty." Taken in their literal significance, I should say that these words express that which must be regarded as a defect in the character of a public man; but I conceive that the writer meant only to say that small affairs of government received, equally with great, the attention due to them in proportion to their several requirements. But, for all this laborious addiction to business, we are told that when Mr. Elphinstone was on his visitation-tours (and he visited twice every part of the Presidency) there was "always in the camp, a shikaree (or huntsman), whose business it was to inquire for hogs, and whenever he brought in intelligence of game, Mr. Elphinstone would proclaim a holiday, and go hunting for perhaps one or two days, and he was fond of a chase at any time." I have no doubt that the public business was done all the better for these interludes of recreation.

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* Heber's picture of Elphinstone is so good that I cannot resist quoting a portion of it:—"Mr. Elphinstone is, in every respect, an extraordinary man, possessing great activity of body and mind, remarkable talent for and application to public business, a love of literature, and a degree of universal information such as I have met with in no other person similarly situated, and manners and conversation of the most amiable and interesting character. While he has seen more of India and the adjoining countries than any man now living, and has been engaged in active political and sometimes military duties since the age of eighteen, he has found time not only to cultivate the languages of Hindustan and Persia, but to preserve and extend his acquaintance in the Greek and Latin classics, with the French and Italian, with all the elder and more distinguished English writers, and with the current and popular literature of the day, both in poetry, history, politics, and political economy. With these remarkable accomplishments, and notwithstanding a temperance amounting to rigid abstinence, he is fond of society; and it is a common subject of surprise with his friends, in what hours of the day or night he found time for the acquisition of knowledge."

Mr. Elphinstone presided over the Government of Bombay during a period of eight years; and then embarked for England, carrying with him the blessings of all classes of the community, native and European. He was then (1827) not yet fifty years of age; he was in the full vigour of his intelligence, and no one ever brought with him from India a higher reputation. That there was still before him a career of public usefulness, either in India or in England, even more distinguished than that which he had already accomplished, all men hoped, many believed. But he had not spent thirty unbroken years in India without paying the ordinary penalty. He returned to England with shattered health; and there were certain inward promptings and warnings which told him that he had done enough work, and cautioned him not to over-tax his powers. There have been, and ever will be, men regardless of this small voice of Nature; but Mountstuart Elphinstone was not, in the ordinary sense, an ambitious man:—

"You all did see that on the Lupercal
I twice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did twice refuse. Was this ambition?"

Twice the Governor-Generalship of India was offered to Mr. Elphinstone, and twice he refused to accept it. After his return to England he never took public office again.

His refusals were based solely upon his conviction that the state of his health would not suffer him to reside in India. "I have just received,"—he wrote to that excellent public servant, Mr. St. George Tucker, on whom it devolved as Chairman of the East India Company at that time (1834) to communicate the wishes of the Court of Directors,—"I have just received your letter of yesterday, and I need not say how much I am honoured by the intention it communicates. As your time is precious, and clearness indispensable in a case where you may not have time for further reference, I proceed at once to answer the question you put. I am still suffering from a complaint first produced and since renewed by a residence in hot climates. Part of a summer in Italy was sufficient to bring it on, and neither cooler climates nor medicine have yet been able to remove it. I am certain, therefore, that I could be of no use in a hot climate, and that the present state of my health is an effectual bar to my going to India. I am, on this account, unable to profit by your offer to name me as one of the candidates (even if I had no other objection); and can only repeat my best thanks for the honour done me, and for the kindness of your letter."

This letter was written from Leamington, where he was seeking renewed health under the care of the famous Dr. Jephson. Pressed to reconsider his determination, he wrote again, three days afterwards (Sept. 1, 1834) to Mr. Tucker:—"My answer to your former letter was dictated entirely by my opinion about my health; and consequently I scarcely expected that it could be attended by a nearer prospect of success; but the circumstance of your writing a second time, as well as the very kind manner in which your letter is expressed, made me anxious to give the fullest consideration to a subject in which you took so flattering an interest. . . . . I have accordingly taken time to consider, and have consulted Dr. Jephson confidentially as to the possibility of my bearing a residence in a hot climate; but, although he is sanguine as to my speedy and permanent recovery, yet I cannot divest myself of the recollection that, on the only two occasions on which I have been exposed to heat since my first illness, I have had relapses, from one of which I am not yet recovered at the end of two years' residence in England; and from this fact I feel convinced, that if I went to India, I should be obliged to return immediately, and should occasion all the bad effects of sudden changes of government, and, what is still worse, should not be able to do my duty satisfactorily while I stayed. I have not, therefore, any hesitation in adhering to my former opinion, and declining your very gratifying offer. I have, however, many and sincere thanks to return you for the favourable view you take of my qualifications, and for your goodness in affording me an opportunity of reconsidering the question."

In another communication to the same correspondent, he wrote:—"I hope you will succeed in getting Metcalfe, whose great talents and extensive experience derive additional value at this moment from his attention to economy, and his being so favourably disposed to most of the measures which he will have to introduce."

From this time Mr. Elphinstone came to be regarded as the Nestor of Indian statesmanship, and very gracefully the character sate upon him. He had retired with a very moderate fortune, for he had been in an extreme degree liberal and munificent in India; but he had neither wife nor children, and therefore more than sufficient for his very moderate wants. For upwards of thirty years he lived the life of a private English gentleman, devoting his time principally to scholarly pursuits. But, unlike the majority of retired Indian public servants, he never subsided into insignificancy; he was never forgotten! Retiring as were his habits, and unobtrusive as was his character, his opinion was frequently sought by the leading statesmen of the country, when a difficult question of Indian policy was to be settled; and it generally happened, that when his advice was not sought, or, if sought, rejected, there was a mistake to be afterwards bitterly deplored. It has often been remarked that, if he had accepted the Governor-Generalship of India when it was offered to him in 1834, the disastrous war in Afghanistan would not have been undertaken. Certain at least it is that he groaned in spirit over the policy of the expedition, and was scarcely surprised at its results. To the latest day of his life he took the warmest interest in all that related to the current affairs of India; but the great solace of his life was in his books. No man ever loved literature more dearly for its own sake. It has been shown that, stimulated by Sir John Malcolm, he had at a comparatively early period of his career contemplated the preparation of a History of India. During all the subsequent period of his residence in that country, he had, whenever opportunity was presented to him, collected materials for this work, and, now that he was master of his own time, he assiduously devoted himself to its composition. But it may be doubted whether his chief delight was not in the study of the great works of classic literature, and the later fruits of Italian and English genius. He was very catholic in his literary sympathies; but his leanings were towards the imaginative. He would converse, with a sympathetic companion, for long hours on ancient and modern poetry. During many of the last years of his life he resided at Limpsfield, on the Surrey Hills, between Godstone in that county, and Westerham in Kent. His residence was a modest country-house known as Hookwood, surrounded by a pleasant little home park: altogether a charming place for a literary recluse. He was very glad to welcome thither men, whether his old Indian friends or younger men, who had attained some sort of distinction since his retirement from public life, if they evinced any anxiety to meet him. And such was the humility of his nature that he ever made it appear to his visitors—even to the youngest and least distinguished among them—that they were conferring honour upon him by seeking him out in his privacy. He was one of the least ostentatious and egotistical of men. He never talked about himself, unless directly asked for information relating to some of the leading circumstances of his career. Indeed he appeared to some people to be rather in the habit of fencing and evading any indirect inquiries of a personal character; but there was nothing studied or intentional in this; it was merely a general inaptitude to perceive that anything relating only to himself could be a matter of much interest to his companion. But when convinced of the wishes of the inquirer, and roused by his references to past events, his reserve would pass away, his memories would be kindled, and he would talk delightfully about the old times long ago, when he rode beside Wellesley at Assaye, or was burnt out of the residency at Poonah.

There are many living who now look back to those days at Hookwood as amongst the pleasantest reminiscences of their lives,—who can follow the venerable statesman from his library to his drawing-room, from his drawing-room to his breakfast-room, and remember how from morn to noon, from noon almost to midnight, he would converse with his guest (it was his disposition to adhere rather to the singular number) upon an infinite variety of topics, and send his privileged companion to bed a far wiser man than he was when he had risen in the morning. But he was not what is commonly called a great talker, and he never indulged in monologue. He was emphatically a good listener. For many years before his death his eyesight had failed him greatly, and unless some member of his family were residing with him, he was obliged to obtain the assistance of a hired reader; and perhaps this drawback made him take an increased pleasure in literary conversation. There was always a large flow of enthusiasm in his nature, and I believe that the most enthusiastic of his visitors pleased him best. He was so thoroughly a gentleman, that he could not have exhibited his impatience of any kind of dulness; but I rather think that he chafed considerably when he found himself face to face with it.

He died at Hookwood, in his eightieth year, on the 20th day of November, 1859, and was buried in the parish church of Limpsfield. Although he had retired from public life for a period of more than thirty years, he passed away from amongst us as a man who had been to the last in harness. He had friends and admirers in all parts of the country: and when it was known that he was dead, they held a public meeting in London, and many of our leading English statesmen attended to do honour to his memory. It was truly a remarkable fact that its freshness had never passed away. Men spoke of him at that meeting as of one who had been working for India—guiding its councils to the very last day of his life. And perhaps this is the very highest praise that could be bestowed upon him. I do not know another instance of the great and honourable of the land meeting together to vote a public statue to a man who had ceased for more than a quarter of a century to take a part in public affairs. But at the meeting of which I now speak there was as much enthusiasm as if Elphinstone had just returned from India, and died with the sword of action in his hand.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW HEREWARD WAS WRECKED UPON THE FLANDERS SHORE.

Hereward had drunk his share at Sigtryg's wedding. He had helped to harry the lands of O'Brodar till (as King Ranald had threatened) there was not a sucking pig left in Ivark, and the poor folk died of famine, as they did about every seven years; he had burst (says the chronicler) through the Irish camp with a chosen band of Berserkers, slain O'Brodar in his tent, brought off his war-horn as a trophy, and cut his way back to the Danish army — a feat in which the two Siwards were grievously wounded; and had in all things shown himself a daring and crafty captain, as careless of his own life as of other folks'.

Then a great home-sickness had seized him. He would go back and see the old house, and the cattle-pastures, and the meres and fens of his boyhood. He would see his widowed mother. Perhaps her heart was softened to him by now, as his was toward her: and if not, he could show her that he could do without her; that others thought him a fine fellow if she did not. Hereward knew that he had won honour and glory for himself; that his name was in the mouths of all warriors and sea-rovers round the coasts as the most likely young champion of the time, able to rival, if he had the opportunity, the prowess of Harold Hardraade himself. Yes, he would go and see his mother: he would be kind if she was kind; if she were not, he would boast and swagger, as he was but too apt to do. That he should go back at the risk of his life; that any one who found him on English ground might kill him; and that many would certainly try to kill him, he knew very well. But that only gave special zest to the adventure.

Martin Lightfoot heard this news with joy.

"I have no more to do here," said he. "I have searched and asked far and wide for the man I want, and he is not on the Irish shores. Some say he is gone to the Orkneys, some to Denmark. Never mind; I shall find him before I die."

"And for whom art looking?"

"For one Thord Gunlaugsson, my father."

"And what wantest with him?"

"To put this through his brain." And he showed his axe.

"Thy father's brain?"

"Look you, lord. A man owes his father nought, and his mother all. At least so hold I. 'Man that is of woman born,' say all the world; and they say right. Now, if any man hang up that mother by hands and feet, and flog her to death, is not he that is of that mother born bound to revenge her upon any man, and all the more if that man had first his wicked will of that poor mother? Considering that last, lord, I do not know but what I am bound to avenge my mother's shame upon the man, even if he had never killed her. No, lord, you need not try to talk this out of my head. It has been there nigh twenty years; and I say it over to myself every night before I sleep, lest I should forget the one thing which I must do before I die. Find him I will, and find him I shall, if there be justice in heaven above."

So Hereward asked Ranald for ships, and got at once two good vessels, as payment for his doughty deeds.

One he christened the Garpike, from her narrow build and long beak, and the other the Otter, because, he said, whatever she grappled she would never let go till she heard the bones crack. They were excellent new "snekrs," nearly eighty feet long each; with double banks for twelve oars a-side in the waist, which was open, save a fighting gangway along the sides; with high poop and forecastle decks; and with one large sail apiece, embroidered by Sigtryg's princess and the other ladies with a huge white bear, which Hereward had chosen as his ensign.

As for men, there were fifty fellows as desperate as Hereward himself, to take service with him for that or any other quest. So they ballasted their ships with great pebbles, stowed under the thwarts, to be used as ammunition in case of boarding; and over them the barrels of ale, and pork, and meal, well covered with tarpaulins. They stowed in the cabins fore and aft their weapons—swords, spears, axes, bows, chests of arrow-heads, leather bags of bowstrings, mail-shirts and helmets, and fine clothes for holidays and fighting days. They hung their shields, after the old fashion, out-board along the gunnel, and a right gay show they made; and so rowed out of Waterford harbour amid the tears of the ladies and the cheers of the men.

But, as it befel, the voyage did not prosper. Hereward found his vessels under-manned, and had to sail northward for fresh hands. He got none in Dublin, for they were all gone to the Welsh marches to help Earl Alfgar and King Griffin. So he went on through the Hebrides, intending, of course, to plunder as he went: but there he got but little booty, and lost several men. So he went on again to the Orkneys to try for fresh hands from the Norse Earl Hereof: but there befel a fresh mishap. They were followed by a whale, which they made sure was a witch-whale, and boded more ill luck; and accordingly they were struck by a storm in the Pentland Frith, and the poor Garpike went on shore on Hoy, and was left there for ever and a day, her crew being hardly saved, and very little of her cargo.

However, the Otter was now not only manned, but over-manned; and Hereward had to leave a dozen stout fellows in Kirkwall, and sail southward again, singing cheerily to his men—

"Lightly the long-snake
Leaps after tempests,
Gaily the sun-gleam
Glows after rain.
In labour and daring
Lies luck for all mortals,
Foul winds and foul witch-wives
Fray women alone."

But their mishaps were not over yet. They were hardly out of Stronsay Frith when they saw the witch-whale again, following them up, rolling, and spouting, and breaching, in most uncanny wise. Some said that they saw a grey woman on his back; and they knew, possibly from the look of the sky, but certainly from the whale's behaviour, that there was more heavy weather yet coming from the northward.

From that day forward the whale never left them, nor the wild weather neither. They were beaten out of all reckoning. Once they thought they saw low land to the eastward, but what or where, who could tell? and as for making it, the wind, which had blown hard from north-east, backed against the sun and blew from west; from which, as well as from the witch-whale, they expected another gale from north and round to north-east.

The men grew sulky and fearful. Some were for trying to run the witch down and break her back, as did Frithiof in like case, when hunted by a whale with two hags upon his back—an excellent recipe in such cases, but somewhat difficult in a heavy sea. Others said that there was a doomed man on board, and proposed to cast lots till they found him out, and cast him into the sea, as a sacrifice to Ægir the wave-god. But Hereward scouted that as unmanly and cowardly, and sang—

"With blood of my bold ones,
With bale of my comrades,
Thinks Ægir, brine-thirsty,
His throat he can slake?
Though salt spray, shrill-sounding,
Sweep in swan's-flights above us,
True heroes, troth-plighted,
Together we'll die."

At last, after many days, their strength was all but worn out. They had long since given over rowing, and contented themselves with running under a close-reefed canvas whithersoever the storm should choose. At night a sea broke over them, and would have swamped the Otter, had she not been the best of sea-boats. But she only rolled the lee shields into the water and out again, shook herself, and went on. Nevertheless, there were three men on the poop when the sea came in, who were not there when it went out.

Wet and wild dawned that morning, showing naught but grey sea and grey air. Then sang Hereward—

"Cheerly, my sea-cocks
Crow for the day-dawn.
Weary and wet are we,
Water beladen.
Wetter our comrades,
Whelmed by the witch-whale.
Us Ægir granted
Grudging, to Gondul,
Doomed to die dry-shod,
Daring the foe."

Whereat the hearts of the men were much cheered.

All of a sudden, as is the wont of gales at dawn, the clouds rose, tore up into ribands, and with a fierce black shower or two, blew clean away; disclosing a bright blue sky, a green rolling sea, and a few miles off to leeward a pale yellow line, seen only as they topped a wave, but seen only too well. To keep the ship off shore was impossible; and as they drifted nearer and nearer, the line of sandhills rose, uglier and more formidable, through the grey spray of the surf.

"We shall die on shore, but not dry-shod," said Martin. "Do any of you knights of the tar brush know whether we are going to be drowned in Christian waters? I should like a mass or two for my soul, and shall die the happier within sight of a church tower."

"One Dune is as like another, as one pea; we may be anywhere between the Texel and Cap Gris Nez, but I think nearer the latter than the former."

"So much the worse for us," said another. "If we had gone ashore among those Frieslanders, we should have been only knocked on the head outright; but if we fall among the Frenchmen we shall be clapt in prison strong, and tortured till we find ransom."

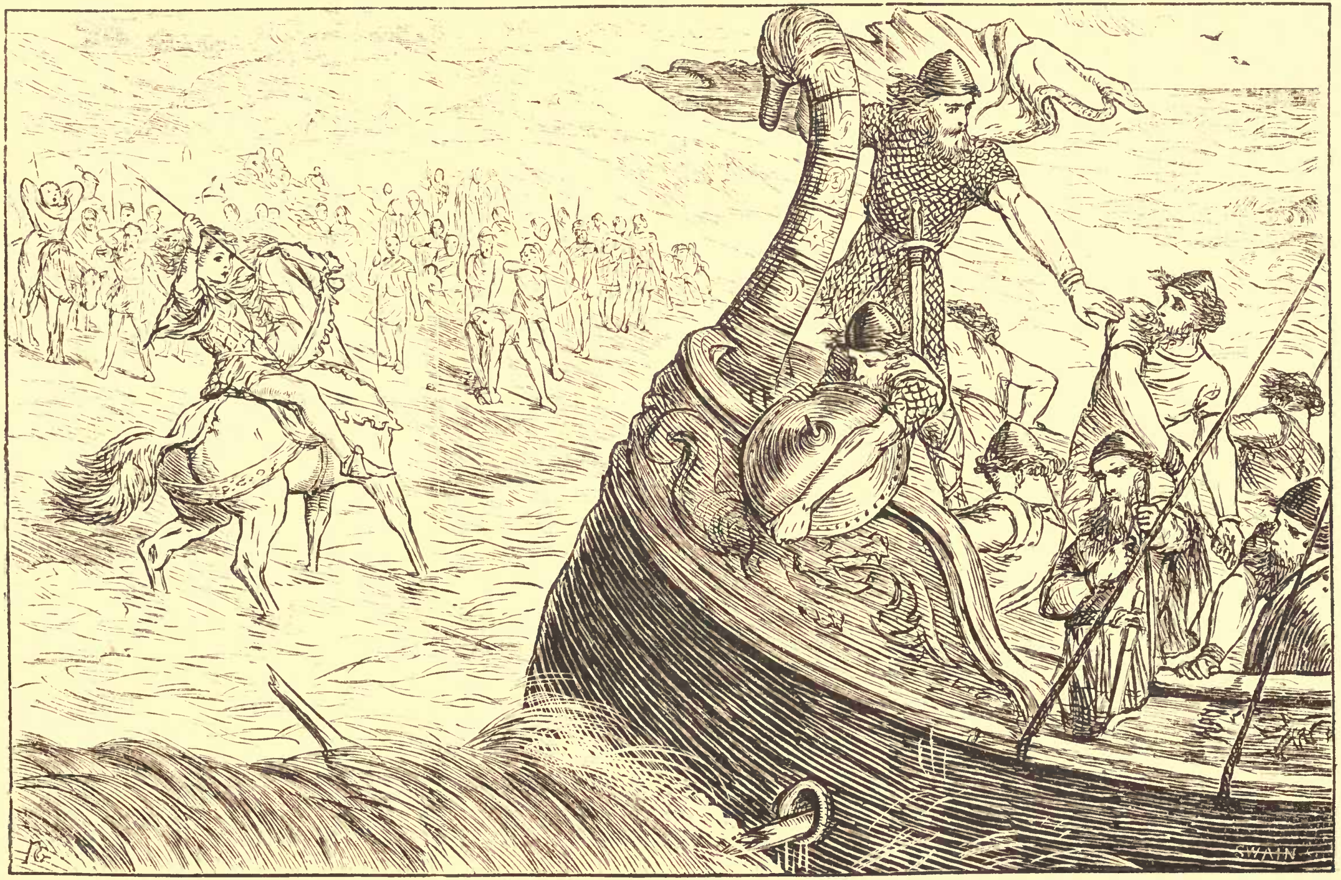
"I don't see that," said Martin. "We can all be drowned if we like, I suppose?"

"Drowned we need not be, if we be men," said the old sailing-master to Hereward. "The tide is full high, and that gives us one chance for our lives. Keep her head straight, and row like fiends when we are once in the surf, and then beach her up high and dry, and take what befals after."

And what was likely to befal was ugly enough. Then, as centuries after, all wrecks and wrecked men were public prey; shipwrecked mariners were liable to be sold as slaves; and the petty Counts of the French and Flemish shores were but too likely to extract ransom by prison and torture, as Guy Earl of Ponthieu would have done (so at least William Duke of Normandy hinted) by Harold Godwinsson, had not William, for his own politic ends, begged the release of the shipwrecked Earl.

Already they had been seen from the beach. The country folk, who were prowling about the shore after the waifs of the storm, deserted "jetsom and lagend," and crowded to meet the richer prize which was coming in "flotsom," to become "jetsom" in its turn.

"Axe-men and bow-men, put on your harness, and be ready; but neither strike nor shoot till I give the word. We must land peaceably if we can; if not, we will die fighting."



"YIELD YOURSELVES, OR DIE!"

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So said Hereward, and took the rudder into his own hand. "Now then," as she rushed into the breakers, "pull together, rowers all, and with a will."

The men yelled, and sprang from the thwarts as they tugged at the oars. The sea boiled past them, surged into the waist, blinded them with spray. She grazed the sand once, twice, thrice, leaping forward gallantly each time; and then, pressed by a huge wave, drove high and dry upon the beach, as the oars snapt right and left, and the men tumbled over each other in heaps.

The peasants swarmed down like flies to a carcase: but they recoiled as there rose over the forecastle-bulwarks, not the broad hats of peaceful buscarles, but peaked helmets, round red shields, and glittering axes. They drew back, and one or two arrows flew from the crowd into the ship. But at Hereward's command no arrows were shot in answer.

"Bale her out quietly; and let us show these fellows that we are not afraid of them. That is the best chance of peace."

At this moment a mounted party came down between the sand-hills; it might be, some twenty strong. Before them rode a boy on a jennet, and by him a clerk, as he seemed, upon a mule. They stopped to talk with the peasants, and then to consult among themselves.

Suddenly the boy turned from his party; and galloping down the shore, while the clerk called after him in vain, reined up his horse fetlock deep in water, within ten yards of the ship's bows.

"Yield yourselves!" he shouted, in French, as he brandished a hunting spear. "Yield yourselves, or die!"

Hereward looked at him smiling, as he sat there, keeping the head of his frightened horse toward the ship with hand and heel, his long locks streaming in the wind, his face full of courage and command, and of honesty and sweetness withal; and thought that he had never seen so fair a lad.

"And who art thou, thou pretty bold boy?" asked Hereward, in French.

"I," said he, haughtily enough, as resenting Hereward's familiar "thou," "am Arnulf, grandson and heir of Baldwin, Marquis of Flanders, and lord of this land. And to his grace I call on you to surrender yourselves."

Hereward looked, not only with interest, but respect, upon the grandson of one of the most famous and prosperous of northern potentates, the descendant of the mighty Charlemagne himself. He turned and told the men who the boy was.

"It would be a good trick," quoth one, "to catch that young whelp, and keep him as a hostage."

"Here is what will have him on board before he can turn," said another, as he made a running-noose in a rope.

"Quiet, men! Am I master in this ship or you?"

Hereward saluted the lad courteously. "Verily the blood of Baldwin of the Iron Arm has not degenerated. I am happy to behold so noble a son, of so noble a race."

"And who are you, who speak French so well, and yet by your dress are neither French nor Fleming?"

"I am Harold Naemansson, the Viking; and these my men. I am here, sailing peaceably for England; as for yielding—mine yield to no living man, but die as we are, weapon in hand. I have heard of your grandfather, that he is a just man and a bountiful; therefore take this message to him, young sir. If he have wars toward, I and my men will fight for him with all our might, and earn hospitality and ransom with our only treasure, which is our swords. But if he be at peace, then let him bid us go in peace, for we are Vikings, and must fight, or rot and die."

"You are Vikings?" cried the boy, pressing his horse into the foam so eagerly, that the men, mistaking his intent, had to be represt again by Hereward. "You are Vikings! Then come on shore, and welcome. You shall be my friends. You shall be my brothers. I will answer to my grandfather. I have longed to see Vikings. I long to be a Viking myself."

"By the hammer of Thor," cried the old master, "and thou wouldst make a bonny one, my lad."

Hereward hesitated; delighted with the boy, but by no means sure of his power to protect them.

But the boy rode back to his companions, who had by this time ridden cautiously down to the sea, and talked and gesticulated eagerly.

Then the clerk rode down, and talked with Hereward.

"Are you Christians?" shouted he, before he would adventure himself near the ship.

"Christians we are, Sir Clerk, and dare do no harm to a man of God."

The clerk rode nearer; his handsome palfrey, furred cloak, rich gloves and boots, moreover his air of command, showed that he was no common man.

"I," said he, "am the Abbot of St. Bertin of Sithiu, and tutor of yonder prince. I can bring down, at a word, against you, the chatelain of St. Omer with all his knights, beside knights and men-at-arms of my own. But I am a man of peace, and not of war; and would have no blood shed if I can help it."

"Then make peace," said Hereward. "Your lord may kill us if he will, or have us for his guests if he will. If he does the first, we shall kill, each of us, a few of his men before we die; if the latter, we shall kill a few of his foes. If you be a man of God, you will counsel him accordingly."

"Alas! alas!" said the Abbot with a shudder, "that, ever since Adam's fall, sinful man should talk of nothing but slaying and being slain; not knowing that his soul is slain already by sin, and that a worse death awaits him hereafter than that death of the body, of which he makes so light!"

"A very good sermon, my Lord Abbot, to listen to next Sunday morning: but we are hungry, and wet, and desperate, just now; and if you do not settle this matter for us, our blood will be on your head—and maybe your own likewise."

The Abbot rode out of the water faster than he had ridden in, and a fresh consultation ensued, after which the boy, with a warning gesture to his companions, turned and galloped away through the sand-hills.

"He is gone to his grandfather himself, I verily believe," quoth Hereward.

They waited for some two hours, unmolested; and, true to their policy of seeming recklessness, shifted and dried themselves as well as they could; ate what provisions were unspoilt by the salt water, and, broaching the last barrel of ale, drank healths to each other and to the Flemings on shore.

At last down rode with the boy a noble-looking man, and behind him more knights and men-at-arms. He announced himself as Manasses, Chatelain St. Omer, and repeated the demand to surrender.

"There is no need for it," said Hereward. "We are already that young prince's guests. He has said that we shall be his friends and brothers. He has said that he will answer to his grandfather, the great Marquis, whom I and mine shall be proud to serve. I claim the word of a descendant of Charlemagne."

"And you shall have it!" cried the boy. "Chatelain! Abbot! these men are mine. They shall come with me, and lodge in St. Bertin."

"Heaven forefend!" murmured the Abbot.

"They will be safe, at least, within your ramparts," whispered the chatelain.

"And they shall tell me about the sea. Have I not told you how I longed for Vikings; how I will have Vikings of my own, and sail the seas with them, like my uncle Robert, and go to Spain and fight the Moors, and to Constantinople and marry the kaiser's daughter? Come," he cried to Hereward, "come on shore, and he that touches you or your ship, touches me!"

"Sir Chatelain and my Lord Abbot," said Hereward, "you see that, Viking though I be, I am no barbarous heathen, but a French-speaking gentleman, like yourselves. It had been easy for me, had I not been a man of honour, to have cast a rope, as my sailors would have had me do, over that young boy's fair head, and haled him on board, to answer for my life with his own. But I loved him, and trusted him, as I would an angel out of heaven; and I trust him still. To him, and him only, will I yield myself, on condition that I and my men shall keep all our arms and treasure, and enter his service, to fight his foes and his grandfather's, wheresoever they will, by land or sea."

"Fair sir," said the Abbot, "pirate though you call yourself, you speak so courtly and clerkly, that I, too, am inclined to trust you; and if my young lord will have it so, into St. Bertin I will receive you, till our lord the Marquis shall give orders about you and yours."

So promises were given all round; and Hereward explained the matter to the men, without whose advice (for they were all as free as himself) he could not act.

"Needs must," grunted they, as they packed up each his little valuables.

Then Hereward sheathed his sword, and leaping from the bow, came up to the boy.

"Put your hands between his, fair sir," said the Chatelain.

"That is not the manner of Vikings."

And he took the boy's right hand, and grasped it in the plain English fashion.

"There is the hand of an honest man. Come down, men, and take this young lord's hand, and serve him in the wars as I will do."

One by one the men came down; and each took Arnulf's hand, and shook it till the lad's face grew red. But none of them bowed, or made obeisance. They looked the boy full in the face, and as they stepped back, stared round upon the ring of armed men with a smile and something of a swagger.

"These are they who bow to no man, and call no man master," whispered the Abbot.

And so they were: and so are their descendants of Scotland and Northumbria, unto this very day.

The boy sprang from his horse, and walked among them and round them in delight. He admired and handled their long-handled double axes; their short sea-bows of horn and deer-sinew; their red Danish jerkins; their blue sea-cloaks, fastened on the shoulder with rich brooches; and the gold and silver bracelets on their wrists. He wondered at their long shaggy beards, and still more at the blue patterns with which the English among them, Hereward especially, were tattoed on throat, and arm, and knee.

"Yes, you are Vikings—just such as my uncle Robert tells me of."

Hereward knew well the exploits of Robert le Frison in Spain and Greece. "I trust that your noble uncle," he asked, "is well? He was one of us poor sea-cocks, and sailed the swan's path gallantly, till he became a mighty prince. Here is a man here who was with your noble uncle in Byzant."

And he thrust forward the old master.

The boy's delight knew no bounds. He should tell him all about that in St. Bertin.

Then he rode back to the ship, and round and round her (for the tide by that time had left her high and dry), and wondered at her long snake-like lines, and carven stem and stern.

"Tell me about this ship. Let me go on board of her. I have never seen a ship inland at Mons there; and even here there are only heavy ugly busses, and little fishing-boats. No. You must be all hungry and tired. We will go to St. Bertin at once, and you shall be feasted royally. Hearken, villains!" shouted he to the peasants. "This ship belongs to the fair sir here—my guest and friend; and if any man dares to steal from her a stave or a nail I will have his thief's hand cut off."

"The ship, fair lord," said Hereward, "is yours, not mine. You should build twenty more after her pattern, and man them with such lads as these, and then go down to

'Miklagard and Spanialand,
That lie so far on the lee, O!'

as did your noble uncle before you."

And so they marched inland, after the boy had dismounted one of his men, and put Hereward on the horse.

"You gentlemen of the sea can ride as well as sail," said the Chatelain, as he remarked with some surprise Hereward's perfect seat and hand.

"We should soon learn to fly likewise," laughed Hereward, "if there were any booty to be picked up in the clouds there overhead;" and he rode on by Arnulf's side, as the lad questioned him about the sea, and nothing else.

"Ah, my boy," said Hereward at last, "look there, and let those be Vikings who must."

And he pointed to the rich pastures, broken by strips of cornland and snug farms, which stretched between the sea and the great forest of Flanders.

"What do you mean?"

But Hereward was silent. It was so like his own native fens. For a moment there came over him the longing for a home. To settle down in such a fair fat land, and call good acres his own; and marry and beget stalwart sons, to till the old estate when he could till no more. Might not that be a better life—at least a happier one—than restless, homeless, aimless adventure? And now, just as he had had a hope of peace—a hope of seeing his own land, his own folk, perhaps of making peace with his mother and his king—the very waves would not let him rest, but sped him forth, a storm-tossed waif, to begin life anew, fighting he cared not whom or why, in a strange land.

So he was silent and sad withal.

"What does he mean?" asked the boy of the Abbot.

"He seems a wise man: let him answer for himself."

The boy asked once more.

"Lad! lad!" said Hereward, waking as from a dream. "If you be heir to such a fair land as that, thank God for it, and pray to Him that you may rule it justly, and keep it in peace, as they say your grandfather and your father do; and leave glory, and fame, and the Vikings' bloody trade, to those who have neither father nor mother, wife nor land, but live like the wolf of the wood, from one meal to the next."

"I thank you for those words, Sir Harold," said the good Abbot, while the boy went on abashed, and Hereward himself was startled at his own saying, and rode silent till they crossed the drawbridge of St. Bertin, and entered that ancient fortress, so strong that it was the hiding-place in war time for all the treasures of the country, and so sacred withal that no woman, dead or alive, was allowed to defile it by her presence; so that the wife of Baldwin the Bold, ancestor of Arnulf, wishing to lie by her husband, had to remove his corpse from St. Bertin to the Abbey of Blandigni, where the Counts of Flanders lay in glory for many a generation.

The pirates entered, not without gloomy distrust, the gates of that consecrated fortress; while the monks in their turn were (and with some reason) considerably frightened when they were asked to entertain as guests forty Norse rovers. Loudly did the elder among them bewail (in Latin, lest their guests should understand too much) the present weakness of their monastery, where St. Bertin was left to defend himself and his monks all alone against the wicked world outside. Far different had been their case some hundred and seventy years before. Then St. Valeri and St. Riquier of Ponthieu, transported thither from their own resting-places in France for fear of the invading Northmen, had joined their suffrages and merits to those of St. Bertin, with such success that the abbey had never been defiled by the foot of the heathen. But alas! the saints, that is their bodies, after awhile became home sick; and St. Valeri appearing in a dream to Hugh Capet, bade him bring them back to France in spite of Arnulf, Count of those parts, who wished much to retain so valuable an addition to his household gods.

But in vain. Hugh Capet was a man who took few denials. With knights and men-at-arms he came, and Count Arnulf had to send home the holy corpses with all humility, and leave St. Bertin all alone.

Whereon St. Valeri appeared in a dream to Hugh Capet, and said unto him, "Because thou hast zealously done what I commanded, thou and thy successors shall reign in the kingdom of France to everlasting generations." *

However, there was no refusing the grandson and heir of Count Baldwin; and the hearts of the monks were comforted by hearing that Hereward was a good Christian, and that most of his crew had been at least baptised. The Abbot therefore took courage, and admitted them into the hospice, with solemn warnings as to the doom which they might expect if they took the value of a horse-nail from the patrimony of the blessed saint. Was he less powerful or less careful of his own honour than St. Lieven of Holthem, who, not more than fifty years before, had struck stone-blind four soldiers of the Emperor Henry's, who had dared, after warning, to plunder the altar? † Let them remember, too, the fate of their own forefathers, the heathens of the North, and the check which, one hundred and seventy years before, they had received under those very walls. They had exterminated the people of Walcheren; they had taken prisoners Count Rognier; they had burnt Ghent, Bruges, and St. Omer itself, close by; they had left nought between the

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* Histoire des Comtes de Flandre, par. E. le Glay. E. gestis SS. Richarii et Walerici. † Ibid.

Scheldt and the Somme, save stark corpses and blackened ruins. What could withstand them till they dared to lift audacious hands against the heavenly lord who sleeps there in Sithiu? Then they poured down in vain over the Heilig-Veld, innumerable as the locusts. Poor monks, strong in the protection of the holy Bertin, sallied out and smote them hip and thigh, singing their psalms the while. The ditches of the fortress were filled with unbaptised corpses; the piles of vine-twigs which they lighted to burn down the gates, turned their flames into the Norsemen's faces at the bidding of St. Bertin; and they fled from that temporal fire to descend into that which is eternal, while the gates of the pit were too narrow for the multitude of their miscreant souls.*

So the Norsemen heard, and feared; and only cast longing eyes at the gold and tapestries of the altars, when they went in to mass.

For the good Abbot, gaining courage still further, had pointed out to Hereward and his men that it had been surely by the merits and suffrages of the blessed St. Bertin that they had escaped a watery grave.

Hereward and his men, for their part, were not inclined to deny the theory. That they had miraculously escaped, from the accident of the tide being high, they knew full well; and that St. Bertin should have done them the service was probable enough. He, of course, was lord and master in his own country, and very probably a few miles out to sea likewise.

So Hereward assured the Abbot that he had no mind to eat St. Bertin's bread, or accept his favours, without paying honestly for them; and after mass he took from his shoulders a handsome silk cloak (the only one he had), with a great Scotch Cairngorm brooch, and bade them buckle it on the shoulders of the great image of St. Bertin.

At which St. Bertin was so pleased (being, like many saints, male and female, somewhat proud after their death of the finery which they despised during life), that he appeared that night to a certain monk, and told him that if Hereward would continue duly to honour him, the blessed St. Bertin, and his monks of that place, he would, in his turn, ensure him victory in all his battles by land and sea.

After which Hereward stayed quietly in the abbey certain days; and young Arnulf, in spite of all remonstrances from the Abbot, would never leave his side till he had heard from him and from his men as much of their adventures as they thought it prudent to relate.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW HEREWARD WENT TO THE WAR AT GUISNES.

THE dominion of Baldwin of Lille—Baldwin the Debonair—Marquis of Flanders, and just then the greatest potentate in Europe after the Kaiser of Germany and the Kaiser of Constantinople, extended from the Somme to the Scheldt, including thus much territory which now belongs to France. His forefathers had ruled there ever since the days of the "Foresters" of Charlemagne, who held the vast forests against the heathens of the fens, and of that famous Baldwin Bras-de-fer—who, when the foul fiend rose out of the Scheldt, and tried to drag him down, tried cold steel upon him (being a practical man), and made his ghostly adversary feel so sorely the weight of the "iron arm," that he retired into his native mud—or even lower still.

He, like a daring knight as he was, ran off with his (so some say) early love, Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald of France, a descendant of Charlemagne himself. Married up to Ethelwulf of England, and thus stepmother of Alfred the Great —after his death behaving, alas for her! not over wisely or well, she had verified the saying,

"Nous revenons toujours
À nos premiers amours,"

and ran away with Baldwin.

Charles, furious that one of his earls, a mere lieutenant and creature, should dare to marry a daughter of Charlemagne's house, would have attacked him with horse and foot, fire and sword, had not Baldwin been the only man who could defend his northern frontier against the heathen Norsemen.

The Pope, as Charles was his good friend, fulminated against Baldwin the excommunication destined for him who stole a widow for his wife, and all his accomplices.

Baldwin and Judith went straight to Rome, and told their story to the Pope.

He, honest man, wrote to Charles the Bald a letter which still remains,—alike merciful, sentimental, and politic, with its usual ingrained element of what we now call (from the old monkish word "cantare") cant. Of Baldwin's horrible wickedness there is no doubt. Of his repentance (in all matters short of amendment of life, by giving up the fair Judith), still less. But the Pope has "another motive for so acting. He fears lest Baldwin, under the weight of Charles's wrath and indignation, should make alliance with the Normans, enemies of God and the holy Church; and thus an occasion arise of peril and scandal for the people of God, whom Charles ought to rule," &c., &c., which if it happened, it would be worse for them and for Charles's own soul.

To which very sensible and humane missive (times and creeds being considered), Charles answered, after pouting and sulking, by making Baldwin bonâ fide king of all between Somme and Scheldt, and leaving him to raise a royal race from Judith, the wicked and the fair.

This all happened about A.D. 863. Two hundred years after, there ruled over that same land Baldwin the Debonair, as "Marquis of the Flamands."

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* This gallant feat was performed in A.D. 891.

Baldwin had had his troubles. He had fought the Count of Holland. He had fought the Emperor of Germany; during which war he had burnt the cathedral of Nimeguen, and did other unrighteous and unwise things; and had been beaten after all.

Baldwin had had his troubles, and had deserved them. But he had had his glories, and had deserved them likewise. He had cut the Fossé Neuf, or new dyke, which parted Artois from Flanders. He had so beautified the cathedral of Lille, that he was called Baldwin of Lille to his dying day. He had married Adela, the queen countess, daughter of the King of France. He had become tutor of Philip, the young King, and more or less thereby regent of the north of France, and had fulfilled his office wisely and well. He had married his eldest son, Baldwin the Good, to the terrible sorceress Richilda, heiress of Hainault, wherefore the bridegroom was named Baldwin of Mons. He had married one of his daughters, Matilda, to William of Normandy, afterwards the Conqueror; and another, Judith, to Tosti Godwinsson, the son of the great Earl Godwin of England. She afterwards married Welf, Duke of Bavaria; whereby, it may be, the blood of Baldwin of Flanders runs in the veins of Queen Victoria.

And thus there were few potentates of the North more feared and respected than Baldwin, the good-natured Earl of Flanders.

But one sore thorn in the side he had, which other despots after him shared with him, and with even worse success in extracting it,—namely, the valiant men of Scaldmariland, which we now call Holland. Of them hereafter. At the moment of Hereward's arrival, he was troubled with a lesser thorn, the Count of Guisnes, who would not pay him up certain dues, and otherwise acknowledge his sovereignty.

Therefore when the Chatelain of St. Omer sent him word to Bruges that a strange Viking had landed with his crew, calling himself Harold Naemansson, and offering to take service with him, he returned for answer that the said Harold might make proof of his faith and prowess upon the said Count, in which, if he acquitted himself like a good knight, Baldwin would have further dealings with him.

So the Chatelain of St. Omer, with all his knights and men-at-arms, and Hereward with his sea-cocks, marched north-west up to Guisnes, with little Arnulf cantering alongside in high glee; for it was the first war that he had ever seen.

And they came to the Castle of Guisnes, and summoned the Count, by trumpet and herald, to pay or fight.

Whereon, the Count preferring the latter, certain knights of his came forth and challenged the knights of St. Omer to fight them man to man. Whereon there was the usual splintering of lances and slipping up of horses, and hewing at heads and shoulders so well defended in mail that no one was much hurt. The archers and arbalisters, meanwhile, amused themselves with shooting at the castle walls, out of which they chipped several small pieces of stone. And when they were all tired, they drew off on both sides, and went in to dinner.

At which Hereward's men, who were accustomed to a more serious fashion of fighting, stood by, mightily amused, and vowing it was as pretty a play as ever they saw in their lives.

The next day the same comedy was repeated.

"Let me go in against those knights, Sir Chatelain," asked Hereward, who felt the lust of battle tingling in him from head to heel; "and try if I cannot do somewhat towards deciding all this. If we fight no faster than we did yesterday, our beards will be grown down to our knees before we take Guisnes."

"Let my Viking go!" cried Arnulf. "Let me see him fight!" as if he had been a pet gamecock or bulldog.

"You can break a lance, fine sir, if it please you," said the Chatelain.

"I break more than lances," quoth Hereward as he cantered off.

"You," said he to his men, "draw round hither to the left; and when I drive the Frenchmen to the right, make a run for it, and get between them and the castle gate; and we will try the Danish axe against their horses' legs."

Then Hereward spurred his horse, shouting "A bear! a bear!" and dashed into the press; and therein did mightily, like any Turpin or Roland, till he saw lie on the ground, close to the castle gate, one of the Chatelain's knights with four Guisnes knights around him. Then at those knights he rode, and slew them every one; and mounted that wounded knight on his own horse and led him across the field, though the archers shot sore at him from the wall. And when the press of knights rode at him, his Danish men got between them and the castle, and made a stand to cover him. Then the Guisnes knights rode at them scornfully, crying—

"What footpad churls have we here, who fancy they can face horsed knights?"

But they did not know the stuff of the Danish men; who all shouted "A bear! a bear!" and turned the lances' points with their targets, and hewed off the horses' heads, and would have hewed off the riders' likewise, crying that the bear must be fed, had not Hereward bidden them give quarter according to the civilised fashion of France and Flanders. Whereon all the knights who were not taken rode right and left, and let them pass through in peace, with several prisoners, and him whom Hereward had rescued.

At which little Arnulf was as proud as if he had done it himself; and the Chatelain sent word to Baldwin that the new-comer was a prudhomme of no common merit; while the heart of the Count of Guisnes became as water; and his knights, both those who were captives and those who were not, complained indignantly of the unchivalrous trick of the Danes,—how villainous for men on foot, not only to face knights, but to bring them down to their own standing ground by basely cutting off their horses' heads!

To which Hereward answered, that he knew the rules of chivalry as well as any of them: but he was hired, not to joust at a tournament, but to make the Count of Guisnes pay his lord Baldwin, and make him pay he would.

The next day he bade his men sit still and look on, and leave him to himself. And when the usual "monomachy" began, he singled out the burliest and boldest knight whom he saw, rode up to him, lance point in air, and courteously asked him to come and be killed in fair fight. The knight being, says the chronicler, "magnificent in valour of soul and counsel of war, and held to be as a lion in fortitude throughout the army," and seeing that Hereward was by no means a large or heavy man, replied as courteously, that he should have great pleasure in trying to kill Hereward. On which they rode some hundred yards out of the press, calling out that they were to be left alone by both sides, for it was an honourable duel, and, turning their horses, charged.

After which act they found themselves and their horses all four in a row, sitting on their hind-quarters on the ground, amid the fragments of their lances.

"Well ridden!" shouted they both at once, as they leaped up laughing and drew their swords.

After which they hammered away at each other merrily in "the devil's smithy;" the sparks flew, and the iron rang, and all men stood still to see that gallant fight.

So they watched and cheered, till Hereward struck his man such a blow under the ear, that he dropped, and lay like a log.

"I think I can carry you," quoth Hereward, and picking him up, he threw him over his shoulder, and walked toward his men.

"A bear! a bear!" shouted they in delight, laughing at the likeness between Hereward's attitude, and that of a bear waddling off on his hind legs with his prey in his arms.

"He should have killed his bullock outright, before he went to carry him. Look there!"

And the knight, awaking from his swoon, struggled violently (says Leofric) to escape.

But Hereward, though the smaller, was the stronger man; and crushing him in his arms, walked on steadily.

"Knights, to the rescue! Hoibricht is taken!" shouted they of Guisnes, galloping towards him.

"A bear! A bear! To me, Biornssons! To me, Vikings all!" shouted Hereward. And the Danes leapt up, and ran toward him, axe in hand.

The Chatelain's knights rode up likewise; and so it befel, that Hereward carried his prisoner safe into camp.

"And who are you, gallant knight?" asked he of his prisoner.

"Hoibricht, nephew of Eustace, Count of Guisnes."

"So I suppose you will be ransomed. Till, then—— Armourer!"

And the hapless Hoibricht found himself chained and fettered, and sent off to Hereward's tent, under the custody of Martin Lightfoot.

"The next day," says the chronicler, "the Count of Guisnes, stupefied with grief at the loss of his nephew, sent the due honour and service to his prince, besides gifts and hostages."

And so ended the troubles of Baldwin, and Eustace of Guisnes.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW A FAIR LADY EXERCISED THE MECHANICAL ART TO WIN HEREWARD'S LOVE.

The fair Torfrida sat in an upper room of her mother's house in St. Omer, alternately looking out of the window and at a book of mechanics. In the garden outside, the wryneck (as it his fashion in May) was calling Pi-pi-pi among the gooseberry bushes, till the cob-walls rang again. In the book was a Latin recipe for drying the poor wryneck, and using him as a philtre which should compel the love of any person desired. Mechanics, it must be understood, in those days were considered as identical with mathematics, and those again with astrology and magic; so that the old chronicler, who says that Torfrida was skilled in "the mechanic art," uses the word in the same sense as does the author of the History of Ramsey, who tells us how a certain holy bishop of St. Dunstan's party, riding down to Corfe through the forest, saw the wicked queen-mother Elfrida (her who had St. Edward stabbed at Corfe Gate) exercising her "mechanic art" under a great tree; in plain English, performing heathen incantations; and how, when she saw that she was discovered, she tempted him to deadly sin: but when she found him proof against allurement, she had him into her bower; and there the enchantress and her ladies slew him by thrusting red-hot bodkins under his arms, so that the blessed man was martyred without any sign of wound. Of all which let every man believe as much as he list.

Torfrida had had peculiar opportunities of learning mechanics. The fairest and richest damsel in St. Omer, she had been left early by her father an orphan, to the care of a superstitious mother, and of a learned uncle, the Abbot of St. Bertin. Her mother was a Provençale, one of those Arlesiennes whose dark Greek beauty still shines, like diamonds set in jet, in the doorways of the quaint old city. Gay enough in her youth, she had, like a true Southern woman, taken to superstition in her old age; and spent her days in the churches, leaving Torfrida to do and learn what she would. Her nurse, moreover, was a Lapp woman, carried off in some pirating foray, and skilled in all the sorceries for which the Lapps were famed throughout the

North. Her uncle, partly from goodnature, partly from a pious hope that she might "enter religion," and leave her wealth to the Church, had made her his pupil, and taught her the mysteries of books; and she had proved to be a strangely apt scholar. Grammar, rhetoric, Latin prose and poetry, such as were taught in those days, she mastered ere she was grown up. Then she fell upon romance, and Charlemagne and his Paladins, the heroes of Troy, Alexander and his generals, peopled her imagination. She had heard, too, of the great necromancer Virgilius (for into such the middle age transformed the poet), and, her fancy already excited by her Lapp nurse's occult science, she began eagerly to court forbidden lore.

Forbidden, indeed, magic was by the Church in public: but as a reality, not as an imposture. Those whose consciences were tough and their faith weak, had little scruple in applying to a witch, and asking help from the powers below, when the saints above were slack to hear them. Churchmen, even, were bold enough to learn the mysteries of nature, Algebra, Judicial Astrology, and the occult powers of herbs, stones, and animals, from the Mussulman doctors of Cordova and Seville; and, like Pope Gerbert, mingle science and magic, in a fashion excusable enough in days when true inductive science did not exist.

Nature had her miraculous powers,—how far good, how far evil, who could tell? The belief that God was the sole maker and ruler of the universe, was confused and darkened by the cross-belief that the material world had fallen under the dominion of Satan and his demons; that millions of spirits, good and evil in every degree, exercised continually powers over crops and cattle, mines and wells, storms and lightning, health and disease. Riches, honours, and royalties, too, were under the command of the powers of darkness. For that generation, which was but too apt to take its Bible in hand upside down, had somehow a firm faith in the word of the devil, and believed devoutly his somewhat startling assertion, that the kingdoms of the world were his, and the glory of them; for to him they were delivered, and to whomsoever he would he gave them: while it had a proportionally weak faith in our Lord's answer, that they were to worship and serve the Lord God alone. How far these powers extended, how far they might be counteracted, how far lawfully employed, were questions which exercised the minds of men, and produced a voluminous literature for several centuries, till the search died out, for very weariness of failure, at the end of the seventeenth century.

The Abbot of St. Bertin, therefore, did not hesitate to keep in his private library more than one volume which he would not have willingly lent to the simple monks under his charge; nor to Torfrida either, had she not acquired so complete a command over the good old man, that he could deny her nothing.

So she read of Gerbert, Pope Silvester II., who had died only a generation back: how (to quote William of Malmesbury) "he learned at Seville till he surpassed Ptolemy with the astrolabe, Alcandrus in astronomy, and Julius Firmicus in judicial astrology; how he learned what the singing and flight of birds portended, and acquired the art of calling up spirits from hell; and, in short, whatever—hurtful or healthful—human curiosity had discovered, besides the lawful sciences of arithmetic and astronomy, music and geometry;" how he acquired from the Saracens the abacus (a counting table); how he escaped from the Moslem magician, his tutor, by making a compact with the foul fiend, and putting himself beyond the power of magic, by hanging himself under a wooden bridge so as to touch neither earth nor water; how he taught Robert King of France, and Otto the Kaiser; how he made an hydraulic organ which played tunes by steam, which stood even then in the Cathedral of Rheims; how he discovered in the Campus Martius at Rome wondrous treasures, and a golden king and queen, golden courtiers and guards, all lighted by a single carbuncle, and guarded by a boy with a bent bow; who, when Gerbert's servant stole a golden knife, shot an arrow at that carbuncle, and all was darkness, and yells of demons.

All this Torfrida had read; and read, too, how Gerbert's brazen head had told him that he should be Pope, and not die till he had sung mass at Jerusalem; and how both had come true—the latter in mockery; for he was stricken with deadly sickness in Rome, as he sang mass at the church called Jerusalem, and died horribly, tearing himself in pieces.

Which terrible warning had as little effect on Torfrida as other terrible warnings have on young folk, who are minded to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

So Torfrida beguiled her lonely life in that dull town, looking out over dreary flats and muddy dykes, by a whole dream-world of fantastic imaginations, and was ripe and ready for any wild deed which her wild brain might suggest.

Pure she was all the while, generous and noblehearted, and with a deep and sincere longing—as one soul in ten thousand has—after knowledge for its own sake: but ambitious exceedingly, and that not of monastic sanctity. She laughed to scorn the notion of a nunnery; and laughed to scorn equally the notion of marrying any knight, however much of a prudhomme, whom she had yet seen. Her uncle and Marquis Baldwin could have between them compelled her, as an orphan heiress, to marry whom they liked. But Torfrida had as yet bullied the Abbot and coaxed the Count successfully. Lances had been splintered, helmets split, and more than one life lost in her honour: but she had only, as the best safeguard she could devise, given some hint of encouragement to one Ascelin, a tall knight of St. Valeri, the most renowned bully of those parts, by bestowing on him a scrap of ribbon, and bidding him keep it against all comers. By this means she insured the personal chastisement of all other youths who dared to lift their eyes to her, while she by no means bound herself to her spadassin of St. Valeri. It was all very brutal: but so was the time; and what better could a poor lady do in days when no man's life, or woman's honour, was safe, unless (as too many were forced to do) she retired into a cloister, and got from the Church that peace which this world certainly could not give, and, happily, dared not take away?

The arrival of Hereward and his men had, of course, stirred the great current of her life, and, indeed, that of St. Omer, usually as stagnant as that of the dykes round its wall. Who the unknown champion was (for his name of "Naemansson" showed that he was concealing something at least)—whence he had come, and what had been his previous exploits, busied all the gossips of the town. Would he and his men rise and plunder the abbey? Was not the Chatelain mad in leaving young Arnulf with him all day? Madder still, in taking him out to battle against the Count of Guisnes? He might be a spy, the avant-courier of some great invading force. He was come to spy out the nakedness of the land, and would shortly vanish, to return with Harold Hardraade of Norway, or Sweyn of Denmark, and all their hosts. Nay, was he not Harold Hardraade himself in disguise? And so forth. All which Torfrida heard, and thought within herself that, be he who he might, she should like to look on him again.

Then came the news how, the very first day that he had gone out against the Count of Guisnes, he had gallantly rescued a wounded man. A day or two after came fresh news of some doughty deed: and then another and another. And when Hereward returned, after a week's victorious fighting, all St. Omer was in the street to stare at him.

Then Torfrida heard enough, and, had it been possible, more than enough, of Hereward and his prowess.

And when they came riding in, the great Marquis at the head of them all, with Robert le Frison on one side of him, and on the other Hereward, looking "as fresh as flowers in May," she looked down on him out of her little lattice in the gable, and loved him, once and for all, with all her heart and soul.

And Hereward looked up at her and her dark blue eyes and dark raven locks; and thought her the fairest thing that he had ever seen, and asked who she might be, and heard; and as he heard, he forgot all about the Sultan's daughter, and the Princess of Constantinople, and the Fairy of Brocheliaunde, and all the other pretty birds which were still in the bush about the wide world: and thought for many a day of nought but the pretty bird which he held (so conceited was he of his own powers of winning her) there safe in hand in St. Omer.

So he cast about to see her, and to win her love. And she cast about to see him, and win his love. But neither saw the other for awhile; and it might have been better for one of them had they never seen the other again.

If Torfrida could have foreseen, and foreseen, and foreseen:——why, if she were true woman, she would have done exactly what she did, and taken the bitter with the sweet, the unknown with the known, as we all must do in life, unless we wish to live and die alone.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW HEREWARD WENT TO THE WAR IN SCALDMARILAND.

It has been shown how the Count of Guisnes had been a thorn in the side of Baldwin of Lille, and how that thorn was drawn out by Hereward. But a far sharper thorn in his side, and one which had troubled many a Count before, and was destined to trouble others afterward, was those unruly Hollanders, or Frisians, who dwelt in Scaldmariland, "the land of the meres of the Scheldt." Beyond the vast forests of Flanders, in morasses and alluvial islands whose names it is impossible now to verify, so much has the land changed, both by inundations and by embankments, by the brute forces of nature and the noble triumphs of art, dwelt a folk, poor, savage, living mostly, as in Cæsar's time, in huts raised above the sea on piles or mounds of earth; often without cattle or seedfield, half savage, half heathen, but free. Free, with the divine instinct of freedom, and all the self-help and energy which spring thereout.

They were a mongrel race; and, as most mongrel races are (when sprung from parents not too far apart in blood), a strong race; the remnant of those old Frisians and Batavians, who had defied, and all but successfully resisted, the power of Rome; mingled with fresh crosses of Teutonic blood from Frank, Sueve, Saxon, and the other German tribes, who, after the fall of the Roman Empire, had swept across the land.

Their able modern historian has well likened the struggle between Civilis and the Romans to that between William the Silent and the Spaniard. It was, without doubt, the foreshadow of their whole history. They were distinguished, above most European races, for sturdy independence, and, what generally accompanies it, sturdy common sense. They could not understand why they should obey foreign Frank rulers, whether set over them by Dagobert or by Charlemagne. They could not understand why they were to pay tithes to foreign Frank priests, who had forced on them at the sword's point, a religion which they only half believed, and only half understood. Many a truly holy man preached to them to the best of his powers: but the cross of St. Boniface had too often to follow the sword of Charles Martel; and for every Frisian who was converted another was killed.

"Free Frisians," nevertheless, they remained, at least in name and in their statute book, "as long as the wind blows out of the clouds, and the world stands." The feudal system never took root in their soil.* If a Frank Count was to govern them, he must govern according to their own laws. Again and again they rebelled, even against that seemingly light rule. Again and again they brought down on themselves the wrath of their nominal sovereigns the Counts of Flanders; then of the Kaisers of Germany; and, in the thirteenth century, of the Inquisition itself. Then a crusade was preached against them as "Stadings," heretics who paid no tithes, ill used monks and nuns, and worshipped (or were said to worship) a black cat and the foul fiend among the meres and fens. Conrad of Marpurg, the brutal Director of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, burnt them at his wicked will, extirpating it may be heresy, but not the spirit of the race. That, crushed down and seemingly enslaved, during the middle age, under Count Dirk and his descendants, still lived; destined at last to conquer. They were a people who had determined to see for themselves and act for themselves in the universe in which they found themselves; and, moreover (a necessary corollary of such a resolution), to fight to the death against any one who interfered with them in so doing.

Again and again, therefore, the indomitable spirit rose, founding free towns with charters and guilds; embanking the streams, draining the meres, fighting each other and the neighbouring princes; till, in their last great struggle against the Pope and Spain, they rose once and for all,

"Heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom
To shape and use,"

as the great Protestant Dutch Republic.

A noble errand it had been for such a man as Hereward to help those men toward freedom, instead of helping Frank Counts to enslave them;—men of his own blood, with laws and customs like those of his own Anglo-Danes, living in a land so exactly like his own that every mere and fen and wood reminded him of the scenes of his boyhood. The very names of the two lands were alike—"Holland," the hollow land—the one of England, the other of Flanders.

But all this was hidden from Hereward. To do as he would be done by was a lesson which he had never been taught. If men had invaded his land, he would have cried, like the Frisians whom he was going to enslave, "I am free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds!" and died where he stood. But that was not the least reason why he should not invade any other man's land, and try whether or not he, too, would die where he stood. To him these Frieslanders were simply savages, probably heathens, who would not obey their lawful lord, who was a gentleman and a Christian; besides, renown, and possibly a little plunder, might be got by beating them into obedience. He knew not what he did; and knew not, likewise, that as he had done to others, so would it be done to him.

Baldwin had at that time made over his troublesome Hollanders to his younger son Robert, the Viking whom little Arnulf longed to imitate.

Florent, Count of Holland, and vassal of the great Marquis, had just died, leaving a pretty young widow, to whom the Hollanders had no mind to pay one stiver more than they were forced. All the isles of Zeeland, and the counties of Eenham and Alost, were doing that which was right in the sight of their own eyes, and finding themselves none the worse therefor; though the Countess Gertrude, doubtless, could buy fewer silks of Greece or gems of Italy. But to such a distressed lady a champion could not long be wanting, and Robert, after having been driven out of Spain by the Moors with fearful loss, and, in a second attempt, wrecked with all his fleet as soon as he got out of port, resolved to tempt the main no more, and leave the swan's-path for that of the fat oxen and black dray-horses of Holland.

So he rushed to avenge the wrongs of the Countess Gertrude; and his father, whose good-natured good sense foresaw that the fiery Robert would raise storms upon his path—happily for his old age he did not foresee the worst—let him go, with his blessing.

So Robert gathered to him valiant ruffians, as many as he could find; and when he heard of the Viking who had brought Eustace of Guisnes to reason, it seemed to him that he was a man who would do his work.

So when the great Marquis came down to St. Omer to receive the homage of Count Eustace of Guisnes, Robert came thither too, and saw Hereward.

"You have done us good service, Harold Naemansson, as it pleases you to be called," said Baldwin, smiling. "But some man's son you are, if ever I saw a gallant knight, earl-born by his looks as well as his deeds."

Hereward bowed.

"And for me," said Robert, "Naemansson or Earl's son, here is my Viking's welcome to all Vikings like myself." And he held out his hand.

Hereward took it.

"You failed in Galicia, beausire, only because your foes were a hundred to one. You will not fail where you are going, if (as I hear) they are but ten to one."

Robert laughed, vain and gratified.

"Then you know where I have been, and where I am going?"

"Why not? As you know well, we Vikings are all brothers; and all know each other's counsel, from ship to ship and port to port."

Then the two young men looked each other in the face, and each saw that the other was a man who would suit him.

"Skall to the Viking!" cried Robert, aping, as was his fancy, the Norse rovers' slang. "Will you come with me to Holland?"

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* Motley. "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

"You must ask my young lord there," and he pointed to Arnulf. "I am his man now, by all laws of honour."

A flush of jealousy passed over Robert's face. He, haplessly for himself, thought that he had a grievance.

The rights of primogeniture—"droits d'ainesse"—were not respected in the family of the Baldwins as they should have been, had prudence and common sense had their way.

No sacred or divine right is conferred by the fact of a man's being the first-born son. If Scripture be Scripture, the "Lord's anointed" was usually rather a younger son of talent and virtue; one born, not according to the flesh, but according to the spirit, like David and Solomon. And so it was in other realms besides Flanders during the middle age. The father handed on the work—for ruling was hard work in those days—to the son most able to do it. Therefore we can believe Lambert of Aschaffenbourg when he says, that in Count Baldwin's family for many ages he who pleased his father most took his father's name, and was hereditary prince of all Flanders; while the other brothers led an inglorious life of vassalage to him.

But we can conceive, likewise, that such a method would give rise to intrigues, envyings, calumnies, murders, fratricidal civil wars, and all the train of miseries which for some years after this history made infamous the house of Baldwin, as they did many another noble house, till they were stopped by the gradual adoption of the rational rule of primogeniture.

So Robert, who might have been a daring and useful friend to his brother, had he been forced to take for granted from birth that he was nobody, and his brother everybody—as do all younger sons of English noblemen, to their infinite benefit—held himself to be an injured man for life, because his father called his first-born Baldwin, and promised him the succession,—which indeed he had worthily deserved, according to the laws of Mammon and this world, by bringing into the family such an heiress as Richilda, and such a dowry as Mons.

But Robert, who thought himself as good as his brother (though he was not such, save in valour), nursed black envy in his heart. Hard it was to him to hear his elder brother called Baldwin of Mons, when he himself had not a foot of land of his own. Harder still to hear him called Baldwin the Good, when he felt in himself no title whatsoever to that epithet. Hardest of all to see a beautiful boy grow up, as heir both of Flanders and of Hainault.

Had he foreseen whither that envy would have led him; had he foreseen the hideous and fratricidal day of February 22nd, 1071, and that fair boy's golden locks rolling in dust and blood—the wild Viking would have crushed the growing snake within his bosom; for he was a knight and a gentleman. But it was hidden from his eyes. He had to "dree his weird;" to commit great sins, do great deeds, and die in his bed, mighty and honoured, having children to his heart's desire, and leaving the rest of his substance to his babes. Heaven help him, and the like of him!

But he turned to young Arnulf.

"Give me your man, boy!"

Arnulf pouted. He wanted to keep his Viking for himself, and said so.

"He is to teach me to go 'leding,' as the Norsemen call it, like you."

Robert laughed. A hint at his piratical attempts pleased his vanity, all the more because they had been signal failures.

"Lend him me, then, my pretty nephew, for a month or two, till he has conquered these Friesland frogs for me; and then, if thou wilt go leding with him——"

"I hope you may never come back," thought Robert to himself; but he did not say it.

"Let the knight go," quoth Baldwin.

"Let me go with him, then."

"No, by all saints! I cannot have thee poked through with a Friesland pike, or rotted with a Friesland ague."

Arnulf pouted still.

"Abbot, what hast thou been at with the boy? He thinks of nought but blood and wounds, instead of books and prayers."

"He is gone mad after this—this knight."

"The Abbot," said Hereward, "knows by hearing of his ears, that I bid him bide at home, and try to govern lands in peace, like his father and you, Sir Marquis."

"Eh?"

The Abbot told honestly what had passed between Hereward and the lad, as they rode to St. Bertin.

Baldwin was silent, thinking, and smiling jollily, as was the wont of the Debonair.

"You are a man of sense, beausire. Come with me," said he at last.

And he, Hereward, and Robert went into an inner room.

"Sit down on the settle by me."

"It is too great an honour."

"Nonsense, man! If I be who I am, I know enough of men to know that I need not be ashamed of having you as bench-fellow. Sit down."

Hereward obeyed, of course.

"Tell me who you are."

Hereward looked out of the corners of his eyes, smiling and perplexed.

"Tell me and Robert who you are, man; and be done with it. I believe I know already. I have asked far and wide of chapmen, and merchants, and wandering knights, and pirate rascals—like yourself."

"And you found that I was a pirate rascal?"

"I found a pirate rascal who met you in Ireland, three years since, and will swear that if you have one grey eye and one blue——"

"As he has," quoth Robert.

"That I am a wolf's head, and a robber of priests, and an Esau on the face of the earth; every man's hand against me, and mine—for I never take but what I give—against every man."

"That you are the son of my old friend Leofric of Chester; and the hottest-hearted, shrewdest-headed, hardest-handed Berserker in the North Seas. You killed Gilbert of Ghent's bear, Siward Digre's cousin. Don't deny it."

"Don't hang me, or send me to the Westminster miracle-worker to be hanged, and I will confess."

"I? Every man is welcome who comes hither with a bold hand and a strong heart. 'The Refuge for the Destitute,' they call Flanders; I suppose because I am too good-natured to turn rogues out. So do no harm to mine, and mine shall do no harm to you."

Baldwin's words were true. He found house-room for everybody, helped everybody against everybody else (as will be seen), and yet quarrelled with nobody—at least in his old age—by the mere virtue of good-nature—which blessed is the man who possesseth.

So Hereward went off to exterminate the wicked Hollanders, and avenge the wrongs of the Countess Gertrude.

ESSAYS, THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

III.—A "VISION" ABOUT "PREVISION;"

OR, (AS SOCRATES SAYS,) "A DREAM FOR A DREAM."

Let it not be supposed that religion alone makes demands on our faith. Science just now, or at least what often usurps that name, is quite as exacting. Some of its prophecies are as hard to be believed as any in the Old or New Testaments; and its dazzling visions of the "Promised Land" into which it is about to lead its "chosen race" of *savans*,—where they are to revel in omnisicient knowledge and supreme dominion over nature,—are absolutely overpowering. One feels inclined to cry out with Gray's Bard, under the oppression of these Apocalyptic splendours,—

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,—
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul."

Of course, I do not for one moment imagine that the many eminent men of our day,—more numerous than at any former period,—who with patient humility, and gentle and modest solicitation of nature, are pursuing the inductive philosophy in the footsteps of Bacon, do otherwise than smile at the ignorant raptures in which many a tyro, who, it may be, has read a short paper on the "Habits of the Field Mouse" before a local Society, or presented a small collection of butterflies and cockle-shells to a local museum, or is made happy by having got admission for some bombastic predictions of the coming scientific discomfiture of all "creeds and theologies," in some local print, indulges on this subject. Nevertheless, this enthusiasm of spurious science,—spurious emphatically, since it idly boasts of what it *will* do, in that spirit of presumption which is exactly antipodal to true science,—is becoming quite a nuisance. "Science," says one, "is the Providence of man." "Science," says another, "is to sweep the world clean of all historical and traditional faiths." "Science," says a third, "is to banish all belief in miracles, and all notions of the supernatural." "Science," says a fourth, "will show the needlessness and absurdity of all such hypotheses, when man has fully outgrown the theological stage of development. It will prove that the universe is nothing but a necessary evolution, in virtue of a law of cosmical order," (though "comical" would be the right word, since it is a law requiring no legislator,) "which makes the idea of a creation as superfluous as it is ridiculous." "Science," says a fifth, bolder still, "will gradually extinguish all idea of a 'God,' for which, when science is perfected, it will substitute the true Être Suprême;" that great *Mumbo Jumbo*, that august many-headed "singular-plural" Deity, the "collective humanity,"—at once God and worshipper! "Science," says a sixth, "will in due time penetrate all mysteries, untwist all intricacies in the so-called web of 'causes and effects,' show the interdependence and relation of all physical, and (as some say,) moral phenomena, and giving man powers in proportion to his knowledge, make him master of his destiny; enable him to read the future almost as readily as the past, and to write history in the shape of prophecy." One almost expects to hear that science is to abolish death, discover the "philosopher's stone" and the "elixir vitæ," and give us copious draughts of the "aurum potabile." Most assuredly many of the promises made in its behalf by some of its more sanguine disciples are just as void of all foundation,—many of its conclusions just as devoid of all premises,—as the dreams of ancient alchemy and astrology. In the eagerness with which many sciolists welcome any extravagant theory, which but promises enough and prophesies enough, though without one particle of experimental evidence to sanction it, the very principles of all inductive science are simply set at defiance.

In no direction is this overweening spirit more manifest than in the hopes of that "prevision" of even the remote future, which "young science" so often promises. Many are anticipating that the privilege of loosing the clasps of the iron-bound book of destiny, and of translating its hieroglyphics, is to be the dower of advancing science. Ingenious meteorologists are giving us—not merely reasonable warnings of immediately impending tempests, which barometrical indications and other probable signs of imminent change doubtless justify; not merely modest, though necessarily vague and general, forecasts of the *probable* weather of the next day or two, founded on the evidence of the phenomena of the passing day, (which may be all very well too;) but, *mirabile dictu!* the diary of the weather for a twelvemonth in advance;—for what particular point of space, is another matter. If such a diary is to be of any use, we ought to have one for every few square miles, certainly for every parallel of latitude; since a moderate railway journey of a couple of hundred miles or so, will often give us all the varieties of sunshine and cloud, moist and dry, rain and drought, wind and calm on the very same morning. However, the thing is done for somewhere or other, and will, like Old Moore's Almanack, be always true for somewhere or other. However professedly founded on a *scientific* basis, there is but little presumption in saying, that, as with the above-named almanack, exact science, and precise data for deduction and calculation, have had little to do with such attempts, and idle conjecture just as much.—Again; it was only the other day that I read in one of the prints, a prediction that science would be enabled by-and-bye, in virtue of "statistics," (to which many seem to attach the same mystical virtue as the Jews to their Cabala,) to predict the year in which another Shakspeare or Milton will be born into the world; the exact period, the completion of a cycle, when such a "rara avis" is *due*—much in the same way as we may predict the return of a comet, all whose elements have been subjected to mathematical calculation. In another journal I saw strong exhortations to study the remotest problems of "pre-historic" archæology, not merely as highly curious in themselves, and therefore, well worthy of the most diligent study, but as an indispensable condition of the knowledge of the remote future! How the raking into Danish "kitchen-middens," or the most accurate application of the craniometer to presumed "pre-historic" skulls, can effectually aid us in casting the horoscope of the future, is not very intelligible; and considering the more than Egyptian darkness which still surrounds all the "pre-historic" ages,—the hubbub of indistinct mutterings which issues from those depths, and to which science gives the most discordant interpretations,—our utter inability to measure "pre-historic" antiquity for want of what Scaliger truly calls the basis of *any* history, the chronological unit, (in this case, a unit of geologic time,)—the above exhortation really sounds like telling us to light our candles at the ashes of old Tubal-cain's forge-fire, or to go into a coal-cellar to see the sun rise! However, the notion was in obvious though unavowed harmony with the theory which had evidently taken possession of the mind of the speculator;—that since man *is to be* gifted with universal knowledge, (the future included,) and as everything in this wonderful "cosmos" is connected with everything else—one stage of development with another—so, a knowledge of the whole interdependence of things, or, as Butler would say, "of all things from everlasting to everlasting," becomes essential; and therefore a perfectly accurate knowledge of the past to an accurate "prevision" of the remote future. And no doubt this is true; but whilst most persons would say, "Then good-bye to the hopes of man's universal knowledge," our more adventurous, though I admit, for the most part, youthful speculators, are by no means daunted. True though it may be, that the really *scientific* knowledge of the future implies a really scientific knowledge of all things past and present, *that*, it seems, is merely a reason why man should be exhorted with all convenient speed to get it! It would be more natural, one would imagine,—more in keeping with the caution of the inductive philosophy,—to abstain at present from such speculations; to abstain till some thousands, or perhaps millions, of years had at least afforded some plausible indications that the applications in question would ever be possible. Even those astronomers who settled it that the stars are nothing but nebulæ condensed into solid globes, did yet at least require the nebulæ to speculate with; and surely it would not be too much to ask that those sages who hope to illuminate the depths of the remote future by lights derived from the depths of primeval time, should at least see some faint nebulous streaks in the region of "Chaos and Old Night," before indulging in these visions of the ultimate achievements of science.

While there is nothing, absolutely nothing, as far as I know, to be alleged for this purely modern presumption of man's ultimately mastering the secrets of futurity, and, as some expressly say, becoming, in fact, his own God, or at all events the *only* God that ever is to be, I have endeavoured in a former paper * to show, not only how purely gratuitous are any such anticipations, but how utterly opposed to all probability, whether we consider the nature of the problems in question, or the limits of the human mind. In this prodigious system of things in which "we live and move and have our being," events of all kinds, great and little, near and remote, are so inextricably interwoven with one another, so reciprocally dependent; such is the infinitely variable manner in which phenomena, themselves of the most various kinds, and the subjects of a dozen different sciences, enter into the very same problem, and constitute or modify the very same result; such is the subtle and ever-shifting action of the infinitely diverse phenomena, mechanical, chemical, meteorological, pschyological, intellectual, social, and moral, which determine the complex conditions of human history, that neither has man faculties to discern and collect all these subtle, latent, ever-varying data from which to make a perfect induction of the elements of the "Science of the Future," nor, if he had, has he the power of analysis and deduction to enable him to calculate the resultant of such a prodigious array of forces, or work out problems into which enter millions of variables. "In this system," as one says who had meditated as deeply as any man ever did on the limits of the human faculties, "any one thing whatever may, for aught we know to the contrary, be a necessary condition to any other;" and hence is that system "so incomprehensible, that a man must really *in the literal sense know nothing at all*, who is not sensible of his ignorance in it." *

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* "On some Recent Speculations touching the Scientific Apotheosis of Man." GOOD WORDS, Jan. 1861.

One of the most curious, as well as most incomprehensible, of the features about these vaunting speculations as to man's *future* triumphs over the *future*, which are at present so much in fashion with a certain class of persons, is, that he who gave the first stimulus to them in our day—M. Comte—is much more moderate and discreet than his youthful disciples; and continually acknowledges, though of course, despondingly, his sense of the utter unlikelihood, if not absolute impossibility, of man's advancing beyond conjecture in these regions; of obtaining accurate "prevision" in relation to any events, the conditions of which involve that immense multiplicity, variableness, and subtilty of phenomena with which medical, meteorological, social, and political science have to deal. Assuredly all experience, *at present*, confirms this view; and probably this would be allowed by even the most overweening of these speculators. All would admit that to the eyes of the most grey-bearded political sagacity, this world at present is little more than a series of *surprises*. All would admit that no man with a head on his shoulders will venture to do more than modestly guess what will be the condition of any community a hundred or even fifty years hence. To this, the answer sometimes is, (for so says one of our modern seers,) "True, but man *will* one day have this power." But what is this but to confess that all speculations on the subject, whether true or false, have just as little to do with inductive science, as our dreams,—which may also be true or false? Such speculations may be the stuff out of which poetry may be made, but not science. To talk thus, is to play the prophet without his inspiration; nay, it is to double his function on the same conditions! For to say that man will be able to prophesy the future, what is it but to *prophesy* that he *will* prophesy? to say that he *will* have "prevision" of the unknown, what is it but to say that he has now a "prevision" that he *will* have that "prevision"? But for the first "prevision," as well as for the second, we want arguments and demonstration, not idle guesses or wild promises. Meanwhile, all the present experience of the world, and, as I think, the nature of things, and the limits of the human mind, are equally against the hypothesis. It is a mode of argument, however, which many a philosopher is rather too fond of using. When it is urged, for example, that we have no proof from experience, that the transmutation of species,—the metamorphosis of fishes into birds, or apes into men,—has ever taken place, and that we must transcend all the sphere of experience if we admit it; the answer sometimes is—"But how can we tell what an indefinite time (of which we have no records) may have produced?" Certainly, the answer of the science of *experience* should be—"Then of what you know nothing, assert nothing." And the same may be said of the hypothesis,—for hypothesis it is,—that, given time enough, man, maugre all experience, will be the seer of the future. Science—the science of experience—the science of Bacon, knows nothing of it.

The chief source of the fallacy in which these expectations originate seems to be a hasty supposition that the theory of *averages*, founded on a profounder study of statistics, will produce effects which, in truth, it never can. As said in the essay to which I have already referred, we never have *real* science, till we have done with averages: "Science, strictly so called, knows nothing of them; we do not speak of mathematical propositions as being on an average true; nor of gravity as being on an average a uniformly accelerating force. *Averages* always imply as much ignorance as knowledge, and simply show that we have *not* science; for which indeed we substitute them." Nor do we ever condescend to make any reference to them or use of them, except as our *ignorance*, (in the matter of insurances for example,) compels us to make a compromise with them, simply because we have nothing better. Additional probability to our conjectures of the future, the study of averages will certainly give; but conjectures they will still be.

But though it is not easy to conceive that science will ever realise the extravagant hopes of some among its more sanguine disciples, it is certainly possible to *imagine* men endowed with a much higher, more certain, and comprehensive knowledge of the future than the utmost audacity of an unfledged philosopher probably ever dared to speculate upon. And what then? I was trying to follow this thought out the other day, just as a play of imagination, and asked myself, What would be the effects on the world, if some favoured individuals had really attained this prescience? Would it turn the world *topsy-turvy?* Would such a gift be compatible with the laws which now seem even essential to society? Would it prove a curse or a blessing? or would it, in truth, leave the world much as it is? If such men existed, would it be easy for them even to make good their pretensions? If they made them good, would mankind welcome them or hate them most? honour them with statues or lock them up in prisons? Would the scheme of the future, published by them, be only *conditionally* true?—that is, true on the supposition that men would act in a certain manner? and would they be at liberty to act otherwise, in the hope of evading the foreseen evil or anticipating the foreseen good—to plot and counterplot according to the aspects of this conditional destiny? If so, would not the whole programme be turned into confusion; the prophecies, *ipso facto*, refute themselves? and would not those who uttered them be proclaimed enthusiasts or impostors? If, notwithstanding, some few things predicted did take place, would it not be said, as usual, that it was because the prophecy fulfilled itself, suggesting and stimulating to the actions which fulfilled it? If, on the other hand, the future were *not* conditional, (if that theory be conceivable,)—and yet men still *imagined* they had liberty, is it conceivable that they could be induced to acquiesce in it, and perform the actions which destiny had marked out for them? Would they move in the groove which it had ordained? If not, what again would become of the prophecy? If they did, what would become of themselves? Would they not become in imagination, and therefore in reality, the passive slaves of a foreknown, inevitable fate; with all hope extinguished, all fear intensified; awaiting in terror the foreseen evil, and looking with indifference on the promised good, darkened as it would be by the shadow of intervening calamities and stripped of the bright colouring of hope? In short, it seemed to me very doubtful whether these *illuminati* would produce much effect on the world, whether their pretensions were credited or not. If they were not, the world would go on much as usual. If they were, then so long as the world is to be governed by any of its present laws, they must be shut up.—While I was pursuing this thought into its various ramifications, my speculation ended,—as many a speculation of a much better philosopher has ended,—by my falling into a nap. In the dream which followed, I saw distinctly how much better we are able to philosophise when asleep than when awake. The great convenience of this mode is that the *facts*, which your waking moments deny for the testing of your theories, are got in a moment, and without any trouble in the world. No sooner had I fallen asleep, than I found the very state of things I had been speculating about as impossible, had really occurred; and all I had to do was to note the results. Locke says that it is a characteristic of madness, that it reasons rightly from false premises; it is assuredly often a characteristic of that nightly madness which so strangely seizes on us all. I am certain that the logic of my dream was admirable; the only things wanting were the *facts:* but, as a bold philosopher said, "so much the worse for the facts."

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* "Analogy," part i. ch. vii.

Methought, then, that I had just returned to my native land after a long absence in a distant part of the world, where news even of railroads and the telegraph sounded almost unreal and magical. On meeting with a scientific friend with whom I had often talked of the possible achievements of science and the limits of the human faculties, I asked for news of what was doing in the scientific world. He assured me, with much solemnity, strangly mingled both with exultation and vexation, that a small confraternity of *savans* had far outdone anything that mere science in our early days had ventured to dream of, and had discovered nothing less than the art of exact "Prevision of the Future,"—of calculating future contingencies with absolute accuracy. "And we are trying" said he, "to utilise this magnificent discovery by forming the 'Unlimited Knowledge-of-Futurity Company, Limited!' We may well speak *now* of the *drama* of history; for in truth it will be, like other dramas, composed first and acted afterwards; so that Shakspeare's wonderful assertion that 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' will be true in a new and literal sense."

I told him I was delighted to hear it; but asked whether the discovery was not, like other discoveries, capable of being made generally known, and applied by everybody.

"Everybody!" cried he. "Is any other science capable of being understood and applied by everybody? Is everybody a Comte? or *even* a Newton—or a Dalton? The great *arcanum* can be mastered only by the very few who have the requisite intellectual capacity. Let me tell you, that you have no conception of the "contention of mind," (as Sir John Herschel calls it, in speaking of the strain of the faculties involved in grappling with the higher problems of astronomy,)—you have, I say, no conception of the effort required in applying this *calculus* of the future. Let Sir John Herschel say what he pleases, astronomical problems are a mere bagatelle to the problems our *illuminati* have to solve. This sort of quasi-omniscience, as I may call it, is a heavy burden, I assure you, for a mortal brain."

"I can easily imagine that," said I; "but so much the more will those great men be hailed as the benefactors of their species. Mankind will not only raise statues and monuments in their honour, but, for aught I know, will give them an apotheosis, and perhaps, through the excess of science itself, again lapse into new forms of that very idolatry which science has exploded."

Methought a shade of doubt came over his face.

"It will not be in our time," he replied. "You know but little of human nature, if you think their merits will be very soon acknowledged, or their influence soon duly felt."

"You astonish me," said I. "I know that men are apt to be ungrateful to those who have deserved well at their hands; but surely to such signal benefactors——"

"The difficulty," said he, "is to make men know that they are such. You see, by what I have just said, that there are but very few indeed of these more than Newtons, who are equal to these sublime achievements of science; and the generality look upon them as quacks; in short, regard them much in the same light as the astrologers and sorcerers of former days. The difficulty is to make people believe that they have the wondrous powers which they claim;—that they are aught better than conjurors or fortune-tellers. Some suspect that they are mad enthusiasts; some that they are even impostors, and that their predictions deserve no more credit than Moses' Pentateuch or Murphy's Almanack. They declare that all past experience is against any such pretensions. I could not have credited, if I had not seen it, the stupendous force of mortal prejudice."

"But ought not your friends," said I, "to have *foreseen* this result of their pretensions? Was not that incident of the future among their 'previsions?' and could they not prophesy, that though science could prophesy the future, men would not readily believe it?"

"Perhaps they *ought* to have been prepared for such an event," said he; "for our great master, M. Comte, has told us that while a necessary relation subsists between all *physical* events, the caprices of Will are infinite, and reducible to no law."

I ought, in fact, to have reasoned (and doubtless should if I had been awake), that this was a surrender of the possibility of any such pretended powers; for, as the influence of human will,—and that more and more,—is implicated with and modifies all sorts of physical phenomena, it is impossible to separate them. But we easily get over such trifles in our dreams; and, after all, why should I expect to be more reasonable in my sleeping moments than are many who, it seems, overlook this distinction, though they are awake.

"But then, Mr. Buckle tells you," said I, "that the conditions of Mind and Will are just as necessary as physical antecedents and consequents, and you ought on that hypothesis——"

"I don't know how that may be," said he, peevishly, "but the fact is as I tell you."

"Never mind," said I; "this prejudice against your *savans* must yield in time; they have only just begun to prophesy; but when folks find that what they say always comes true, they will soon get over their senseless prejudice——"

"It may be so," he replied; "but if it is to be tested by events a century hence, our seers will all be in their graves before their pretensions are verified. On the other hand, if they give only prognostics of the morrow, they are told that *that* is but an example of sagacity building upon imminent probabilities; and that these men are doubtless only on a par with other good guessers, or perhaps a little in advance of them."

"But could you not get them to submit their prophetic history of a century or so to a select body of statesmen? Perhaps that——"

"You know little about the matter," said he. "Why, they did so only the other day. They forewarned the Prime Minister that in about a hundred years from this time, England would be in the greatest straits; isolated from every friend and exposed to every enemy; and on the eve of utter destruction by an irresistible combination of hostile powers. And, would you believe it? before they had well finished the prediction, the whole Cabinet unanimously voted that the whole thing was an incredible imposture, and refused to believe a word of it: told them that they—the seers of science, they—the pre-destined authors of a New Apocalypse, were nothing better than the astrologers of former days!"

"I can readily believe that," said I, laughing. "They should have told the story in France."

"We did," said he. "And so much more imbued with scientific light is that great nation, that many of our friends there received the communication with the most implicit docility."

It seems then, thought I, that though Science may be the oracle, so perversely is human nature constituted, that Hope and Fear are its interpreters; and all certain as the future is, mankind colour it just as they please, in spite of demonstration itself.

"But at all events," said I, "there are some classes who would be delighted to avail themselves of these 'previsions.' How readily would the diplomatists listen to your *savans!* What a convenience for one of those gentlemen to have such a prompter at his ear! What a price would he not be willing to pay for such a Pacolet! What an evident and incontestible superiority it would give him over every rival!"

"You forget," he answered, "that his rivals would have *other* prompters with the same resources, who would keep them equally *au courant* with the *arcana* of futurity; so that the result would simply be, that the inevitable event would be accepted without any diplomacy at all."

"That would at all events be a comfort," said I.

"But to tell you the truth," said he, "so far from finding these gentlemen (even if they were convinced of the pretensions of our confraternity) willing to accept such aid, one of them said (truly enough) that diplomacy was like a game at chess or hazard; and that infallibly to know all the results beforehand, would be to rob them of all motive to play; that the chief pleasure of politics, as of every other pursuit, was in the chase; and that I might as well try to persuade a keen sportsman to let his bag be filled at the next game-shop, as to persuade a man to engage at all in pursuits and contests, the end of which was infallibly known beforehand."

"At all events," said I, "what an invaluable 'Own Correspondent' one of these *savans* would be to any newspaper! What would not the editor of a journal give for one who could certainly tell, not only the events of the next day, but of the next year, or, for the matter of that, the next twenty years!"

"The same objection precisely," said he, "would apply; but you also forget that if we had our way, the whole tribe of newspapers would perish. All that our *savans* would have to do, would be to publish, every twenty years or so, the history of the nations, and 'Othello's occupation is gone.' What, at most, could they do, but tear out a leaf or so from our infallible 'Annual Prophetic Ephemeris,' which would of course be as regularly published as the Nautical Almanack? There would be an end of those ingenious daily speculations which keep editors and readers in pleasing suspense; as well as of those busy rumours which profitably fill the columns of to-day, and, by the necessity of contradicting them, as profitably fill the columns of to-morrow. No, my good sir, there are no such enemies of the 'seers of the future' as the editors of the newspapers—unless it be their readers, who, I believe, love the charming suspense of a 'Quidnunc' above all the certainty in the world."

In a similar manner, (in addition to the original doubt which haunted the community with regard to these vast pretensions of science), I found other large classes, much better pleased with the thought of unconsciously *making* history by their daily course of action, than with that of foretelling it; and who determined to hold on by the old jog-trot of probabilities. They were by no means so entranced with the prospect of having a clear "prevision" of the future, as I had at first imagined. The preternaturally gifted men, in short, seemed in danger of being *de trop* in the universe, by reason of their transcendent superiority to all the rest of mankind, and of being reduced by science to all the helplessness of ignorance. It was a singular case of *l'embarras des richesses.*

"But," said I, at length, "if their knowledge of futurity be indeed *scientific*, and not mere probable conjecture on the general course of things, it must embrace the knowledge of *private* events as well as public. I know there are some who say that man may get a scientific knowledge of the future history of communities, but not of individuals; of events in the mass, but not of events in detail. That they may guess at both with probability I concede; but to have accurate *scientific* knowledge of the future in the mass, surely demands the scientific knowledge of the minutest details; for, as all things, the great and the little, are bound up together—as the greatest events often lead to the least, and the least, by a variety of intermediate links, to the greatest, a real prevision of the one is surely impossible without that of the other?"

"Of course," he replied, with some appearance of contempt. "If I know with *absolute certainty* the resultant of a number of component forces, I must know the components themselves; if I am *certainly* to know exactly when and where such and such events—the conjoint product of multitudinous phenomena—are to take place, it can only be by knowing those phenomena perfectly in all their possible relations and interaction; if I am to know *certainly* that a man will die at a given moment, partly from physical disease and partly from mental causes, partly by the effect of climate and partly by his own folly and neglect, partly by one doctor's ignorance and perhaps partly by another doctor's science,—how can I possibly tell the event except by a knowledge of all these conspiring causes? Communities are but collections of units; the *total* effect of their action is the total effect of all the circumstances operating upon each individual: nay, many of these units are often of sufficient importance, sometimes almost singly, sometimes in conjunction with two or three more, to determine the destiny of a nation for a century or more—and unless the history of these were known how could we know the result? Who could certainly have foretold the history of France for the last eighty years, if he had left out the history of the two Napoleons?"

Though I admitted the reasonableness of all this, the coolness with which this pretension, in spite of my being in a dream, was asserted, somewhat staggered me. "My friend," said I, "what you say may be or may not be true; but to those who have sometimes urged me with the possibilities of 'scientific prevision' of future events, in spite of their involution with an infinitude of inter-dependent phenomena, I have sometimes proposed a little experiment, which, it seems to me (perhaps too hastily), may test the power of man to deal with problems, when the phenomena get beyond a certain degree of variety, subtlety, or rapidity of movement. Put a bushel of sand in a fine sieve; mark any grain you will, so as to know it again; then sift it all to the last grain by an equable motion; but before you do so, predict the interstice of the sieve through which that grain will pass; and if you are right, I, for one, can no longer doubt any pretension you may please to make: though I confess that the feat is nothing to the infallible prediction of when and where events are to happen, which are dependent—not like this, on homogeneous conditions, mere mechanical laws—but in virtue of conditions far more subtle, various, and complex, and involving phenomena which belong to some dozen sciences instead of one."

Methought he led me into another room, filled with an array of strange uncouth-looking instruments, and where sat a *savant*, the very impersonation of abstraction and distraction;

"Erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd and aquiline his nose,"

his brows knit till his eyes were almost hidden, and his forehead ridged and corrugated with intense thought. To him my friend mentioned my little request. It seemed to me that the wonderful man accepted this challenge as coolly as if it had been an invitation to dinner. Methought he slowly rose, proceeded leisurely to fulfil all my conditions, and to my surprise, (though not perhaps to that of some of my readers, if they have sufficient faith in dreams or in science,) after a short calculation, actually resolved the problem. And yet, leisurely as he was, it seemed that in a very few minutes—such virtue is in dreams!—he showed me the particle of sand passing through its predicted and predestined hole!

"This now," said my friend condescendingly, "you perhaps think difficult." I nodded, as I well might. "It is nothing," said he, "a mere nothing, to the intricacies of calculation which we are sometimes obliged to face. You are quite right in supposing that the actual phenomena involved in the production of any remote event, or indeed almost any event, are incomparably more numerous and convoluted than in this case. It was only the other day that I found, that in fifteen years, the trifling circumstance of a horse casting his shoe, and thereby delaying a traveller for a few minutes, will by a series of interconnected events, widening and widening in their influence, like the circles made by throwing a stone into still water, change the condition of a large portion of the world."

"That," said I, "is not in the least degree wonderful; and it reminds me of something I have somewhere read, of a great man whose brilliant career was absolutely determined by some such infinitesimal casualty," (doubtless it was this very reminiscence, which suggested the case in my dreams;) "*that* does not at all puzzle me. What does puzzle me is, that you should have been able to hunt out and predict the *connection* through all these intricacies."

"It is," said he, "by an altogether transcendental Calculus of Variations!"

I had now no remaining doubts of the reality of the discovery. How could I? I therefore told my friend that though his fraternity seemed in danger of being a little *de trop* in the world, on the principle that "too much water drowned the miller," yet that since they could divine the future of *individuals*, as well as communities, it would be easy for them to attain a great reputation, as well as more solid gain, by fortune-telling;—that millions would no doubt come to them to know with certainty,—not their luck—but their destiny.

I must do my *savant* the justice to say that he made a very wry face at such a suggestion; and seemed to feel keenly for the dignity of his sublime science, and the humiliation to which human prejudice subjected it. He shrugged his shoulders and said:—

"You are perhaps a little mistaken; our success even in that direction is not so clear as you imagine. Not less than the sorcerers of old, are we exposed to the jealousy and suspicion of the civil magistrate. The fact is that the same wise politicians who won't listen to our predictions of coming calamities to the community, loudly proclaim that we are the most formidable enemies it has; and constructing a little dilemma of their own, argue thus:—That we shall tell people's fortunes, (thus do they profanely burlesque our sublime art,) either *falsely* or *truly*; if the former, that we must be punished, as Bacon says those who spread false prophecies ought to be; if the latter, that the men to whom we promise future good will be betrayed into indolence and apathy; lose the charm of life and the chief stimulus to activity; or strive to anticipate the promised good in unlawful modes: that, on the other hand, those to whom we prophesy future evil, will sink into dreadful despondency, or essay in a thousand ways to elude or even counteract the decrees of fate; that all sorts of people will flock to our oracles to know, not their own lot, but that of their neighbours; that plots and counterplots against one another will be endless and remediless; and that the whole world will be filled with mutual suspicion, and society poisoned in every vein. They tell us, that it will be much the same as if that great safeguard of the world's peace, and even existence, the invisible secresy of each man's thoughts, were destroyed; and every man carried a window in his breast. They tell us that though they cannot prevent fools from seeking to know their own fortunes, any attempt to reveal the secret of one man's future to his neighbour, will be an offence calling for a severe and summary punishment. It is in vain that we tell them 'that events are neither to be eluded nor frustrated by being foreknown; that the things decreed by fate *must* come to pass:' for they have another dilemma. They ingeniously argue: 'If so, then what is the *good*, or rather, what must not be the *mischief*, of foreknowing them? The foreseen good will be regarded with less vivid desire, and the foreseen evil with greater dread; or rather, the promised good will be poisoned by the sure anticipation of the foreseen evil: so that, at the very best, we shall inflict on men what Leibnitz calls an intolerable evil; for he says, that though men would be willing to accept an indefinite lease of life, provided the incidents were perpetually varied, no mortal would willingly tread the very same beaten track again; which, in effect, every man must do, who *certainly* knows his future beforehand.'

"Besides which, they have the impudence to say, that unless all men be absolute fatalists, they will not acquiesce in the decrees of fate; and they ask a question with which, I confess, in spite of all our science, our *savans* are themselves posed—namely, 'Whether the events predicted are *absolutely necessary*, or only *conditionally necessary*:' that if the people believe the former, then all the aforesaid evils must ensue; if the latter, they would spend life in a perpetual, even though it be a futile, struggle with destiny itself.

"I confess, I say, I cannot decide this question as to whether things are absolutely, or only conditionally necessary; for, as we told them, it was one of those questions which our great masters had pronounced 'metaphysical rubbish,' and impossible of solution; and that therefore it was a mere loss of time and thought to argue about them. 'But,' said they, 'you *must* decide it somehow; for if things are only conditionally necessary; if in order to such and such an event's happening to any individual, that individual is to act so and so; then, since no community will take a course which you say will be ruinous, and no individual will go on board a ship which you tell him will be wrecked, or enter a train in which he will be smashed, your predicted train of events will be liable to be continually broken, your concatenation of "antecedents and consequents" continually disconcerted, — by the mere fact of your *making it known!* It seems that it is essential to your predicted chain of events, that you should *not* make it known; so that *ignorance* of the future, not *science* of it, is the necessary condition of your predictions being fulfilled. By all means therefore, if you wish for the credit of your vaticinations, conceal them till after the event. Prophecies after fulfilment always come true.' Thus do they not only disregard, but taunt us. Though this wisdom cries aloud in the street, like another wisdom, it cries in vain. Men will not heed it."

"But surely," said I, "if the old soothsayers had their thousands eager to consult them, you will have your tens of thousands. What will not people give to get at the *truth*, which those spurious seers only pretended to tell?"

"Very few indeed," said he, "have come as yet; and I begin to doubt whether there are many who *wish* to know it. Those who have come, seem to have little better notion of us than of common conjurers, and treat our prognostications much as theirs were treated. Few will believe aught of the future but what is pleasant, and cannot be got to believe what is otherwise. For them, there is no destiny except what presages good. Every promise of *that*, they believe devoutly, and forget the rest. But they might do that (as all the rest of mankind do) without us; for," he added, echoing my thought, "Hope is the interpreter, though Science is the oracle."

"But do none at least wish to know the hour of their death—that they may duly prepare for it?"

"That least of all," said he. "Not a soul will hear his tale told to the end; they won't let us unveil to them the hour or the mode of their dissolution: beyond it, even if they wished, we cannot go; for the chain of causes and effects, so far as we can discern, is there broken off. But they won't go so far; they prefer having a veil thrown over the closing scene of their life. Like other play-goers, they do not like death to be actually exhibited on the stage, and willingly let the curtain fall ere the catastrophe."

I began to fear lest the lot of our new Magi should resemble that of the ancient alchemists, who, although boasting of their power of making mountains of gold and silver, were always in rags and poverty, for want of credit enough to raise that little loan of money which was the trifling preliminary to the realisation of their golden visions.

"But *you* at least," said I at last, "have not exhibited the childish prejudice of these people, and preferred ignorance to knowledge? You, like a true sage in quest of truth, have doubtless read the mazes of your own life, and have seen yourself dead and buried long ago; *you* have dared to look even to the last point of prophetic vision?"

"For what purpose?" said he. "Is not that knowledge the very misery of prisoners in the condemned cell? are they not accounted miserable precisely because they are to die just that day month? will not hundreds, who pity them for that very circumstance, in fact die *before* them? and yet are they not accounted happy in comparison, because they know it not? Shall I confess it? Even *I* too have so much of a mortal man about me, that I have not been able to overcome the weakness. I have attempted it, but my hand has so shaken as I made the calculation that I have not been able to complete it."

"Well," said I, "that is not wonderful; for if Newton's hand so shook, when he was completing the calculation by which he was to verify his theory of universal gravitation, that he was obliged to ask his pupil to take the pen and perform the operations for him, no wonder a man's hand trembles when he is "working the sum" of his own life, and every digit is bringing out the dread result clearer and clearer. But why not do as Newton did, and send for one of your brother *savans* to perform the friendly office for you? Could you not do this little kindness for one another?"

"I know not how it is," he replied, "but all of us think it may as well be let alone."

"At all events," said I, "you must be happy, as a mighty seer, in the consciousness of possessing this wonderful attribute."

"If to be omniscient and to be powerless; if to have vast gifts lodged with us as useless, can make us so, we are," said he, with a sigh.

I began to suspect that vaulting ambition had overleaped itself; that the knowledge of a God will not comport with the condition of a man; and that we may, while we remain what we are in other respects, know too much for our own happiness as well as too little. But I had no time to pursue my reflections further, for that tremendous wizard who had managed the little calculation about the grain of sand,—and which he thought so little of, though that in the "Arenarius" of Archimedes was a trifle to it,—here broke in by saying; "As you inquired so curiously as to whether we had not read our own horoscope, no doubt you would like to know your own. I will tell you," he added, looking, I thought, first arch, then malicious, then downright wicked. Methought he snatched up at the same time a pencil, and a sort of photographer's box, from behind which he began peeping and mowing at me. In vain I protested I did not wish to know any such secrets. "Sit still," he cried, "I shall have you in a minute,—you shall know exactly when you are to die,—I see it won't be very long—the very instant——" "I *won't* know," I cried, in a paroxysm of terror, which awoke me. I commended all astrologers, sorcerers, and conjurors, scientific and otherwise, to the bottom of the Limbo of Vanity;—whither indeed they sped immediately; for "I awoke and behold it was a dream."

Yet not "all a dream;" for I felt more convinced than ever, that certain knowledge of the future was not only impossible to man, but unless man himself and the world of which he forms a part, and the laws which govern both, were altogether different, it was a gift not to be coveted; that like "pride," it was not made for man; that if men in *general* possessed it, it could only make them supremely miserable by despoiling them of all their joys, and multiplying all their sorrows; that if they had it, they must seek to rid themselves of it by imploring a cup of Lethe before they could act as nature and necessity now prompt them; that if a *few* possessed it, the rest of mankind would either disbelieve them, or if they believed them, must gag them in self-defence; and that in either case, the world would go on much as at present. I felt that it is a prerogative which, as God expressly challenges it as his *peculium*, one of the royal jewels in the diadem of the "Infinite Majesty," so we may be assured He will never part with it to us. And as, unless we were Gods too, we cannot safely possess it, so it is essential to our moral discipline that we be without it. By our ignorance of the future, God governs and educates us; "abases the proud and exalts the lowly," teaches us dependence and humility, stimulates our activity, encourages hope when things look dark, awakens salutary fear when they look dangerously bright; in a word, from the depths of that unknown abyss into which we so vainly peer, evokes the chief instruments and appliances of our moral probation.

It also made me feel more strongly—what I had often felt before—that to utter *true* prophecy must require, for a world like this, infinite wisdom no less than knowledge; and that we need not wonder at any of the obscurities which precede its fulfilment, if it but be made plain when it is fulfilled. For He alone who perfectly knows the conditions under which such intimations can be given, without disturbing that course of events in which foreknown and predetermined issues are to be wrought out by voluntary agents and moral means, can paint the future in that *chiaroscuro* which shall neither allow man to anticipate or frustrate any part of it; which shall leave him the ignorant instrument of working out the designs of a higher will, while he yet follows his own; so to act, that the supreme Ruler has His end, and we have ours.

"A paradox—a paradox!" I fancy I hear many say. It may be so; but I believe it to be a great truth notwithstanding.

NOTES ON THE BALKAN—THE CHURCH IN BULGARIA.

In these days of certificated schoolmasters, there are some places, not far from home, whereof the geographical names scarcely awaken an idea; and this is especially the case with the inland districts of a country, still—to the world's disgrace—called Turkey in Europe. But if in this dim region there be one name less unfamiliar than the rest, it is assuredly that of the Balkan—of the great mountain chain which must be traversed by a northern army before it can lay siege to Constantinople.

The traveller on the high road between Stamboul and Belgrade travels for many a weary day along the sultry and feverish plain, nor until he approaches the town of Philippopolis does he espy in the west the boundary of the Rhodope, on the north the distant range of the Balkan. A day later he has gained the hills, and, supposing him still to keep to the post road, he will cross the Balkan by its most westerly and most famous pass, the Kapu Derbend, or Gate of Trajan.

But we, though on the way to Belgrade, did not at this point keep to the straight line, for we wanted to visit an old Bulgarian monastery, said to lie in a gorge of the Rhodope, at the foot of its highest mountain, Rilo. So we struck into the hills, crossed the pass called Kis Derbend, between the Rhodope and the Balkan, made our first stage at the mineral waters of Banya, and our second at the little town of Samakoff.

The upland plain wherein Samakoff lies is crossed by the bridle roads from Bulgaria, Macedonia, Albania and Thrace. Hence it forms a point of meeting, not, as might be expected, for commercial travellers, but for highwaymen escaping from one pashalik to another; for which purpose the Turkish authorities take care to allow an interval between each crime and the pursuit.

We came to Samakoff provided with a letter to one of its wealthiest Christian inhabitants, who received us hospitably, and conducted us to a chamber surrounded by a broad divan. In arranging the cushions to form our beds we lighted on a pair of loaded pistols. Of course we covered them up again, and said nothing, but their concealment testified, what we had remarked already, that although to pacify a revolt it was conceded that every Bulgarian may have the means of defending his women from Mussulman intruders, yet Mussulmans swagger about in belts full of pistols, while the Christian, if he have arms, must take care that they be not seen.

Samakoff was the first place west of Constantinople where we found Greek not even understood, but this did not constitute the people barbarians. On the contrary they had two nice schools—one for boys, one for girls—large airy edifices, built of wood, and gaily painted, after the fashion of the country. Over the doors was an inscription to the effect that they had been erected by the elders of the community without a farthing of help from any one; the emphasis being a reflection on the late Greek Bishop and existing Turkish Government. We visited these schools, examined the work, the maps and the copy-books, heard the children sing hymns and read, and rewarded the best scholar in each with a copy of the Bulgarian New Testament.

Another object of interest at Samakoff is the convent of Bulgarian nuns, which we visited under the following auspices. We were scarcely settled in our chamber before it was entered by a sweet-looking young woman, dressed in a black mantle and a quaint coif. To our amazement she accosted us in German. She told us that she was an Austrian Slav, and had come from Vienna with her mother, who was servant to a German physician: on her mother's death the old doctor advised her to seek protection as a nun. She said the community at Samakoff was of the order of St. John of Rilo, and acknowledged as spiritual superior the abbot of the monastery of that name. It was formed by a number of elderly women, each of whom took a young woman to wait on her, live with her, and after death become her heir. The nuns support themselves by their own spinning and weaving, and out of their earnings have built a church for themselves: they do not aspire to external benevolence, but on the other hand pride themselves on receiving help from none. To beg a livelihood they hold as degrading as we ourselves do. The works of merit constituting sainthood seem in their estimation to be five—diligence, obedience, abstinence from meat, wearing black garments, and making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. This journey to Jerusalem is the event of each still life, and lends it its redeeming spice of expectation, retrospect, adventure, poetry. The nuns have not their goods in common: some are comparatively rich, others poor; some are assisted by their relatives to defray the expense of the expedition, others have to pay all from their savings. When the money is obtained, two set out, and walk till they fall in with one of those parties of pilgrims always passing to Jerusalem from Bulgaria. They cross the sea to Joppa, pilgrimise thence to the Holy City, and are received into a monastery. There they may remain a whole year, to join in all the feasts and festivals; and on their return they bring back a holy picture—a marvellous concoction of scarlet and gold, depicting all the holy places, all the holy persons—and the Devil, distinguished by horns and a tail, as is not unnecessary among so many grim forms.

Primed with these particulars, we set out to visit the monastery, and having hopped from one to another of the big stones which act as bridges to the muddy river-street, we entered a gate and found ourselves in a clean and dry enclosure in front of a neat little church. Behind it lay the gardens of the nuns with their little dwellings, containing two rooms—a tiny kitchen, and divan-encircled parlour. Here we paid a succession of visits, first to the principal mother of the community; then to a very old and saintly mother possessed of a famous picture of Jerusalem, and beloved among the younger nuns for her endless stories of adventures by the way; finally, to the special mother of our guide, who caused her dear child to show us various little treasures and to bring out her best Sunday mantle. I wish either of us had anything as dignified and substantial for our best gown. Then came evening service, which we attended, and in the dusk of the church the young nun whispered to us with sparkling eyes how the sisters prayed for the success of the brave Montĕnĕgrīnes, and that God would give all Christians a good courage and an united heart. "The great Christian Powers," said she—"is it true that they are leaving that little band to fight alone? Of the people here I say nothing, they deserve what they suffer, for they have not the hearts of men. But the Montĕnĕgrīnes are the soldiers of the Cross. No nation in all Christendom has battled with the infidels as they."

We wished to have taken the nun with us next day to the monastery as an interpreter, but it was thought more discreet for her to stay at home; so we gave her at parting a Bulgarian Testament, and she gave us each a rosary of plaited silk, marked here and there with large mother-of-pearl beads,—a gift involving the sacrifice of some thirty piastres from the fund she was storing for her journey to the Holy Grave.

The day had been rainy, so the glorious sun of the morrow rose on an earth refreshed and green—men and horses had had a rest, and now set forth with glad spirits and bounding tread. Our shining-armed cavalcade was clattering and gay. Eight well-mounted Mahometan zaptiehs—two of whom were cavasses of the Pasha of Philippopolis, our dragoman, and an Ionian deputed by the British Consul to give us the benefit of one Christian sword in case we should be attacked in the mountains by the first cousins of our Mussulman guards. The Bulgarian driver of the waggon wherein we had come over the hot plain could not leave his horses even for a pilgrimage, but the boy was allowed to go, and on his nimble feet soon had the advantage of us all.

But all our enjoyment would have been marred had we ourselves been left to ride the sorry steeds furnished us by the Mudir at Samakoff. Luckily a "bakshish" induced our guards to change with us, and we could not but laugh at the superstition current respecting horses "accustomed to bear a lady" when we felt these high-mettled animals treading proudly and gently under the unwonted side-saddle, the flowing skirt, and fluttering veil. A well-trained Turkish horse is delightful for a journey, being used to walk both for travels and parade. Hour after hour he bears you evenly, lightly over the rough track—and when you enter the town he rears his head, and marches with a procession-step, representative of your dignity and his own.

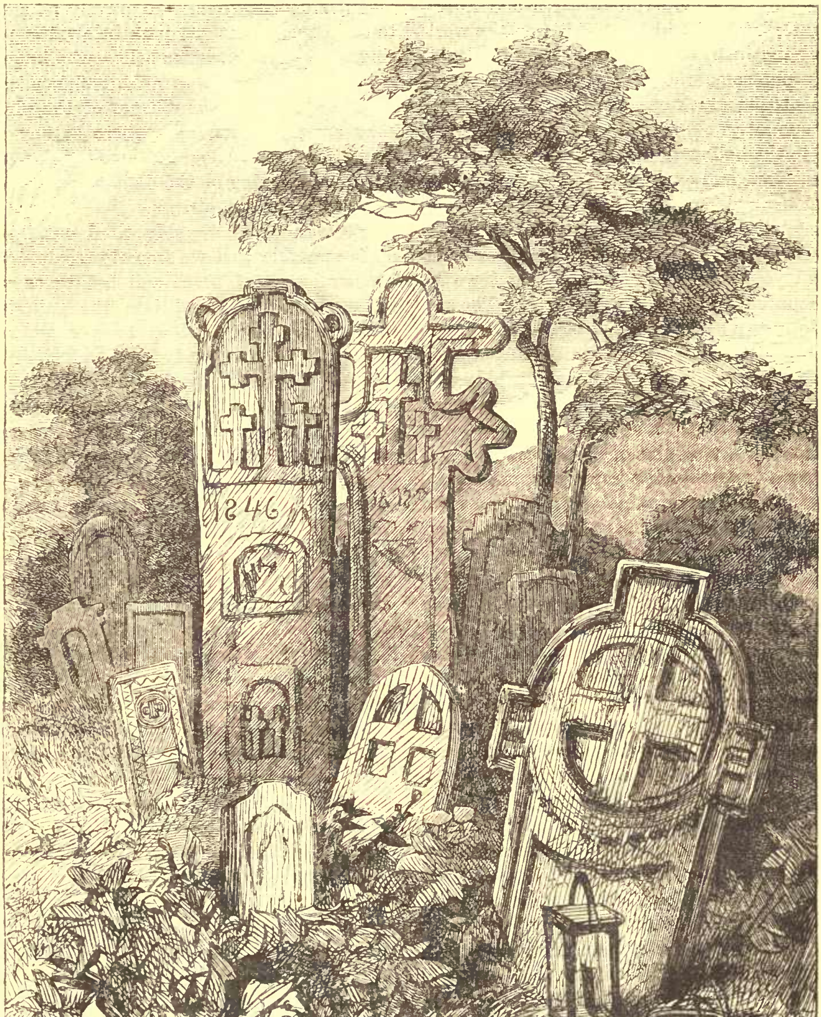
But something more than fine walking became necessary when we left the plain for the pathless glen, and began to dispute with the torrents in their rocky passage down the mountain-side. When at length we reached the head of the pass we came to a bit of rough highland, where a halt was called and the guard showed us the graves of a party of robbers here run to earth and killed. "Until quite lately," said he, "this was the worst glen in all the hills, but the new Pasha of Sophia has lately put some robbers to death and caused their heads to be stuck on poles: that will stop it for this summer." Soon after they called our attention to the hollow sound of the earth beneath the horses' feet, and explained that it was caused by prodigious wild boars which lived underground and undermined all that part of the hill!

And now came a descent almost impracticable for horses, and yet so cutting to the feet that we remained mounted far longer than was safe. The stiff stair led down to a basin, the receptacle of the waters of all the neighbouring mountain streams. One of the zaptiehs pointed out to us a clear pebbly spot where the water escaped by an underground passage. This little tarn of the Balkan, with its grey stones and solemn fir-trees, is one of those scenes which would repay an artist for the journey from England only to carry it home in his portfolio. We sat down on its beach, and could have sat there till now, but the sun was sinking, and the road, ostensibly six hours, was very certain to be ten. Our first sight on remounting was a view over beech forests opening on a grassy vale, at the extremity of which rose an outline of grey walls. "Here," quoth the guards, "is the boundary of the domain conceded by old sultans to the great monastery of Rilo." And scarcely had we passed the frontier when we were met by the convent guard, dressed in white linen tunics and scarlet girdles, and commanded by a man in the garb of an Albanian, who however styled himself a Serb. The array of armed men on horse and foot lent sound and colour to the long dark wood that followed, and once below, the passage through the narrow valley became every moment more beautiful. Exceptionally beautiful indeed, for the mountain scenery between the north of Albania and the Danube is usually rather wild than picturesque. Amphitheatres of hills covered with woods, to which the blending of beech and oak with fir gives in the distance a bluish green; few sudden elevations, few rocky precipices—such is its character, answering exactly to its Slavonic name, "Planina," that is to say, "forest-mountain." Doubtless single scenes show extraordinary loveliness, and the gorge of Rilo is of this number. The hills terminate in horned crags, of the most picturesque abruptness, of the most fantastic form. From these the wood sweeps down in masses, which break into groups and tufts on the park-like meadows which fringe the valley stream. On one side a large building lies to the right, which we took for the monastery, but which proved to be a house set apart for pilgrims, who crowd hither on certain days. To arrive at the convent itself the whole length of the valley must be traversed. The mountains drew nearer and nearer—they seem once more about to close—when, serried in their angle, rise the rugged towers and swelling domes. Outside the gate, in stately row, stand long-gowned, long-veiled, long-bearded caloyers, who gravely salute, and sign to us to enter. As we pass below the portal, out ring the bells. Christian bells—who knows what it is to hear their voices in a Mussulman land! Not in the city, nor in the villages of the plain, where they are forbidden, and where at any rate they would jar with a thousand conflicting sounds—but in the wild hiding of the Balkan—breaking on the stillness of convent air.

We were so thoroughly tired out by our long day's scramble that we scarcely received more than a general sense of peace and beauty as we passed through the court and into the galleries of the monastery. They led us to a chamber painted in bright colours, and furnished with low well-carpeted divans. Here we remained, and had our suppers served,—as much chicken, as much fruit, and as much sweetmeat as heart could wish, besides rice and clouted cream and a huge glass jar of excellent wine. We found also a little cupboard in the wall wherein a bottle of wine and sweetmeats were placed in store for private refection. But that night we wanted nothing but sleep.

Next morning we were invited to an interview with the Abbot in his chamber of audience, and we found him with two or three venerable monks, one of whom, with a long white beard, we had the night before mistaken for the Superior. The real Superior is not more than middle-aged, small and spare, with a refined intellectual countenance unusual among Bulgarians, who are generally large and ponderous men, with a wise expression rather than a clever one. But John Neophytus is no common person. His knowledge of his own language, both ancient and modern, and his zeal to educate and benefit his people, caused him to accept the offer of a Protestant society to translate the Bulgarian New Testament into the vulgar tongue of the people. His name stands on the title-page of the work. He has a store of the sacred books in his convent, and finding we had several with us he exhorted us to turn our journey to account by dispersing them abroad among the people. He told us that the American missionaries in Constantinople who are translating the Scriptures, keep up a correspondence with him, and that two of them had that year been to visit him. Then were shown us the curious old documents which mark the early history of the convent. An inscription on the tower in the court states it to to have existed under the mighty Czar Stephan Dushan, who united Serbia and Bulgaria in his realm. But the earliest chrysobul is of the end of the fourteenth century and from a personage who styles himself John Shishman, Faithful Czar and Autocrat of all the Bulgarians and Greeks, *i.e.*, of the Greeks dwelling in Bulgaria. This Shishman was the last king, and died a Turkish captive, but his title marks that Bulgaria and the Greeks therein resident were independent of the Greek Emperor at the time of the Turkish conquest.

The next documents are Turkish firmans, such as many of the richer monasteries were able to buy from the first Sultan. Since then the revenues of the convent have depended partly on its mountain pasturage, partly on the gifts of pilgrims. Within the last century it has been benefited by the liberality of its northern co-religionists, and the monks have been allowed to gather funds for their new church by begging journeys through Russia, Serbia, Austria, &c.



A Graveyard in Bulgaria.

The monastery of Rilo, in virtue of its privileges, stands (like our Abbey of Westminster) under no Bishop; and hence has been able to maintain its exclusively Bulgarian character. It consists of 150 monks, each of whom has a pupil, who becomes his heir. In all, the personnel of the convent amounts to 400 souls. Women are excluded, and it is even said that none of them may dwell on convent land. This does not, however, extend to visitors, nor to the female relatives of pilgrims.

The acquaintance which the Superior showed with the history of his country and with the present needs of his countrymen, and his services in the matter of the translation, struck us as strangely contradictory of a report we had heard at Constantinople, that the Greek Patriarch did not appoint native Bishops to Bulgarian eparchies, because there were no natives sufficiently educated. We afterwards heard that John Neophytus had been pointed out and demanded as a Bishop by his countrymen, but that the only effect of this recognition of his talents was that the jealous Fanariotes banished him to this secluded Abbey of the Balkan. As it is, he has a lithographic apparatus in the convent, and spoke of setting up a printing press; and, though under the eye of jealous masters—the light must be carefully hid under a bushel—there can be little doubt that the influence of such an Abbot on the young students in the monastery of Rilo will send them forth on their begging journeys able to sow as well as glean.

One remark of the Abbot's struck us especially. We told him that the first Slavonic monastery we had ever seen was that of Cetigne in Montenegro. His brow grew dark, and, after a moment's hesitation, he said, "It is reported that that monastery is now given up to the Mussulmans and burnt." We asked him where he had read it? "In a transcript from the *Journal de Constantinople.*" "Is that all?" cried we; "then do not distress yourself, that journal has burnt Cetigne and killed the whole population of Montenegro already two or three times over." "But," asked the Abbot, "do you believe the great Powers of Europe will sit still and allow that monastery to be burnt?" "We trust and believe not. France will do her best to save it." "France," said he, "perhaps; but England?" Feeling heartily ashamed of ourselves, we answered that the want of interest displayed by England in the Slavonic Christians arose in great part from her ignorance respecting them—that one really never heard their name.

"I have understood so," he replied. "The Americans have told me as much. It is, however, a pity that so great a country, whose children are free to travel where they please, and publish what they please, should remain in such profound ignorance of the *Christians* in a country where she is on such intimate terms with the *Turks*. For the rest," he added, changing his tone, "what have I to do with these matters? I live here as a mouse in a hole, and our Bulgarian people are quiet. Will you please to go over the monastery?"

The monastery is well worth going over; but first let us pause in its open gallery, and feast our eyes on the rich mass of wood that rises precipitately behind the towers in the court. That hill serves the convent at once for wall and screen.

The church standing in the court is new the former one having been burnt to its foundations. It was restored in 1839, with money in great part gathered from alms. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with domes, and cloisters painted both within and without. The interior is supported on columns, and has a beautiful iconastasis of gilded wood, achieved by the Rouman carvers, who do all that sort of work in Turkey. A Christ's head was pointed out to us as painted by a native of Samakoff who had studied at Moscow. It showed the softened Byzantine type of the pictures in the Russian chapel at Wiesbaden.

Strange worshippers were in the temple—shepherds from the Balkan, talking a barbarous dialect of Latin, and calling themselves "Romans," while they live as savages. These people herd flocks, and when the men are absent the women defend the huts, and, like the female Albanians, are noted for their accurate shooting. Their wild mode of life was illustrated by their remarks on ourselves, for, seeing that we were foreigners, and accompanied by a Turkish guard, they took it for granted that we had not come hither of our own free will, and asked, pointing at us, "From what country have they been *robbed?*" But for such monasteries as that of Rilo, these shepherds would be shut out from any form of worship; but here they assemble at certain times to confess and take the sacrament.

We afterwards attended evening service, at one part of which the monks took off their caps, and remained for some time bareheaded, their long locks flowing down their backs. The singing was good, but seemed to us to differ somewhat from what we had heard in Greek churches, and not to have improved so much as the Serbian psalmody.

The most interesting part of the Rilo monastery is the old tower containing the original church. The times when the latter was built reveal themselves by its position three quarters high in the wall, which has no window or lower opening except one overhanging the doorway through which to pour stones or boiling oil on the assailants of the gate. This is not the chapel of St. John of Rilo, who lived and died a hermit, worshipping in caves and hollow trees—it is not even the place of his interment, which lies at some distance on the hill. At the foot of the tower is a cell, wherein insane persons are confined, and whence they are brought into the church during service by way of being exorcised. The monk asked us if such persons were found in our country. We answered, "Yes; but instead of cells we lodge them in large and airy dwellings, and instead of the priest they are brought to the doctor." "And do they recover?" "They do sometimes, but, alas! not always." "Strange," cried he; "that is just the way with ours."

The last place to be visited is the mortuary chapel, wherein we saw numerous skulls on the altar. We were told that to have a skull placed there is a compliment to the departed, for which the relatives are willing to pay. Also that here, as in the Greek parts of Turkey, the dead are disinterred to see whether their bodies be consumed or not. Should they be in a state of preservation it is taken as a bad sign, and masses must be said for the soul. We heard of this custom being observed in the family of immensely rich merchants who enjoy the name and privileges of British subjects! In Serbia this horrible custom has been abolished.

In recompense for our liberal entertainment at the convent, we could get permission to leave nothing next morning, save a donation ostensibly for the church. On the other hand, we carried away some curiously carved wooden spoons, the portrait of old King Shishman taken from a contemporary document, and a bran new history of St. John of Rilo, depicting his eccentricities, miracles, and burial.

As we rode back over the hill there rang in our ears the Abbot's words on the ignorance and indifference of England towards the Slavonic Christians in Turkey—indifference surely culpable in a Power which contributes to hold these Christians in their present miserable condition.

When our dear countrymen take the trouble to inform themselves as to the actual inhabitants of Turkey in Europe, and have learnt that these countries once did govern themselves and fully mean to govern themselves again, they will cease asking one another whether Greece, or Austria, or Russia is to rule between the Bosphorus and the Danube. To this end (for every drop helps the ocean), should we ever make our way safely to Belgrade, and, come once more within the range of non-riding posts, we will tell our friends what we saw and heard in Bulgaria.

It is the last new thing in the Eastern question to have discovered the existence of the Bulgarians—a South Slavonic* population of more than five millions, that hitherto passed muster as Greek. This discovery was due to the appearance in Stamboul of deputations beseeching the European ambassadors to support their claim for a national hierarchy independent of the Fanar.

By Bulgaria we do not mean the small part of it allowed to bear its own name by the Turks, but the whole country peopled by Bulgarians, which stretches from the Serbian lands to the neighbourhood of Adrianople. It has the Danube for its northern frontier; the southern is less easily defined and is indented by colonies—Greek, Arnaut, and Rouman—but may yet be drawn with tolerable continuity from the Albanian mountains to the Gulf of Salonica. How early this region received a Slavonic population appears as yet very uncertain: from Byzantine authors one learns that the Slavonic language was that of its inhabitants in the sixth century; from the testimony of our own ears we know that throughout its length and breadth the Slavonic language is spoken still.

Under the Byzantine Empire the people of Bulgaria appear both as subjects and as rulers. Justinian's birthplace was and is still a Slavonic village, and his Latin name is the translation of his Slavonic one—Upravda. The great Belisarius is said to have been the Slavonic Velisar; the Emperor Basil and his line were Slavs.

This fresh barbarian blood rolled in the veins of the old East Roman Empire till the seventh century, when the first colonists were joined by tribes of a warlike character, with whom they threw off allegiance to Byzance, and overran the greater part of the peninsula. Who these newcomers were is still matter of discussion; but whoever they were, from them dates the name of Bulgaria, and the first dynasty of her sovereigns. Under the more powerful she threatened Constantinople, the weaker acknowledged the Greek Emperor as Suzerein. The monarchy lasted till 1390, when it was overthrown by the Turks.

The most important incident in this epoch of Bulgarian history is the translation of the Scriptures into that tongue by the Thessalonian brothers, Cyril and Methodius.

At the Turkish conquest, 1390, Shishman the king of Bulgaria surrendered himself and his capital to the conqueror's mercy, but the people submitted only by degrees, and always on the condition that if they paid tribute to the Sultan they should be free to govern themselves. Though aiding in Turkish wars their soldiers were commanded by their own voyvodes;* taxes were collected, and towns and villages governed by officers of their choosing; the Bulgarian Church had its native Bishops and its Patriarchs, the latter residing first at Tirnova, then at Ochrida. All this is proved by firmans and berats granted by numerous Sultans.

Of the Bulgarians the more resolute voyvodes were cut off, and the rest left to choose between emigration and apostasy. In 1776 the autonomy of their church was destroyed; in place of native Bishops, of one interest with the people, Greeks were sent from Constantinople, who plundered the peasants, denounced the chief men to Turkish suspicion, set an example of social corruption, and burnt all Slavonic books and MSS. whereon they could lay their hands. The last schools and printing-presses found shelter in the Danubian Principalities.

Few points are more remarkable in the history of Ottoman rule than the mode in which Turk and Greek have played into each other's hands. The Sultan could never have crushed the heart out of his Christian subjects without the aid of a Christian middleman. The Greek has used the brute force of his Mahometan employers to complement his own cleverness and guile. Under the later emperors, Greek dominion was unknown in Slavonic and Rouman lands; under Ottoman Caliphs, Greek Patriarchs and Fanariote Princes have ruled the Roman, the Bulgarian, and the Serb. That nationality must be of tough material which did not give way under this double presence.

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* South-Slavonic (or Iugo Slavic, from Iug, South), the name assumed by the Slavonic populations *South of the Danube*, to express their sense of kindred among themselves, and distinction from the Russians and other Slavonic peoples.

* Leaders in war—equivalent to the German Herzog, and Latin Dux.

The first breach in the prison wall was made by the revolution at the beginning of this century. Free Greece, autonomous Serbia,—may not Bulgaria have her turn! Gradually the wealthier Bulgarians no longer sent their sons for education to Constantinople, but to Russia, Bohemia, and France; in the country itself were founded native schools. Even in districts already half Græcized the national spirit began to revive. Persons who had only known the Greek character learnt late in life the Bulgarian alphabet; and we have seen parents who spoke their own language imperfectly anxiously providing that their children should know it well. It was the obstacle presented by a foreign hierarchy to these efforts at national development that brought the Bulgarians to the resolution of emancipating their Church from the control of the Fanar.

This temper was taken advantage of by the Roman Propaganda, and emissaries were sent all over the country, promising self-government and services in Slavonic, with no other condition than that a nominal recognition of the Patriarch should be exchanged for that of the Pope. The condition is not hard, and at the first start the Romanist Propaganda was a success. But the principal bait to the adoption of Catholicism was the protection of France, and when it became evident that this protection could not be unlimited, nor exempt its *protégés* from payment of taxes, the new-made Romanists recanted in troops. Their leaders became convinced that the movement could have no other effect than to extend to Bulgaria what had broken the strength of Bosnia and Albania—*i.e.*, a Latin sect, separated from the other Christians, cowering under foreign protection, selling its assistance to the Turks.

But the indifference wherewith the common people had talked of transferring their ecclesiastical allegiance, proved to the thinkers in Bulgaria that the danger of a schism might at any moment recur. For the second time in their Church history it was recognised that the South Slavonians would remain in the Eastern Church only on condition of self-government. If they are to have foreign Bishops and a foreign head, it is all one whether their Pope resides at Constantinople or Rome.

We have said that deputations from Bulgaria made their appearance in Constantinople. They came to demand that their national Patriarchate, formerly recognised by the Porte, should be restored, or, at least, that their Church be declared autonomous, with native Bishops, Archbishop, and synod, and an ecclesiastical seminary at Tirnova. In short, they desire such a system of church government as succeeds admirably in the principality of Serbia.

It is years since the Bulgarians put in their claim, but the Turk is in no hurry to remove a cause of quarrel between his Christian subjects. With great subtlety he has tried to improve the occasion by suggesting to the Bulgarians to leave the Eastern Church. They have been told that by the treaty of Adrianople the Greek Patriarch is declared head of all the orthodox communities in Turkey.

"Be Catholic," said the Mahometan judge, "or Protestant, or set up a sect of your own, and we will recognise you with pleasure: so long as you call yourselves orthodox, we know you only as Greeks."

But the Bulgarians avoided the snare. They replied that their demand affected no religious question; that they had no desire to separate themselves from the orthodox communion. They were perfectly ready to yield the Greek Patriarch recognition as Head of the Eastern Church—to be its *only* Patriarch he had never aspired. His predecessors had tolerated a Patriarch of Bulgaria till within the last ninety years—he himself at the present moment recognises Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Antioch. "Besides," added they, "the practical settlement of the business depends not on the Patriarch, but on the Sultan himself. No prelate throughout the Ottoman Empire can exercise his functions without an Imperial firman, and such a firman is all that is required by our chosen Primate to authorise him to appoint his Bishops, convoke his synod, and regulate our ecclesiastical affairs."

This statement places the Ottoman Government in an attitude other than what has been claimed for it; for it has been usually represented as striving to reconcile its Christian subjects in a religious dispute wherein it may mediate but not interfere.

No doubt, however, the Greek Patriarch might have done much to avoid an appeal to Mahometan authority, and would have best consulted the interests of his own community by at once agreeing to accept the proffered recognition with a fixed tribute. But it must ever be remembered that in a post so important as that of the Constantinopolitan chair, none but a pliant agent is tolerated by the governing Turk. Certain it is that the Patriarch has behaved equally unworthily and unwisely. Three Bishops who had declared themselves ready to resign their sees in Bulgaria unless confirmed therein by the choice of the people, and who might therefore have been used as mediators, he has had seized and conveyed into exile: all such Bulgarians as do not accept his terms he has anathematised and declared heretics.

By these measures the formidable wrath of a slow, stubborn people has been thoroughly roused. The Patriarch who excommunicated them they have renounced—rather than receive his Bishops the communities remain bishopless—should a Greek venture to impose himself upon them, they resist him by every means in their power.

In Sophia, a new Bishop was expected; so men, women, and children filled the palace and blocked it up till, unarmed as they were, they had to be expelled by Turkish soldiers. The Bishop then dwelt in isolation until, on occasion of a burial, he got hold of a Bulgarian priest, and demanded why he did not come to see him. The priest answered that he must stand by his flock; that as it would not acknowledge the Bishop, neither would he. Therefore the priest's beard was shorn, the fez of the dead man stuck on his head, and he was turned out into the streets a warning and a sign. Again the unarmed citizens rose, shops were shut, houses evacuated, thousands of people prepared to leave Sophia. Their elders waited on the Pasha and said—"Either the Greek Bishop must go or *we*." The Pasha advised the prelate to withdraw; and as the authorities in Constantinople would not permit the people to elect his successor, they preferred to do without a Bishop at all. At Nish, a town on the Serbian frontier, the Bishop anticipated an inimical demonstration by accusing the elders of the Bulgarian community of a plot to join the Serbs. Their elders were called before the Pasha, and, without a hearing, without being allowed to say farewell to their families, or to send home for extra clothing, they were hurried into carriages and sent into banishment.

In Constantinople we heard a good deal of the Bulgarian question — the Greek side of it from the Patriarch and his secretary, the Slavonic side from the Bulgarian deputies. Each party supported its arguments in pamphlets swarming with protestations of loyalty to the Sultan, and mutually taunting their antagonists as emissaries of Russia.

We appealed, as to probably impartial judges, to the opinion of foreign residents; and these, especially British and American, gave their verdict for the Bulgarian. British Consuls and American missionaries assured us that they marvelled to find a population in Turkey so industrious, thrifty, moral and clean. They are decried as timid, but the position of their country on the road of Turkish armies to the Danube, has subjected them to unremitting spoliation; like other Slavonic races, oppression makes them sullen, but they learn with eagerness, and so readily adopt western manners, that a Bulgarian who has passed some years in Europe cannot be distinguished from a European.

In our travels throughout the country we had reason to endorse this favourable judgment, and especially we were struck with the zeal wherewith the people are seeking education and starting schools.

Of Bulgaria between the Balkan and the Danube, we cannot indeed speak from personal knowledge, as the Turks declared it unsafe for travellers; but we say from trustworthy authority, that it has schools, of which two of the best are at Shumla and at Tirnova.

In central Bulgaria we visited the schools of Adrianople, Philippopolis, Samakoff, Sophia, Nish, all supported and managed by the Christian communities without pecuniary aid from Government or the Bishops. The school-rooms, mostly of good size and airy, are like everything Bulgarian—clean. The school-books are eked out with the translations published by the American Board. To conciliate the Government, Turkish is frequently taught to a scholar or two, and phrases complimentary to the Sultan have been framed into a sort of school hymn. In some places there is another hymn, to the same tune, in honour of him who shall deliver the Bulgarians from the Turkish yoke. One or the other set of words is sung before the visitor, according as he is judged to be Christian or Turcophil—we had opportunities of hearing both.

At Philippopolis, Samakoff, Sophia, there are girls' schools; the best—that at Sophia—was founded by a patriotic citizen. In his own words: "When my wife died and left me but one son I resolved not to marry again but to give my money and attention to this school." He has even brought a schoolmistress all the way from south of Austria. Slavonic female teachers are most difficult to get—a great impediment to education in Bulgaria. The missionaries in Eski Sagra have a Bohemian teacher, and their girls' school is as full as it will hold.

In southern Bulgaria such schools as we saw were smaller and poorer than those between Constantinople and Belgrade.

At Skopia, which lies on the borders of "Old Serbia," some of the school-books were in Serbian, and pictures of Serb kings and heroes hung round the teacher's room. At Prilip, where one of the great Roumelian fairs is held, there are two Bulgarian schools, holding 400 children. Among the school-books were some altered from the Serb citankas;* the people were eager for histories of Serbia, and the schoolmaster, himself a Serb, told us that most of his pupils could read Serbian as readily as their own tongue.

At Velesa, six hours farther north, all was unmixed Bulgarian. In old time Velesa was a seat of learning, and possessed a treasure of MSS. The Fanariotes made a bonfire of the books, but have failed to root out the taste for reading. Our servant had a store of Bibles and other books to distribute; nowhere had they so many purchasers as at Velesa. The Old Testaments, though costing as much as half-a-crown, were in especial request, and the people wished again and again we had brought more of them.

In the places we have hitherto mentioned, the Greek Bishop contents himself with not supporting the school, and now and then intriguing to expel an energetic teacher. But in Monastir, Salonica, Vodona, and Yenidye, Slavonic education is positively impeded. These frontier towns lie more or less on the Bulgario-Greek frontier, and in the two former the Christian inhabitants are Slavonic. In the latter, though but few Bulgarians reside actually in the city, they form the population of all the country round. Yet in no one of these places is there a Bulgarian school. The Bishop insists that, in the town school, books and teachers must be Greek, and the community, willing or not, must pay for them. If the Bulgarians would be taught in their own language they must build and support an extra school, and in case poverty should not prevent them from doing this every difficulty is thrown in their way.

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* Reading books.

The result of such anti-national policy is twofold: first, that the people, who elsewhere show themselves so eager to learn, are hereabouts listless and dull; secondly, that throughout these districts the Bulgarians are favourable to the Roman Propaganda. At Monastir the unionists have a school, and at Yenidye they are rearing a church. The whole country is watching this experiment, and should temple, liturgy, and vestments turn out true to the ancient pattern, then the Bulgarians will feel something like sure that the Pope does not mean to Latinize them.

While this matter is pending, efforts are made to get rid of the Greek without taking on the Roman. Certain congregations have bethought them that Protestants are free from both Pope and Patriarch, and Protestants enjoy the protection of England! About Salonica the country populations have applied to know whether, supposing they become Protestants, the British Government will protect them from persecution. Of course they are told emphatically "No. What has the British Government to do with the protection of Bulgarians?" Nevertheless a native bookseller did get the English Consul to stand by him in his attempt to set up a printing press, and to publish school-books for his people. But the Greek Bishop soon bribed the Pasha to withdraw the bookseller's licence; and to silence the British Consul they declared it was used for circulating Russian proclamations. Then the country populations sent to ask for Bibles and Protestant school-books and teachers, offering to pay for all. Their application was made to the Scottish mission; for at Salonica there is a Scotch missionary, who has an agent at Monastir. Both would be glad to help the Christians, but their mission is to the—Jews.

Yet much might be done to assist the Bulgarians by simply sending colporteurs about the country with a store of Bibles and school-books for sale. Thus would a seed be sown in soil so fertile that, ere the growth of another generation, it might be expected to bring forth a hundred-fold.

Salonica—burning, glaring Salonica, with its strife of creeds and starvation of souls—how shall we get back from it, to the scene from whence we started—to the blue-green forest in the shadow of the Balkan?

G. MUIR MACKENZIE AND A. P. IRBY.

THE THREE CORDS.

God made three several cords to bind
His wondrous masterpiece, mankind:
Viewless, but strong and subtly twined.

The first of life, the next of love,
The third to draw the soul above,
That all might thus in order move.

The silver cord of life is short,
Of many delicate fibres wrought,
Knitting soul and body taut.

The cord of love, with lengthen'd threads,
All human hearts together leads,
And holds them like a string of beads.

The third of each unites the strands,
The life and love of many lands,
And places them in God's own hands:

Man with himself; then man with man;
Then man with God: a perfect plan!
Improve it, sceptic, if you can.

Man sinn'd: the cable shook amain,
Then heavy dropp'd, a useless chain:
The cord of life was snapp'd in twain.

And though the cord of love was left
To solace man, of Heaven bereft;
'Twas love no more of heavenly weft;—

Till Love Himself from Heaven descended,
And pour'd His life to God, offended:
Then the third great cord was mended.

E. H.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

The meeting with Miss Catherine McQuarrie caused considerable speculation in the Hagart household, but as days passed and nothing came of it, it died away in the minds of the elders, very much as the gleam of the sovereigns died in the minds of the children and became commonplace. Miss McQuarrie was not seen or heard of afterwards. She did not call, she did not write, she sent no message; and the subject died out of the family conversation, and out of the family thought. Perhaps, although she said nothing on the matter, Mrs. Hagart brooded over it in her heart, wondering whither-unto it might tend. If she did, no one was the wiser. Hagart was preparing for what he called his invasion of Spiggleton—that is to say, he was getting ready as rapidly as possible a fresh collection of patterns for the manufacturers there, nothing doubting that, when ready, they would be purchased as greedily, and be paid for as handsomely as the former collection had been. The high spirits of the man during that fortnight! the magnificent castles he built! and Mrs. Hagart, like a dutiful wife, conceived that these airy castles were solid edifices, and that she and the children had nothing to do but enter and take possession.

For that good lady was no philosopher, and had not yet learned to tremble at sudden strokes of good fortune—of these, indeed, she had but scant experience—or to detect the irony that dwells—like east wind in a day superficially sunny—in every song of hope. She was taught the lesson, however, by and by. As for Hagart, he was radiant with happiness! Everything was to go well with him now! Spiggleton would never cease to want patterns and to pay for them, and he would never cease to supply Spiggleton with patterns. If Hagart found a bag of gold on the highway to-day, he was perfectly certain that he would find a bag of gold on the highway to-morrow. Pitiful, pathetic, this faculty of hoping—yet useful, as it keeps men alive. For in truth—and this his wife was just beginning dimly to suspect—Hagart had been an unlucky dog, had been constantly foiled, thwarted, and pushed to the wall; and an unlucky dog he would remain to the end of the chapter. At school when he played at marbles or chuck-farthing he was invariably the loser. He married into a good family—many a man makes his fortune on that—but he had no sooner married than his wife's family turned their backs on him—and her. His wife had a thousand pounds; other men speculate with their wives' money and make a good thing of it—*he* speculated with the thousand pounds and lost every farthing. He obtained a good position in the Greysleyan House, but the position, in which another man would have fattened, he contrived heroically to lose. I verily believe that if Alfred were one of twenty shipwrecked persons on a raft, and, provisions failing on the second day, lots would be drawn on the third, the lot would fall on *him*, his right arm would be opened, and before he was properly cold a rescuing sail would be espied bearing straight down. Hagart had been chasing the rainbow all his life and had tumbled into countless morasses, but no sooner did he get himself extricated than he dashed on again quite certain that this time he would come up with the beautiful apparition and secure the crock of gold that stands at its foot. There is no spectacle so sad as your uniformly unsuccessful man—unless indeed it be the good spirits and brave hopes he contrives to maintain under his uniform unsuccesses.

In a fortnight Hagart was ready to invade Spiggleton. He had produced a brilliant collection of patterns which he flattered himself would astonish his patrons by their style and elegance.

He took farewell of his wife gaily, like a knight who goes out to easy victory, and who is to return laden with glittering spoil. With his expectations—rather with his certainties—he disdained trudging across the moors to Spiggleton, and so he walked down to the Saracen's Head and took his seat in the coach. He sat beside the driver, and as they tooled along he communicated certain of his metropolitan experiences—rarer in those days than now—and talked learnedly of horses. When they arrived at Kings-barns he ordered a glass of brandy for that functionary, and while the horses were changing entered the small room in which we previously saw him and called for a glass of ale. While drinking his ale he began to think how much money he would count there the following day; he fixed the sum mentally, and felt it already in his pocket. When he had finished his ale he resumed his seat beside the driver, who had conceived a great respect for him, and in an hour thereafter he was set down in the Spiggleton market-place. He set to work at once, called on the manufacturers, displayed his patterns with a lordly air, but found them strangely unsympathetic. They looked at his sketches, but declined to buy—like trouts that play about and examine the tempting flies of the angler, but decline to hook themselves thereupon. He stepped from the torrid zone of anticipation to the frigid zone of fact. "Trade had become unsettled," his friends said; "markets were glutted at present, they had a large stock of goods prepared against the winter season, and styles might change by spring. They must hang on their oars. Perhaps in a month or so they might be able to treat with him." Hagart could hardly believe his ears. He felt as if the solid ground had yielded from under him. He reduced his prices and by that means disposed of one or two sketches to the less important houses. High-flying Hope had tumbled like a shot swan. When four o'clock came—for at that hour active business closed in the Spiggleton counting-houses—he retired to his inn defeated, humbled, sore at heart. Next day he went through the manufacturers once again, and offered his sketches at what they would bring—*jobbed* them in fact—and got quit of a few more at low prices. There was nothing for it now but to turn his face homewards. He could not now afford the coach, but must pace wearily the twenty moorland miles. One-half of his patterns he had to bring back with him. The edges of these his wife might scollop with deft scissors, sew up the edges, and place them on the mantelpiece for ornaments. They were fit for nothing else now.

Hagart left Spiggleton in the forenoon, and a mile or so before he reached Kings-barns he heard the rattle of wheels. Glancing round he saw the coach bound for Greysley, and his friend the driver sitting on the box. At the sight he flushed all over with vexation. His mind had been so occupied he had not calculated on this annoyance. He did not wish that the man to whom he had talked so freely, and for whom he had ordered a glass of brandy, should notice that he was a pedestrian. He then remembered that he had encountered Stavert on the coach the last time he had come that way, and the thought that *he* might be there again—looking after one or other of his schemes—did not lessen his confusion. If he had but sold his patterns he could have ridden on the box, and talked about horses as if he had stables of his own, and asked questions about the county gentlemen whose houses or plantations came into view, with the best! Hagart would not tell a direct lie for the world, but he did not scruple to tell an indirect and silent one—as the best of us do not scruple to do at times. So his hasty pace became an idle saunter, he twirled his stick carelessly, he looked about him as if taking in the features of a scene in which he was deeply interested; and when the coach rattled up he returned the salutation of the driver—who, with a sharp remembrance of the favour of the previous day, thought it unfortunate that the rencounter had not taken place a mile or two farther on when he would have had a little leisure—with a mock cheery voice, and remarked that "this neighbourhood was exceedingly pretty." The smile passed out of Hagart's face immediately after the coach passed, but his sauntering air and the careless twirl of his stick he retained until it rounded a turn of the road, and then he struck into the sharp pace that bespeaks a pedestrian with a journey before him.

After the coach passed, Hagart mentally wished that he was beyond Kings-barns. The moor became dreary after that, and he felt its dreariness would be in consonance with his feelings. Besides, he remembered how brilliant his hopes had been while there on the previous day, and he fancied that the place would reproach him somehow. When he drew near, there was the white inn with the willow drooping over it, and the sign of the golden Cross Keys on the blue field. There also were the barns on the other side of the way, but he noticed that against these the new cart-wheel with scarlet boss and spokes was no longer leaning, and that a broken barrow had taken its place. On this occasion the big dog did not bask in the sunshine, for the excellent reason that there was no sunshine to bask in—the day being cloudy and somewhat cold. The landlord stood in the door, and Hagart thought he divined the reason that he did not enter the little sanded room with the ivied window, and call for a glass of ale, as he had done on previous occasions. "A glass of ale would be refreshing," thought Hagart, "but I have not the heart. I could not sit in that room—it would be like remembering Austerlitz at St. Helena. It's not for myself I care, but for thee, Mag, for thee!" And so with a gulp and a quickened step he passed the inn, gained the crest of the rising ground beyond, and set his face valiantly against the stretch of brown moor—trudging along which I shall in the meanwhile leave him.

Before starting, Hagart had instructed the children to wait his return by the coach on the following day after they left school, suggesting in pretty broad terms that if they did so they might not improbably be rewarded for their pains. The hint set Jack's imagination on fire. Splendid visions hovered before him; Katy had recently received a crimson scarf: it was his turn now, and he hardly dared to fancy what good thing might be in store for him—perhaps the long-promised History of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, filled with pictures, would be his at last. He suspected that the wonderful volume would arrive on this occasion, and he promised Martha that when he had covered up the brilliant boards with brown paper, and if she would be content to look at, not to touch the pictures, he would bring it into the kitchen and read it to her every word. The coach was due at four o'clock in the afternoon, and Jack and Katy were standing by the Saracen's Head by half-past three. Never surely did clock hand move so slowly as did that clock hand move to Jack. He talked about his present, wondered what it would be, hoped it would be Robinson Crusoe, and was almost angry with his sister because she did not enter into his enthusiasm. "Perhaps you will get something as a present this time also," said he in a reproachful tone, of which the next moment he was ashamed. But to the innuendo Katy made no reply.

When the clock hand pointed to five minutes to four o'clock, Jack cried out, "Only five minutes to four now, Katy! The coach will be here in five minutes! I'll have my present in five minutes. Just think!"

And sure enough almost as he spoke the rumbling of wheels was heard, and in a minute or so the coach from Spiggleton, crowded with passengers outside and inside, came up the street at a gallop, and pulled up at the Saracen's Head.

"Now, Katy, now! Here comes father, and I hope it will be Robinson Crusoe!"

Then the passengers from the inside came out on the pavement and stamped their feet, and the passengers from the top came down on short ladders and stamped *their* feet also, but Hagart was invisible. Meanwhile the guard was chucking all kinds of parcels out of queer receptacles which he opened in the body of the vehicle, and then a couple of ostlers appeared at the horses' heads and led them and the empty coach round to the stable-yard, and at the sight Jack felt desolation creep into his very heart.

"Father has not come," he said, "and there is no other coach. What can be wrong?"

"I don't know," said Katy in a faint voice, and with a slight shiver. "Let us go home—quick."

They then started homewards, Jack full of his disappointment, and yet manfully hoping. "Perhaps father did not get his business done, and will bring the book to-morrow; perhaps he can't get the money for the patterns till to-morrow. Perhaps—but what is the matter, Katy? Are you ill? Your face is as white as paper!"

"O Jack, I can hardly see! Give me your hand! Take my books! Let me rest a little. Oh!"

"Katy! Katy! what is it? Are you ill? What is wrong? Don't frighten me, Katy dear!" He took the books from her hand, and then she leaned against him, with a white face, and with her eyes closed.

"O Katy! look up, look up! Do you hear me, Katy?" and poor Jack getting no response, and holding his sister tightly, else she would have fallen he thought, began to cry.

A washerwoman who happened to be passing laid down her basket of clothes, and with the instinct of her sex came to the rescue. "Puir thing," she said, in a strong Greysleyan accent; and taking the child into her possession, she began, with rough tenderness, to chafe her hands.

"Are ye far frae hame? Whare's her mother? What's the cause o' her fentness?"

"I don't know: she's ill. I never saw her ill before," cried Jack, weeping and wringing his hands.

At this moment a carriage slowly passed by, which Jack stared at in a sort of stupor of recognition, as if he had seen it before in a dream, or in an earlier existence. He no sooner, however, caught a gleam of the face of the occupant, than he left his sister in the hands of the charitable washerwoman and ran after it. "Stop, coachman, stop! I know Aunt McQuarrie. Tell her Katy's ill—is dying! Stop, stop!"

Thus passionately adjured, the coachman pulled up, but not before Miss McQuarrie had let down the window and poked her head out.

"Is that you, John Hagart? What are you crying for?"

"O aunt, Katy has been taken ill, and mother does not know. I saw you as you were passing. I don't know what to do, indeed I don't. Katy, Katy!" and the boy's grief broke out with greater intensity than ever.

"Bring her here," said Miss McQuarrie, "bring her here. Tell that woman to bring her here. Be quick—and come in yourself too."

Jack immediately ran back to the washerwoman and delivered his message. The washerwoman lifted the child and carried her towards the carriage. Jack followed after, picking up his own and his sister's books, which had fallen on the ground, and lay there unheeded.

"It's jist a dwam, my leddy," said the good-hearted Amazon, as she deposited the child on the carriage cushions. "Something has come oure the puir thing's heart. If ye hae some hartshorn, or a smelling-bottle, or a drap o' speerits, it wad bring her roon'."

Miss McQuarrie instantly tore open Katy's dress, dislodging as she did so a sovereign, which was worn round the neck by a thin golden chain—but this at the moment she did not notice. She then whipped a perfume bottle from her reticule, poured out some of the contents in her palm, and bathed the child's face. After a moment or so, with a great sigh of relief, the languid eyes opened. But when Katy became conscious of the stern face which had a fortnight before frightened her on the canal bank, she started up with a cry, and caught hold of her brother's hand. "Where am I? Take me away, take me to mamma!"

"Don't be afraid Katy," said her aunt in a voice unusually low; "I am taking you to mamma. Don't you feel better now?"

Reassured somewhat by the soft voice, Katy could only lean back on the cushion and sigh, while Jack got hold of one of her hands and held it in both of his.

All this time the carriage door had remained open, and the washerwoman, culpably careless of her basket and the property of her employers, had stood looking on, making sympathetic ejaculations at intervals. When Katy had revived and leaned back, she exclaimed, "Ay, she's come to hersel noo. It's a bonny bairn, as like my ain Mary that died five year syne as—"

Here Miss McQuarrie interrupted her. "I am sure I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and I need not detain you longer," and she had her purse in her hand.

"Na, na," quoth the washerwoman, drawing back a step and putting up her hands in rejection. "Na, na, I'll tak' nae siller for onything I hae dune, and for a bairn sae like my ain Mary to," and with that she turned away.

But this seemed to rouse the truculent blood of the old lady. "If you won't take the money, I won't keep it. You'll not let it lie on the ground I dare say." And she flung a coin after the retreating figure, which Jack could hear rattle on the pavement. Without waiting to see whether it had been picked up, she called out to the coachman, "Drive on slowly, and I'll direct you when to stop." Then she closed the door and window.

By this time the colour had come to Katy's cheek, and although somewhat afraid still, she was gradually regaining composure. Her aunt then drew her to her knee, and busied herself smoothing her hair and re-arranging her dress. In so doing she came again in contact with the pendant sovereign.

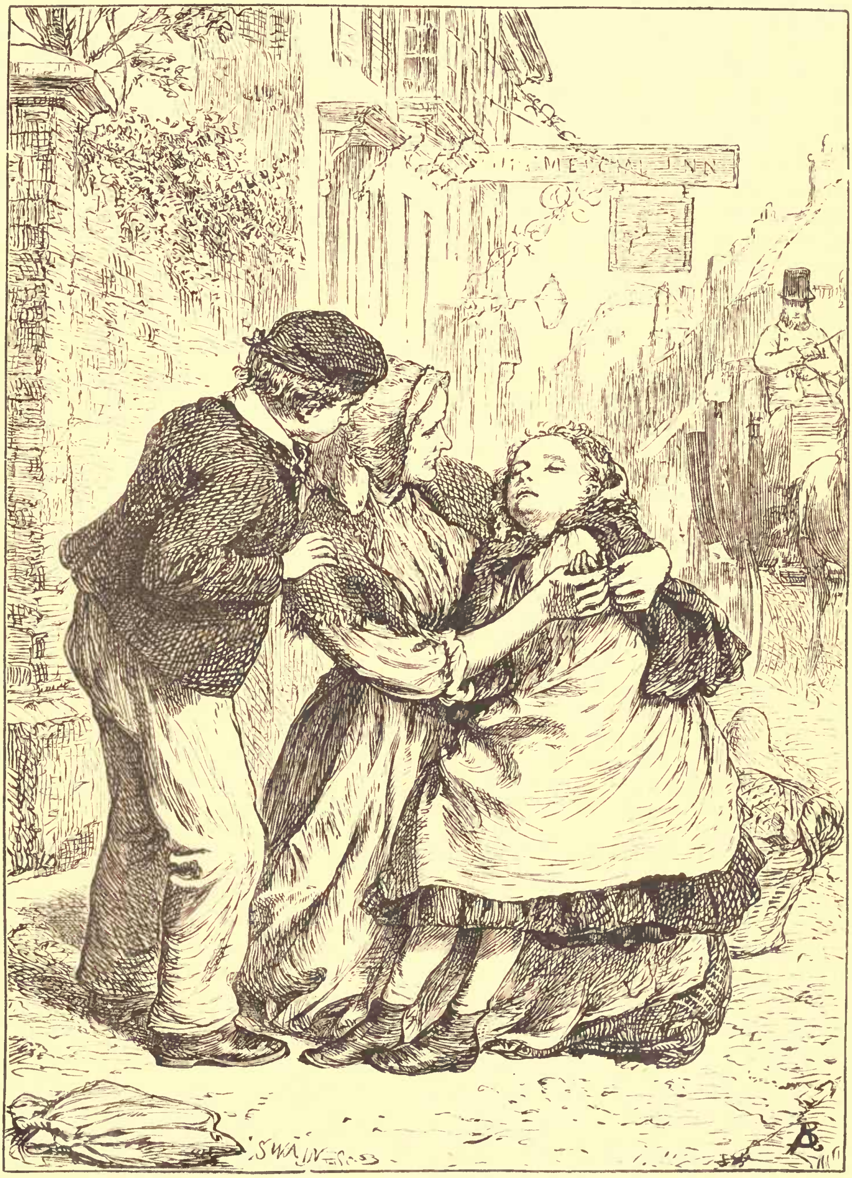
"What is this?" she said, holding the coin in her palm.

"The sovereign you gave me, aunt, on the canal bank—which you said was a sixpence."

"Mother would not allow us to spend them," said Jack, "so she took them to a jeweller's and got them pierced, and put them on two old locket chains of her own, and made us wear them. I've got mine here," he continued, putting his hand on his breast.

"Did you tell your mother you had met me?"

"Yes."



"PUIR THING!" SAID THE WASHERWOMAN.

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"What did she say?"

Both Jack and Katy remained silent.

"What did she say? Can't either of you speak?"

"She only kissed Katy and cried very much," Jack said at last.

Miss McQuarrie leaned back and said nothing for a little—only the withered hands were wandering tenderly over Katy's hair and cheek. She then said, "John, you must be near home now! Tell me when you are at home." And relapsed into silence again. Katy was getting used to the caressing hand, and began to think its touch soft and pleasant.

They had now got beyond the distilleries, and looking out of the window, Jack watched the familiar objects gliding past. When they were within twenty yards of the house, he said, "We are at home now, aunt." The old lady pulled the check string; the carriage stopped, and the coachman opened the door. "Lift out the child—carefully. Good-bye, Katy. Good-bye, John."

Katy was lifted out, and when Jack followed he turned round.

"Won't you see mother? She would like to thank you," he said.

"No, no, no! not now," said the old lady, in a voice that sounded strangely in the boy's ear. "Drive on—quick!" And when Mrs. Hagart came to the parlour window, and Martha to the door, there were the children standing outside the gate, and the carriage driving rapidly away.

Mrs. Hagart had known tribulation, but this afternoon after she had heard the children's story she was more troubled than she had ever been before. Katy was unwell, her husband had not arrived by the coach as he had promised—she knew pretty well how to interpret *that*—and here again was a meeting with Miss McQuarrie! As was natural, her mother's heart rushed out towards Katy, and her husband's unsuccesses and these strange appearances of her half-sister were regarded as trifles in comparison. The child did not seem specially ill—she never did—she made no complaint, she felt no pain, she said: all along her temper had been unnaturally quiet and sweet, undisfigured by those spirts of petulance and rage which are common with healthy children, but this afternoon her demeanour was meeker than ever. Her caresses were constant and fond; and when the afternoon began to settle into the early autumn twilight, Mrs. Hagart's heart sank as she felt the heat of the dry little palms and the unwonted brilliancy of the eye. Katy was put to bed, some simple medicine was administered, and then she threw her hot arms round her mother's neck, kissed her, and said she would go to sleep. The little figure was tucked in carefully under the bed-clothes and left. Mrs. Hagart slipped into the room at intervals, and on one of these occasions she found the child's hands moist and a soft perspiration on the forehead.

Meanwhile Martha was busy at work in the kitchen, and in the kitchen Jack sat preparing his lessons for the morrow. He had to get by heart the proper spelling of a column of six-syllabled outlandish words, and although his memory was ready enough usually, he could not this afternoon fix his attention on the page before him. His father's absence, Katy's sudden illness, his second encounter with his aunt were continually spiriting him away from his work, and leading him into a maze of speculation. He at length gave up his task in despair, and thought he would like to sit beside his mother. Laying down his book he went noiselessly—for in that frugal household shoe leather was a matter of importance, and Jack was at present in his stockings—toward the parlour door. It was slightly ajar, and on the walls he could notice the flicker of the firelight. Awe-stricken, frightened, he did not know why he glided into the room which he had at first fancied to be vacant, noting nothing but the dance of red light and umber shade on the furniture. Then a low murmur struck his ear, and led by the sound, he saw his mother kneeling beside a chair and pleading with Heaven for her child. Jack heard only a broken sentence, and he was out of the room and in the kitchen like a shot. "Martha! Martha!" he cried wildly, "I am sure Katy is going to die."

"Wheesht, laddie," said Martha, pausing in her work—"wheesht, laddie, what will Katy dee for? She's fawn on a fine sleep an' will be better i' the mornin'."

"I don't know. She was very ill on the way home, and mother is afraid about her."

"It's nat'rel she should be anxious wi' naebody in the hoose but me."

"Why has father not come? He said he would come by the coach. Katy and I waited for him. He promised he would bring us presents too!"

"Presents! never mind presents, be thankfu' if ye get your denners. It's the fulishest tredd that man's! Sitting in the hoose here like a leddy, an' workin' away wi' pents in a bit brush on a bit o' paper. Why disna he gang oot to his wark like anither man? If he had ony speerit he wadna warm a seat at that tredd again."

"But, Martha, he sold his patterns well last time," said Jack.

"But hoo often does he sell his paw'trens? Is't ance in sax times? If yer mother was na' an uncommon managing woman he micht tak' you an' Katy, ane in each han', an' gang singing through the streets. Presents quotha! But dinna greet," said Martha, dropping into a softer tone, "Katy will be better when she waukens, an ye'll hae her rinning aboot wi' ye in a day or sae."

So comforted Jack wiped his eyes, and really felt that the world was not quite so black as he had painted it a few minutes before. After staring in the fire pondering certain late strange matters he said, "Isn't it strange that we should have seen Aunt Kate again to-day?"

"Strange indeed!"

"She stopped the coach the moment she saw us, and ordered Katy to be taken beside her, and was so kind. But why doesn't she come to see mother? I asked her to come to-day, but she just lay back in a dark corner of the coach and told the coachman to drive on fast."

"Your mother and her quarrelled lang syne, an' thae quarrels canna be made up in a day. But she's comin' roon. She's seen yer faces an' she canna help hersel'. Nature's stronger than pride. Ye'll see her sune again or I'm muckle mista'en—but here's yer mother," and Martha suddenly broke off and began scrubbing the dresser with energy.

Mrs. Hagart entered the kitchen with a quiet settled face. She told Martha that Katy was still sleeping peacefully, and that her skin was moist and her breathing regular. She then busied preparing tea against her husband's arrival, which was instantly expected. The tea was infused, and was left on the kitchen hob, and Martha carried cups, a plateful of buttered toast, and the remainder of a beefsteak pie into the parlour. In about ten minutes after these matters were satisfactorily arranged, the bell rang. "There's father!" cried Jack, as Robinson Crusoe rose faintly on the horizon of his imagination, and he ran and opened the door.

"Is that you, father?—you are late. We were at the coach to-day."

"My poor boy, my disappointment includes yours. I hoped to have brought something for you and Katy, but I come home defeated—like Napoleon after Waterloo." And Robinson Crusoe faded at once and for ever out of Jack's expectations.

Mrs. Hagart in the kitchen could not hear what was said, but she caught the tone of her husband's voice and detected failure in it. It was sober and low-pitched, and she drew her own conclusions. In luck, Hagart was inclined to be somewhat loud and boisterous; in misfortune he was quiet, tender, deprecating, almost obsequious. She divined disaster; but dressing her face in her best smile she came into the lobby where Alfred was taking off his coat.

"O Alfred! you are late, and must be sadly tired. The children were at the coach, but did not find you."

"I walked home, Mag; it's a long way, and it was made all the longer by the patterns I had to bring back with me."

"You have not been successful then, dear."

"Never was so disappointed in all my life. Every one admired my sketches, but they would not buy. I have only sold six, and these at what they would bring."

"Well, well! never mind, so long as you are home again safe. You had better go to the kitchen, John—are you sure you have your lessons correctly?"

Jack went off, and Mrs. Hagart led the way into the sitting-room. When there, she turned round suddenly and caught hold of her husband's hands: "Katy became suddenly unwell to-day on her way from school. I have been so alarmed, Alfred! Will you come and see her?"

In an instant Hagart had his boots off that he might tread noiselessly. His wife lifted the candle, and he followed her into Katy's room. The child lay peacefully asleep with lips apart, a brown curl escaped from her cap astray on her forehead, and one arm thrown over the coverlet. Her cheek was flushed just a little, but her breathing was low and gentle, and her skin still moist. Mrs. Hagart came close to the bedside and held the candle over it, shading it the while with her hand.

"Do you think there is anything serious?" she said.

"I hope not, Margaret, but you must have Dr. Crooks in the morning."

"O Alfred," said she, laying down the candle and throwing herself into his arms, "I cannot bear to part with her—indeed, I cannot! If we should lose her, Alfred, if we should lose her! We don't deserve her, but I cannot part with her." And the tender mother broke into fresh crying, as if she had not been crying half the afternoon already.

While trudging across the moors that day Hagart thought himself wretched enough—thought, in fact, that he could hardly be *more* wretched. If he had not discovered before, he discovered now that misery is a sea that has no bottom. On a stroke of this kind he had not calculated, and his failure at Spiggleton was for the time entirely thrown in the background and forgotten. When he saw his wife's tears he felt that he must do something, and he acted the part of comforter as best he could. He did not think the child was really ill—at least there was nothing to cause alarm. Katy was always delicate, and this was only a slight ailment that would be off in a day or so. At any rate, if anything should be wrong Dr. Crooks would be able to dispose of it; and he would be sent for in the morning. In such matters it was always better to have the doctor at once. And so, with sentences like these, he allayed his wife's anxiety so successfully that when he said it was very cruel in her keeping him from dinner after such a long walk by a false alarm, she—Spiggleton failure notwithstanding—smiled on him as they went into the parlour.

Jack slipped into the room and sat down by the fire while that meal was in progress. He heard his mother tell about the second meeting with Miss McQuarrie, and her kindness in driving the children home. He heard his father's speculations on that event. Then they talked of their prospects for the coming winter, of monetary embarrassments, of anxieties of various kinds; and listening to all this the boy discovered for the first time that he had been born into a difficult world, in which there were other things to do than playing at marbles and discovering birds'-nests, and greater hardships to be endured than even a disappointment in the matter of Robinson Crusoe.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following morning Dr. Crooks called and saw his patient. He was a little, dapper, clean-shaven man, who entertained a tolerably good opinion of himself: he wore a white neckcloth, a gold repeater, a cluster of large seals at his fob, and when walking he carried his clean-shaven chin erect, and twirled dexterously a black cane with a golden head. He saw his patient, felt her pulse, studying the while his gold repeater, and when satisfied he dropped the little wrist on the bed-clothes and the repeater into his pocket at one and the same moment. He then examined Katy's tongue; that done he rubbed his dapper hands together, stroked his clean-shaven chin, adjusted his white neckcloth, and intimated that, if Mrs. Hagart would attend him, he would write out a prescription.

When they entered the sitting-room Hagart, who was anxiously waiting, rose, and Dr. Crooks made a little bow and smile in reply to his sign of recognition.

"I trust you don't find anything seriously wrong with my daughter," he said.

"Well, nothing serious as yet: nothing at all serious as yet," said the doctor. "She's a delicate child, a very delicate child, Mrs. Hagart, and we must take great care of her. Meantime, she must keep her bed, and be kept perfectly quiet. She's a little feverish, but if you will oblige me with pen, ink, and paper, we'll prescribe something which will reduce that, I hope."

Mrs. Hagart opened her writing-desk and placed it on the table before the doctor, who sat down and scribbled certain hieroglyphics, and signed his name at the foot, drawing two great dashes under it. "This you will give her every two hours, and I'll call the day after to-morrow. Meantime, if she should get worse, send for me at once."

"But you don't think it likely that she will get worse?" Mrs. Hagart asked with a little gulp of alarm.

"I don't anticipate she will," said Dr. Crooks, impressively drawing on his gloves; "I really don't think she will, but it's always best to know how to act if anything should happen. She is very delicate, and great care must be taken—care especially of cold. I am sure," and here the clean-shaven doctor smiled blandly, "she is under the charge of the tenderest of nurses."

Under cover of this fire of compliment the doctor retired. Martha let him out, the Hagarts heard the door close, and next moment they saw him pass the window on his way to Greysley, twirling his gold-headed cane, and carrying his clean-shaven chin erect.

Mrs. Hagart was not quite satisfied with the result of the doctor's visit. She plucked vague alarms out of his professional commonplaces. "He says she is feverish; and then he said if she became worse——"

"But he does not think it likely that she will," said the husband.

"He did not wish to frighten us. Doctors never say exactly what they think. I fear the poor dear is more seriously ill than we suspect. If she is not better to-morrow, I'll go into Greysley and see him myself."

"He said he would call the day after to-morrow. Meantime, we will get the prescription and see its effect. There is no use going to see him: he was only to be sent for in the event of her getting worse. Your fears are mother's foolishness."

"You don't feel as I do, Alfred; indeed you don't. I can't argue with you. I don't know how it is, but I feel that some evil is impending. God grant my feeling may be only mother's foolishness, as you call it."

If Mrs. Hagart was filled with melancholy, her husband was not. The doctor's words had dissipated the only cloud that lingered in his mind. Although tired by his walk from Spiggleton, he had lain awake half the night, and during the night-watches a great idea had flashed upon him. This idea he turned over and over; he grew more enamoured of it every moment; and now the sun of his prospects was shining as at midsummer. The Spiggleton markets were overstocked: Hoggs and Bloggs and the rest of them were inclined to rest on their oars. The Spiggleton markets were overstocked—but then it was with goods for winter wear, and all the patterns he had taken with him were designed for winter fabrics. Was it astonishing that they did not sell? It was astonishing rather that the manufacturers were good-natured enough to look at them. Hoggs and Bloggs must rest on their oars of course—they were waiting to see what styles would be fashionable in spring. It was quite natural they should so wait. But who would set the spring fashions? He would! He would produce a collection of patterns of such unexampled beauty and elegance, adapted for the spring season, that Hoggs and Bloggs would see that the moment for action had arrived; that the iron was hot and must be struck at once; and so by his own energy, spirit, and genius, Hagart saw his way to revive the Spiggleton trade, to cause the whole town to sing aloud for joy, to make Hoggs and Bloggs millionaires, and to put unknown sums of money in his own pocket. This idea had dawned upon Hagart while tossing upon his pillow about two o'clock in the morning; he thought it would do then: and now when he had slept over it and reviewed it with a cool brain, he not only thought it would do—he was sure of it. This grand idea rose-hued his whole world, it made less terrible his butcher's bill, and lent a healthy colour even to poor Katy's cheeks.

Hagart withdrew to the empty room in which the big desk stood, and while endeavouring to realise his brilliant idea, at the very moment indeed when he had sketched a sprig of hawthorn with a butterfly perched upon it—for he determined to tickle Hoggs and Bloggs with distinguished novelty, as the jaded appetite of the epicure is tickled by condiments—

Mrs. Graves, the naval officer's widow who lived two doors off, was preparing to pay a visit of condolence to Mrs. Hagart.

The ladies were not in any intimate way acquainted, but they had once or twice exchanged formal calls. In truth Mrs. Hagart was somewhat stiff and formal towards strangers, and was not in the least disposed to allow man or woman to inscribe his or her name perforce on her list of friends. On meeting strangers she remembered she was a McQuarrie, that she had a great-great-great-grandfather; and from all unwelcome advances she was wont to shelter herself behind a frigid and ceremonious politeness. Such politeness, however, did not in the least disconcert Mrs. Graves. She was a woman of tough moral cuticle, and could not be easily cold-shouldered. She had a charming insensibility to affront. Like the British army, she did not know when she was beaten; and like the British army, through that heroic ignorance she gained many a victory.

When Martha was running into Greysley in the morning to summon Dr. Crooks, she encountered Susan, Mrs. Graves's maid-servant, returning from the dairy with the morning's milk. There was a sentimental friendship between these young women, and if their world was contracted compared to the wide and splendid one in which you and I live—why it was the only world they had, and was interesting to them as ours is to us. Of course when they met there was a quarter of an hour's chatter, and, quite as much a matter of course, the private affairs of the respective households in which they resided constituted a considerable proportion of it. Susan told Martha that her mistress had got home her new dress, and Martha told Susan that Katy had been taken ill. And when Susan went home she brought with the milk this little morsel of news.

Mrs. Graves was a kind-hearted woman enough in her way, and she was experienced in sickness. Her husband, Lieutenant Graves, R.N., had been long ill before he departed this life; she had been weakly herself in youth and early married life. She had had children, but being of rickety constitution they had all died. When she heard the news of Katy's illness she resolved to call on Mrs. Hagart, because she liked to be in the midst of sickness where she could air her experiences, because she liked a little neighbourly gossip, and because the call would give her the opportunity of wearing her new dress, which she flattered herself was of richer material and more fashionable make than any dress possessed by Mrs. Hagart.

That lady was surprised and annoyed when she saw her visitor pace in at the little gate. She was a McQuarrie, and she did not care to receive visitors—especially such visitors as her immediate neighbours; and at the present time she was in no mood to receive visitors of any kind. But Martha opened the door, and Mrs. Graves rustled through the lobby in her silk and was in the parlour in a trice. She caught Mrs. Hagart's coldly extended hand in both her own. "I am so sorry to hear that Miss Katy is ill," she said, "and have not been able to rest all the morning. She is such a pretty child, and I have admired her so often—so quiet, so gentle, so even-tempered. She reminds me so much of my own lost darlings. Susan wished to come round to inquire, but I said I would come myself. So here I am."

What could Mrs. Hagart do? Her icy manner thawed, and she asked her visitor to sit down. If the greatest booby in creation tells me that he is continually reading my books, and that his interesting children have got certain of my poems by heart, I know he is a booby all the same, but I am conscious of a pleasant titillation.

When Mrs. Graves was seated, she was duly informed that Katy had been yesterday taken suddenly ill, and that Jack had been frightened out of his wits; also that the children had been taken home in their aunt's carriage.

Mrs. Graves was eloquent in sympathy. "A darling girl of mine was taken ill in a similar way, and was taken from me. It was just about this season of the year too. The beginning of winter is a bad time for children's ailments—a very bad time. Dr. Macnamara—I and my husband were living in Dublin then—told me it was the winter that killed my girl. If the illness had but come in spring she would have struggled through it, and been a grown woman now—to comfort me."

Thereafter there were tears on both sides, and a good deal of sympathetic ejaculation. Mrs. Graves had come to condole, and had found herself condoled with, which was pleasant. Mrs. Hagart had entirely forgotten by this time that Mrs. Graves had no discoverable grandfather.

"My dear Mrs. Hagart, I have had my trials. I have endured the loss of husband and children, and yet here I am: and in spite of all I can laugh and chatter pleasantly enough with a friend of an evening over a cup of tea. A heart can stand a great deal before it breaks."

Here Mrs. Hagart interjected a pious sentiment, the purport of which may be divined.

"You are a young mother," Mrs. Graves went on, "and cannot be expected yet to bear illness easily. It's wonderful how one gets used to it after a while. I am never so happy as when I am in attendance on a sick bed—having so much experience, you know! If you should ever require me——" Here Mrs. Hagart shook her head. "Well, I'll not insist, but if you ever should, you know, I am at your service. In illnesses, especially with young mothers, the great thing is to have a good doctor."

"We have called in a skilful doctor, Dr. Crooks. He attended Alfred—my husband," interjected the lady hastily, "Alfred" striking the McQuarrie part of her nature as being too familiar for the occasion—"and he brought him round in a week."

"Dr. Crooks!"

"You have no doubt of Dr. Crooks' skill, I hope?" asked Mrs. Hagart, in an alarmed tone.

"I say nothing on the matter. It's not for me to interfere. Dr. Crooks may be a very skilful man, but I know that Mrs. Wardell, when confined of her second baby, died under his charge; and that Mrs. Jones's little boy—the draper's wife in High Street, you know—just about your girl's age, by the way, he was, and of a similar complexion—wasted away under his care, and to this day Mrs. Jones believes that Dr. Crooks never understood the case. But you know I say nothing. Dr. Crooks may be a skilful man, only if I were you I would call Dr. Bowdler."

"Dr. Crooks is known to my husband, and he has every confidence in him," said Mrs. Hagart, somewhat coldly. "He was here this morning, and thinks that the child is not seriously ill, but that the greatest care must be taken of her."

"Doctors, as a class, don't know much about children's ailments—at least not so much as mothers of experience. How should they? They do not watch and tend them day and night as mothers do. I have buried five darlings, Mrs. Hagart, and I ought to know something. Perhaps you would let me see Miss Katy. My experience might suggest—— "

"Oh no, no, no. I really couldn't. She's asleep at present, and the rustle of your dress might waken her."

"Silk," said Mrs. Graves, glancing complacently down at her skirts, "especially heavy silk like this—it cost ten shillings the yard, my dear; and I'm sure you'll think it cheap at the money, just try the texture—is not well suited for a sick room, perhaps. The rustle, as you say, might disturb the darling, but I'll call in a day or so and see my little friend in whom I am so much interested. Don't you think it handsome, and very well made?" And Mrs. Graves got up from her chair, and turned slowly round.

For a moment there was a spark of comic light in Mrs. Hagart's eye. "Very handsome indeed! I suppose you got it made quite recently?"

"It came home only two days ago. The truth is"—here the visitor became much more communicative than she had intended—"this is the first time I have had it on, and I so much wished to know how you would like it."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you for the compliment. But I must be going to Katy now."

"Oh yes, a patient must have every attention. Don't you think there is something wrong with the fold here? No! I have still some old prescriptions given me by Dr. Macnamara. I keep them in a box with the red sashes and the blue shoes the darlings wore, and I'll send one round if you like. Dr. Macnamara was the most famous physician in Dublin in his time, and poor Lionel always insisted on having the most eminent skill. I am certain it will do good."

"Thank you. But we are in the hands of Dr. Crooks, and must follow his advice."

"Dr. Crooks is to call the day after to-morrow, I think you said. Isn't that a long time to wait?" said Mrs. Graves as she rose, shook hands with Mrs. Hagart, and went into the lobby. "Be sure, my dear, that he understands the case. Everything depends upon that. If you have any reason to suspect that he does not, you can send at once for me—or Dr. Bowdler."

And so Mrs. Graves sailed off, highly pleased with the interview, and leaving Mrs. Hagart the most miserable woman in the world.

WAR-CHARITIES, NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

By J. M. LUDLOW.

It is not many years since it was the fashion to hope that the era of war had died out in civilised Europe. It is no doubt a remarkable fact, that the several successive generations of human beings, which came into the world, in Europe, within the first few years after Waterloo,—if we reckon their duration, as is usually done, at 33 years,—should have passed away again, without having seen any of those great struggles which leave on history the mark as of a bloody hand. But the Crimean war, with its terrible sufferings, broke up the long, but latterly lurid and treacherous calm. Then came the short, but fearfully bloody Italian war, and Solferino, deadliest battle since Waterloo, with its 40,000 killed and wounded. And lastly has arisen that gigantic American struggle, so momentous in its bearings upon the future of mankind, and the issues of which appeal, as perhaps never war has appealed before, to every good, and to every evil feeling within man's breast; that struggle which will cost, at the lowest computation, the lives of half-a-million of men, before the crime of the man-stealer shall at last be washed out in blood.

Yes, with awe we must acknowledge it, the era of war has not yet died out. He, who is King of kings, and Lord of lords, sees yet fit to use the storms and surges of human passion, the hail of human missiles, the bolts of human thunder, and all other human mimicries of nature's powers of destruction and death, as instruments, like those others in the government of His universe. With whatever trust we may look forward to the day when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," that day has not yet dawned. We have still to reckon with war as an element in the world's history. Let us, therefore, look it in the face.

Now, if we do fairly look in the face the three great wars of our day of which I have spoken, we shall see disengage themselves from the cloud of dust and cannon-smoke which involves them, as it were three forms of beauty, three great works of Christian love. With the story of the Crimean war is inseparably bound up that of Florence Nightingale, and of the noble bands of volunteer nurses, and other volunteer workers of either sex, who accompanied or followed her to the allied camps and hospitals; of the grand-duchess Helena of Russia, and of the 200 or 300 Russian ladies who, in like manner—as we are too apt to forget—went forth to serve in the war-hospitals of their countrymen; and again, amongst ourselves, that of the uplifting of the nation's voice for inquiry into the sufferings of its soldiers,—of the appointment, in deference to that voice, of the Crimean Sanitary Commission, and through its labours the demonstration that, by the use of proper sanitary measures, the sickness of an army in the field can be reduced to less than the death-rate had been before they were adopted; and lastly, that of the quiet and gradual application of the experience thus acquired to the wants of the army in peace-time; the voice of Florence Nightingale being still constantly the first to denounce the evil to be undone, to urge the work to be done, to cheer on the workers. To the American war belongs the application of the latest conclusions of sanitary science to the sudden emergencies of a terrific struggle, waged over two-thirds of a continent at once, through the marvellous organisation of the American Sanitary Commission,—the most gigantic work of practical charity, so far as I know, ever attempted, far less carried out, as it has been, with unflagging zeal, with unexampled success. Lastly, the Italian campaign, through the impressions which it stamped upon the heart and mind of a Swiss traveller, gave birth, many years after, to a scheme of, if I may so call it, international war-charity, which has borne fruit already, and may bear abundant fruit hereafter.

It is surely impossible not to see the historical sequency of these three facts, the progression manifested in them. First came the strong patriotic impulsion arising from a quickened sense of the duties of the non-combatants of a nation towards its suffering fighters, as typified in Miss Nightingale's work. Then came the mighty organisation of that woman's work, for the purposes of one great struggle, by men's hearts and brains among the Federals, with which the name of Frederick Law Olmsted will perhaps remain most especially connected. Then at last the Swiss Henri Dunant puts forth the idea of rendering both the impulse and the organisation permanent, and raising both into the domain of international law, by "neutralising," as the technical term is,—in other words, rendering sacred amid the very horrors of war—both the sanitary services and the sufferers whom they tend.*

Of the first of these three works I will assume that my countrymen have sufficient knowledge already, and that a few dry figures will be a sufficient record of it for my present purpose. Let it, therefore, simply be noted that, to use Miss Nightingale's own words, "we had in the first seven months of the Crimean campaign, a mortality of 60 per cent. per annum among the troops from disease alone . . . in the last six months a mortality not much greater than among our healthy Guards at home"; that the improvement commenced from the moment that under the auspices of the Crimean Sanitary Commission, sanitary measures began to be taken; that under the influence of such measures, the monthly rate of sickness of 34·8 per cent. in January, 1855, fell to 9·3 in January, 1856, to 3·6 in June; and the monthly death-rate from 9·78 in the first period to 0·18 in the second and 0·02 in the third; that by the further application of sanitary principles in time of peace, the mortality of the British army has fallen everywhere in the most extraordinary proportion; by one-third in Malta, by nearly one-half in Nova Scotia, by more than three-fourths in Bermuda, by more than seven-eighths in Barbadoes, by more than eleven-twelfths in British Guiana, by twelve-thirteenths in Jamaica, and in St. Lucia, from 122 per thousand per annum, to 1!—But now let us look across the Atlantic.

I have said that the American Sanitary Commission is the organisation of a woman's work by men. But it is well to recollect that in this instance, as in that of the Crimean war, the work was essentially in its origin woman's work still. Sumter had scarcely fallen when ladies' committees had already sprung up throughout the North to prepare lint, knit and sew for the volunteers. The New York Ladies' Committee was the first to feel the need of regular organisation, to call in the aid of practical men, who in turn applied to Government, and solicited the appointment of a special Sanitary Commission. President Lincoln, with that characteristic slowness of resolve which, when once ripened, grows with him into the most steadfast fixedness of purpose, received the proposal coldly at first. But the army medical staff, organised for a microscopic force of some 15,000 men, had utterly broken down when these had swelled suddenly to 80,000,—soon to rise to 250,000, and almost indefinitely from thence. One regiment lost 20 per cent. of its effectives before seeing the enemy, 35 per cent. before firing a shot. The Surgeon-General of the Forces was anxious for voluntary aid. So at last, after months of delay, the Sanitary Commission was officially constituted, and received a local habitation in one of the public buildings of Washington, with power to use official stationery.

Nothing more. The Commission had declared from the first that it sought "no pecuniary remuneration from the Government," nay, that it asked for

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* It appears now that the same idea had presented itself at the same time to a French army contractor, M. Henri Arrault, and had actually been published by him in 1861.

"no legal powers, but only the official recognition and moral countenance of the Government." Its general object was, it said,

> "Through suggestions, reported from time to time to the Medical Bureau and the War Department, to bring to bear upon the health, comfort, and *morale* of our troops the fullest and ripest teachings of sanitary science in its application to military life, whether deduced from theory or practical observation, from general hygienic principles, or from the experience of the Crimean, the East Indian, and the Italian wars."

Its proposed work was to be divided between three heads,—1st. "Material of the volunteers," 2nd. "Prevention," 3rd. "Relief." The two latter proved the most important. Under the head of Prevention it was to inquire with scientific thoroughness into the subject of "diet, cooking, cooks, clothing, tents, camping grounds, transports, transitory depots with their exposures, camp police . . . Everything appertaining to outfit, cleanliness, precautions against damp, cold, heat, malaria, infection, crude, unvaried or ill-cooked food, and an irregular or careless regimental commissariat, would fall under this head." Under the head of relief, it was to "inquire into the organisation of military hospitals . . . the precise regulations and routine through which the services of patriotic women might be made available in nursing;" the "nature and sufficiency of hospital supplies;" the "method of obtaining and regulating all other extra and unbought supplies contributing to the comfort of the sick; the question of ambulances and field-service, and of extra medical aid, and whatever else relates to the care, relief, or cure of the sick and wounded," &c.—

A catalogue of "I-want-to-knows," sufficient surely to turn grey the hair of all the clerks in all the Circumlocution Offices throughout the world, but which of itself sufficiently shows the thoroughly *national* character of the movement. Clearly, these men were either the most impudent of charlatans, or they felt that they were speaking in the name of the American people. But the war was a people's war, and they made themselves listened to; and it is observed now with surprise that the forecast, which thus mapped out a work yet unbegun, embraced "nearly all that has since proved essential." Of the spirit with which they grappled with that work, let the following passage of a letter from the General Secretary (Mr. Olmsted) to his associate Secretary at the West, bear witness:—

> "The governing purpose of the organisation is to avoid delay and circumlocution, to the end of accomplishing efficiency and directness of action. All practicable checks and methods consistent with and subsidiary to this are to be observed. None are to be cared for which assuredly interfere with it. . . . What one man cannot do, two must. It is immaterial whether the work is done here or there. The question is one of time, not of trouble. *When the money gives out, we are to scuttle and go down—till then, do our work thoroughly.*"

Thoroughly they have done it hitherto. Indeed the difficulty is to say, not what they have done, and where, but what they have not done, and where not. The work of inspection, which was entered upon both in the East and in the West, the instant the Association was organised, has extended to every army, every camp. A regular staff of inspectors was formed, some of whom forsook far more remunerative positions to enter the service of the Commission, whilst others declined for it the office of Brigade-surgeon in the army. And although the Sanitary Commission has been able to ensure most important reforms in the official organisation of the army medical service (including the appointment of a special corps of sanitary inspectors, an increase in the number of surgeons, assistant surgeons, and medical cadets, the removal of various red-tape obstructions in the way of efficiency, and last not least, the abrogation of the rule of perpetual succession by seniority alone in the medical service), the Commission has not yet deemed it advisable to give up its work of inspection.

Every inspector is required, after inspecting a camp or post, to report elaborately on its condition, the report comprising answers to 180 questions, "covering every important point connected with the sanitary condition of the army." More than 1470 of these reports had been received by the end of 1863, and are tabulated and digested. The Commission has also undertaken to tabulate the whole mortality of the forces, from the records in the Adjutant-General's office. This had ranged, till the end of 1863, from a maximum of 165 per 1000 during the deadly campaign on the Peninsula, to 44½ per 1000 during a period of comparative inaction (June 1861 to March 1862), the average, however, being 65 per 1000. These figures, though high, compared with our Crimean minimum of 25 per 1000 per annum in January, 1856, when our sanitary muddle had been finally got under, are but trifles compared with those terrible ones of 293 per 1000 for July, August, and September, 1854; 511 per 1000 in October—December; and 1174 per 1000 per annum in January, 1855, or even with the reduced one of 250 in April—June, after sanitary operations had commenced. Although full statistics have not yet been published, it is claimed that the American army's death-rate from disease during this war "has been less than was ever before known in the annals of great campaigns," and "less than a third" of that of the United States volunteer forces during the comparative child's play of the Mexican war.

It would seem impossible to over-estimate the share of the Sanitary Commission in such a result, which, when we consider the vast bodies of men that had suddenly to be brought into the field, the enormous area over which the war had to be carried on, the change of climate and of food often for Northern soldiers, the difficulties of the country, the swamps, the malaria, the endemic diseases of many a Southern locality, which Southern whites never venture to inhabit in certain seasons, but which the Federal soldier had to defend in all, is extremely creditable. For it must be remembered that the surgeons to a volunteer army, which can hardly average less than half a million, are almost to a man civil practitioners, to whom the Government had not at first even a book of military medical practice to issue. For their behoof indeed the Commission had eighteen short treatises prepared by medical men of high authority, on the best means of preserving health in camps, on the treatment of the sick and wounded in camp, and on the battle-field, which were distributed gratuitously to surgeons and officers, and have proved invaluable.

But it is in the field of relief that the labours of the Commission have been truly gigantic. This department divides itself into two branches, "general relief," and "special relief." The former embraces the dispensing of "hospital supplies and sanitary stores to general hospitals,—to battle-fields and field-hospitals,—and of sanitary stores" to the regimental hospitals and armies in the field. Special relief is given to needy or sick soldiers in the vicinity of military depots, on accepting furlough or discharge from service,—to prisoners and paroled men, and individual cases of special suffering among soldiers, for which the army regulations fail to provide,—and lastly, for the sick and wounded and their friends, by the Hospital Directory and other means. The greater part of two whole volumes,—each most valuable and interesting,—each singularly full of matter not to be found in the other, the "Succinct Narrative" of the "works and purposes" of the Sanitary Commission (New York, 1864) and the "Sketch" (Boston, 1863), is taken up with the details of the "relief" branch of the Commission's work. As a sample of the first subdivision of this branch, that of "general" relief, let me abridge from the former of the two volumes just referred to, a sketch of "battle-field relief."

> "The Relief Department, as advised by the Sanitary Inspectors in the field, and as directed from the central offices, sends forward with the moving columns of our army, and also, when practicable, to designated convenient points in the vicinity of the army's line of movement, such well-packed trains of selected supplies as for the time are deemed necessary to provide for probable necessities of wounded and exhausted men in the ambulance dépôts and field hospitals. In most of our armies, whether encamped or moving, the Commission maintains a 'flying dépôt,' or special waggon-train of 'sanitary stores,' under the supervision of the inspectors and relief agents. . . . At certain points designated by military advice, and convenient to the protected flank of the moving columns, and sometimes much nearer the points of anticipated combat than the regular medical trains are permitted to approach, the sanitary relief trains rendezvous, and establish dispensing dépôts. In all cases the inspectors and relief agents endeavour, under military advice, to keep the sanitary train sufficiently in advance with the moving columns of the forces to be prepared for the exigencies of battle. The moment a general engagement is announced, the inspector in charge of the Commission's work directs the necessary regulations for the distribution of 'sanitary stores' for the succour of wounded men, and at the same time he and his aids undertake to ascertain, by personal inquiry, what may be the extent and nature of wants to be supplied by such supplementary means. Then by couriers and by telegraph, requisitions are made upon the Commission's nearest dépôts for such supplies, while from the central dépôts still larger invoices of assorted supplies for battle-field relief are hastened forward to the field, or to the temporary dépôts, as occasion may require; and being continually informed respecting the actual and prospective wants of the wounded, the central and the branch offices promptly respond to special requests from the field and to orders from the Commission. By all practicable means, and usually by several routes, the supplies are pushed forward towards the field hospitals, and along the lines where the means of succour are most required."

Now let it not be supposed that this admirable and elaborate system only works on paper, or only serves to administer a few crumbs of relief to a few cases of neglect. The United States Army Medical Department must be, by the very force of things, by this time the most efficiently organised of any in the world. But it was found, in this terrific war, "that in each successive engagement the armies fought with such unequalled pertinacity and valour, that the per-centage of wounded men greatly exceeded the expectations of the Government, and the preparations for the succour and transportation of the wounded." After Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg (Dec. 1862) the Sanitary Commission surgeons treated upwards of 8000 wounded on the field; at Gettysburg, 13,050 Federals and 7260 Confederates. A special "field relief corps" has been organised, "provided with light waggons containing such remedies and necessaries as surgeons most require in the heat of an engagement"; "and these waggons with their attendants," says Mr. E. C. Fisher, in a paper read at York last year before the Social Science Congress, "are always to be found in the front of the battle where men are falling the fastest"; whilst "at the close of the action,"—often a scarcely less perilous duty,—"the members of the corps hunt up the straggling wounded, assist them to the ambulances and temporary hospitals," and treat them when needful. At the attack on Fort Wagner, "the relief agents of the Commission marched with the assaulting columns to the very moat around the fort," and "under the guns of Wagner, in the hottest of the fire . . . picked and carried off the wounded almost as they fell."

The mind is absolutely bewildered by the quantity and variety of stores which the Commission has distributed. The total value of these, during two years, to December, 1863, for the western department alone, was $2,250,000, the list including such items as 113,329 pairs of drawers, 201,603 shirts, 297,960 towels and handkerchiefs, 229,948 lbs. of lint, 233,000 books and pamphlets, 497,365 lbs. of dried fruit, 103,330 cans of preserved meats. After the battle of Gettysburg alone there were issued $75,000 of supplies, including (to select other items) 4000 pairs of shoes and slippers, 12,900 lbs. of bread, 20,000 lbs. of ice, 100 lbs. of tobacco, 6800 lbs. of white sugar, 1250 bottles of brandy, 2000 jars of jellies. And the cost of distribution for the western branch has been less than 1½ per cent. on the valuation above given; the total expenses of the Commission are less than 3 per cent. on its income. The whole board, twenty-one in number, give their services and time free, their travelling expenses alone being partly refunded to them. 200 paid agents receive on an average 2 dollars a day for labour, "which is, say half of it, highly skilled, sometimes of professional eminence, and worth from five to ten times that amount." Of the way in which the Commission has been supported by the people, it may be sufficient to say, that the state of California sent $500,000 in gold to the treasurer, and that the New York Sanitary Fair realised upwards of $1,000,000. The total receipts of the central treasury had indeed, by March 4th, 1864, not exceeded $1,133,628 28c., of which $985,457 41c. had been expended, but "the aggregate of the sums which have been expended by the numerous branches and aid societies in the purchase of sanitary stores," &c., we are told, "would amount to a much larger sum than the receipts of the central treasury." The contributions of stores are, however, the real expressions of the nation's sympathy. "It is the farmers' wives and daughters," writes a lady, "who make the sacrifices; the materials are purchased by money earned by daily work; the time is taken out of the night's rest, and then, when the bag is ready, they send it away to strangers, not knowing where it is to go, nor who it is that shall receive it." The total value of these gifts of goods was estimated at the close of last year at upwards of $7,000,000, whilst out of 20,906 cases sent to the warehouses, only one was known to have been lost. Many of the express companies carry the Commission's goods either free or at reduced rates; the use of the telegraph is gratuitous for it everywhere. Yet the country's liberality has not done more than cover the needs which called it forth. "In its endeavours to meet the wants of the numerous battle-fields of the summer of 1862," the Commission had "to put its hand to the very bottom of its treasury, and to the last packages in its central depots." After the battle of Antietam in particular, it had exhausted all its stores, and sent its last funds into the markets to purchase more,—when a telegram from California came with the announcement that $100,000 were on their way, only as a first instalment of Eldorado's golden gift. Let it be observed that the Commission has utterly suppressed the practice which at first obtained, of the distribution of relief according to some special appropriation. Whatever is at hand must go to whosoever needs it. The spirit of the troops itself has enforced this true Christian equality. When at first the distributors would inquire: "Any boy here from the State of——?" there would be either no answer at all, or else, "No! only United States soldiers." Add that in tending the wounded the Commission has made no distinction between suffering men, but —as enjoined early in the war by one of the Federal Generals (General Halleck) has treated "friend and foe alike."

I have dwelt chiefly on a feature of the Commission's larger work of "general relief." The branch of "Special Relief," from the variety of purposes which it embraces, is perhaps the more interesting in its details, many of which, as it has been observed, have a sort of motherly character in reference to the soldier. For the Commission has never starchly shut itself up within the limits of a programme. Its labours have by this time widely overlapped its name. Wherever its machinery has been found adequate, or nearly adequate to meet any want of the soldier which seemed to be unprovided for, the pains have not been grudged to apply it to the purpose. The same organisation which could treat 20,000 wounded at Gettysburg helps disabled men to obtain back-pay and pensions, acts as their unpaid attorney or agent for the purpose, secures for them railway tickets at reduced rates, sees that at the station they "are not robbed or imposed upon by sharpers;" looks to the departure of all discharged men, endeavours to rescue them from evil companions if they linger; has an eye on soldiers out of hospital and not in service, and gives information to the authorities of soldiers endeavouring to shirk their duty or to desert. It has twenty-three "homes" or "lodges" scattered over the whole field of war, in which 2,300 soldiers are daily received; temporary hospitals for sick men sent North or discharged, including a "Camp Convalescent" with a constant population of nearly 6000; a "nurses' home" for the temporary relief of army nurses. To the 1st September, 1863, there had been admitted into the six principal "soldiers' homes" of the West alone 167,090 soldiers. Then there is the "Hospital Record," "designed to furnish recent and accurate information concerning every patient in the military hospitals"; whilst to the Commission is owing a system of memorial records of the dead, adopted by the War department, which registers in triplicate "the dying soldier's name, military record, home relations, wounds or sickness, together with his dying requests, and the designation of his place of burial." The Commission has again organised in Philadelphia a special agency for purveying fresh supplies of vegetables, meat, milk, &c., for the General Military Hospitals in Washington, all of which are transported every morning in "refrigerating cars," to the depot in the latter city. Its supplies of fresh vegetables and fruit throughout the war, especially to the Western armies, have formed one of its most essential services. It has established vegetable gardens in Tennessee, and has repeatedly entirely checked scurvy which was already appearing in the ranks, —sometimes wholly sweeping the Western markets of anti-scorbutic vegetables by its purchases.

Of the various publications of the Commission, (which include two semi-monthly periodicals), I have mentioned a few. I cannot however pass over one other—that awful "Narrative of Privations and Sufferings of United States Officers and Soldiers while Prisoners of War in the hands of the Rebel Authorities," a report doubly authenticated by the names appended to it, and by the evidence it adduces, and of which a nobleman of declared pro-Southern sympathies has admitted that no honest man could resist its testimony. Of this it must be said that it discloses and establishes a course of treatment of Federal prisoners by the Confederates, not only in distant localities, but in and around Richmond itself, such as no people, pretending to be Christian and civilised, has ever ventured to practise, and which nothing but the callousness to human misery which is the fruit of slavery can so much as explain. Lastly, though the objects of the Sanitary Commission are specially physical ones, it has acted throughout in hearty co-operation with another noble organisation, the "United States Christian Commission," which addresses itself to the spiritual wants of the soldiers.

And now let us pass from the national to the international charities of war.

A Swiss gentleman, M. J. H. Dunant, finds himself at Solferino on the day of a great battle. He sees the fight itself, the field afterwards, and then again that long and slow and terrible sequel to the heroic game of war, the gathering up of the wounded. At Castiglione, where most of these are brought, he sees the utter break-down of all official preparations for medical relief. The Austrians have impressed away nearly all local means of transportation; those of the French army itself are quite inadequate; many of the wounded have to lie two or three days before they can be so much as removed; when they are so, the whole town has to be transformed into a vast hospital, which itself becomes soon insufficient, through want of means to administer relief, even though the inhabitants are doing their best for their liberators. There is water and there is food, yet the wounded are dying of thirst and hunger; there is abundance of lint, but not hands enough to apply it. Men of all nations are lying side by side on the pavements of churches, helpless and unhelped. "Ah, sir, how much I suffer," says one to the Swiss visitor, "we are left deserted, and yet we fought well!" The faces of these poor wretches are black with flies, maggots are already appearing. As the narrator goes from one to another with only a pail of water and some lint, he is already a benefactor—so utterly rudimentary, so to speak, were the attentions which the wounded of a victorious army, belonging to the most warlike nation of the world, did *not* receive, and that several days already after the battle! Our brave Swiss throws himself heart and soul into the work; recruits volunteer nurse women,—who need no scientific training as yet, for the first thing to be done is to give food, and above all drink to men literally dying of thirst and hunger, then to wash these poor bodies crusted with blood and mud and vermin, and to apply simple dressings to their wounds. Next he tries to organise some system of relief in the most neglected quarter, choosing a church where lie 500 soldiers, with a good hundred more outside on straw under hangings. Women invade this den of misery, fair young girls some of them, whose very tears seem to revive the spirit of the wounded. Small boys are enlisted to fetch and carry between the church and the nearest fountains. The women bring all their old linen; M. Dunant buys what he can in the town, and sends his coachman to Brescia for a whole load of comforts of all kinds. Meanwhile he adds to his staff of volunteers, first an old naval officer, then two English tourists who are detained almost by force, then two more who join of their own accord, then an Italian priest, three or four travellers or idlers, a Parisian journalist, a few officers stationed in the town. But one of these last is the first to give in through emotion, and one volunteer after another has to withdraw from sheer inability to bear the sight of sufferings which he can do so little to relieve. The soldiers who give their help are equally crushed by the sight, and faint repeatedly over their work.

When things are put into something like order at Castiglione, our Swiss goes on to Brescia, where the hospital service is by this time tolerably organised, and only comforts seem wanted,—tobacco above all, the fumes of which are most useful to combat the mephitic exhalations of the crowded wards or churches. With a merchant of Brescia, he undertakes to supply the churches and hospitals with pipes and with "the weed;" but the stores of Brescia soon fall short, and supplies have to be sent for from Milan. In making his rounds he finds his work grow again upon him; in one labyrinthine convent in particular, many rooms full of wounded are left almost deserted. In fact, as he tells us, during the first eight days after the battle, all those of whom the doctor said in low tones as he passed, "There is nothing more to do," were left to die henceforth almost absolutely untended. And be it remembered that for some time the amount of hospital care required was almost as much increased by sickness as it was diminished by the death or convalescence of the wounded; since, over and above the 40,000 killed and wounded of the battle of June 24, there were, two months later, for the three armies, at least an equivalent number of men dead or disabled by sickness.

Our tourist returned to his own Geneva, and three years later was induced to put into print, under the title of "Recollections of Solferino" (*un Souvenir de Solférino*), a record of his battle-field and hospital experiences. This small volume,—the most perfect description I know of a great battle and of its consequences,—was at first only privately printed; but the edition was soon run out, and by 1863 a second and a third had been published, besides translations in several languages. It was indeed no mere piece of artistic word-painting. The book was in itself a true work of Christian love. The writer only spoke (and how modestly!) of what he had himself done, in order to urge others to do likewise. Would it not be possible, he asked, to form, in time of peace, voluntary societies for the relief of the wounded in war, with a view—first, of aiding the medical military staff to provide the necessary attentions and appliances on the battle-field—next, of continuing the same care to the wounded in hospital, till they are fully convalescent? He declares from experience, and the facts of all history support him, that the military relief staff, were it doubled or trebled, must be *always* insufficient on an emergency like that of a great battle, so that recourse must ever be had to the non-military public; and the only question therefore is, whether such recourse shall continue to be had at haphazard as hitherto, or shall be looked forward to and prepared beforehand.

M. Dunant's appeal was heard. The "Genevese Society of Public Usefulness," on the 9th February, 1863, took into consideration the question of creating, in time of peace, societies in aid of the wounded, and that of attaching to armies in war-time a body of volunteers for that purpose; and General Dufour, Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss forces, became chairman of a Committee with this view. On the 1st September, this Committee in turn issued a circular of invitation to an international Conference at Geneva, for examining the means of providing against the insufficiency of the sanitary service amongst armies in the field. The Conference met on the 26th October. Austria, Baden, Bavaria, France, Great Britain, Hanover, Hesse, Holland, Prussia, Saxony, Spain, Sweden, Würtemberg, besides Switzerland itself and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, were all officially represented by special delegates—(the English ones being Dr. Rutherford, Divisionary Inspector-General of Hospitals, and the British Consul at Geneva, Mr. Mackenzie), Italy by her Consul, Russia by an aide-de-camp to a Grand-Duke and a librarian to a Grand-Duchess; so that few Christian States in Europe of any magnitude kept away.

The resolutions passed by the Conference were less important than its suggestions. The former, ten in number, were to the effect that there should be established in every country a Committee for the sanitary service of armies in war-time; such Committees to act in conjunction with the Governments of their respective countries, but to defray all expenses of their own *employés*, who should moreover wear in all countries one uniform badge (a white armlet with a red cross). But, in addition to these resolutions, the Conference expressed the wish, not only that all Governments should grant protection to the Committees, but that belligerent nations should proclaim the neutralisation of all field and other hospitals, as well as of the whole sanitary staff, whether officials, regular volunteer assistants, inhabitants who should go to the help of the wounded, or the wounded themselves,—and that an identical badge should be adopted for the sanitary corps of all armies, or at least for the whole sanitary service of each, and an identical flag in all countries for field and other hospitals.

The proposals of the Conference were officially accepted at once by several States. The outbreak of the Dano-German War gave reality to the impulse. Committees in aid of the wounded were formed in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, in Holstein, Prussia, Saxony. Volunteer assistants were sent to the camps. At Missunde, the scholars of the Kiel Gymnasium picked up under fire the German and Danish wounded. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem took charge of a hospital at Altona. The Castle of Augustenburg was formed into another for the Danish wounded, who were cared for by Danish volunteer assistants. No fewer than sixty-eight young civilian medical practitioners of Berlin volunteered for hospital service. Protestant Deaconesses and Brethren of the Rauhe-Haus vied in zeal with Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity and Knights of St. John. The respected Dr. Wichern personally distributed coffee, bread, sausages, and tobacco, in the midst of a bitterly cold and stormy winter's night, to the advanced posts of the Prussian army.

Thirteen Governments having assented to the proposals of the Geneva Conference, the next step resolved upon was to bring together a diplomatic congress, towards concluding an international treaty or pact for carrying them out. The Swiss Federal Council agreed to take the initiative in the matter, and on the 6th June 1864, addressed an invitation to all civilised powers to send delegates to a congress to meet at Geneva on the 8th August, in special reference to the neutralisation of the military sanitary service.

Sixteen powers were again represented on this occasion, but not the same as at the Conference. Austria and Bavaria this time declined to appear, as did also the German Bund, and the Pope. Turkey, Greece, Hanover, Mexico and Brazil were also absent; Russia came too late. Again, four powers, Great Britain, Saxony, Sweden, and the United States, although sending delegates (the English ones being Professor Longman and Dr. Rutherford), did not give them authority to treat on their behalf. The remaining twelve powers, viz., Baden, Belgium, Denmark, France, Hesse Darmstadt, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, and Würtemberg, entered into a Convention, dated 22nd August, 1864, by which all ambulances and military hospitals, whilst containing any sick or wounded, and unless guarded by a military force, are declared neutral; together with all persons employed in or in connection with them, or with the transportation of the wounded, as well as hospital chaplains, so long as there remain any wounded to be cared for. All such persons are empowered after military occupation by the enemy, either to remain at their post or freely to rejoin their corps, taking with them, however, only articles personally belonging to them. The freedom of all the inhabitants of the country who may attend upon the wounded is guaranteed; the reception of a wounded soldier is to serve as a safeguard to the house which takes him in, so as to exempt it from the billeting of troops, and partially from contributions of war. Sick or wounded soldiers are to be cared for, to whatever nation they may belong; they are to be sent home after war, if unfit for further service, and may otherwise be sent home on parole for the duration of the war. The evacuation of the hospitals, &c., is also neutralised. An identical flag, to be however accompanied in all cases by the national one, is adopted for hospitals, ambulances and operations of evacuation, and an identical badge, to be given out however only by the military authorities,—the flag and badge to bear the red cross on a white ground.

The Convention—to which other powers not parties to it were to be invited to accede—was signed, but it had yet to be ratified.

In the last week of December 1864, as we are informed by the Paris correspondent of the "Times" (for January 6th, 1865), the ratifications were exchanged at Berne between Sweden, Belgium, France, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Italy, and Russia. England has since acceded; Turkey, Greece, Mexico, Brazil, have announced their intention to accede; Hesse and Würtemberg have made their accession contingent on the consent of the German Bund. Austria and Saxony, on the other hand, persist in their refusal to do so. Other powers will no doubt drop in one by one.

A noble diplomatic achievement, surely, well-fitted to rank beside the group of anti-slave-trade treaties. To maximise destruction during the fight is no doubt the primary aim of war; but to minimise suffering afterwards should be its second aim. For the end of war itself is Peace, and for peace every fragment of human life is precious, and should be gathered up from among war's ruins. Even though some of the so-called civilised powers should refuse to enter into the generous fellowship established by the Convention—even though its stipulations should be repeatedly broken when brought to the test of actual warfare—a grand Christian principle stands surely henceforth inscribed in the Law of Nations, and one which must more and more realise itself—that the wounded and the sick, and their necessary attendants, are to be, by friend or foe, held sacred in war-time.

THE PROPHETS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

An examination of the closing years of the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul, like that suggested in the last paragraph of "*The Old Age of Isaiah*"* presupposes a fuller knowledge of the history of the Apostolic Church than can be taken for granted in most readers. What is wanted is not merely a survey of the great broad facts of that history as we learn them from the Acts of the Apostles, or as they are stated in manuals and epitomes, but an insight into its inner life, clear pictures before our mind's eye of what men were doing, clear conceptions of what they were thinking and feeling, sympathy with their hopes and fears.

I. As embodying one of the most prominent facts in that inner life, and as being more than most others, forgotten or misconceived, while yet without it we can hardly get below the surface in studying the writings of the two Apostles I have named, I have chosen the subject which stands at the head of this paper, the Prophets of the New Testament. How indistinct our common notions about them are may be shown, I believe, by a very simple test. Of the many thousands who hear and repeat the words that God "has built his Church upon the foundation of *the Apostles and Prophets*, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone" (Eph. ii. 20, and Collect for St. Simon and St. Jude in the Prayer Book of the Church of England), there are probably very few, except among the professed students of Scripture, who do not at once think of the Prophets of the Old Testament as those spoken of. They picture to themselves the unity of the older and the newer dispensations, the "glorious company of the Apostles," Peter and John and Paul, and the others, joined with the "goodly fellowship of the Prophets," with Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, in a divine and everlasting brotherhood. And yet it is demonstrable to any thoughtful English reader that those men of God of the older days of Israel were not, and could not be, those of whom the Apostle spoke. In this very epistle St. Paul counts up how and through what instruments God builds up his church, and the order in which he places them is this: "Christ," he says, "ascended up on high, . . . and gave gifts unto men, . . . and he gave some Apostles, and some *Prophets*, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers; . . . for the edifying (*sc.* the building up) of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv. 11). This is in itself decisive. Both offices originate in gifts bestowed by the risen and ascended Lord. The familiar, oft-quoted words refer to the Prophets of the Christian, not to those of the Jewish Church. But this is not all. In the First Epistle to the Corinthians there is a like enumeration of spiritual gifts, and functions resting upon them, and the names occur there also in the same combination. "God hath set some in the Church, first Apostles, secondarily Prophets, thirdly teachers" (1 Cor. xii. 28). Other instances confirming the inference, if any confirmation be needed, will meet us as we go further.

II. We may assume then, the existence of a body of men in the Apostolic church, known as Prophets and exercising prophetic functions. Leaving, for a moment, the question what those functions were, we shall gain something by getting a clear view of the extent both of the gift and of the order. This was, indeed, in every way the most striking fact connected with it. Under the old covenant, they had been confined within comparatively narrow limits. If we may think of "the sons of the Prophets" as something like a collegiate or monastic body, dwelling together, trained in music and song, prepared to receive divine revelations,* even they were but few, and still fewer became recipients of the higher forms of inspiration. And for four hundred years even this had ceased, and the voice of the last mysterious "messenger of the Lord" (such is the signification of the name of the prophet Malachi) had closed the canon of Old Testament prophecy. The people had even come to reckon the appearance of a Prophet as an epoch of remote chronology, and were looking forward anxiously to the time when one should be raised up to guide and teach them. (1 Macc. iv. 46; ix. 27.)

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* See Good Words for 1864, p. 857.

At last "the word of God came to John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness" (Luke iii. 2), as it had come to Isaiah or Ezekiel. He appeared reproducing the old life in all its austerity, clad in the "rough garment" of a prophet (2 Kings i. 8; Zech. xiii. 4) like Elijah, abstaining from wine like the Nazarites and Rechabites, living on locusts and wild honey like the wilder Arab tribes to which the Rechabites belonged. So it was that the people "counted John that he was a prophet, indeed" (Matt. xiv. 5; xxi. 26), while others said of him as men had said of the older prophets (Jer. xxix. 26), that he "had a devil and was mad" (Matt. xi. 18; compare John x. 20). So when the greater Teacher came, though the outward form of life was different, though he showed himself as the Master, the Teacher, a Rabbi like other Rabbis (John i. 49; xx. 16), there was this which, even apart from all signs and wonders, made men hold that "a great prophet had risen up among them" (Luke vii. 16; xxiv. 19),—He spake as never man spake: (John vii. 46); as having power and "authority, and not as the scribes" (Matt. vii. 29). But up to the day of Pentecost, these were the only two of whom this was said. No trace of this energy shows itself in the wayward, questioning, doubting disciples. But when that day had fully come there was a great and marvellous change. Over and above the mysterious gift of Tongues, with their thrilling notes, and ecstatic doxologies, and languages of many lands, there was the gift of Prophecy also. It was on this rather than on the other that St. Peter laid stress as fulfilling the old prediction, both in its wonderful power and yet more in its wonderful extent, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." Young men and old, yea, even the lowest and most despised were to share the gift. "On my servants (*i.e.* slaves) and on my handmaids (*i.e.* female slaves) will I pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy" (Acts ii. 17, 18). And from that time, it spread with a wonderful rapidity. Sometimes through the laying-on of the Apostles' hands (Acts viii. 17; xix. 6), sometimes with no human intervention (Acts x. 44—46; xi. 15), the Spirit came upon men, and they spake with tongues, and magnified God, and prophesied. Many of these became conspicuous enough to be named as prophets in the higher sense of the word. Barnabas, the son of consolation, or, as we might literally interpret the new name thus given to him, the Son of Prophecy (Acts iv. 36); Stephen speaking with the Holy Ghost and with power, in the highest sense of the word, a prophet of the Lord (Acts vi. 10, 55); and Agabus (Acts xi. 28; xxi. 10); and Silas or Silvanus, and Judas (Acts xv. 32); and Manaen, and Lucius of Cyrene (Acts xiii. 1); and Timothy, bearing the old prophetic title of "man of God" (1 Tim. vi. 11; Deut. xxxiii. 1; 2 Kings iv. 7); the daughters of Philip the Evangelist (Acts xxi. 8); and last and greatest of them all, Saul of Tarsus, the apostle of the Gentiles. But even more striking than this list of names is the abounding proof of the presence of the gift in every church of the Gentiles. At Thessalonica men are warned not to "quench the Spirit" which kindled the power, nor "despise" the utterances which flowed from it (1 Thess. v. 20). At Corinth its excess almost threatened disorder, and called for that full exhaustive discussion of it which, more than any other portion of the New Testament, gives us an insight into its nature (1 Cor. xii. and xiv.). At Rome, even though as yet no apostle had visited that church, it is presupposed, and the disciples are taught to "prophesy according to the proportion, or analogy of the faith" (Rom. xii. 6). At Ephesus, it stands all but highest in the list of the gifts with which Christ had endowed the church (Eph. iv. 11). Strange as it may seem, there were in that age, some hundreds, it may be thousands, of men as truly inspired as Isaiah or Jeremiah had been, as St. Peter and St. Paul were then, speaking words that were, as truly as any that were ever spoken, inspired words of God, and yet of most of them all record has vanished. Their voices smote the air, and did their work, and died away, and we catch but the faintest echoes of them. Their words were written on the sand, and the advancing waves of time have washed away all, or nearly all, traces of what was once as awful as the hand-writing on the wall.

III. And what then was the nature of the gift so widely spread; what purpose did it serve; how did it contribute to building up the Church?

(1.) It is obvious that the gift of Prophecy was very far from being identical with the gift of prediction. It had not been so in the Jewish Church, nor was it so in the Christian. Even as the Heathens used the word it meant something more than that. The Prophet was the spokesman of God, the man to whom the word of God came and who spoke it out with power. What St. Paul dwelt on most when he was speaking of the effects of prophecy was not that it enabled men to foretell things to come, but that by disclosing the secrets of their hearts it made them fall down and worship

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* Compare especially 1 Sam. x. 5, xix. 20—24; 2 Kings iv. 38, vi. 1.

God (1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25). Outwardly the chief characteristic of the New Testament prophet would seem to have been that he spoke burning words which went straight to men's hearts, that he proclaimed eternal truths which otherwise they would not have known. We must not, however, think of the Prophets as some have thought, as being only earnest, impassioned, enthusiastic preachers, mere interpreters of Scripture, or asserters of moral laws. Even as preachers of righteousness, their power lay not in skill, or even in earnestness of speech, but in the marvellous, supernatural insight which they possessed into the hearts of men. Inspired by the Divine Word, "before whom all things are naked and opened" (Heb. iv. 13), they too knew what was in men, and read their most secret thoughts. They could say to this one, "Thou art the man," "Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart?" (Acts v. 4), to that, "Thy sins are forgiven thee" (John xx. 23). They could say to another, as in the case of Timotheus (1 Tim. i. 18), "Thou art called to preach the gospel of thy Lord. Thou shalt have the gift, do the work of an Evangelist," or, as at Antioch, the Spirit through them, could say, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them" (Acts xiii. 2). So it was that "the secrets of men's hearts were made manifest," and that "men fell down on their faces, and worshipped God and reported that God was of a truth present" with those who had so marvellous a power (1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25).

(2.) But with this there was also, it must not be forgotten, a distinctly predictive power, not put forth, indeed, for its own sake, as a prodigy and wonder, like the art of a soothsayer and diviner, but contributing, like the other form of the gift, to build up the Church, or to strengthen the life of individual men, helping them to meet dangers which would otherwise have come upon them as a snare. Foresight of the famine that came upon the provinces of the Empire in the days of Claudius roused the Gentile Churches to active beneficence towards the poor Christians of Jerusalem, and so served to knit together the bonds of brotherhood between them. (Acts xi. 27-30.) Foresight of a persecution directed against an individual teacher helped to test his courage and endurance. So it was when at Tyre the disciples "said to Paul through the Spirit that he should not go up to Jerusalem" (Acts xxi. 4); when Agabus warned him, "So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles" (Acts xxi. 10-14). Utterances of this kind, we cannot doubt, are referred to when the Apostle tells the elders at Miletus that "the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city that bonds and afflictions abide him" (Acts xx. 23), when he warns Timotheus that "the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter days some shall depart from the faith." (1 Tim. iv. 1.) In this instance it is interesting to note how the prophet reproduces the symbolic forms of those of an earlier age. Agabus took Paul's girdle and bound his own hands and feet, just as Jeremiah "buried his girdle by the hole of a rock in Euphrates" (Jer. xiii. 4-10) and appeared among the people with "bonds and yokes" upon his neck (Jer. xxvii. 2; xxviii. 10).

(3.) But beyond all special predictions that had a historical fulfilment within the horizon of their own age, the teaching of the prophets of the New Testament was essentially apocalyptic. As in that which is pre-eminently the Apocalypse, their eyes were opened to see the things behind the veil, and the ever new, inexhaustible theme of their discourse was "the power and coming," *i.e.* the second coming, "of the Lord Jesus" (2 Pet. i. 16). There was no need for them to fix "times and seasons" as others have done since, for the one thing which they knew concerning them, was "that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night" (1 Thess. v. 2). All that they could do was to point to a coming period, of undefined length, of apostasy, and lawlessness, and unbelief (2 Thess. ii. 3, 1 Tim. iv. 1, 2 Pet. iii. 3), after which should come the glory of the kingdom. In speaking of that glory, they were as men seeing the reflection of heavenly things in the mirror of their own minds, for they saw "as in a glass darkly" and prophesied "in part only," (1 Cor. xiii. 9-12), sometimes using outward symbols that were figures of the true, the heavenly Jerusalem, the paradise of God, and yet sometimes also revealing to men mysteries that had been "hidden in silence since the beginning of the world" (Rom. xvi. 25). Among these mysteries one, and perhaps the most prominent, was that of the brotherhood of mankind in Christ, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body (Eph. iii. 5, 6); or, again, the mystery of "Christ in them, the hope of glory" (Col. i. 27). To them it was given to see glimpses, hardly to be translated into words, of the "glory yet to be revealed," the "manifestation of the sons of God," the *freedom of the glory* of His children (Rom. viii. 13-21). Yes, in words which if they are partly an echo of a prophecy of the Old Testament, are yet also, it may be, taken from a prophetic utterance of the Apostolic Church, "as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10).* The vision of that glory, lying in the far future, was to sustain the Church through all the long weariness of persecution, conflict, and the sickness of a hope deferred.

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* The words seem suggested by Isaiah lxiv. 4, "Since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." On the other hand they are referred by Chrysostom to a lost apocryphal book ascribed to Elijah. Later critics have seen in them an extract from an Apostolic Liturgy. The hypothesis that they were part of a recorded (but no longer extant) "word of prophecy" that took its starting-point from the words of Isaiah seems, at least, as probable as any other.

Such then were the Prophets, speaking in every church, at almost every meeting. Can we wonder that St. Paul should speak as he does, of such a gift as profitable "for edification, and exhortation and comfort" (1 Cor. xiv. 3)? While Tongues were a sign only to those that believed not, startling and confounding them, Prophecy did the double work of convincing the unbelievers and building up the Church. While a man speaking in the full ecstasy of the Tongues might edify himself, by prophesying he edified the Church (1 Cor. xiv. 2-4). Can we wonder that they should occupy all but the foremost place in the Church of Christ, second only to the Apostles, hardly second even to them, seeing that the Apostles themselves were also Prophets; that the two names should be placed together, as we have seen them, the very order being interchangeable (2 Pet. iii. 2), in the closest juxtaposition? Of one thing we may be quite sure, that wherever the storms of persecution fell, they would have to bear the brunt of it, just as Stephen, the foremost of the "goodly company," was also the proto-martyr of the Church. The ferocity which slew him was not likely to spare them. Many disciples, we know, were scourged and imprisoned (Acts viii. 3; xxii. 4); all were scattered from Jerusalem, except the Apostles (Acts viii. 1), and, although St. Luke does not follow the history of the persecution into detail, all analogy would lead us to think that some at least of those who had been most conspicuous perished in it. Still greater is the probability that others besides James, the son of Zebedee, became martyrs to the faith when Herod the king "stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the churches" (Acts xii. 1). So indeed it had been foretold, in words which bear distinctly on this inquiry. The "Wisdom of God" speaking through the Incarnate Son, had brought the two names together as we find them united in the Epistles, "I will send them *prophets* and apostles, and some of them shall they slay and persecute" (Luke xi. 49). "Behold, I send unto you *prophets*, and wise men, and scribes; and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues" (Matt. xxiii. 34). The words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest *the prophets*, and stonest them which are sent unto thee" (Matt. xxiii. 37), present in their form, are predictive rather than historic, look to the future rather than to the past.

Traces of this lost page in the history of the Apostolic church we find, I believe, in passages which are commonly referred to a remoter period, but which receive, when thought of as belonging to the very age in which the writers lived, a clearer and more satisfying meaning. Of some such fiery trial it was that St. Paul wrote when he said of the Jews of Judæa that they "both killed the Lord Jesus, and *their own prophets*" (1 Thess. ii. 15). The stedfast endurance of those martyrs it was that St. James held up to the Twelve Tribes that were scattered abroad, as a pattern. "Take, my brethren, *the prophets*, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction and of patience" (James v. 10). In the one passage, the order of the names, "the Lord Jesus and *their own prophets*," in the other their speaking in the name of the Lord, the Lord whose coming drew nigh, the same Lord Jesus, forbid our going back to the martyrdoms of the persecutions under Joash, or Ahaz, or Manasseh, and compel us to think of the *prophets* of the Christian Church. These also it was that the Seer of Patmos saw when he looked on the "souls beneath the altar that were slain for *the word of God*, and for the testimony which they held" (Rev. vi. 9, 10). It was of *these* prophets that the Apocalyptic angel declared himself the "fellow-servant" (Rev. xxii. 9). The Lord was "the God of *their* Spirits" (Rev. xxii. 6). Of *their* prophetic word it was true, that "the testimony of Jesus," and "the spirit of Prophecy" were co-extensive terms (Rev. xix. 10).

We have seen, then, abundant proof of this activity in utterance among the prophets of the Apostolic Church. Have we any reason to think of a like activity showing itself either in recording the prophecies that were thus spoken, or in writings that came from a direct prophetic inspiration. Probabilities seem to be nearly equal on either side. On the one hand, the age was one of diffused culture, and in the Greek and Western Churches, at all events, there must have been among the hearers many capable of reporting at the time, or collecting afterwards, utterances which they must have counted precious. On the other, it must be remembered that the majority of the early converts belonged to the less educated class, and that throughout the New Testament there runs the feeling that the world was to be converted, not chiefly by books, but by the living, personal testimony of the Apostles of Christ. The mere absence of such books from the extant literature of the first century is not in itself decisive. In the Old Testament we have traces left of many lost books, both historical and prophetic, written by the seers of Israel.* In the New Testament it is hardly conceivable that a man of St. Paul's wonderful energy should have spent twenty years, doing the work of an Evangelist, without writing a single letter to either a Church or an individual convert. Traces of such letters are found indeed even in the Epistles that have come down to us. The notice that the "salutation" in his own handwriting is "the token in every Epistle" (2 Thess. iii. 17), is surely the language of one who has already written many letters. In 1 Cor. v. 9, there is a reference to something that had been said in a lost Epistle to the Church of Corinth; in Col. iv. 16, to another, also lost, to the Church of Laodicea. St. Peter, in writing to the Christians of Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, speaks of an Epistle which St. Paul had written to them (2 Pet. iii. 2), in terms which are not met by the extant letters to the Galatians or the Ephesians. A reference to such writings, whether by himself or other prophets, may be found, I believe, in the closing words of the Epistle to the Romans.

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* It will be interesting and instructive to put together the titles of such as are mentioned.

(1.) The Book of the Wars of the Lord (Num. xxi. 14).
(2.) The Book of Jasher (Joshua x. 13; 2 Sam. i. 18).
(3.) The Book of Nathan the Prophet (1 Chron. xxix. 29).
(4.) The Book of Gad the Seer (*ibid.*).
(5.) The Book of the Acts of Solomon (1 Kings xi. 41).
(6.) The Prophecy of Ahijah the Shilonite (2 Chron. ix. 29).
(7.) The Visions of Iddo the Seer (*ibid.*).
(8.) The Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah (1 Kings xv. 29, and *passim*).
(9.) The Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel (1 Kings xv. 31, and *passim*).
(10.) The Prophecy of Jonah (*probably* written) (2 Kings xiv. 25).
(11.) The Book of Shemaiah the Prophet (2 Chron. xii. 15).
(12.) The Book of Iddo the Seer concerning Genealogies (*ibid.*).
(13.) The Story of the Prophet Iddo (2 Chron. xiii. 22. Same writer, but title of book different).

St. Paul has been speaking (Rom. xvi. 25) of "his Gospel, the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery that had been *kept in silence* since the world began." Of this mystery he adds that it was "now manifested, and by means of *prophetic writings*, according to the commandment of the Everlasting God, made known to all nations." It will be seen that I have given the words "prophetic writings" or Scriptures, where the Authorised Version has "*the* Scriptures of *the* prophets," and the absence of the definite article in the Greek makes this change imperative. The words do not refer then, necessarily, to a known collection like the prophetic Scriptures of the Old Testament, and, inasmuch as the writers of the New Testament when they do speak of the Prophets of the Old use the article, the presumption would be that the words do not refer to them at all. But bear in mind that the Gospel of which St. Paul speaks was that given to him "by revelation" (Gal. i. 12); that the mystery was that which, having been "hid from ages and generations," was then revealed to the Apostles and *Prophets* of the Christian Church (Eph. iii. 5), even that "the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs and of the same body:" bear in mind, further, that St. Paul both professed (Acts xiii. 1) and claimed (1 Cor. xiii. 2) the prophetic gift, and it will not be thought strange that, in speaking of "prophetic writings" as God's instruments for evangelising the world, he should be referring to his own Epistles or to other like statements of the Truth.

An unexpected light is thrown on this interpretation by a remarkable passage in the works of the earliest of the Apostolic Fathers, Clement of Rome, the Clement, in all probability, of whom St. Paul speaks in the Epistle to the Philippians (iv. 3). He was a presbyter, or bishop of the Church of Rome; he wrote to the Church of Corinth. St. Paul, it will be remembered, wrote from the latter city to the Church at Rome. Whatever documents therefore are quoted or referred to by the one may fairly be assumed as probably known to both. If a quotation by one, and an allusion by the other, point in the same direction, the coincidence is at least strong evidence of probable identity. Now it is, to say the least, remarkable that Clement twice quotes, as if from an authoritative and inspired book, what he calls "the prophetic word," or (as the same words are rendered in the English of 2 Peter i. 19), the "word of prophecy." The passage is too interesting to be passed over, and I therefore translate it. "Let us serve God," the passage begins, "and we shall be righteous, but if we do not serve because we do not believe the promise of God, we shall be miserable. For thus also speaks *The Prophetic Word*, 'miserable are the double-minded, and they that doubt in their heart, who say, "all these things we heard even in the times of our fathers, but we, waiting from day to day, have seen none of them." O ye foolish ones, liken yourselves unto a tree; take the vine as an example. First of all it sheds its leaves, and then the tender shoot comes out, and then the sour grape, after that the ripe grape in its season. So likewise my people endured wanderings and afflictions; afterward they shall receive their good things.'" (Clem. Rom. ii. 11, a shorter quotation being given in i. 23). Here then we have the distinct recognition of a written *Prophetic Word*, in the first century, speaking of the coming of the Lord, not fixing times and seasons, exhorting men to patience, entirely in harmony with what we find in the Canonical writings of the New Testament. Is not the probability indefinitely great that this may have been among the "prophetic writings" of which St. Paul speaks, among the "other Scriptures" which St. Peter classes as standing on the same level with St. Paul's Epistles (2 Peter iii. 16)? Does it not suggest the thought that St. Paul's words, "Every Scripture, being God-inspired, is also profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," may have been meant (their very form being carefully generalised for this express purpose*) to include the inspired writings

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(14.) The Book of Jehu the son of Hanani (2 Chron. xx. 34).
(15.) The Acts of Uzziah by Isaiah the son of Amoz (2 Chron. xxvi. 22).
(16.) The Lamentations of Jeremiah for Josiah (2 Chron. xxxv. 25. Probably different from the Lamentations now extant, which are subsequent to the capture of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans).

Is it too much to say that we possess but a portion of a wide prophetic literature, and that we cannot think of the greater part of what has been lost as less inspired and authoritative than the Books which have come down to us? Enough, at all events, has been said, that there is no force in any *à priori* objection to the hypothesis of the possible loss of a Gospel or Epistle.

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* Here again the English version obscures the special distinctions of the Greek. "The Holy Scriptures,"

of the Christian Church as well as those of the Jewish?

Another side, and that a darker one, of the life of the Apostolic Church has yet to be noticed. Side by side with the true prophets, there were in almost every Church, numerous and powerful false prophets, speaking words that came, not from the spirit of holiness and truth, but from a counterfeit, or even, it may be, a dæmonic inspiration. So it had ever been. The bitterest trial of the old Prophets of Israel had been that they were thus thwarted and opposed. "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so" (Jer. v. 31). So it was now. This also had been foretold by the Lord who sent the true Prophets (Matt. vii. 15, xxiv. 11), and the prediction was abundantly fulfilled. Speaking with the same claim to authority, in the same thrilling tones, their sensuous imagination roused, it may be, to an orgiastic frenzy, they spoke words from which all true teachers shrank back in abhorrence. At Corinth those who would not see the true Christ in the crucified Nazarene were heard to utter the awful words, "Jesus is Anathema" (1 Cor. xii. 3). Vainly puffed up in their fleshly minds, they rushed blindly into a region which they had not seen with any true intuition (Col. ii. 18). Giving heed to seducing spirits and teachings that came from demons, they led men to a false, Manichean asceticism, sure to end in a hideous and loathsome licentiousness, instead of to a true holiness (1 Tim. iv. 1). They brought in destructive heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, denying that Jesus Christ had come in the flesh, and therefore treating the flesh as if it might have its own way, and lead them whither it would, without affecting their salvation (1 John iv. 1—3).

It was to guard against the perilous teaching of such men as these that St. Paul laid down the rule that no seemingly prophetic utterance was truly such, unless the man spoke "according to the proportion," according, we may say, to the analogy "of the faith,"—in harmony, *i.e.*, with the truth of which the Church was "the pillar and the ground," the great central "mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 15, 16). With their denials and perversions present to his mind, St. John warned his readers to "try the spirits, whether they be of God," and his test of Truth, like St. Paul's, lay in the acknowledgment that Jesus Christ was Lord, and had come truly in the flesh (1 John iv. 1, 2; 1 Cor. xii. 3). Therefore it was that there was to be no blind acceptance even of inspired, or apparently inspired, utterances; but men were to sit by and judge (1 Cor. xiv. 29). As the result of this testing, we may well believe that the special utterances which approved themselves to the reason and conscience of the Church, as in harmony with its faith, gained a wider currency as in every way trustworthy. Of all the explanations that have been given of the "faithful sayings" which occur so frequently in the Pastoral Epistles, this appears the most probable. Spoken by the prophets of the Church, as condensed expressions of the Truth, they were now endorsed, as it were, with the Apostolic *imprimatur*, as containing "sound," *i.e.*, *healthy* doctrine, in marked contrast to the morbid, doting phantasies of the false prophets.

IV. Such are the broad patent facts on both sides. They suggest some thoughts which it will be well to put distinctly before our minds before we leave the subject.

(1.) What we have seen is surely worth more, even to the Apologist, than much that takes a high place among the Evidences of Christianity. Here, in every page of the New Testament, implied and taken for granted, we have traces of a power mysterious, wonderful, exceptional. It came to men least prepared for it by birth or training. It gave them a power over the hearts of men which no sophist, or poet, or orator had ever exercised. It was at once a "sign" for those who believed not, and it built up those that did believe. This, more than physical signs and wonders, more than even the ties of Christian brotherhood and purity of life, was the secret of the Church's power to overcome the world. That victory stands as a great central fact in the world's history. This is the explanation given by those who were fighting the battle, fighting it against overwhelming odds, and yet assured of victory. Can we suggest any other as adequate? And if we admit this, is it not, at the least, a proof of a new force breaking through the succession of physical, and even of ethical causation, a force which, as we watch its character and its working, we cannot think of as other than divine?

(2.) Does it not give us a fresh sense of the preciousness of the Apostolic writings to think of them as relics of a time so full to overflowing in Divine Gifts? They were inspired because the men who wrote them were prophets. Even the historic work of the Evangelists has its counterpart in the numerous chronicles and histories that were written by the older prophets, and originated, as their labours had done, in the impulse and guidance of the Spirit, making memory more truthful, judgment more enlightened, the imagination which the historian needs more vivid. It is something to have received as our inheritance what has come to us from an age when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and new floods of Divine Truth rushed in upon the souls of men. If we are tempted sometimes, as we well may be, to wonder and grieve that we have so little, we may also rejoice and give thanks that we have so much. If the Church of Christ was careful to gather up the fragments so that nothing might be lost, those

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sacred writings or records, of verse 15, describe the known collection of Books which every Jewish scribe studied or interpreted. The "Scripture" of verse 16 is a different word, and the "*all*" is distributive rather than collective.

very fragments have shown themselves to possess a marvellous and creative power. Through all the centuries they have fed, through all the Church's life they will continue to feed the souls that hunger, meeting all wants—conforming themselves, we might almost say, to all true and healthy tastes—milk to the child in age or heart, "strong meat," solid food, to those that are of full age. They retain undiminished the old power of the *prophetic word.* They reveal to men the secrets of their own hearts. They bring before the startled conscience the terrors of the coming Judgment. They comfort the penitent and the mourner with the thoughts of the glory yet to be revealed.

(3.) What we have seen as to the mingling of the evil and the good, the true and the counterfeit prophecy, may well comfort us when our hearts fail and sink at the doubts, errors, denials, which now encompass us. We think that if our lot had been cast in that first golden age, listening to the voice of Apostles and Prophets, we should have believed with the full assurance of faith, and there would have been no room for doubt. Vain and foolish thought! There would have been the risk of more utter denial, more portentous heresy, more abysmal depths of evil. False prophets with all deceivableness of unrighteousness, teachers calling themselves Apostles though they were of the synagogue of Satan (Rev. ii. 2, 9), men speaking in the name of Peter and of James to bring believers back to the "beggarly elements of Judaism," speaking in the name of Paul to plunge them into the foulest lawlessness—this is what we should have had to encounter. Amid these rocks and shoals and quicksands we should have had to make our voyage, and we might easily, "as concerning the faith, have made shipwreck." And it may comfort us in the midst of our perplexities to notice how, in that remoter age, Time, as God's great instrument in the work of judgment, sifted the true from the false, the precious from the counterfeit, and brought about in due order the vindication and the ascendancy of the Truth. The "day" came which "tried every man's work of what sort it was" (1 Cor. iii. 13). The fire burnt up the wood, hay, stubble, of man's devices and imaginations. Much perished utterly, and much even that was true and good has passed away. It did its work and bore its fruit. But the gold and the silver and the precious stones, the words of the Apostles and Prophets as they stand in the New Testament—this has been tried in the furnace and has come out purified and brightened, an everlasting possession for mankind, the inheritance of the Church of Christ even unto the end.

(4.) There remains yet another lesson which we in this age need to learn. We know not fully why, but so it is, the gifts that were then given have not been given since in the same measure, or in like form. "Tongues" and "prophecy" have alike "failed." But not the less does it remain true "that the Spirit divideth to every man severally as He will" (1 Cor. xii. 11). The "word of wisdom" has its counterpart in the wide thoughts of Origen and Augustine, of Hooker and of Butler, the "word of knowledge" in the labours of great interpreters, "governments" in all true pastoral rule, "helps" in all forms of loving sympathy and kindness, and so too Prophecy has its analogue among us. Not in formal decrees of synods, or elaborate teaching of dogmatists, but when the "word of the Lord" comes with power to the heart of a man, and goes forth from it straight to the hearts of others, then the prophet's work is, in its measure, renewed among us. And what was true of the original is true also of the analogue. With that we too are called to overcome the world, and make men confess that God is with us of a truth. We are panic-stricken at the growth of unbelief around us. We snatch at weapons which we have not proved, or which the experience of the past has shown to be cumbrous and useless, or which, if effectual, belong, like fire-tipt and poisoned arrows, to savage and not to Christian warfare. Here is the weapon which we need, the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God" (Eph. vi. 17), "piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow" (Heb. iv. 12). Not by cries of alarm, or wailings of despondency, or railing accusations, may the doubters around us be won over, and the gainsayers silenced. That power belongs only or chiefly to the Prophetic Word. Let us speak that word of reproof, of comfort, and of hope, as it was spoken, of old, by prophets and Apostles, by the thousands who, since their time, have drunk of the same spirit,—let us prophesy according to the proportion, the analogy, the accordant harmony of the faith, and it will not fail. It has done its work in past ages, in spite of errors, excesses, mutual antagonism, and will do it yet again. Not the doctors of the Schools, but St. Bernard and St. Francis; not the system-builders of Trent or Geneva, but Tindal, and Luther, and Xavier; not the Laudian divines, but Leighton and Taylor, and Baxter and Bunyan; not the Georgian Bishops, but Wesley and Whitefield and Simeon;—these are the names to which we now look back as bright with the glory of the kingdom. So it will be now. Let us strive to look at the questions that are vexing us as we now look on those which vexed our fathers. Amid the warfare of half truths and rash denials, let us recognise *the Prophetic Word,* whenever and by whomsoever it may be spoken, accepting it as limited and tested by the analogy of the faith. So we come back to the old words as the truest and the best, "Covet earnestly the best gifts:" "Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church;" "and yet show I unto you a more excellent way" (1 Cor xii. 31; xiv. 12).

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

(Continued from page 133.)

YET, as we look at nature, the fact will force itself upon us that there are structures in which we cannot recognise any use; that there are contrivances which often fail of their effect; and that there are others which appear to be separated from the conditions which they were intended to meet, and with reference to which alone their usefulness could arise. Such instances occur in many branches of inquiry; and although in the great mass of natural phenomena the supremacy of purpose is evident enough, such cases do frequently come across our path, as cases of exception—cases in which law does not seem to be subservient to will, but to be asserting a power and an endurance of its own. Thus there are monkeys which have no thumbs for use, but only thumb-bones hid beneath the skin: the wingless bird of New Zealand, the "Apteryx," has useless wing-bones similarly placed: snakes destined always to creep "upon their belly" have nevertheless rudiments of legs, and the common "Slowworm" has even the "blade bone" and "collar bone" of rudimentary or aborted limbs: the Narwhal has only one tusk, on the left side, developed for use, like the horn of an heraldic unicorn, but the other tusk, on the right side, is present as a useless germ: the female Narwhal has both tusks reduced to the same unserviceable condition: young whalebone whales have teeth which never cut the gum, and are absorbed as entirely useless to the creature's life: the males of all mammalian animals have teats which never suckle. These, and a thousand other similar cases, have long puzzled the physiologist, and the comparative anatomist.

The degree of importance which may be attached to such cases as a source of real difficulty, will vary with the character of the individual mind, and its capacity of holding by the great lines of evidence which run through the whole order of nature. It is with these cases as with the local currents which sometimes obscure the rising and falling of the tides. When watched from hour to hour, the greater law is clearly discernible by well-marked effects; but when watched from minute to minute, it is not distinct, and there are waves which seem like a rebellion of the sea against the force which is dragging it from the land. The order of nature is very complicated, and very partially understood. It is to be expected therefore that there should be a vast variety of subordinate facts, whose relation to each other and to the whole must be a matter of perplexity to us. It is so with the relation in which different known laws of nature stand to each other, much more must it be so with the far deeper subject of the relation which these laws bear to the Will and intentions of the Supreme. But as cases of intention frustrated, of structure without apparent purpose, of organs dissociated from function and from the opportunities of use, are sometimes sources of difficulty, it may be well to consider this subject a little nearer.

There is one explanation which it cannot be doubted applies to many cases, and this is the simple explanation, that we often mistake the purpose of particular structures in nature, and connect them with intentions which are not and never were the intentions really in view. The best naturalists are liable to such mistakes. A very curious illustration is afforded by an observation of Mr. Darwin, in his "Origin of Species." He says that "if green Woodpeckers alone had existed, and we did not know that there were any black and pied kinds, I dare say we should have thought that the green colour was a beautiful adaptation to hide this tree-frequenting bird from its enemies." Now, this introduces us to a very curious subject, and one as well adapted as any other to illustrate the relation in which law stands to purpose in the economy of nature.

There can be no doubt that the principle of adapted colouring with the effect and for the purpose of concealment, prevails extensively in various branches of the animal kingdom. It arises probably, like all other phenomena, by way of natural consequence out of some combination of forces which are the instruments employed. We have no knowledge what these forces are, but we can imagine them to be worked into a law of assimilation, founded on some such principle as that which photography has revealed. It is true that man has not yet discovered any process by which the tints of nature can be transferred, as the most delicate shades of light can be transferred, to surfaces artificially prepared to receive them. Such a process is, however, very probably within the reach even of human chemistry, and it is one which is certainly known in the laboratory of nature. The Chameleon is the extreme case in which the effect of such a process is proverbially known. Many fish exhibit it in a remarkable degree,—changing colour rapidly in harmony with the colour of the water in which they swim, or of the bottom on which they lie. The law on which such changes depend is very obscure, but it appears to be a natural process, as constant as all other laws are; that is, constant whenever given conditions are brought together. But then, these conditions are not brought together except with a view to purpose. For now let us see how this law, whatever it may be, is regulated and applied.

One thing is certain,—this law is not applied universally; on the contrary it is applied very partially. Is it therefore applied arbitrarily at haphazard, or without reference to conditions in which we can trace a reason and a rule? Far from it.

The rule appears to be this:—adaptive colouring as a means of concealment is never applied (1) to any animal whose habits do not expose it to special danger, or (2) to any animal which is sufficiently endowed with other more effective means of escape.

This is the higher law of purpose which governs the lesser law, whatever it may be, by which assimilative colouring is produced. Now, no man who had observed this higher law could ever fall into the error of supposing that the colour of the green Woodpecker was given to it as a means of concealment. Few birds are so invisible as Woodpeckers, because their structure and habits give them other methods of escaping observation which are most curious and effective. They have few natural enemies but man, and when in danger of being seen by him, they slip and glide round the bole of the tree or bough on which they may be climbing with a swift, silent, and cunning motion, and from behind that shelter, with nothing visible but their head, they keep a close watch upon the movements of the enemy. With such sleight of feet there is no need of lazier methods of concealment.

Accordingly in this family of birds the law of assimilation is withheld from application, and the most violent and strongly contrasted colouring prevails. Jet black, side by side with pure white, and the most brilliant crimsons, are common in the plumage of the Woodpeckers. No birds are more conspicuous in colouring, yet none are more seldom seen. The purpose of concealment being effected by other means, gives way to the purpose of beauty or of adornment in the disposition of colours. And in general the same rule applies to all birds whose life is led among woods and forests. Comparatively inaccessible to birds of prey, they exhibit every variety of tint, and the principle of invisibility from assimilated colouring is almost unknown. It must always be remembered, that animals of prey are as much intended to capture their food, as their victims are intended to have some chances and facilities of escape. The purpose here is a double purpose—a purpose not in all cases to preserve life, but to maintain its balance and due proportion. In order to effect this purpose the means of aggression, and of defence, or of escape, must bear a definite relation to each other in kind and in degree. When arboreal birds leave their sheltering trees they are exposed to the attacks of Hawks, but they have fair opportunities of retreating to their coverts again, and the upward spring of the disappointed Falcon in the air, when his quarry reaches the shelter of trees, tells how effective such a retreat is, and how completely it ends the chase. On the other hand, there is a great variety of birds whose habitat is the open plain—the desert—the unprotected shore—the treeless moor—the stony mountain-top. These are the favourite hunting-grounds of the Eagles, and the Falcons, and the Hawks. There they have free scope for their great powers of wing, and uninterrupted range for their piercing powers of sight. And it must be remembered, that even the slowest of the Hawks can on such ground capture with ease birds which when once on the wing could distance their pursuer by superior speed, because the Hawk, sweeping over the ground, takes the prey at a disadvantage, pouncing on it before it can get fairly into the air. Birds whose habitat is thus exposed could not maintain their existence at all without special means of concealment or escape. Accordingly it is among such birds almost exclusively that the law of assimilative colouring prevails. And among them it is carried to a perfection which is wonderful indeed. Every ornithologist will recognise the truth of the observation, that this law prevails chiefly among the Grouse, the Partridges, the Plovers, the Snipes, Woodcocks, Sandpipers, and other kindred families, all of which inhabit open ground. There can be no better examples than the Grouse and the Ptarmigan of our Scottish mountains. The close imitation in the plumage of these birds of the general tinting and mottling of the ground on which they lie and feed is apparent at a glance, and is best known to those who have tried to see Grouse or Ptarmigan when sitting, and when their position is indicated within a few feet or a few inches by the trembling nostrils and dilated eyeballs of a steady Pointer-Dog. In the case of the common Grouse, as the ground is nearly uniform in colour throughout the year, the colouring of the bird is constant also. But in the case of the Ptarmigan, it changes with the changing seasons, and the pearly greys which in summer match so exactly with the lichens of the mountain peaks, give place in winter to the pure white which matches not less perfectly with the wreaths of snow.

This is indeed a change which requires for its production the agency of other laws than those merely of reflected light, because the substitution of one entire set of feathers for another of a different colour, twice in every year, implies arrangements which lie deep in the organic chemistry of the bird. The various genera of Sand-Grouse and Sand-Partridges which frequent the deserts and naked plains of the Asiatic continent are coloured in exquisite harmony with the ground. Our common Woodcock is another excellent example, and is all the more remarkable as there is one very peculiar colour introduced into the plumage of this bird which exactly corresponds with a particular stage in the decay of fallen leaves—I mean that in which the browns and yellows of the Autumn rot away into the pale ashy skeletons which lie in thousands under every wood in winter. This colour is exactly reproduced in the feathers of the Woodcock, and so mingled with the dark browns and warm yellows of fresher leaves, that the general imitation of effect is perfect. And so curiously is the purpose of concealment worked out in the plumage of the Woodcock, that one conspicuous ornament of the bird is covered by a special provision from the too curious gaze of those for whose admiration it was not intended. The tail-feathers of the Woodcock can be erected and spread out at pleasure like a fan, and, being tipped on their under surface with white of a brilliant and silvery lustre, set off by contrast with an adjacent patch of velvety black, they can produce a brilliant and conspicuous effect. But the same web, which on its under surface bears this beautiful but dangerous ornament, is on its upper surface dulled down to a sombre ashy-grey, and becomes as invisible as the rest of the plumage. These are all provisions of nature, which stand in clear and intelligible relation to the habits of the bird. It rests all day upon the ground, under trees; and were it not for its ingeniously adapted colouring, it would be peculiarly exposed to destruction. Man is an enemy whose cunning inventions overcome all such methods of protection, and the Woodcock when in his most rapid flight is now an easier prey than in older times when sitting on the ground. But before fire-arms had reached the perfection which has enabled us to shoot flying birds, the colouring of the Woodcock served it in good stead, even against the Lords of the Creation. In old times it required special skill and practice to see Woodcocks on the ground, and the large lustrous black eye, which is adapted for night-vision, was the one spot of colour which enabled the fowler of 150 years ago to detect the bird. Thus Hudibras has it :—

> "As men find Woodcocks by their eyes."

There are other animals in which the principle of imitation with a view to concealment is carried very much farther than the mere imitation of colour, and extends also to form and structure. There are some examples of this in the class of insects, so remarkable that it is impossible to look at them without ever fresh astonishment. I refer especially to some species of the genus *Mantis* which are wholly modelled in the form of vegetable growths. The legs are made to imitate leaf-stalks, the body is elongated and notched so as to simulate a twig; the segment of the shoulders is spread out and flattened in the likeness of a seed-vessel; and the large wings are exact imitations of a full-blown leaf, with all its veins and skeleton complete, and all its colour and apparent texture. There is something startling and almost horrible in the completeness of the deception—very horrible it must be to its hapless victims. For in this case the purpose of the imitation is a purpose of destruction, the *Mantis* being a predacious insect, armed with the most terrible weapons, hid under the peaceful forms of the vegetable world. Wonderful as this structure is, it would be none the less, but all the more wonderful, if it should arise by way of natural consequence from some law of development or of growth. It must be a law of which at present we have no knowledge, and can hardly form any conception. But certain it is that here, as in all other cases, the purpose which is actually attained, is attained by a special adaptation of ordinary structure to a special and extraordinary purpose. No new members are given to the *Mantis*; there is no departure from the plan on which all other insects of the same order are designed. The body has the same number of segments, the legs are the same in number, and are composed of the same joints; every part of this strange creature which seems like a bit of foliage animated with insect life, can be referred to its corresponding part in the ordinary anatomy of its class. The whole effect is produced by a little elongation here, a little swelling there, a little dwarfing of one part, a little development of another. The most striking part of the whole imitation—that of the "nervation" of the leaf—is produced by a modification, not very violent, of a structure which belongs to all flying insects. Their wings are constructed of a thin filmy material stretched upon a framework of stronger substance, as the waves of a windmill are stretched upon a trelliswork of spars. This framework is designed in a great variety of patterns—more elaborate and more beautiful than the tracery of gothic windows. In the *Mantis* this tracery, instead of being drawn in a mere pattern, is drawn in imitation of the nervature of a leaf. And imitative colouring is added to imitative structure—so that nothing should be wanting to its completeness and success.

But although the laws which determine both form and colouring are here seen to be subservient to use, we shall never understand the phenomena of nature unless we admit that mere ornament or beauty is in itself a purpose, an object, and an end. Mr. Darwin denies this; but he denies it under the strange impression, that to admit it would be absolutely fatal to his own theory on the origin of species. So much the worse for his theory, if this incompatibility be true. There is indeed a difference, at least in words, between the doctrine now asserted and the doctrine which Mr. Darwin denies. What he denies as a purpose in nature is beauty "in the eyes of man." But this evades the real point at issue. The relation in which natural beauty stands to man's appreciation of it, is quite a separate question. It is certain enough that the gift of ornament in natural things has not been lavished, as it is lavished, for the mere admiration of mankind. Ornament was as universal,—applied upon a scale at once as grand and as minute as now,—during the long ages before man was born. Some of the most beautiful forms in nature are the shells of the ocean, and many of them are the richest, too, in surface ornament. But, prodigal of beauty as the ocean now is in the creatures which it holds, its wealth was even greater and more abounding in times when there was no man to gather them. The shells and corals of the old Silurian Sea were as elaborate and as richly carved as those which we now admire: and the noble Ammonites of the Secondary Ages must have been glorious things indeed. Even now there is abundant evidence that although man was intended to admire beauty, beauty was not intended only for man's admiration. Nowhere is ornament more richly given, nowhere is it seen more separate from the use, than in those organisms of whose countless millions the microscope alone enables a few men for a few moments to see a few examples. There is no better illustration of this than a class of forms belonging to the border-land of animal and vegetable life called the *Diatomaceæ*, which, though invisible to the naked eye, play an important part in the economy of nature. They exist almost everywhere, and of their remains whole strata, and even mountains, are in great part composed. They have shells of pure silex, and these, each after its own kind, are all covered with the most elaborate ornament—striated, or fluted, or punctured, or dotted, in patterns which are mere patterns, but patterns of perfect, and sometimes of most complex, beauty. No graving done with the graver's tool can equal that work in gracefulness of design, or in delicacy and strength of touch. Yet it is impossible to look at these forms—in all the variety which is often crowded under a single lens—without recognising instinctively that the work of the graver is work strictly analogous,—addressed to the same perceptions,—founded on the same idea,—having for its object the same end and aim. And as the work of the graver varies for the mere sake of varying, so does the work on these microscopic shells. In the same drop of moisture there may be some dozen or twenty forms, each with its own distinctive pattern, all as constant as they are distinctive, yet having all apparently the same habits, and without any perceptible difference of function.

It would be to doubt the evidence of our senses and of our reason, or else to assume hypotheses of which there is no proof whatever, if we were to doubt that mere ornament, mere variety, are as much an end and aim in the workshop of nature as they are known to be in the workshop of the goldsmith and the jeweller. Why should they not? The love and the desire of these is universal in the mind of man. It is seen not more distinctly in the highest forms of civilised art than in the habits of the rudest savage, who covers with elaborate carving the handle of his war-club, or decorates with colour the prow of his canoe. Is it likely that this universal aim and purpose of the mind of man should be wholly without relation to the aims and purposes of his Creator? He that formed the eye to see beauty, shall He not see it? He that gave the human hand its cunning to work for beauty, shall His hand never work for it? How, then, shall we account for all the beauty of the world—for the careful provision made for it where it is only the secondary object, not the first? Even in those cases, for example, where concealment is the main object in view, ornament is never forgotten, but lies as it were underneath, carried into effect under the conditions and limitations imposed by the higher law and the more special purpose. Thus the feathers of the Ptarmigan, though confined by the law of assimilative colouring to a mixture of black and white or grey, have those simple colours disposed in crescent-bars and mottlings of beautiful form, even as the lichens which they imitate spread in radiating lines and semi-circular ripples over the weather-beaten stones. It is the same with all other birds whose colour is the colour of their home. For the purpose of concealment that colouring would be equally effective if it were laid on without order or regularity of form. But this is never done. The required tints are always disposed in patterns, each varying with the genus and the species; varying for the mere sake of variation, and for the beauty which belongs to ornament. And where this purpose is not under the restraint of any other purpose controlling it and keeping it down as it were within comparatively narrow limits, how gorgeous are the results attained! What shall we say of flowers—those banners of the vegetable world, which march in such various and splendid triumph before the coming of its fruits? What shall we say of the Humming Birds—whose feathers are made to return the light which falls upon them as if rekindled from intenser fires, and coloured with more than all the colours of all the gems?

No better example indeed can be found than these wonderful creations—the Humming Birds—of the love of mere variety which prevails in nature. More than four hundred species are now known to science, all absolutely distinct, but many of them, in respect to form and structure, and general style of ornament, almost copies of each other, differing in nothing, except that perhaps the colour of the ruby or the topaz is replaced by the radiance of the emerald or the sapphire. Two Humming Birds, called respectively the "Sappho Comet" and the "Phaon Comet," are splendid examples of this sort of substitution. There is a group of these birds to which the scientific name of *Lophornis* has been given, in which the variation for the mere sake of variation is more conspicuous and striking than in most others, on account of the singular manner in which ornament is pursued, not merely in the colouring, but in the form and development of the plumage. These birds are all provided either with tippets or with crests of elongated plumes, which are of some one colour, but end in spots or spangles of another. Take the first two species of this group which we find in the splendid Monograph of the *Trochilidæ* by Mr. Gould. The first of these has the elongated neck feathers of chestnut red, with spangles of luminous green. The next species has the same spangles, but terminating plumes of pure white. A third species has the plumes green, and the spangles white. Changes (so to speak) on the same principle are pursued throughout the group. Some have the elongated plumes as crests, thickly set, small, and round, like the stamens of a flower. In like manner the "Woodstars," the "Flame Bearers," and the "Thorntails," are all groups of species closely resembling each other in general aspect, and in what may be called the idea of the colouring. But this idea is embodied in every conceivable variety of form, the colours changing and replacing each other in combinations ever new and ever beautiful. There is not the smallest ground for believing—on the contrary, there is every reason to disbelieve—that all these changes, or any of them, have any other use than the use of beauty. One fact alone seems conclusive on this point, and that is the fact that all this splendid ornament is almost always confined to one sex. Special adaptation to special purpose is indeed as conspicuous in the Humming Birds as in any other organic form. They feed mainly on the insects which frequent the flowers of the New World, and some of these have nectar-chambers of most curious plan. To get access to them requires a peculiar apparatus, and this apparatus the Humming Birds are provided with, both in the forms of bill and in the powers of wing. So special is the adaptation, that some kinds of Humming Birds seem made to match a few plants which are perhaps confined to a single mountain. Some range over the innumerable blossoms which cover the low hot forests of tropical America, whilst others never leave the limited area of some deserted crater, or the scanty flowers which hold their ground close up to the eternal snows of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi. But all such varieties of form and structure are quite separate from the varieties of colour and of ornament. These vary immensely within the same group where form and structure are closely similar, and where habitat and habits are almost identical. Plumes of blue are of no more value in the "struggle for existence" than plumes of green. Spangles of the emerald are no better in the battle of life than spangles of the ruby. A crest of flame does not enable a Humming Bird to reach the curious recesses of an orchid better than a crest of sapphire. But all these are beautiful, and their beauty is various, and therefore all these are given.

There is one instance in nature (and, so far as I know, only one) in which ornament takes the form of pictorial representation. The secondary feathers in the wing of the Argus Pheasant are developed into long plumes, which the bird can erect and spread out like a fan, as a Peacock spreads his train. These feathers are decorated with a series of conspicuous spots or "eyes," which are so coloured as to imitate the effect of balls. The shadows and the "high light" are placed exactly where an artist would place them in order to represent a sphere. The "eyes" of the Peacock's train are wonderful examples of ornament; but they do not represent anything except their own harmonies of colour. The "eyes" of the Argus Pheasant are like the "ball and socket" ornament, which is common in the decorations of human art. It is no answer to this argument in respect to beauty, that we are constantly discovering the use of beautiful structures, in which the beauty only, and not the usefulness, had been hitherto perceived. The harmonies on which all beauty probably depends are so mutually connected in nature that "use" and ornament may often both arise out of the same conditions. Thus, some of the most beautiful lines on the surface of shells, are simply the lines of their annual growth, which growth has followed definite curves, and it is the "law" of these curves that is beautiful in our eyes. Again, the forms of many fish which are so beautiful, are also forms founded on the lines of least resistance. The same observation applies to the form of the bodies and of the wings of birds. Throughout nature, ornament is perpetually the result of conditions, and arrangements fitted to use, and contrived for the discharge of function. But the same principle applies to human art, and few persons are probably aware how many of the mere ornaments of architecture are the traditional representation of parts which had their origin in essential structure. Yet who would argue from this fact that ornament is not a special aim in the works of man? When the savage carves the handle of his war-club, he does it to give his own hand a firmer hold. But any shapeless scratches would be enough for this. When he carves it in an elaborate pattern, he does so for the love of ornament, and to satisfy the sense of beauty.

The evidence is indeed abundant, that ornament and variety are provided for in nature for themselves and by themselves, separate from all other use whatever. Any theory on the origin of species which is too narrow to hold this fact, must be taken back for enlargement and repair. At the very best it must be incomplete. But here the question arises, is there any ground for any theory at all on the "origin" of species, such, for example, as the various kinds of Humming Bird? Beauty, variety, fitness for a peculiar mode of life,—in these we see a purpose; but is there any indication of a method, according to which this purpose has been pursued? Is there anything to suggest the employment and instrumentality of means? To answer this question we must ask another. What are the indications of method in the works of nature? It is not in variety, but in unity that we recognise the work of law. It is in the facts common to different phenomena that we trace the existence of a common bond—the operation of some common force. And so it is the likeness of different creatures to each other, and the graduated degrees of their unlikeness, which impress the naturalist with the idea of relationship, and tempt him to speculate on its nature and on its cause. These Humming Birds are a case in point. In all the 400 species there is a common structure, to be recognised at a glance. There is, indeed, immense variety, but it is variety within the bounds of law. Some of them are the most brilliant of created things; others are as sombre as the dullest of our European birds. The bills of some are straight, of others gently curved, of others violently bent. Some have particular parts of their plumage greatly developed, which in other species are kept altogether in abeyance. But in all there is one type of structure, not to be mistaken, separating them from all other birds, and running into the most curious details. And here we meet with examples of a kind of fact which more than any other suggests the operation of some physical law. We find community of structure where there is no community of purpose. Nay, we find structure apparently separated from purpose altogether. Thus, the tail feathers of the Humming Birds play an important part, both in respect to utility and in respect to ornament. They are selected in many cases as the most conspicuous and splendid ornaments of the bird. In some, the two central feathers are developed into lengthened plumes, and the remaining feathers are ranged on either side in regular and beautiful gradation. In others, the converse arrangement is adopted—the central feathers being suppressed, whilst those on the exterior are lengthened and adorned. But in all the endless variety of arrangement there is one universal rule—a rule of numbers—a rule which prevails when neither the purpose of use nor the purpose of ornament is concerned in keeping it. The principle of arrangement, so to speak, is founded on the number ten. Two central plumes, flanked on either side by four; or four lateral plumes, connected by three and three; or five and five, pretty equally developed; so as to form a round end, or a forked end, or the radiance of a star. But in some, the full number ten would not, so to speak, *fit the pattern.* The visible arrangement is then changed to some lesser multiple of two—to eight, or six. But in all these cases the supernumerary feathers exist, although their development is arrested. They are suppressed to the eye, but they are not suppressed altogether. In all Humming Birds the rudiments of the full number can be detected.

Now this is only one example of a great class of facts of continual recurrence in nature. The forces which are combined for the moulding of organic forms have been so combined as to mould them after certain types or patterns. It constantly happens that particular parts of any given type which are indispensable to one animal, are of no use whatever to another. Where they are of no use they are small, sometimes mere rudiments. Where they are of use they are enlarged, developed, expanded. For example, the forearm of all the Mammalia, and even of all the Lizards, terminates in five jointed bones or fingers. But in many animals the whole five are not needed, but only some one, or two, or three. In such cases the remainder are dwarfed, but rudimentally the whole number are always to be traced. Even in the Horse, where one only of the five is directly used, and where this one is enlarged and developed into a hoof, parts corresponding to the remaining four fingers can be detected in the anatomy of the limb. In many cases the science of fossil remains enables us to trace the intermediate forms through which existing animals can be connected with animals long since extinct. It must be remembered that the fact of this connection is quite a separate thing from any theory, such as Mr. Darwin's, as to its physical cause. Professor Owen pointed out, in public lectures delivered some years before the publication of Mr. Darwin's book, the existence of fossil animals, which showed an increasing approximation to the forms of the Horse, and of the Ox; and he showed that this approximation was related in time, as it seemed to be in purpose, with the coming need of them for the service and use of Man.

All these facts should convince us that we must enlarge our ideas as to what is meant by "use" in the economy of nature. In the first place it must be so interpreted as to include ornament; and in the second place, it must include also not merely actual use, but potential use, or the capacity of being turned to use in new creations. In this point of view rudimentary or aborted organs need no longer puzzle us, for in respect to purpose they may be read either in the light of history, or in the light of prophecy. They indicate either what has already been, or what may yet come to be. Why new creations should not have been made wholly new;—why they should have been always moulded on some pre-existing form;—why one fundamental ground-plan should have been adhered to for all vertebrate animals, we cannot understand. But as a matter of fact it is so. For it appears that creative purpose has been effected through the instrumentality of forces so combined as to arrange the particles of organic matter in definite forms: which forms include many separate parts capable of arrestment or development according as special organs are required for the discharge of special functions. Each new creation seems to have been a new application of these old materials. Each new house of life has been built on these old foundations. Among the many wonders of nature there is nothing more wonderful than this—the adaptability of the one Vertebrate Type to the infinite variety of life to which it serves as an organ and a home. Its *basement* has been so laid that every possible change or addition of superstructure could be built upon it. Creatures destined to live on the earth, or in the earth, on the sea, or in the sea, under every variety of condition of existence, have all been made out of that one pattern; and each of them with as close an adaptation to special function as if the pattern had been designed for itself alone. There are particular parts of it which are of no use to particular animals. But there is no part of it which is not of indispensable use to some member of the group; and there is one supreme form in which all its elements receive their highest interpretation and fulfilment. It is indeed wonderful to think that the feeble and sprawling paddles of a Newt, the ungainly flippers of a Seal, and the long leathery wings of a Bat, have all the same elements, bone for bone, with that human hand which is the supple instrument of Man's contrivance, and is alive, even to the finger-tips, with the power of expressing his intellect and his will. Here again the Laws of Nature are seen to be nothing but combinations of force with a view to purpose: combinations which indicate complete knowledge not only of what is, but of what is to be, and which foresees the end from the beginning.

EASTWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

III.—CAIRO, AND THE RED SEA.

I AM not yet done with Cairo. But my narrative, in the meantime, must be broken up like my journey, by a visit to the Red Sea.

"Tickets for Suez!" What a shock does such a request as this, which we made at the Cairo station, give to all our associations with the desert, and the journeyings of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob! It is as great as if we proposed to take a passage in an excursion steamer on the Lake of Tiberias, or to visit a cotton mill on the site of the Temple of Jerusalem. But if any one prefer to journey on a camel alongside the railway, he may have one. Dragomen and camel-drivers are always on the *qui vive* to conduct the enterprising traveller to any spot where "the ship of the desert" can sail. Poetry is ever in advance of what is called "progress," though ever present to idealise it when it becomes prosaic. Had time permitted of our choosing between the camel and "first-class," we might probably have chosen the former, and thus obeyed the poetic instinct. As it was, however, we accepted of the conventional and swifter mode of travel, and booked ourselves for Suez. I am not sure but the Patriarchs, in similar circumstances, would have done the same. And why not? A distinguished English prelate, so the story goes, was accosted, when entering his comfortable carriage, by an excellent Mrs. Gamp, who, assuming that comfort and Christianity were necessarily opposed, suggested the delicate inquiry as to what the Apostles would say were they to see one who professes to be their successor travelling in such luxury. "I think it not unlikely," was the meek and wise reply of the worthy bishop, "that they would thankfully acknowledge how much improved the times are since their day!" So we felt, in remembering the past, as we entered the railway for Suez.

We naturally expected to lose all sense of the desert—not once to come under its spell—in our journey through it by rail. But it was really not so. No railway associations obtruded themselves upon our notice, except the long moving shadow upon the sand. We alone seemed to be in the wilderness, drawn along by a power which, from the very scenery through which we passed, had a strange air of novelty and mystery about it. There were no well-built station-houses like Swiss cottages, but only wooden huts at great intervals, which stood alone and solitary in the arid waste, without a name to distinguish them from each other in the boundless expanse of sand. They are simply numbered like milestones. Such buildings fail to give any life to the scene, and excite in us only feelings of pity for the hermits who inhabit them, and whose duties consist, not in conning over breviaries, or in helping forlorn travellers, but in adjusting switches and in supplying water and food to thirsty and hungry steam-engines puffing through the sweltering heat.

The railway changed the scenery of the desert no more than a balloon changes the scenery of the clouds. Once out of Cairo, we were in the ocean of sand and desolation, as much as a ship out of Plymouth is in the ocean of green water. We passed across the characteristic flinty ground of the real desert; we saw rolling hills of tawny, almost golden sand, like yellow snowhills, drifted and smoothed by the winds, and as if never trodden by the foot of man. We saw troops of light gazelles bounding along with elastic step as they fled in terror from the mysterious monster that rushed snorting towards them from the horizon. We saw in great beauty more than one mirage, fully realising all we had ever heard of its deceptive likeness to large pools or lakes of water, with shores indented by tiny bays and jutting promontories, and with a hazy brightness over them singularly picturesque. We saw strings of loaded camels, with Arabs on foot guiding them, and slowly journeying, as their predecessors had done for thousands of years, along that old route, it may be to Palestine or to Arabia Petrea, or to strange and unknown scenes, or to verdant seas of pasture lands and feeding grounds for goats and camels, with tents pitched round springs of water—spots to which no vacation tourist has yet penetrated, and that remain as they were in the days of Job. And thus the desert was very desert, out and out, as it ought to have been, in order to meet the expectations of those more sanguine even than ourselves. On we went, thoroughly enjoying the scene, with no feeling of disappointment whatever. We could certainly picture a more ideal mode of passing through that old romantic waste, but it was impossible to picture a more perfect waste than that which we passed through.

I need not say that as we approached the Red Sea, there were many fidgety movements ever and anon towards the window from which we expected to get the first look of the famous gulf.

The low range of the Mokattam hills, which stretch east and west from Cairo, and to which we had been moving parallel, began at last to swell and break into more massive forms, like a billowy stream rising into the loftier waves of a rapid. Higher and higher they rose, until we could discern the fine broken outline of what seemed to be the summit of a range of precipitous heights looking towards the east, and plunging into invisible depths. These heights were the northerly end of the range of the famous Jebel Attaka—bordering the Red Sea. As we neared the end of the desert plateau along which we had been wheeling, more and more of the precipices, several miles off, began to disclose themselves, until at last, when we reached the edge of the plain by which the railway descends to Suez, we saw the Red Sea, and beyond it a grey outline, which marked to us a new quarter of the world, and was the shore of the Arabian peninsula, in the centre of which we knew Sinai was seated on his throne!

The hotel at Suez is as comfortable as any in Europe; and men of a certain time of life, with their "manifold infirmities," always, I presume, appreciate civilised accommodation. I can quite conceive, remembering my own ignorant and enthusiastic youth, how a member of the ambitious Alpine Club may sincerely believe that he prefers a bivouac above the clouds on the lee side of a row of stones, with a glacier for his bed-pillow, to a decent bed at 2*s.* a night in a hotel; or how some stray sheep from the fold of civilised life, who has wandered to every out-of-the-way spot under heaven, should glory in a savage hut, or rude tent, or some other form of uncomfortable shelter in which to "put up." I am not disposed to cross-question such travellers about their feelings in a cold or hot night, or in a wet or dusty morning. Let me presume that they always awake in their respective abodes with a high sense of their own manliness and pluck, which must be most agreeable to them and a full reward for all their sufferings; but let them pardon, while they pity, easy-going gentlemen who prefer number 16, or any other, in the corridor of a hotel, with "John," or "Mohammed," to clean their boots, and to call them at a certain hour in the morning.

Such was our felicity at Suez.

But "ancient founts of inspiration" were not wanting, as we ascended at night to the house-top, and in the deep silence saw the moon which looked down on Moses and the host of Israel, pouring its effulgence over the Red Sea, and as we also perceived, afar off, the "everlasting hills" which had witnessed one of the most profoundly interesting events in history.

And as for things of the every-day present, there was a comedy announced for the evening, to be acted by the employés of the P. & O., *i.e.*, the Peninsular and Oriental, Company—not a theatrical one!—and very well acted it was. It so happened that among the audience I soon discovered old acquaintances, and others allied by the ties of common friendships. I need not specify who these were, for such matters are personal and without general interest; but I must except one, who reminded me of our meeting in the West Highlands thirty years before. He was then one of the handsomest men I had ever seen (don't blush, Major, if you read this!), and a good man, of an old family withal. Since then he has had many adventures. One of those fixed him in a house built somewhere in the desert between Sinai and the sea, where he employs the Bedawin to gather turquoise from the surrounding district, for sale. He has made friends of all the tribes, conveys supplies for his wants on camels' backs from Suez, shows kindness—like "Staffa" his chief and hospitable uncle before him—to every traveller, and leaves upon all who have the pleasure of knowing him, the impression of what some people call "a real gentleman," others a "thorough good fellow." If *Good Words* ever penetrates to "them parts" on a camel's back, its Editor greets thee, thou Sheik of the Turquoise!

I met here also our excellent consul, Mr. Colquhoun, an old acquaintance, from whom I had received letters of introduction to the Continent thirty years before. His situation I do not envy, but he will ever be the man of heart and honour. Our gallant friend, with big hand and heart, Colonel M. of the Guards, with his better half, we will rejoin in Palestine.

It is a pleasure which a clergyman often enjoys, of meeting in the most unexpected places, persons to whom he has ministered somewhere or other. They kindly introduce themselves to him, as they ought to do, for the gratification thereby afforded to him. Such happiness I had at Suez, and those who caused it may thus learn that their kindness was appreciated.

On the afternoon of our arrival at Suez—to go back a few hours in my story—before the play and all our brotherly meetings began, having a few hours of daylight, we wished to improve them, not by examining the Israelites' passage of the Red Sea, but by bathing in the Sea itself. So we went from the hotel towards the gulf, and were fully convinced that the town of Suez, in spite of its 8000 inhabitants, is a place not worth examining; that the bazaars have nothing but what is commonplace in them; and that this centre point between East and West is, like a true geometrical point, in itself nothing.

We proceeded to the quay built by the French, which extends about a mile into the sea, and along which a railway is being constructed. It is intended to lead to a dock and harbour near an island further down the gulf. Here I can imagine the "intelligent reader" stopping me to inquire about this railway and the Suez Canal:—"Is it likely to succeed? Is it commercial or political? Have the French humbugged John Bull, as they always do? or is the whole scheme a gigantic failure? Are our civil engineers right in their calculations and in their condemnation of it as a mechanical impossibility? Do you think," &c. Now, I must confess, in honest truth, that I cannot give any one reliable information on this subject. All these points which the supposed inquirer moots, and many of a like nature, are questioned and debated in Suez by most intelligent men, just as much as in London. One hears the same difference of opinion in both places.

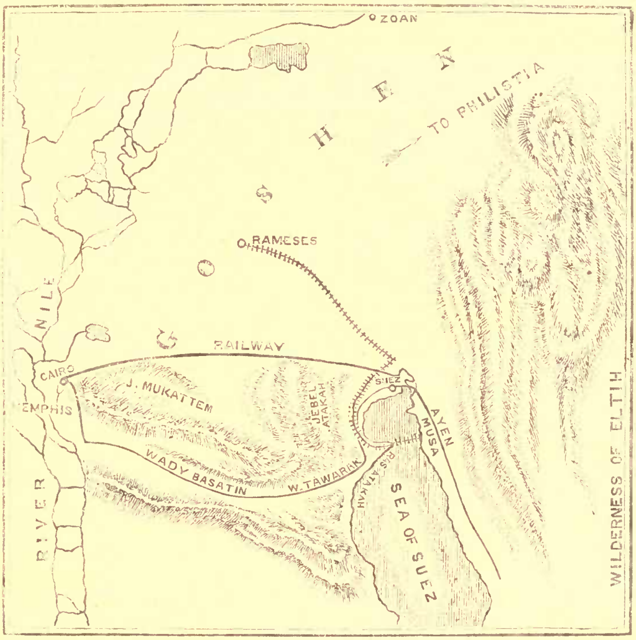
"It will and must pay!" asserts boldly a man with a moustache. "Why, they have already in their town, which I have visited, such a hotel!—such elegance and comfort, such——"

"Bosh! my dear Tom," cries another, "the whole thing is a bubble. No ships will ever take the trouble to beat up the Red Sea in order to go by this canal. And how can any amount of water make the desert productive?"

"Why," retorts a man who knows, as he says, "the whole thing," "my belief is that the sweet water, that is the fresh water, of the Nile—which, remember, they *have* brought, and were the first to bring, to Suez—will convert the ground along its whole course into as fertile soil as the Delta; and my conviction also is that it *will* and *must* pay."

"We shall see, as the blind man said!" murmurs the doubting.

"These French," chimes in a hitherto silent listener, "you may depend upon it, are uncommonly clever fellows, and wonderful engineers; and my own opinion is, that unless they had good grounds for ending successfully they never would have begun at all; and what they have actually done is confessedly more than what was ever anticipated by any but themselves. I have no doubt whatever that a water communication of some sort for vessels larger or smaller will be opened, and that very soon too, between the two seas."



Map of Egypt, showing the March of the Israelites.

"The rascals want Egypt—that's the whole thing. It's a political dodge, and no mistake," argues a contemplative listener, with his legs upon a chair, and his eyes and cigar pointed up to the roof.

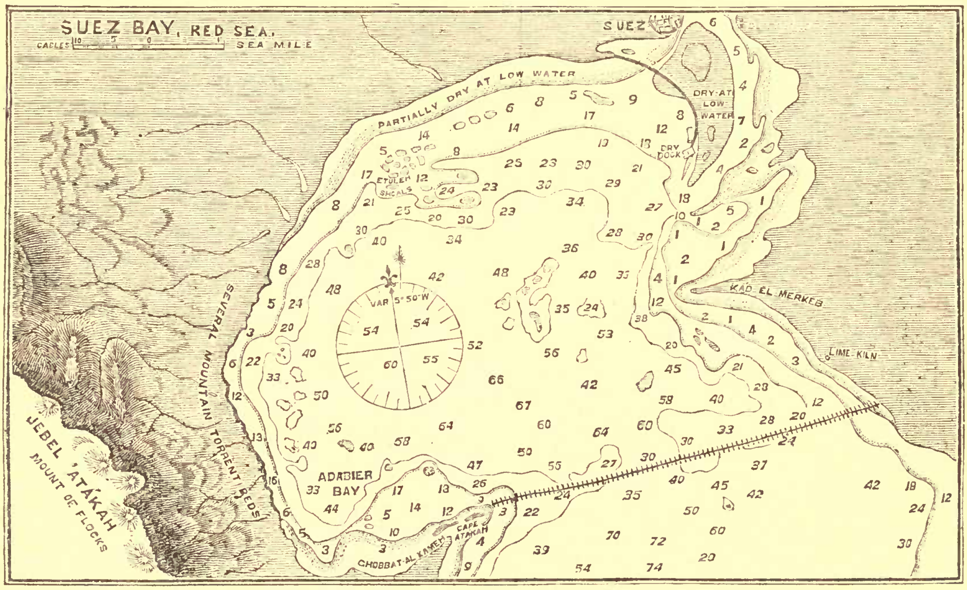
"I don't care a fig," exclaims another member of the self-constituted canal committee, "whether they get Egypt or not! I defy them to be more selfish than this Pasha. We shall have our own route to India, ere long, by Antioch and the Euphrates, and let them have this one if they like."

This is the sort of talk, with more or less information and wisdom, which one hears at Suez.

It was a glorious morning when we started at early dawn for "Ayoun Mousa," or the Wells of Moses, some eight miles or so down the Red Sea from Suez, and situated on its eastern shore. The air was fresh and breezy; the sky cloudless and full of subdued light from the rising sun, whose beams fringed with gold the heights of Jebel Attaka. One of our companions, pointing to the mountain ridge which glowed like a kindling bonfire, remarked, "If the worship of Baal had any connection, like that of his companion Astaroth, with the sun, or if he was always adored in 'high places,' then surely Baal-Zephon, 'over against' which the Israelites camped, was one of those burnished summits."

Our boat was very roomy, clean, and comfortable, and had a seaworthy look about her. She was manned by several very civil, intelligent-looking, and active Arabs. We had some difficulty in getting quit of the shoals and into deep water. The crew, walking from bow to stern, along the gunwale, pushed her onwards with long poles, cheering each other (as most of the human race do when engaged in combined physical labour) by singing, if one can dignify by such a term their melancholy chant. Their words, though genuine Arabic, sounded to our ears exactly like, "I see a whale, oh!"

We got at last into deep water, and the lateen sail having been stretched to the breeze, we cheerily bore away for our destination. It was something worth travelling for, voyaging for, and paying for, to be thus launched on the smooth waters of the Red Sea. The spot is hackneyed to many, but was new and most joyous to us. We were now on the unbroken track of those scenes of Bible story which had been familiar to us from infancy, and had mingled, during life, with so many of our holiest thoughts and associations. Somewhere near us was the place where "the Church," having been delivered by the mercy and power of its great King from heathen bondage, began its marvellous history, as the chief instrument in His hand, in giving freedom to the world. It was impossible for us to avoid recalling the leading events of that drama, the wonders of which Horeb saw the beginning and ending;—the mysterious meeting of Moses with "the angel in the bush";—the "programme," so to speak, then given to him, of all that was to take place in Egypt connected with the Exodus, and which he afterwards rehearsed to the representatives of Israel;—the journey of the two old brothers, Moses and Aaron, the former fourscore years, to the court of the mighty Pharaoh at Zoan, that satanic embodiment of selfwill without love;—the subsequent dread contest between the kingdoms of the world represented by Pharaoh, and the kingdom of God represented by Moses; the fierce dismissal of Moses by Pharaoh, "Get thee from me; take heed to thyself; see my face no more; for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die!" with the solemn reply of the old man, alone and solitary save for the presence of his God, "Thou hast spoken well; *thou shalt see my face no more!*" Then followed the gathering of the people in Goshen, after months probably of preparation, during the infliction of the successive plagues; the awful destruction of the firstborn of Egypt; the appointment of the Passover, which, in some form or other, by Jew or by Samaritan, has remained until this day;* until at last they began their march, having first received, as was predicted by Moses, tribute from the kingdom of the heathen, when the hitherto despised slaves were not only permitted to go, but entreated to do so on any terms. Their victory was complete: their supremacy was acknowledged: the enemy was spoiled!



N.B.—The figures in this Chart indicate the soundings in feet.

Up to this point the narrative in Exodus is sufficiently clear. But what of the crossing of the Red Sea? It may seem presumption in me to offer any opinion upon what has been so frequently discussed, and on which the most learned critics and most truthful men differ. But like most of those who have preceded me in this journey, I cannot help forming some opinion on the point in dispute; and I take the liberty of expressing it very briefly.

That the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea on their way to Palestine is, I must be permitted to assert, one of the most certain facts in ancient history, and has ever been embodied in the holy songs, traditions, and memorial ceremonies of the Church of God. It is, moreover, now generally admitted that Goshen was on the Delta, and that Rameses, on its eastern side, and about thirty miles from Suez, was the starting point of the vast caravan. But if so, the pilgrims never passed up the narrow valley of the Nile, from Goshen to Memphis, from thence to turn east to pursue their journey by the Basatien route to the Red Sea, south of the Ras Attaka.† This theory is utterly untenable. It is quite clear from the narrative, that their shortest, easiest, and, as it were, natural road to Palestine lay between the head of the Gulf of Suez and the Mediterranean, thence along the coast of Philistia. We are told, however, that "God led them *not* through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt. But God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea." So at last they found themselves, some days after leaving Rameses, *with the Red Sea between them and their destination*, encamped "before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-Zephon," wherever those places were. The *facts* which we have to deal with in the narrative are, that somewhere or other they were obliged to cross the Red Sea; that they did so; that the sea stood up in heaps, or like a wall, on their right hand and their left, by the power of God exercised at the word of Moses; and that Israel escaped, while the whole Egyptian army was drowned.

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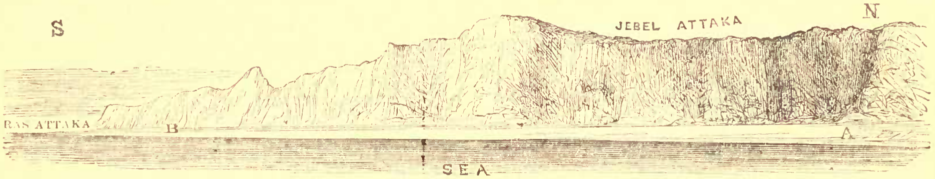
* The paschal lamb was eaten (a small portion, a single mouthful probably, by each person) by *the males only above twenty-one years of age;* and it would not require many lambs for such a sacramental feast, more especially if by "house" is meant, not an habitation, but a family, or clan. These and other points in the narrative are very well discussed by my friend the Rev. George Sandie, in his "Horeb and Jerusalem."

† My brother, minister of Linlithgow, who was one of our party, had, on a former journey to Jerusalem, *viâ* Sinai, travelled from Cairo to Suez by this route, and had no doubt regarding its impracticability for the Israelites.

Can we now-a-days on any good grounds settle where that crossing took place?

Some hold that the narrow portion of the gulf immediately above or below Suez meets the conditions of the narrative. With great respect for those who differ from me, I humbly think not. It is not two miles broad, and is so very shallow that at low water it can be crossed by camels. Nor is there any reason to think that it has been materially changed during the historical era, since the remains of the old canal of Sesostris can still be traced from the Nile to the present head of the gulf. Making full allowance also for what could have been effected by ebb tides, of which there is no mention in Exodus, and for east winds, which could not divide deep water, it is more difficult to account in that case for the destruction of the Egyptian army than for the deliverance of Israel.

As we sailed down the gulf, and gazed at the formation of the western shore, the narrative appeared to us, as it has done to many on the same spot, to receive interpretation. Along that western shore there is, as we have said, a range of wild precipices, forming the "Jebel Attaka," which is the "butt end" of the Mokattam hills. This range rises abruptly from the desert in the north, and is from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the shore. It runs for about nine or ten miles along the coast, and has this sort of contour, looking at it from the sea—



Between these wild, rough, broken precipices, impassable by human foot, and the sea, there is a flat plain several miles broad at its northern end (next to Suez), which narrows towards the point, or "Ras Attaka," where, at a spot called by the Arabs, Wady-Edeb, it is of the breadth of from one to two miles. Now, on the supposition that the Israelites encamped on the plain marked B, A, no wonder that Pharaoh—seeing them in such a position, flanked by precipices to the right, the deep sea to the left, with an amphitheatre of steep bluffs shutting them up to the south—should exclaim: "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in!" Forming a *cordon* in their rear, with his 600 war chariots stretching between the Attaka and the sea, he would feel secure of his prize, and might say, as Napoleon did of the English at Waterloo, "At last I have them!" They seemed to all human appearance to have been caught in a trap from which there was no deliverance. "They were shut up," says Josephus, "between the mountains and the sea—mountains that terminated at the sea, which were impassable by reason of their roughness."

In their despair the "children of Israel cried out unto the Lord!" and the Lord delivered them. How did they escape? We read that "the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed, and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them: and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night." What effect this had on the several details of their deliverance, we cannot fully estimate. Then the children of Israel were commanded to "go forward!"—but not necessarily at once across the sea, opposite the north end of Attaka, but to advance towards the "Ras," or point to the south, where the head of the vast column would begin its march from shore to shore—the cloud, like a rear-guard, hindering in the meantime any attack by Pharaoh. We further read—"the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night." Now, whatever other purposes this wind was intended to serve, yet, as the gulf runs north and south, an east or a north-east wind could *not* blow the waters southward *out* of the gulf; but, as we noticed by placing our compass on the shore opposite to Jebel Attaka, any wind from the east would drive the water for a considerable distance off the shallows, which stretch from the eastern shore, and thus have the effect of narrowing the channel, and of leaving the deep sea only to be miraculously divided. If the divided portion lay between the Ras Attaka and the opposite plain on which the Wells of Moses are situated, the distance, minus the sands left dry, would be about six or seven miles.

As to the *time* which was occupied by the passage, it does not seem quite clear from the narrative that it was in one night only. The succeeding events are thus recorded, without reference to the usual punctuation and arrangement into verses :—

> "And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea.
>
> "And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land.
>
> "And the waters were divided.
>
> "And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground.
>
> "And the waters were a wall unto them on the right hand, and on the left.
>
> "And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen.
>
> "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily: so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.
>
> "And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen.
>
> "And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.
>
> "And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them."

Now there is nothing, it appears to me, in these words, to contradict the supposition that the sea was divided on the morning immediately after the stormy night; that the advanced guard of the host, which lay encamped along the plain north and south, then began from west to east to cross the gulf near the Ras Attaka; that the march of the whole body continued all that day and the succeeding night; so that not until the watch of the second or following morning, when the rear-guard of the Israelites was emerging out of the depths, and the cloud had passed with them to the opposite shore, did Pharaoh at last move in pursuit. He must then have marched some miles "into the midst of the sea," as his whole army, attempting to return, was overthrown.

If the Israelites thus crossed, from the "Ras Attaka" (or "Point of Deliverance"), they would emerge on the grand plain immediately opposite, in which the "Wells of Moses" are situated. To effect all this we have of course assumed the existence of God's almighty power, moulding the lower kingdom of nature to advance the higher spiritual kingdom.

Such were the impressions made upon us by the land and the book—when seeing the one, and reading the other on the spot. But while we are gazing on the Jebel Attaka in silence, broken only by conjectures and suggestions, our boat, with her ear down, is listening to her own music, as with flowing sheet we stand in for the sandy beach.

The tide had ebbed before we approached the shore near Ayoun Mousa, so the Arabs had to carry us to the dry sand. The trustworthy Ishmaelite to whom I was assigned, strange to say, complained of the ecclesiastical burthen that was laid upon him. It was in vain that I hugged him affectionately round the neck, and with all my might too, while he staggered with me in the sand. He seemed insensible to my kindness, and discharged me into Asia with a half grunt, half groan, as if I were a sack of coals. But these Arabs are an ignorant and degraded race!

The walk along the sandy shore excited in us all the feelings of boyish curiosity and eager love of acquisition. Had we seen the shells, which were new and beautiful, lying on cotton in a cabinet, we might have been indifferent to them; but to gather them *in situ*, to pick up small sponges too, to wander free amidst this museum of conchology, and to pocket whatever we fancied, had peculiar fascination about it. I could have wandered along that beach for days, gathering shells, while the crisp waves of the sea rippled over the shallows. It was on the sea-shore what "nutting" is in the woods.

We had to walk for about an hour across an utterly flat, barren, and sandy plain. This may have been the spot on which the Israelites entered from the sea, and where Miriam beat her loud timbrel, and sang that magnificent ode of victory which, like an echo from the Rock of Ages, is repeated in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The Wells create a small oasis in the desert. Dr. Stanley calls them the Brighton of Suez, inasmuch as its more aristocratic inhabitants take up their abode there during summer. This gives as melancholy an idea of Suez, as one would have of London if its inhabitants preferred the Isle of Dogs for a summer residence! The Wells nourish a few gardens, with shrubs and cotton plants, and produce a certain amount of cultivation most pleasing to the eye in this arid waste; and, if repose be sought for, must afford it in abundance to those who wish to escape the roar and bustle of Suez.

Before turning away from the Wells of Moses I gazed with a wistful eye along the track which, losing itself in the sandy downs beyond, led on to Sinai. What one would see in a few days, if he pursued that route—the Wady Feiran, Serbal, Sinai, with the silent plains, the coloured rocks, the buoyant air, the awful solitude and mystery of the desert, so full of stirring memories, and Petra too, and Mount Horeb, and onwards to Hebron and Jerusalem! It is a holy pilgrimage from glory to glory, yet one which never, alas! can be pursued by me. Thankful, however, for all I had seen, and hoped yet to see, I bade farewell to Arabia, and retraced my steps to the boat, from which the tide was rapidly ebbing.

When crossing the plain to the sea we met a lanky camel led by his driver, and we resolved, like boys visiting the elephant at a "show," to have a ride. It would be a new experience, gained on a fitting spot, and would enable any novice of our party, ambitious of the honour, henceforth to exclaim, "I, too, have ridden a camel in the deserts of Arabia!"

So the animal was made to kneel, and in performing the operation he seemed to fold up his legs by a series of joints, as one would fold a foot rule. The "Djemel" makes it a point of honour, when any burthen whatever is laid on his back, to utter sounds which may be intended for Arabic groans, sighs, protests, or welcomes, but are certainly unlike any other sounds proceeding from man or beast. Only an angry lion, trying to roar when suffering from sore throat, or with a bag of potatoes stuck in his gullet, could approach to the confused, fierce, and guttural ejaculations of the camel. When kneeling for his burden, as well as on other occasions, even when walking quietly along, he suddenly blows out of his mouth what seems to be his stomach, to air it, just as a boy blows a soap-bubble from a short tobacco-pipe. Amidst the gurgling growls of my kneeling friend, I got mounted, and was told to hold hard, and take care! There was every need for the caution. The brute rose, not as I expected on his forelegs first, but on his hind, or rather on only their half—as if on hind elbows. This motion throws the rider forward, when suddenly the animal elevates himself on his knees, and, as one naturally bends forward to prepare for the last rise in the same direction, he hitches up the other half of his legs behind, and then as suddenly repeats the same experiment with his legs before, until, shaken and bewildered, one is thankful to find himself at rest high above the sands of the desert, rather than prostrate upon them, among the camel's feet. Then began that noiseless tread, with the soft spongy feet, which, however, is more remarkable in its silence on the stony streets than on the shifting sand. The rocking motion, when yielded to, was not unpleasant.

I cannot part from Arabia, and my first and last camel ride on its plains, without expressing my admiration for that old animal which is often abused by travellers, and which fills some people, as I have heard them say, with feelings of disgust. I will not affirm that the creature commands immediate admiration, but I think he inspires immediate respect. The expression of his soft, heavy, dreamy eye, tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance ever since travelling began in these deserts. The "Djemel" appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind,—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny. He has none of the dash and brilliancy of the horse,—none of that self-conscious pride,—that looking about with erect neck, fiery eye, cocked ears, and inflated nostrils,—that readiness to dash along a racecourse, follow the hounds across country, or charge the enemy,—that decision of will which demands, as a right, to be curried, stroked, patted, pampered, by aristocratic lords and ladies. The poor "Djemel" bends his neck, and, with a halter round his long nose, and several hundredweight on his back, paces along from the Nile to the Euphrates, making up his mind to any amount of suffering, feeling that if his wrongs could not be redressed by Abraham, he has no hope from Lord Shaftesbury. Where on earth, or rather on sea, can we find a ship so adapted for such a voyage as his over those boundless oceans of desert sand? Is the "Djemel" thirsty? He has recourse to his gutta-percha cistern, which holds as much water as will last a week, or, as some say, ten days even, if necessary. Is he hungry? Give him a few handfuls of dried beans, it is enough; chopped straw is a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump! If the land storm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long defleshed legs will stride after his swanlike neck through suffocating dust; and, having done his duty, he will mumble his guttural, and leave, perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a landmark in the waste, for the guidance of future travellers. If this creature be a development from some primeval oyster or mushroom, or the work of atoms which, at an earlier age, once floated in empty space near, it may be, where Saturn or the Pleiades now are, we can only admire the extraordinary sagacity, by which, according to the laws of selection, monads and atoms all contributed, during countless millions of years before the oyster age, and from the oyster age downwards, towards building this fine old ship of the desert, which has needed no repair since the beginning of human history.

But we must return to Cairo! Thanks to that great magician, that Fortunatus cap, the steam boiler, we were able in one day to sail from Suez to the Ayoun Mousa, ride on the "Djemel," return in the afternoon to Suez, and that same night to arrive in Cairo. No doubt we almost missed the train, one minute more would have done it, but fortunately we saved the minute, and were speeding again through the desert. It is very easy for idle gentlemen, who seem to have as much time at their command as the antediluvians, to condemn busy men for taking such rapid journeys, although it be to visit spots which they could never otherwise see. If their own bliss be measured by slowness of travel, why don't they walk on foot or ride on a donkey's back through Europe?

Sincerely grateful for rails and steam, we reached Cairo at night, and so secured another day to see a few sights, and especially the mosques, ere we left the "City of Victory."

As to the mosques, which I promised in my last paper to look into, I need not attempt to describe their external appearance, as the illustrations of them in Ferguson's Architecture, or Murray, will give a better idea of this than any words could do. In its interior, the mosque always struck me as a most impressive place of worship. Perhaps my Presbyterian prejudices dispose me to acquiesce in its perfect simplicity. No statues or pictures are permitted in it; and no seats of any kind are required for people who prefer the floor, which is invariably matted or carpeted, thus giving it, to a European, an air of comfort. Almost the only sign of furniture in it is a pulpit or two from which the people are addressed occasionally by the Moolah. The mosque is always open, I believe, and is seldom without some worshippers, while at stated times during the day it is well attended. There is the utmost decorum and reverence everywhere visible; no hum of voices is heard, nor even footsteps, nor is there anything visible which can distract or arrest the attention of the worshippers. People of every class scatter themselves throughout the vast area, each man selecting a spot for himself where he can kneel towards the "Mirhab," or niche which indicates the direction of Mecca, and seem as much absorbed in his duty as if he were in a desert island. Some are seen sitting cross-legged, and engaged in grave conversation; while others walk soberly up and down. The whole service, judging of it only by what one sees, gives the impression of worship to an unseen God, which must, when first established, have presented a remarkable contrast to that of the Christian Church as it then was; and it certainly is a very different thing from that which at Luxor or Karnac once reigned supreme, with a Bull or Beetle for its God! Mohammedanism owes its origin to Judaism and Christianity; and we who live in the full blaze of the true light, are apt to undervalue the good obtained from its dimly reflected beams, which, nevertheless, irradiate spots that otherwise would be outer darkness.

I must pass over many other sights in Cairo. "If time permitted"—as public speakers say at a late hour—I could gossip about the magnificent tombs of the Caliphs, the *citadel*, and the splendid view of the city from its walls, with the mosques and busy streets at our feet, like Mohammedan ant-hills, and with the hazy Lybian desert, and the Pyramids on the distant shore beyond the dark inlet of the Delta;—and tell about the well-known spot where the one Mameluke Bey escaped from the bloody massacre of all his fellow-chiefs, by the fearful leap of his Arab steed over the wall of the fort; and I could describe—no, that is impossible!—the horrid, death-like place outside the walls where animals are slaughtered in the open air, and where the vultures crowd around,—Faugh! let us press close our nostrils and pass on!

A Turkish bath seems to me to be a most fitting conclusion to sight-seeing like this, in such hot weather too. I know not as yet what that institution may be in London, but having endeavoured to enjoy the luxury in three places—Moscow, Cairo, and Damascus—and all of them being much alike in their essential features, I frankly confess that I have no wish to try the experiment again in "foreign lands." The description of one—though I cannot quite separate in my memory some of the details of the Cairo and Damascus hot-water-and-soap establishments—will serve for all.

We inquired for the best bath in the city; and our intelligent guide, Hassan, the sheik of all the donkey-boys about Shepherd's Hotel—a man who, from his intercourse with the English is assumed to have some knowledge of Western civilisation—assured us, as we were about to enter one of those boiler-houses, that it was the best in Cairo, where "all de lords Inglese go." We bowed and entered. The outside looked very shabby. The first room was a large apartment with an uneven floor, flagged with stone—marble of a sort, I believe. It wore a singularly liquid look, and had about it a general air of hazy, foggy damp. Hanging from the roof were innumerable long sheets drying. One end of the room was elevated, and was reached by a few steps; and on this upper floor were a series of couches, seemingly very clean, on which the half-boiled bathers reclined, smoking nargiles, and radiating forth their heat into space, thereby producing dew. To this dais we were led, and requested to undress. The genius of the place appeared in the form of an old man, evaporated into skin and bone, with a solitary tuft of hair on his head, a wet towel round his loins, and his whole body dripping. I started when I saw him,—I did not know why, until I recognised in him the image of Father Time as pictured in tracts and almanacks, but fortunately wanting the scythe. Delivering our valuables to the care of a patriarchal individual who sat cross-legged in a corner, we were wrapped in a sheet, and led out by Time, accompanied by a scarecrow attendant, who from his long legs might represent leap year. We put on wooden shoes, and passed over heated slippery stones into another apartment, which was so hot that one felt a tendency to become browned like a toast, or to bubble over the skin. This sensation subsided gradually into a pleasing dewy evaporation. We were then conducted to a large open vat full of water, which to us had two objections: one was that it was intolerably hot, the other that it seemed already full of donkey-boys and their friends,—the head of Hassan in their midst, grinning above the surface. But, inspired by the determination to go through with all the horrors of this sudoriferous den, we clenched our teeth, tried to imagine ourselves chimney-sweeps, and jumped in. In due time, when sufficiently saturated, we were (though perhaps this happened at Damascus,) put in a hot chamber and laid on the floor, with cockroaches, or what the Scotch call "clocks," crawling over it in dozens. There we lay, like turbot or cod about to be dressed for dinner. By and by we were soaped from toe to head, lathered with soft palm-tree fibre, then had tepid, and afterwards cold water poured over us, and then a monster began to crack our joints and shampoo us! He succeeded with my companion, who yelled, as the Egyptian, in fits of laughter, seemed to put every limb out of joint, and to dislocate his neck. But when the same Pharaoh tried me, his arms fortunately could not meet around me, so after a violent struggle, in which I fought desperately and tumbled about on the floor like a salmon which a fisher tries in vain to seize round the body, he gave it up in despair, and, for the first time probably in his life, wiped his forehead from fatigue, as he exclaimed "Mushallah!" After sundry other minor appliances, having the same end in view—that of opening the pores of the skin—we returned to the apartment from whence we had originally started, and were there gently dried by a series of warm sheets being laid upon us. Hassan spread his carpet and said his prayers. The sensation after bathing was very pleasant, no doubt, but not more so, nor calculated to do more good, than what most cleanly disposed people experience daily from the application of hot and then cold water, accompanied by the well-known substance, soap, in their quiet bath-room at home.

Doubtless I felt light and elevated when I got out, but as pleasant feelings can surely be produced without being scrubbed like a pig, rubbed down like a horse, boiled like a turkey, exhibited like a new-born infant to the curious, and without having a donkey driver for your C.B.!—and all this with no other consolation than the assurance that the pores of your skin are open forsooth—like the doors of a public institution! For my part, I prefer them closed—or at least ajar.

We had one thing more to do ere we left Cairo for Palestine, and that was to hire a dragoman. There were many applicants. These men are constantly prowling about the hotel: they scent the prey afar off, they meet you in the lobbies, sidle up to you under the verandah, tap at the door of your bed-room, beg pardon in French, Italian, or English, all equally bad; ask if you "vant a dragoman;" produce an old book of certificates signed by the various parties with whom they have travelled, and profess to be ready to proceed with you at a moment's notice to Jerusalem or Timbuctoo. Dragomen are, by the catholic consent of all travellers, considered as scoundrels. But I am inclined to dissent from this as from most sweeping generalizations regarding classes of men. It is alleged of a Scotch traveller that, when told at Cairo by his companion that they must get a dragoman, he asked, "What kind o' a beast's that?" Now I know that some travellers have started on the assumption that the dragoman is but a beast, though a necessary one for the journey; and from want of confidence have suspected, accused, and worried him, threatened him with appeals to the consul, and such like, without any adequate cause, and thus have helped to produce the very selfishness and dishonesty and "want of interest in the party" which they accuse him of.

It is a dragoman's interest to be civil and honest; so I believe it to be quite possible for any intelligent traveller, with some assistance from the better informed, to make, sign, and seal, before starting, such a tight bargain as, with the promise of a reward, if satisfied, at the end of the journey, will make imposition to any appreciable extent impossible. But the indolent traveller, who has abundance of money, often begins by spoiling his dragoman, and then ends by abusing him for being spoiled, and for having taken advantage of the reckless expenditure and careless accounts of his master.

Hadji Ali, who was employed by the Prince of Wales on his tour, offered himself to us, and was accepted. He came, it must be confessed, with a character sadly shaken by his last employer, Lady ——; but after investigating, as far as we could, the whole circumstances of the case, we made our bargain with the Hadji, and had no cause to repent having done so. He agreed to conduct our party of five from Jaffa to Damascus and Beyrout, at the rate of thirty shillings a day for each, during one month. Others, strongly recommended to us, refused to go under forty shillings, owing to the sudden rise in the price of cattle and provisions consequent on the murrain in Egypt. Our contract was written out by my brother, who had experience in the work, on Friday, and Hadji agreed to be on board of our steamer at Alexandria on Monday, with all his camp equipage. And so, having settled that important point, we left Cairo on Saturday for Alexandria, gratefully acknowledging that we had never in one week seen so much to interest us, or to furnish thought for after years. We bade farewell to my old kind-hearted friend, Mr. Dunlop, Vice-Consul,—since transferred to Cadiz,—a man who will make many friends and no enemies wherever he goes. We saw no other "sight" in Egypt which impressed itself on memory, except the crowd of Turks which, like a bed of tulips, filled the third class, each man having a beard and turban which might form a study for an artist. The whistle screeched with its usual impatient violence, and we moved off for the sea, leaving behind us Shepherd's hotel, full of the homeward-bound from India, and the tombs of Egypt, fuller still of the Dynasties of Manetho!

* * *

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

III.—NUNC DIMITTIS.

"This Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel."—Luke ii. 34.

Holy Scripture is sparing in its revelations of the infancy and early life of Jesus.

Just the Birth itself—the visit of the Shepherds—the Circumcision on the eighth day—and the Presentation thirty-three days later in the Temple at Jerusalem—and St. Luke tells no more till Jesus is of the age of twelve years; and, after that one incident of boyhood, no more till He is a full-grown man, prepared to enter, through Baptism and Temptation, upon his ministry and sufferings for Israel and for the world.

To these few particulars — supplemented by scarcely one or two more from St. Matthew's Gospel — our thoughts are confined, if we would keep within the limits marked out for us in Inspired Scripture in our meditations upon this deeply interesting portion of the Saviour's life below.

Let us read together the history of an Old Testament saint, who was privileged to see the Holy Child on the occasion of his Presentation in his Father's House below, and to bear to Him that first testimony—the very meeting and junction of the Law and the Gospel—which is repeated perpetually in our churches in the song of the "Nunc Dimittis."

We have three points to notice: The Character of Simeon; his Song; his Prophecy.

1. Of his character three things are said.

(1) He was "just and devout."

A "just" man is one who fulfils all relations. One who lives scrupulously and watchfully in the discharge of all those duties to which God calls him towards other men. In all things he is willing, and he is earnest, to live honestly, to live becomingly, and to live righteously.

A "devout" man is more than this. He is one who has God also in view. We scarcely believe in a just man not being also devout. The righteousness of nature, even towards man, will be found to break down somewhere. There will probably be some duty ill done, half done, or not done, even towards man, if God be not in it. But Simeon was not just only: he was devout. He had a reverent mind. He remembered God. He asked in all things, What will God have me to do? And in order to this, he sought God. He prayed, and meditated, and studied God's Word, and visited his Temple for prayer and praise. And thus his exemplary life towards man was only the expression of an inner life of piety, faith, and love towards God himself.

He was just because he was devout.

(2) Again, he was "waiting for the consolation of Israel."

Israel wanted comfort. The condition of the nation was depressed. Under a foreign yoke—robbed of the visible token of God's distinguishing and protecting grace—it was ill with the people at that time collectively. Israel, as a nation, needed consolation.

And how must the individuals of the nation have felt this need of comfort! What a dry, barren husk had the established religion of the country become! All life gone from it—a system of interpretation put upon God's law itself, trifling in its puerilities, disgusting in its hypocrisies! How must the souls of the faithful few have been crying out for something real—something substantial—something satisfactory — something true! The Scribe and the Pharisee had no consolation for Israel. The heart of the sorrowful, the heart of the self-accusing and sin-condemned, must have yearned and thirsted for something better—something which might really speak of God and from God to the soul within!

But there was something yet more definite than this in the consolation for which Simeon waited. The "consolation" of the 25th verse is called in the 38th verse a "redemption." "Waiting for the consolation of Israel" is there described as "looking for redemption in Jerusalem."

There may have been a want of precision and definiteness in the expectation. We who look back upon the Law and the Prophets from the Gospel and from Christ, can see many things in them which would be mysterious and unintelligible to the Israelite of old time. But I think there was this visible in them even then—that God's promise, Israel's hope, was a Person; that there should come upon earth a Deliverer and a Redeemer, to bring a light not of this world into men's hearts, and a holiness not of this world into men's lives; One who should suffer first, and then reign; One who should bear the iniquities of man, and then lift man himself into a region where sin is not. And this forms the second feature in the condition and character before us. The man "just and devout" was also waiting for a consolation, for a redemption, of Israel.

(3) The secret of his life, outward and inward, is next told us. "The Holy Ghost was upon him." He was under the influence of the Holy Spirit of God. Habitually: for, like the Psalmist of old, he doubtless knew of that Divine Spirit, and prayed for his converting and cleansing and renewing grace. But in another sense too. He received special communications from God, in the manner of the prophets that were before him. The habitual influence was an occasional influence too. The communication of Divine grace was also sometimes the revelation of Divine secrets. "It was

revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." Thus the hope of the consolation of Israel became a personal hope too. Before he should die the common death of all men, he should see the Messiah himself coming to console and to redeem. What an august dignity was thus conferred upon that common human life! What a sanctity must it have possessed for him, when he knew that it was being prolonged for the sake and with the promise of that beatific vision for which prophets and righteous men had for countless generations died looking!

At last, on some common morning—on a day just like other days—there came the inward summons, the call of the Spirit, to go forth towards the Temple. Even then, perhaps, he knew not its meaning: but the call came, and it was obeyed. There, as he stood in the temple-court waiting the Spirit's pleasure, there came in a woman with her infant child and her husband, poor in dress, and bringing towards the altar the offering of the poor; not the "lamb of the first year," but the "pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons" prescribed in the Law of Moses as the alternative for her whose means were unequal to the regular sacrifice. Little was there to mark any unusual occurrence: such scenes were daily witnessed in the temple-precincts: the eye of sense would certainly have missed the sign: but, when a man has communed all his life long with God—has watched his hand attentively, and is even now looking for its presence—he sees by faith what flesh and blood see not; perceives the Divine presence not in the earthquake, the wind, or the fire, but rather in the still small voice in which He speaks inwardly by his Spirit. Even thus was it with him. In that little child he sees God's salvation; sees the promised seed of the woman; sees the Lord's Christ, the light of Israel and the hope of man. The Holy Ghost had witnessed in him of Christ; had brought him to Christ; and now opened his lips to sing of Christ in his temple.

2. And thus we pass from the character to the song. The old man takes the Babe in his arms, and pours forth his whole soul in thankful praise.

It has been well and beautifully said, upon this scene, "The death that glorifies God has a song on the lips, Christ in the arms, heaven in the eye." May such an end be ours!

The first two chapters of St. Luke's Gospel furnish the Church with three of her daily hymns; the "Magnificat," the "Benedictus," and the "Nunc Dimittis." Notice how different are the three; how characteristic of the authors; how suitable to the circumstances: and draw from this a reflection as to the authenticity of the Gospel; a new evidence of the truth of that narration, of which St. Luke says that he derived it, by accurate and laborious search, from persons who "from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the Word."

When you say or sing henceforth the "Nunc Dimittis," let your thoughts go back sometimes to what you have here read of its occasion and of its author. Read it as the utterance of one who had spent a long life in waiting for his consolation; who had been cheered by a special promise that he should not die till he had seen Christ; and who now, holding Christ himself in his arms, utters over Him that inspired thanksgiving which made Joseph and the Child's Mother marvel as they listened.

"Lord," he says, addressing himself to the Father in heaven—"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace"—"now releasest Thou Thy servant"—settest him free from his long earthly service—"according to Thy word;" that word which told me that I should not die till I had seen Christ: now therefore I have seen Him, and I may go.

Notice here Simeon's view of death. It is not the removal of a reluctant, unwilling man from the scene of all his joys and of all his interests: it is the releasing of a weary man at evening from the toil and heat of a long and fatiguing day; it is the desirable and peaceful dismissal of one who has done his work, to a rest which toil has earned and which promise has sweetened. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." It is just the language of one of our own Church Collects, in the Service for the Burial of the Christian Dead, "with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity." It is worth while, Christian brethren, so to live, that the "Nunc Dimittis" may express our own true thought when we die: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

What Simeon saw was Christ himself. It was the little Child in his arms, to which he gives the name of God's salvation. We do well to reflect upon the wonderful faith which here shows itself. Simeon was enabled to look beyond all that was visible—beyond the helpless, unconscious Babe—beyond the long years that must run their course before these voiceless lips can utter one word of wisdom, or these little hands perform one work of power—beyond the yet more distant day when this mortal shall have put on immortality, and this Babe, which has not yet begun the career of human activity, shall have completed the round of toil and suffering, and resumed as the Redeemer that glory which as the Creator He had laid aside for man: "he was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and, being fully persuaded that what He has promised He is able also to perform," he calls the infant Christ the salvation of God, "prepared before the face of all peoples, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel."

(1) First, then, to see Christ is to see salvation. To see Him, as Simeon saw Him, with the eye of faith. If Simeon had not seen Him thus, he would not have seen in Him God's salvation; for everything, to the outward eye, was against his being so. "Every one," our Lord says, "which seeth the Son, and believeth in Him." We who have "not

seen" may yet "believe." Is this, my friends, our idea of salvation—Christ himself? If it be, are we looking for Him? When we can see Christ by faith, then we shall be fit to die: then we can say, "Lord, now lettest Thou me go, and go in peace:" not before.

(2) And then, you will observe the amplitude of the view of Christ here presented. God once more, "prepared" Him; prearranged, fore-ordained, and took steps beforehand for his coming; made ready the way before Him by his Law and by his prophets, by a gradual education of the world to desire Him and to find its need of Him; and at last brought Him into it "before the face," in the sight, "of all the peoples," of all the races and nations of mankind, so as to be as much "a light to lighten the Gentiles"—a light (more literally) unto unveiling of the Gentiles; that is, for the purpose of taking off from the Gentiles that "veil" of which Isaiah speaks as "spread over all nations," the veil of indifference and blindness and hardness of heart—as "the glory of God's own people Israel." Observe, I say, the amplitude of this view of Christ. The eye of the faithful old man was opened to see beyond the confines of his own nation; to embrace in one glance all the kingdoms of the earth in all time and in all place; and to declare that to each and to all, yea, to each individual of all, Christ comes—comes to take off from them the veil of sin, and to fulfil at last the glorious prediction, "All flesh shall see the salvation of God."

3. We have yet to speak of the prophecy.

While Joseph and the Mother were still marvelling at the words spoken by the old man concerning Jesus, he turned to them, and with a solemn blessing first pronounced upon those who were privileged to hold so near a place on earth to the Saviour of mankind, spoke these words to his Mother only:—

"Behold, this [Child]"—or, in the original, "this Person"—"is set (or appointed) for the fall and rising of many in Israel." He is placed, or laid, as a firmly planted rock, with a twofold result and purpose: the fall of some, the rising of others.

Two passages of the Prophet Isaiah, the one from the 8th and the other from the 28th chapter, seem to be here brought together; as also in the 9th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and in the 2nd chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter.

God places this Child in Zion as a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.

Whosoever will may build upon Him the house of his habitation, and rise into a holy temple, safe from the storms of time and the devastations of judgment.

He is set for the rising of many.

But, if men will not thus use Him, as the foundation stone of a safe and sure dwelling; then (according to the other passage) they will find Him a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence: He will be like an obstructing rock in their path—even to them who stumble at the word, being disobedient.

God will not move Christ out of the way because men are perverse enough to stumble over Him.

This Child is set, by a hand not of man, to be either for the rising (if they will have it so), or else for the fall (if they will have it so), of many in Israel.

God gives the Saviour: blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Him.

A solemn responsibility! We must either rise by Christ, or fall—which we will!

"And for a sign spoken against."

A sign is a signal. In the Scripture use, it denotes something or some one pointing to God; to God's being, and to God's working.

Thus a miracle is a sign. It points to God. It says, God is at work: this hath God spoken, for this hath God done.

And thus Christ himself is a sign. He came upon earth to point to God. He came, to say by his words, and by his works, and by his character, and by his sufferings, "Behold your God!"

But this sign, like every other, may be, and commonly is, gainsaid, or spoken against. For one who accepts it, for one who, because of Christ, sees and believes in, and lives for God—many cavil; many reject, and many neglect the Gospel.

This in all times. But most of all, when He was himself amongst men. Then indeed gainsaying ran on into open violence; and the Son of Man, despised and rejected of men, was at last given up into the hands of wicked men, to suffer death upon a cross of anguish and infamy.

Such is the warning, uttered, in the ears of his Mother, over the little Infant lying still and helpless in the arms of the aged saint.

"Yea," he adds, "a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also." She who is now rejoicing in the blessedness of being her Lord's Mother, must learn that no one comes so near Christ, without partaking in his sufferings.

She will hear with sorrow the contradiction of sinners against Him: she will see him outcast, destitute, spurned, forsaken: she will at last stand by his cross, and drink to the dregs with Him the cup of sorrow. The "sign spoken against," will bring anguish with Him to his Mother's spirit: her heart will be rent and lacerated as she sees Him pierced and tortured, as she beholds Him slowly pouring out his soul in a bitter and shameful death.

But all this shall be, all this must be, in order "that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

By their treatment of Christ himself, men will show what they are. The veil will be stripped off from them—such is the figure—by their own language and their own conduct towards Christ.

By their estimate of his character, by their appreciation or disparagement of his holy life, and mighty works, and divine doctrine—by their acceptance or rejection of Him whose appeal was ever to the conscience of man, as in the sight of a heart-searching God—men will disclose their true disposition; will show whether they love the world, whether they echo its lying voice, whether they desire darkness lest their deeds should be reproved—or whether, on the other hand, they are brave to see, and bold to confess the truth, whether they have an ear to hear the voice of God, and a will to follow Him whithersoever He goeth.

But, most of all, as the end draws on, and the life of holiness is closing in the death of martyrdom. Then, even more than in earlier days, were the feelings of men tested, the thoughts of hearts revealed, by their dealing with the suffering and the crucified.

The high priests plot and blaspheme, Pilate vacillates and gives way, the soldiers part among them the garments, the people stand beholding, "Judas despairs, Peter repents, Joseph of Arimathea becomes courageous, Nicodemus comes by day, the centurion confesses, one thief blasphemes, the other prays, men faint and flee, women out of weakness are made strong," a sword pierces the heart of the Mother, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

Even thus has it been in all time. For all time the words were uttered: it is by their treatment of Jesus, in himself and in his people, in his word, in his church, in his sacraments, in his Spirit, that men show decisively, before God, before one another, before themselves (if they will behold it), what manner of spirit they are of.

For us, Christian friends, not least, the prophecy of Simeon is recorded: let us try and judge ourselves by it, that we be not judged of the Lord.

To what purpose, in our case, is this Child set? to which of two purposes? for our fall, or for our rising?

(1) For our fall, if we let the word come to us unheeded, to be snatched away by the tempter, as we turn again, from reading or hearing it, into the world of business and pleasure.

For our fall, if we receive the word for the moment with joy, but take no heed to its watering by the Spirit's grace, to its growth by the sunshine of God's presence, by the dew of God's blessing.

For our fall, if we allow the word to become choked in us by cares and riches and pleasures of this life, so that it brings no fruit to perfection.

For our fall, if we continue in sin that grace may abound—and, because we hear of a free forgiveness and a world-wide atonement, care not how much we draw upon God's forbearance by a wilful waste of opportunity and an obstinate disregard of duty.

This Child is set for the fall of many. And O, my friends, perhaps we have scarcely yet said of how many. It is not only the utterly hardened, not only the avowed unbeliever, not only the scoffer, the dishonest, or the impure, who stumble at the great stumbling-stone: it is quite as often the mere neglecter, the mere procrastinator, the merely undecided, the almost Christian, who shows what he is by his treatment of the Saviour and the great salvation. Not to be with Christ, is—He says it himself—to be (in his judgment) against Him.

(2) Let us listen—God grant it, at least in this our day of opportunity and of blessing—to the alternative here set before us.

This Child is set for the rising of many.

What is this "rising?" and in whom is it verified?

It is a rising out of darkness: out of the low misty valley of sense and worldliness, into the clear light and pure knowledge of Him whom truly to know is eternal life.

It is a rising out of misery: out of a condition of perpetual disquiet, of anxious misgiving, of constant disappointment, of restless fear, of every unsatisfied longing, into a state of rest and peace, of hope and happiness; entered upon the moment we believe in Christ crucified and glorified; confirmed and brightened by every additional day of watchful and holy living; to be perfected hereafter in a world of cloudless bliss, where they who have first been washed and justified and sanctified, shall dwell for ever and ever in the home of God and of the Lamb.

It is a rising out of sin: out of a state of low and degrading acquiescence in every evil lust and passion, or else of weary and hopeless struggling in a net which on every side baffles and encloses, into a state of freedom, life, and power, of grace to love God and liberty to serve Him, in the strength of an indwelling Spirit, given to all who ask Him in the name and for the sake of Jesus.

"Set for the rising of many," the text says: who then are these?

They are those who feel their need of Christ. And which of us has not cause to do so? Which of us can be satisfied with his state without Christ? Which of us has not reason to blush for shame when he thinks of his past conduct towards God his Father, and to tremble in the prospect of standing before God his Judge? Yes, we need a Saviour, every one of us. But which of us all has really found a Saviour? Which of us all, who profess to believe and to worship Christ crucified and Christ risen, has truly sought Him for himself in the depth of his heart, as a lost, helpless sinner, whose one hope and one trust is in Him? We cannot assume, we cannot take for granted, even thus much of any human soul. This desire and this faith is itself the gift of God.

But we can all ask for it. And this is all that we will add to the great subject on which we have dwelt. If we feel that we ought to feel; if we feel that only our own coldness, and indifference, and hardness of heart prevents our coming to Christ; if we feel that it is meet and right that sinners redeemed by the gift of a Divine Saviour should come to Him that they may have life; then let us pray to God himself, each one of us, for the grace and the power so to come to Him—acknowledging before Him our own helplessness either to will or to do, and beseeching Him to work in us that sense of sin and that desire for salvation, which whosoever hath, He will in no wise cast him out.

Reveal in us, Blessed Lord, the thoughts of our hearts; that, deeply feeling our own utter vileness, we may flee for refuge to the one hope set before us in Jesus Christ, who, for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and in human flesh suffered and died, that He might be first the Lord of the living, and then the Life of the dead!

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

III.—SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

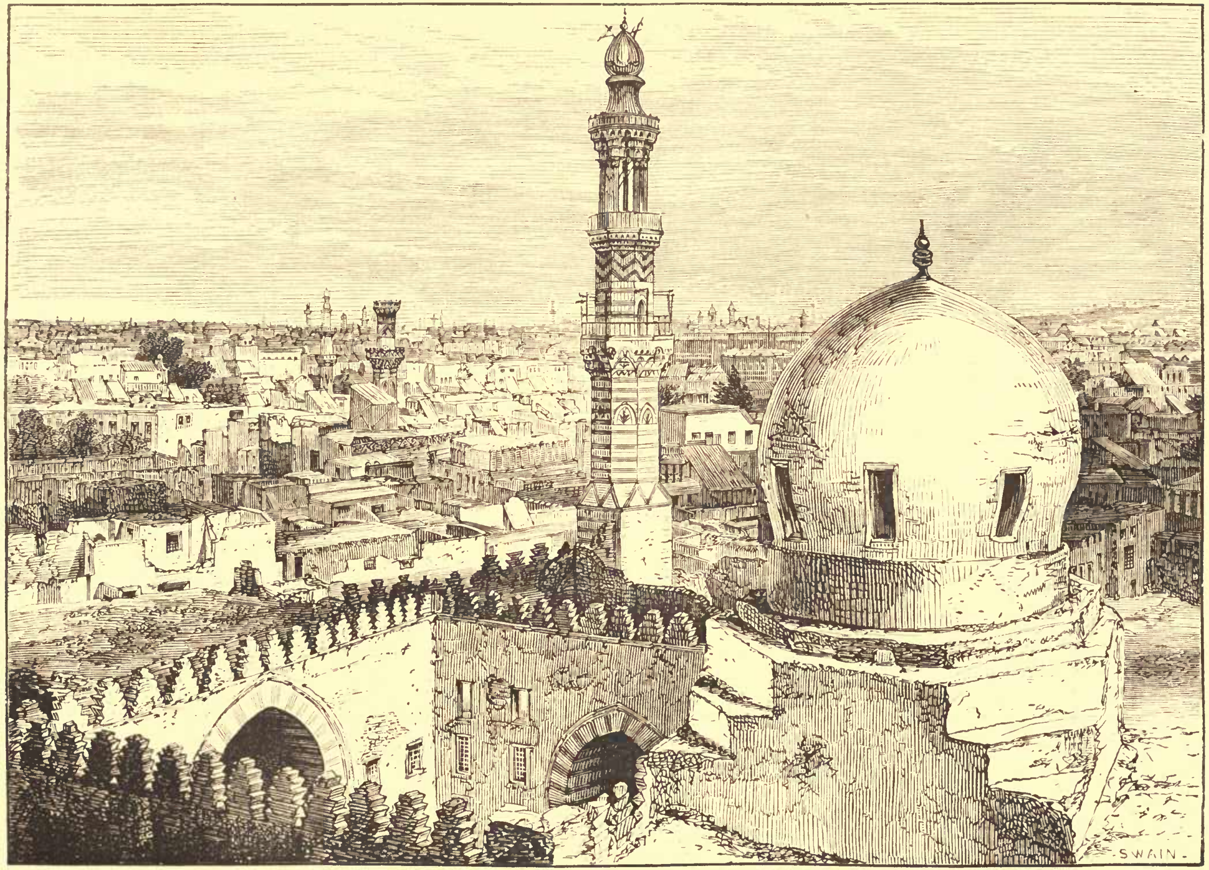
Entering upon the last year of the last century, a youth from the Scotch burgh of Montrose, who had gone up to London to seek his fortune, wrote to his mother, saying, "I have passed many a serious hour, reflecting on, weighing, examining minutely, the advantages and disadvantages, which are likely to follow my conduct in the different plans proposed, and I find the result in favour of going to India on the establishment. Perhaps my wishes to obtain, or my favourable ideas of, that situation have biassed my judgment, and prevented me from seeing every circumstance as it ought to have been seen; so I will say little more on the subject, except to inform you of what distresses me greatly, but will perhaps please you, viz.—the uncertainty of succeeding as I could wish." The letter from which this extract is taken, is signed, "Your loving and affectionate Son, Joseph Hume."

Twenty years afterwards, the writer, who had been thus doubtful of his power to obtain an appointment on the Indian establishment for himself, was able to obtain appointments for others. He had become a man of great influence in his native town. He had gone out to India poor, and he had returned rich, whilst still in the very prime of his life. He had returned to take a distinguished part in public affairs, with thirty or forty years of good life and of good service still remaining in him. It was a natural and a laudable ambition that he should seek to represent his native town in the great imperial Parliament, and to do for it and its people all the good that lay in his power; so he canvassed the group of burghs to which Montrose belonged, in the Liberal interest, and in 1818 was duly returned.

The success of Joseph Hume was great encouragement to the youth of Montrose. He had taken his first start from a very humble beginning, and he had risen solely by the force of his own personal energy. Might not others do the same? The prosperity, too, of their new member was something more than an encouragement to the young men of the burgh. It was an assistance to them. He had become an influential member of the Court of Proprietors of East India Stock, and he had therefore "interest at the India House." It must be admitted that for very many years what was familiarly called "borough-mongering" was the main cause of so many doughty young Scots finding their way into the Indian services. Practically, this was a happy circumstance. At all events it bore good fruit. But for this, the Company's army might have been wanting in that muscular sinewy strength imparted to it by a constant recruiting from the middle classes of the North. The Scotch member, in *esse* or in *posse*, may have thought about nothing but his seat; but it was often his good fortune "to entertain angels unawares," and to count among the happy circumstances of his life that he had "sent to India" a Malcolm, an Ouchterlony, or a Munro.

Some of these happy circumstances were recalled with pleasure and with gratitude at the close of a well-spent life by Mr. Joseph Hume. Of one of them I am now about to write. In the first quarter of the present century there dwelt at Montrose a family bearing the name of Burnes. The family was of the same stock as that from which had sprung the inspired ploughman of Ayrshire, though the two branches of the family were pleased to spell their names after different fashions. The grandfather of Robert Burns, the poet, and the grandfather of James Burnes, writer to the signet, burgess of Montrose, and head of the family of which I am now writing, were brothers. In the first year of the century, James Burnes married a daughter of Adam Glegg, chief magistrate of Montrose, and in due course had fourteen children, nine of whom lived to be adults. Of these nine children the four eldest were sons, and the fourth son was named Alexander, after whom I know not, but there could have been no better name for one who was destined to do great things in the countries watered by the Indus and bounded by the Caucasian range. He often used to say, in later days, that he found his name a help to him. In Afghanistan he was always known as "Sekundur Burnes," and Sekundur (Alexander) has been a great name in that part of the world ever since the old historic days of the Greek occupation.

Mr. James Burnes was, I have said, a burgess of Montrose. He was a man greatly respected by the towns-people, both for his integrity and ability, and he came to be provost or chief magistrate of the borough. For many years he took an active part in the local politics of the place, and it was no small thing for a candidate for the representation of Montrose and its dependencies to have the Burnes interest on his side. He was not a man to forsake his principles for gain; but there was no reason why, with four stout clever boys pressing forward for employment, and eager to make their fortunes, he should not endeavour to turn his influence to good account for the benefit of his children. He was very useful to Mr. Hume, and Mr. Hume, in turn, was well disposed to be useful to the family of Burnes. In truth, the tide of Liberal politics was somewhat high and heady at that time; and even the children of the worthy burgess's household were no indifferent observers of passing events, but had their bursts of political excitement like their elders. The acquittal of Queen Caroline produced as great a fervour of ex-



CAIRO, WITH THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.

ultation in that distant sea-port town, as it did in Westminster or Hammersmith, and one of the Burnes boys, who had at a very early age habituated himself to keep a diary, then recorded in its pages, —"November 14, 1820; news came of the rejection by the House of Lords of the Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen. No schooling on account of it. . . . November 15; a most brilliant illumination took place in Montrose and the surrounding neighbourhood, on account of the glorious triumph the Queen had obtained over her base and abominable accusers. Many devices were exhibited, one in the Town Hall with a green bag all tattered and torn; in another window, a figure of the Queen, with the word triumphant, and above it C. R. The display of fireworks was unlimited. Two boats were burned, and some tar-barrels, and upon the whole it did great credit to Montrose." The writer of this was Alexander Burnes, then fifteen years of age, and a student in the Montrose Academy. He was a clever, in some respects perhaps a precocious boy; and had learnt as much in the way, both of classics and of mathematics, as most promising striplings of his age. He had read, too, some books of history, and a few of the masterpieces of English poetry. He belonged to a debating society, and was not altogether unskilled in disputation. Like other high-spirited boys, he had taken part in conflicts of a more dangerous character than mere conflicts of words, and fought some hard battles with the boys of the town. Altogether, though not to be accounted a prodigy, he was a youth of high spirit and good promise, and had in him some of the stuff of which heroes are made.

But I can find nothing in the record of Alexander Burnes' early life to warrant the conclusion that the bent of his mind towards foreign travel was then in any way discernible. What little I can find in his papers rather bears the other way. I have before me a collection, in his own writing, of the speeches he delivered at the "Montrose Juvenile Debating Society," the thesis of one of which (proposed by himself) is, "Whether reading or travelling is most advantageous for the acquisition of knowledge?" To this the "juvenile debater" replied, "My opinion on the present subject is, that reading is the most advantageous for the acquisition of knowledge." And then he proceeded to illustrate this opinion, by reading to the meeting an interesting extract from the recently published volume of the African traveller, Belzoni. Having done this, he said, "Now, to have it in our power to amuse ourselves any night we please with the book which contains all these disasters, without the labour which has been encountered, shows in the clearest light the advantages derived from that most delightful and pleasing amusement, reading." This is charmingly illogical. The young debater forgot, in his enthusiastic admiration of the book that had given him so much pleasure, that there could have been no "reading" in this case, if there had been no "travelling." Certainly it would have been difficult to cite a more unfortunate illustration of the views of the juvenile speaker. It is possible that when, in after life, he came to gather up his ideas a little more compactly, he bethought himself of the mistake he had made, and remembered that it is an essential condition to the "acquisition of knowledge" from books of travel like Belzoni's, that there should be Belzonis to write them.

There is, indeed, nothing to indicate that the desires of young Alexander Burnes at that time turned towards a life of adventure, either as an explorer or as a soldier in the eastern or the western worlds. The success of Mr. Hume was that which decided the choice of the worthy burgess of Montrose, for it afforded at once, a great encouragement and a material aid. The eldest hope of the Burnes family, James, was destined for the medical service—that service in which Mr. Hume had so rapidly made a fortune—and was pursuing his studies in London, with a view to an Indian career. And Alexander, by the assistance of Mr. Hume, was to be provided with a cadetship, as soon as he was old enough to take up the appointment. When, therefore, the young student was within a few weeks of the completion of his sixteenth year, he was sent up to London in a Dundee smack; and having arrived there on the 14th of March, 1821, he was on the following day introduced by Mr. Hume to Mr. Stanley Clerk, a member of the Court of Directors, and was told that his name had been duly entered for a cadetship of infantry on the establishment of Bombay. He spent two months in London, studying under the well-known Oriental professor, Dr. Gilchrist, and watched over by Mr. Joseph Hume, who gave him good advice of all kinds, and acted as his banker; and then, on the 16th of May—his birthday—he attended at the India House, and formally took the oath of allegiance.

It was a matter of pleasant family arrangement that the eldest brother, James Burnes, who had been appointed an assistant-surgeon on the Bombay establishment, should sail in the same vessel with Alexander; so they embarked together, early in June, on board the good ship "Sarah." After an uneventful voyage, they arrived at their destination, and on the 21st of October, 1821, these two young Montrosians found themselves on the beach of Bombay, with very little money in their pockets, and with very slender interest to help them onwards; but with stout hearts, clear heads, and that determination to make for themselves careers in the public service, which, in the days of the East India Company, carried so many members of our middle classes in India straight on to fortune and to fame.

The brothers were soon separated. On the 13th of November, James Burnes was gazetted to do duty as an assistant-surgeon with the Artillery at Matoongah.* Four days before this, Alexander's name had appeared in General Orders, by which he was posted to do duty with the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Regiment of Native Infantry at Bombay. On the 19th, he recorded in his journal, that he had "commenced his military career," and appeared on parade. From that day he made steady progress in his profession. He applied himself sedulously to the cultivation of the native languages. He had continued on board ship the studies which he had commenced under Dr. Gilchrist in London, and now he supplemented his literary pursuits by making and steadily adhering to the rule, to converse with his native servants only in Hindostanee; and on the 8th of December he wrote in his journal, "Having migrated from my own country, and being rather of a curious and searching disposition, I have begun to gain as much information as possible concerning the manners, customs, laws, and religions of this people—a study not only amusing and interesting, but highly instructive; for what is it that makes a man, but a knowledge of men and manners?" There was nothing which a man might not achieve in India, who thus set himself to work in the right way. There was proof of this even then before the young "unposted ensign." He had carried out with him, as most young men carry out, letters of introduction to the Governor and other influential people of the presidency. The Governor at that time was Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, whose kindness and affability of manner won the heart of the young soldier at once. "The Governor," he wrote home to his family at Montrose, "received us with great politeness, and invited us to the most splendid fête I had ever beheld, and did not behave in a 'How do?' manner, but was extremely affable and polite, which, among a party of a hundred, and for the most part generals and great men, was a great deal. . . . A few weeks ago a grand public ball was given to Sir John Malcolm, on his leaving India, to which I had the honour of receiving an invitation—but where it came from I know not. It was, if anything, grander than Mr. Elphinstone's fête, and held in a house built for the purpose, about the size of the old Council House at Montrose, illuminated with lamps from top to bottom." There must have been something in all this greatly to inspire and encourage the young Scotch subaltern, for Malcolm himself had risen from the same small beginning, and now his name was in every man's mouth, and all were delighting to do him honour. What might not any young Scot, with the right stuff in him, do in India? In all directions there were encouragements and assurances not likely to be thrown away upon a youth of young Burnes' lively imagination. A Montrose man had sent him out to India: an Edinburgh man was now at the head of the government of Bombay: a Glasgow man was governor of the Madras presidency: and now the son of an Eskdale farmer was receiving the plaudits of all classes of his countrymen, and returning for a while to his native land, a successful soldier and a successful statesman, amidst a whirl of popularity that might have fully satisfied the desires of the most ambitious hero in the world.

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* If space permitted, it would be a pleasure to me, briefly to trace the career of this worthy and distinguished officer. He had ability of a high order, and passed through life universally respected.

But to young Alexander Burnes the encouragements of the future were not greater than the consolations of the present. "I like the country amazingly," he wrote to Montrose, "and as yet am not at all desirous of a return to my own land." But he added, for thoughts of home were still pulling at his heart, "How dearly should I like to see little Charley or Cecilia trudging into my canvas abode—but, ah! that is far beyond probability. However, I may yet see Charley in India, for he seems a boy made for it."

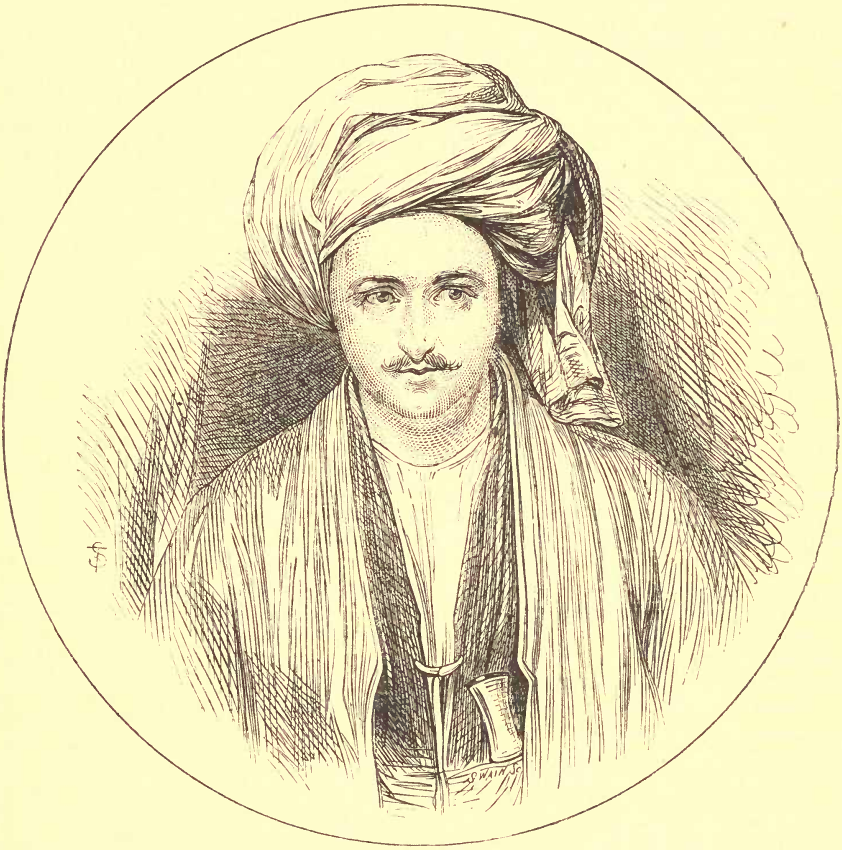
Thoughts of active service soon began to stir his mind. There was a prospect of a war with China, and the young soldier was eager to take part in it. "There has been a most dreadful disturbance," he wrote to his parents, on the 30th of April, 1822, "between the powers of China and the East India Company within these few months; so all trade between these countries is now at a stop, and nothing seems more inevitable than war, for it is in everybody's mouth, and every person is anxious to go. I hope I may be sent. If I am not sent along with my regiment, I shall certainly volunteer; for if a man does not push on, he will never see service, and, of course, will never be an officer worth anything. What will the poor old maids of Montrose do for want of tea?" But the excitement passed away. There was no war. And so young Alexander Burnes fell back peacefully on his Oriental studies, and with such good success, that at the beginning of May, 1822, he went up for an examination in Hindostanee, and found that he had passed for an interpretership. "I was so delighted," he wrote in his journal, "that I could scarcely contain myself."

A fortnight before (April 16, 1822) he had been posted to the 2nd Battalion of the 11th Regiment of Native Infantry, but as the interpretership of that regiment was not vacant, he applied, without success, to be removed to another corps. Any disappointment, however, which he might have felt about this was soon removed by the necessities of action; for a few days afterwards his regiment was ordered to Poonah, which a few years before had been the capital of the Peishwah, and was still in the bloom of its historical associations.

The time passed very pleasantly at Poonah. Governor Elphinstone was at that time there, contributing by his hospitalities to the general happiness, and stimulating the youth of the station by his example, to deeds of heroic sportsmanship. Here young Burnes fleshed his maiden spear during a hog-hunt of three days' duration. Here, too, he began the study of the Persian language. "I have been strenuously advised to begin Persian," he wrote to his friends at Montrose, "as it will improve my Hindostanee, and, perhaps, add greatly to my future prospects in India; so I have commenced it." And he prosecuted the study with such good effect, that after a few months he was able to derive intense gratification from the perusal of the Persian poets. Before the end of the month of September he thus pleasantly reported his progress: "My bed-room is small, and brings often to my recollection my old little closet in the passage, for, as it is my study, I spend a great deal of time in it, and have managed to scribble pieces of poetry on its walls also; but they are now of a different language, for I have got quite enamoured of Persian poetry, which is really, for sound and everything, like a beautiful song. Instead of Lallah Rookh in the English, I have got a Lallah Rookh in the Persian,—at least a much more beautiful poem."

In December the regiment quitted Poonah, *en route* for Surat. At Bombay, where they halted, Alexander Burnes again made a push for an interpretership, and this time with good success; for on the 7th of January, 1823, his name appeared in General Orders, gazetted as interpreter of the 1st Extra Battalion, which happened to be posted at Surat. He was, with one exception, the only ensign in the Bombay Army who held such an appointment. This was great promotion; but in the following year a brighter prospect still expanded before the young soldier. On the general reorganisation of the army, by which each battalion was converted into a separate regiment, with a separate regimental staff, Lieutenant Burnes, then little more than eighteen years old, was offered the regimental adjutancy. The offer excited him greatly, and he wrote:—"Behold your son Alexander the most fortunate man on earth for his years! Behold him Lieutenant and Adjutant Burnes of the 21st Regiment, on an allowance of from 500 to 600 rupees a month." The appointment had been offered to him by his friend Colonel Campbell:—"He did not think," wrote Burnes to Montrose, "that I would accept the situation, for my life in India has been so much devoted to study that he conceived, and correctly too, that I was aiming at some political situation. I soon undeceived him, by telling him that I found my abilities greatly turned to that direction, but that nevertheless I was ready for anything else. . . . No man in his sound senses would refuse a situation of fifty or sixty guineas a month."

From this time his progress was rapid:—"I continued my study of the languages," he wrote



Sir Alexander Burnes in the Costume of Bokhara.

to an old schoolfellow in the West Indies, "and mastered the Persian, which brought me to the notice of Government, and I was selected from the army to be Persian interpreter to a field force of 8000 men, under orders to cross the Indus and attack the territory of Scinde, which is situated at the delta of that great river. . . . The force to which I was attached did not advance; the campaign terminated in 1825; but during its continuance I had, in the absence of other duty, devoted my time to surveying and geography, and produced a map of an unknown track, for which Government rewarded me by an appointment to the department of the Quartermaster-General—the most enviable line in the service. It removed me for good and all, before I had been four years in the service, from every sort of regimental duty. I advanced in this department step by step, and was honoured by the approbation of my superiors. In 1828 they raised me to be Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Army, and transferred me to head-quarters at Bombay, on a salary of 800 rupees a month. There I met Sir John Malcolm, of whom you may have heard. I knew him not, but I volunteered to explore the Indus from where it is joined by the Punjab down to the ocean, and thus delighted the men in authority. I started at the end of 1829 on this hazardous undertaking,* and after I had got half through it, was recalled by Lord Bentinck, as it would have involved political difficulties at the moment. I did, however, so much that I blush to sound my own praises. The substantial part of them is, that they have removed me entirely to the diplomatic line, as Assistant to the Resident in Cutch, which is a foreign state, in alliance with the British, close on the Indus. It is difficult to draw a parallel between European and Indian situations; but, if one is to be made, I am what is called Secretary of Legation, and on the high road, though I say it myself, to office, emolument, and honour. I have now briefly sketched out my career. My pursuits are purely literary, and confined to investigating the antiquities of Asia and the wonders of this people. I have been tracing the magnanimous Alexander on his Quixotic journey to these lands; and I shall set out at the end of 1830 to traverse further regions, which have been untrodden since the Greeks of Macedon followed their leader. Being an accredited agent of the Government, I have their support in all these wanderings; so you see that I have hung the sword in the hall, and entered the cabinet as a civilian. . . . My great ambition," he said, "is to travel. I am laying by a few spare rupees to feed my innocent wishes, and could I but have a companion like you, how doubly joyous would I roam among the ruins of the capitol, the relics of classic Athens, and the sombre grandeur of Egypt. These, and all the countries near them, are in my mind's eye: I think, I dream of them; and when I journey to my native land, my route will traverse them all. I purpose landing at Berenice on the Red Sea, and, following the Nile in its course across from classic to sacred lands, cross the plains of Syria and about Mount Sinai; thence, by Asia Minor, to the Hellespont and Greece, Italy, and merry France; and last of all to my native Scotia. I have enough of the good things of this life to start on this projected tour, when my ten years of service are out—that is, on October 31, 1831."

But it was ordained by Providence that his journeyings should be quite in a different direction. In the early part of 1830, a despatch arrived at Bombay, from the Board of Control, inclosing a letter of compliment from the President, Lord Ellenborough, to Runjeet Singh, the great ruler of the Punjab, together with a batch of horses that were to be forwarded to His Highness as a present from the King of England. It was necessary that the letter and the horses should be forwarded to Lahore, under the charge of a British officer. Sir John Malcolm was at this time Governor of Bombay. He was full of enterprise and enthusiasm; he had himself been a great traveller; and he was the one of all others to appreciate the achievements and to sympathise with the aspirations of such a man as Alexander Burnes. He accordingly recommended the young Bombay lieutenant for this important duty, and the Supreme-Government readily indorsed the recommendation. But although the man had been chosen, and chosen wisely, there was much discussion respecting the manner of the mission and its accompaniments, and very considerable official delay. "It is part of Sir John Malcolm's plan for the prosecution of my journey," wrote Burnes to the family at Montrose, in September, 1830, "that I quit Bombay before the Government make any arrangements for my voyage up the Indus to Lahore." In these days we know every foot of the ground, and such a journey as Burnes was about to undertake belongs only to the regions of commonplace; but when Burnes, at that time, wrote about "the noble prospects which awaited him in being selected for a delicate and hazardous duty," he by no means exaggerated the fact. He was emphatically the Pioneer, and he had to cut and clear his way through briery difficulties and obstructions which have long since disappeared. He was not merely sent upon a complimentary mission to the ruler of the Punjab; he was directed also to explore the countries on the lower Indus, and to this end he was entrusted with presents to the Ameers of Sinde.* But the Ameers were mistrust-ful of our designs. They believed that Burnes had come to spy the nakedness of the land. With all the clearness of prophecy, they saw that for the English to explore their country, was some day for them to take it. So they threw all sorts of impediments in the way of Burnes' advance. "We quitted Cutch," he wrote to Sir John Malcolm, "on the 20th of January, 1821, and encountered every imaginable difficulty and opposition from the Ameers of Sinde. They first drove us forcibly out of the country. On a second attempt they starved us out. But I was not even then prepared to give up hopes, and I ultimately gained the objects of pursuit by protracted negotiations, and voyaged safely and successfully to Lahore." After he had once entered the Punjab, his journey, indeed, was quite an ovation—"My reception in this country," he wrote to his mother, on the last day of July, "has been such as was to be expected from a prince who has had so high an honour conferred on him as to receive presents from our gracious sovereign. Immediately that I reached his frontier, he sent a guard of horsemen as an honorary escort, and announced my arrival by a salute of eleven guns from the walls of the fortresses I passed. But what is this to the Chief of Bahwulpore, lower down, who came all the way to Cutch to meet me, and with whom I had an interview, announced by eighty guns." The mission, which had reached Lahore on the 18th of July, quitted it on the 14th of August; and Burnes proceeded to Simlah, to give an account of his embassy in person to the Governor-General, who was then, with his secretaries, residing in that pleasant and salubrious retreat.

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* He was accompanied by Lieut. (now Colonel) James Holland, who afterwards married a sister of Burnes, and who rose, by the force of his distinguished personal merit, to be Quartermaster-General of the Bombay Army.

* If I were writing history, not biography, I should comment upon the error of this. As it is, I cannot resist quoting the following from a minute of Sir Charles Metcalfe, recorded in October, 1830.—"The scheme of surveying the Indus, under the pretence of sending a present to Runjeet Singh, seems to me highly objection-

Lord William Bentinck received the young traveller with characteristic kindness, and listened with the deepest interest to the account of his adventures. He listened to the account, not only of what the young Bombay lieutenant had done, but also of what he desired to do. Before he had started on this journey, Burnes had cherished, in his heart, the project of a still grander exploration—the exploration which was eventually to achieve for him fame and fortune. "I have a vast ambition," he wrote from the banks of the Jhelum to the "old folks at home," "to cross the Indus and Indian Caucasus, and pass by the route of Balkh, Bokhara, and Samarcand, to the Aral and Caspian Seas, to Persia, and thence to return by sea to Bombay. All this depends upon circumstances; but I suspect that the magnates of this empire will wish to have the results of my present journey before I embark upon another." He was right. But, having communicated the results of this journey, he found the Cabinet at Simlah well prepared to encourage another enterprise of the same character, on a grander scale. "The Home Government," he wrote to his sister, on the 23rd of September, 1831, "have got frightened at the designs of Russia, and desired that some intelligent officer should be sent to acquire information in the countries bordering on the Oxus and the Caspian; and I, knowing nothing of all this, come forward and volunteer precisely for what they want. Lord Bentinck jumps at it, invites me to come and talk personally, and gives me comfort in a letter." "I quit Loodhianah," he said a few weeks later, "on the 1st of January, 1832, and proceed by Lahore to Attock, Caubul, Bameean, Balkh, Bokhara, and Khiva, to the Caspian Sea, and from thence to Astracan. If I can but conceal my designs from the officers of the Russian Government, I shall pass through their territory to England, and visit my paternal roof in the Bow Butts."

After a few more weeks of pleasant sojourning with the vice-regal court, Alexander Burnes started on his long and hazardous journey. He received his passports at Delhi two days before Christmas, and on the 3rd of January, 1832, crossed the British frontier, and shook off Western civilisation. He was accompanied by a young assistant-surgeon, named Gerard, who had already earned for himself a name by his explorations of the Himalayahs, and by two native attachés,—the one, Mahomed Ali, in the capacity of a surveyor; the other, a young Cashmeree Mahomedan, educated at Delhi, named Mohun Lal, who accompanied him as moonshee, or secretary. Traversing again the country of the "five rivers," and making divers pleasant and profitable explorations "in the footsteps of Alexander the Great," in the middle of March the travellers forded the Indus, near Attock, took leave of their Sikh friends, and became guests of the Afghans. There were at that time no jealousies, no resentments, between the two nations. The little knowledge that they had of us, derived from the fast-fading recollections of Mr. Elphinstone's mission, was all in our favour; and we in our turn believed them to be a cheerful, simple-minded, kind-hearted, hospitable people. Along the whole line of country, from Peshawur to Caubul, which cannot now be even named amongst us without a shudder, the English travellers were welcomed as friends. From the Afghan capital, Burnes wrote, on the 10th of May, 1832, to his mother—"My journey has been more prosperous than my most sanguine expectations could have anticipated; and instead of jealousy and suspicion, we have hitherto been caressed and feasted by the chiefs of the country. I thought Peshawur

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able. It is a trick, in my opinion, unworthy of our Government, which cannot fail, when detected, as most probably it will be, to excite the jealousy and indignation of the powers on whom we play it. It is just such a trick as we are often falsely suspected and accused of by the native princes of India, and this confirmation of their suspicions, generally unjust, will do more injury, by furnishing the ground of merited reproach, than any advantage to be gained by the measure can compensate. It is not impossible that it may lead to war. I hope that so unnecessary and ruinous a calamity may not befall us. Yet as our officers, in the prosecution of their clandestine pursuits, may meet with insult or ill-treatment, which we may choose to resent, that result is possible, however much to be deprecated." The sagacity of this is undeniable; but it is to be observed that Burnes was in no degree responsible for the policy here denounced. He had only to execute the orders of his Government.

a delightful place, till I came to Caubul: truly this is a Paradise." His fine animal spirits rose beneath the genial influences of the buoyant bracing climate of Afghanistan. How happy he was at this time—how full of heart and hope—may be gathered from such of his letters as reached his friends. With what a fine gush of youthful enthusiasm, writing to the family at Montrose, to which his heart, untravelled, was ever fondly turning, he describes his travel-life on this new scene of adventure. "... We travel from hence in ten days with a caravan, and shall reach Bokhara by the 1st of July. . . . If the road from Bokhara to the Caspian is interrupted by war, of which there is a chance, I shall be obliged to pass into Persia, and in that event must bid farewell to the hope of seeing you, as I must return to India. The countries north of the Oxus, are at present in a tranquil state, and I do not despair of reaching Istamboul in safety. They may seize me and sell me for a slave, but no one will attack me for my riches. Never was there a more humble being seen. I have no tent, no chair or table, no bed, and my clothes altogether amount to the value of one pound sterling. You would disown your son if you saw him. My dress is purely Asiatic, and since I came into Caubul has been changed to that of the lowest orders of the people. My head is shaved of its brown locks, and my beard, dyed black, grieves,—as the Persian poets have it—for the departed beauty of youth. I now eat my meals with my hands, and greasy digits they are, though I must say in justification, that I wash before and after meals. . . . I frequently sleep under a tree, but if a villager will take compassion upon me I enter his house. I never conceal that I am a European, and I have as yet found the character advantageous to my comfort. I might assume all the habits and religion of the Mahomedans since I can now speak Persian as my own language, but I should have less liberty and less enjoyment in an assumed garb. The people know me by the name of Sekundur, which is the Persian for Alexander, and a magnanimous name it is. With all my assumed poverty, I have a bag of ducats round my waist, and bills for as much money as I choose to draw. I gird my loins, and tie on my sword on all occasions, though I freely admit I would make more use of silver and gold than of cold steel. When I go into a company, I put my hand on my heart, and say with all humility to the master of the house, 'Peace be unto thee,' according to custom, and then I squat myself down on the ground. This familiarity has given me an insight into the character of the people which I never otherwise could have acquired. I tell them about steam-engines, armies, ships, medicine, and all the wonders of Europe, and in return, they enlighten me regarding the customs of their country, its history, state, factions, trade, &c., I all the time appearing indifferent, and conversing thereon 'pour passer le temps.' . . . The people of this country are kind-hearted and hospitable; they have no prejudices against a Christian, and none against our nation. When they ask me if I eat pork, I of course shudder, and say that it is only outcasts who commit such outrages. God forgive me! for I am very fond of bacon, and my mouth waters as I write the word. I wish I had some of it for breakfast, to which I am now about to sit down. At present I am living with a most amiable man, a Nawab, named Jubbur Khan, brother to the chief of Caubul, and he feeds me and my companion daily. They understand gastronomy pretty well. Our breakfast consists of pillaw (rice and meat), vegetables, stews, and preserves, and finishes with fruit, of which there is yet abundance, though it is ten months old. Apples, pears, quinces, and even *melons* are preserved, and as for the grapes, they are delicious. They are kept in small boxes in cotton, and are preserved throughout the year. Our fare, you see, is not so bad as our garb, and like a holy friar, we have sackcloth outside, but better things to line the inside. We have, however, no *sack* or good wine, for I am too much of a politician to drink wine in a Mahomedan country. . . I am well-mounted on a good horse, in case I should find it necessary to take to my heels. My whole baggage on earth goes on one mule, over which my servant sits supercargo; and with all this long enumeration of my condition, and the entire sacrifice of all the comforts of civilised life, I never was in better spirits, and never less under the influence of *ennui*. . . I cannot tell you how my heart leaps, to see all the trees and plants of my native land growing around me in this country."

When Burnes and his companions quitted Caubul, the Nawab Jubbur Khan, who had hospitably entertained, and who had endeavoured to persuade them to protract their sojourn with him, made every possible arrangement for the continuance of their journey in safety and comfort, and bade them "God speed" with a heavy heart. "I do not think," said Burnes, "I ever took leave of an Asiatic with more regret than I left this worthy man. He seemed to live for every one but himself." He was known afterwards among our people by the name of "the Good Nawab;" and the humanity of his nature was conspicuous to the last.

Having quitted Caubul, the English travellers made their way to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh, or Indian Caucasus, and traversed that stupendous mountain-range, to Koondooz, Kooloom, and Balkh. This was the route explored by those unfortunate travellers Moorcroft and Trebeck, of whom Burnes now found many traces, and whose sad history he was enabled to verify and authenticate. It was a relief to the young Englishman to find himself in the territory of the King of Bokhara, whose evil reputation had not been then established. "As we were now in the territories of a king," he naively recorded in the history of his journey, "we could tell him our opinions, though it had, perhaps, been more prudent to keep them to ourselves."

After a sojourn of three days at Balkh, which had many interesting and some painful associations, for it had been the capital of the ancient Bactrian kingdom, and a little way beyond its walls was the grave of Moorcroft, Burnes and his companions made their way to the city of Bokhara, which they reached on the 27th of June. There they resided for a space of nearly four weeks—receiving from the Vizier all possible kindness and hospitality. "Sekundur," said he to Burnes on his departure, "I have sent for you to ask if anyone has molested you in this city, or taken money from you in my name, and if you leave us contented." "I replied that we had been treated as honoured guests, that our luggage had not even been opened, nor our property taxed, and that I should ever remember with the deepest sense of gratitude the many kindnesses that had been shown to us in the holy Bokhara. . . I quitted this worthy man with a full heart, and with sincere wishes (which I still feel) for the prosperity of this country." The Vizier gave authoritative instructions to the conductors of the caravan with which Burnes was to travel, and to a Toorkoman chief who was to accompany it with an escort, to guard the lives and properties of the Feringhees, declaring that he would root them from the face of the earth, if any accident should befall the travellers; and the King of Bokhara gave them also a firman of protection bearing the royal seal. It is instructive to consider all this with the light of after events to help us to a right understanding of its significance.

From Bokhara the route of the travellers lay across the great Toorkoman desert to Merve and Meshed, thence to Astrabad and the shores of the Caspian; thence to Teheran, the capital of the dominions of the Shah of Persia, from which point he moved down to the Persian Gulf, took ship there to Bombay, and afterwards proceeded to Calcutta. The story has been told by himself, with an abundance of pleasant detail, and is too well known to need to be repeated.

At Calcutta, Alexander Burnes laid before the Governor-General an account of his journey, accompanying it with much grave discourse on the policy which it was expedient for the British Government to pursue towards the different states, which he had visited. The result was exactly what he wished. He was sent home to communicate to the authorities in England the information which he had obtained. All this was truly delightful. Never in the midst of his wanderings in strange places, and among a strange people, had he forgot the old home in Montrose, and the familiar faces of the household there; never had his heart ceased to yearn for the renewal in the flesh of those dear old family associations. He liked India; he loved his work, he gloried in the career before him; but the good home-feeling was ever fresh in his heart, and he was continually thinking of what would be said and thought at Montrose. And in most of our Indian heroes, this good home-feeling was kept alive to the last. It was not weariness of India; it was not a hankering after England. It was simply a good healthy desire to revisit the scenes of one's youth, to see again the faces of one's kindred, and then, strengthened and refreshed, to return with better heart for one's work.

On the 4th of November, 1833, Burnes landed at Dartmouth, and wrote thence to his mother, that he could scarcely contain himself for joy. On the 6th he was in London, with his brothers, David and Charles; dining in the evening with the Court of Directors, who had opportunely one of their great banquets at the London Tavern. Before the week was over, he was in a whirl of social excitement: he was fast becoming a lion—only waiting indeed for the commencement of the London season, to be installed as one of the first magnitude. "I have been inundated by visits," he wrote to his mother, "from authors, publishers, societies, and what not. I am requested to be at the Geographical Society this evening, but I defer it for a fortnight, when I am to have a night to myself. . . . All, all are kind to me. I am a perfect wild beast.—'There's the traveller,' 'There's Mr. Burnes,' 'There's the Indus Burnes,' and what not do I hear. I wish I could hear you and my father, and I would despise all other compliments." "I am killed with honours and kindness," he said, in another letter, "and it is a more painful death than starvation among the Usbeks." In all this, there was no exaggeration. The magnates of the land were contending for the privilege of a little conversation with "Bokhara Burnes." Lord Holland was eager to catch him for Holland House. Lord Lansdowne was bent upon carrying him off to Bowood. Charles Grant, the President of the Board of Control, sent him to the Prime Minister, Lord Grey, who had long confidential conferences with him; and, to crown all, the King,—William the Fourth,—commanded the presence of the Bombay Lieutenant at the Brighton Pavilion, and listened to the story of his travels, and the exposition of his views, for nearly an hour and a half.

He was now hard at work upon his book. He had written many lengthy and valuable official reports; but he had little experience of literary composition for a larger public than that of a bureaucracy, and he was wise enough to discern that the path to popular favour must be very cautiously trodden. Mistrusting his own critical judgment, he submitted portions of his work, before publication, to some more experienced friends, among whom were Mr. James Baillie Fraser, and Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone. The latter, not oblivious of his own early throes of literary labour, read the manuscript—painfully, in one sense, owing to the failure of his sight, but with the greatest interest and delight. "I never read anything," he wrote, from his chambers in the Albany, to Alexander Burnes, "with more interest and pleasure; and although I cannot expect that every reader will be as much delighted as I have been, yet I shall have a bad opinion of the people's taste, if the narrative is not received with general favour." But although Mr. Elphinstone bestowed these general praises on the work, he was fain to do his young friend good service by honestly criticising the work in detail. "I have made my remarks," he wrote, "with the utmost freedom, and the more so, because I hope you will not pay any attention to them, when unsupported, but will be guided by the opinion of people who know the taste of this town and who are familiar with criticism in general literature. I must premise that many of my objections are founded on general principles, and may, therefore, often be brought against passages which in themselves may be beautiful, but which lack the general effect to which you ought always to look. The first of these principles is, that a narrative of this kind should be in the highest degree plain and simple. . . . To gain the confidence and good will of his reader, a traveller must be perfectly unaffected and unpretending. His whole object must seem to be to state what he has seen in the countries he has visited, without claiming the smallest superiority over his reader in any other description of knowledge or observation. For this reason, every unusual word, every fine sentiment, every general reflection and every sign of an ambitious style should be carefully excluded." A hard lesson this for a young writer; and there was much more of the same kind, sound, and excellent advice, altogether past dispute, and in accordance with the best critical canons. But Mr. Elphinstone lived to see these severe literary doctrines utterly set at naught by a younger race of writers—lived to see a "fastidious public" take to its heart "Eothen," as the most popular book of travels ever published in modern times.

Nor was the only pruning-knife applied to the exuberance of the young writer, that which was wielded by the experienced hand of such chastened writers as Mr. Elphinstone; the official knife was also applied to the manuscript in the Secret Department of the India House. This was, doubtless, in a literary sense, disadvantageous to the book; but, after undergoing these ordeals, it came out under the auspices of Mr. Murray; and Burnes had the honour of presenting a copy to the King at one of His Majesty's levees. "I know all about this," said the good-natured monarch, mindful of Burnes's visit to him at Brighton. The book was an undoubted success. It was well received by the critics and by the public, for not only was there something geographically new in it, but something also politically suggestive. The Russo-phobia was gaining ground in England. There were many who believed that the time was fast approaching, when the Sepoy and the Cossack would meet, face to face, somewhere in Central Asia. It was a great thing, therefore, just in that momentous epoch, that some one should appear amongst us, to whom the countries lying between the Indus and the Caspian were something more than places on the map. As the depository of so much serviceable information, Burnes was sure to be welcome everywhere. There was much, too, in the man himself to increase the interest which his knowledge of these strange countries excited. He was young in years—but younger still in appearance and in manner. When he said that he had been thirteen or fourteen years in India, Lord Munster said to him, "Why that must have been nearly all your life." There was a charming freshness and naïveté about him—the reflection, it may be said, of a warm, true heart, in which the home affections had never for a moment lain dormant.

When Burnes returned to Bombay, he was ordered to rejoin his old appointment as assistant to the Resident in the Persian Gulf; but his services were soon demanded by the Government in a more independent position. Lord Auckland had proceeded to India as Governor-General. He had met Burnes at Bowood, had been pleased with his conversation, and had formed the highest opinion of the energy and ability of the young subaltern. When, therefore, under the evil influence of other men's designs, the "great game" in Central Asia began to take shape in his mind, he recognised at once, the fact, that Burnes must be one of the chief players. So the Cutch assistant was placed under the orders of the Supreme Government, and directed to hold himself in readiness to undertake what was described at the time, and is still known in history, as a "Commercial mission" to Caubul. Commerce, in the vocabulary of the East, is only another name for conquest. By commerce, the East India Company had become the sovereigns of the great Indian Peninsula; and this commercial mission was the cloak of grave political designs. Very soon the cloak was thrown aside as an incumbrance, and instead of directing his energies to the opening of the navigation of the Indus, Alexander Burnes gave up his mind to the great work of checkmating Russia in the East.

Lord Auckland was not an ambitious man,—quiet, sensible, inclined towards peace, he would not have given himself up to the allurements of the great game, if he had not been stimulated, past all hope of resistance, by evil advisers, who were continually pouring into his ears alarming stories of deep-laid plots and subtle intrigues emanating from the cabinet of St. Petersburg, and of the wide-spread corruption that was to be wrought by Russian gold. It was believed that the King of Persia had become the vassal of the great Muscovite monarch, and that he had been instigated by the Government of the Emperor to march an army to Herat for the capture of that famous frontier city, and for the further extension of his dominions towards the boundaries of our Indian empire. The attack upon Herat was a substantial fact; the presence of Russian officers in the Persian territory, as aiders and abetters of the siege of Herat, was also a fact. The dangers which were apprehended were essentially very similar to those which had alarmed us more than a quarter of a century before, and which had caused the despatch of Mr. Elphinstone's mission to Afghanistan. But there were some circumstantial differences. Not only had the Russian power taken the part of the French in the great drama of intrigue and aggression, but there was another actor also with the leading business at Caubul. There had been a revolution, or a succession of revolutions, in Afghanistan. The Suddozye king, Shah Soojah, whom Elphinstone had met at Peshawur, was now a pensioner in the British dominions, and the Barukzye chief, Dost Mahomed, was dominant at Caubul. It was our policy now to secure his good offices, and it was the duty of Alexander Burnes to accomplish this great object. Left to himself, he would have done it. He, who best knew Dost Mahomed, had most faith in him. The Ameer was eager for the British alliance, and nothing was easier than to secure his friendship. But whilst Burnes was striving to accomplish this great object at Caubul, other counsels were prevailing at Simlah—that great hot-bed of intrigue on the Himalayan hills—where the Governor-General and his secretaries were refreshing and invigorating themselves, and rising to heights of audacity which they never would have reached in the languid atmosphere of Calcutta. They conceived the idea of rehabilitating the old deposed dynasty of Shah Soojah, and they picked him out of the dust of Loodhianah to make him a tool and a puppet, and with the nominal aid of Runjeet Singh, who saw plainly that we were making a mistake which might be turned to his advantage, they determined to replace the vain, weak-minded exile, whom his country had cast out as a hissing and a reproach, upon the throne of Afghanistan. It is enough to state the fact. The policy was the policy of the Simlah Cabinet, with which Burnes had nothing to do. It was rank injustice to Dost Mahomed. It was rank injustice to Alexander Burnes. The young English officer, who had been twice the guest of the Barukzye sirdars of Caubul, who had led them to believe that his Government would support them, and who had good and substantial reason to believe that they would be true to the English alliance, now found that he was fearfully compromised by the conduct of his official superiors. He left Caubul, and made his way to Simlah; and it is said that the secretaries received him with eager entreaties not to spoil the "Great Game" by dissuading Lord Auckland from the aggressive policy to which he had reluctantly given his consent.

This was in the summer of 1838. Even if the young Bombay officer could have spoken with "the tongue of angels," his words would have been too late. What could he do against a triumviri of Bengal civilians—the ablest and most accomplished in the country? It is true that he had an intimate acquaintance, practical, personal, with the politics of Afghanistan, whilst all that they knew was derived from the book that he had written, from the writings of Mountstuart Elphinstone and from another book of travels written by a young cavalry officer named Arthur Conolly, of whom I may some day perhaps give further account. But they had had the ear of the Governor-General, whilst Burnes had been working at Caubul, and so their crude theories prevailed against his practical knowledge. It was not then his duty to say that he would take no part in carrying out the policy of the Government which he served. It was a sore trial to him, for he felt that it would be said, as afterwards it was said, that he had partaken of the hospitality of the ruler of Caubul, had left him as a friend, and had returned with an army at his back. It was a sorer trial still to him to see that it was said by his own countrymen that he had approved—indeed, recommended a course of policy which was distasteful to him in the extreme. But as an officer of the Government, he felt that he was bound to do his best to bring the policy, that had been decreed by higher authority, to a successful issue, though it was hard, indeed, to be identified, as he afterwards was authoritatively identified with that policy by those who knew better, and who could enlist him on their side only by fraudulently suppressing or perverting his words.

So it was determined by Lord Auckland's Government that a great army should be assembled for the invasion of Afghanistan and the restoration of Shah Soojah to the throne of Caubul. The army was to march by the way of the Bolan pass, through the country ruled by the Ameers of Scinde; and Burnes was to be sent forward to make all necessary arrangements for the passage of our army through those little-known and difficult regions to Candahar. If he had formed any expectation of being vested with the supreme political control of the expedition, and afterwards of representing British interests at the Court of Shah Soojah, they were not unreasonable expectations. But Mr. Macnaghten was appointed to the post of "Envoy and Minister," and Captain Burnes to the inferior, and under all the circumstances of the case anomalous, office of Resident at Caubul. But the sharpness of his disappointment was somewhat mitigated by the receipt of letters announcing that the Queen had taken his services into gracious consideration, and had made him a knight, with the military rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This sent him about his work with better heart: and he brought all his energies to bear upon the important duty of smoothing the road for the march of the army of the Indus, and the procession of the restored Suddozye monarch into the heart of the country, which never wanted him, and which he was wholly incompetent to govern.

How the British army entered Afghanistan, how Dost Mahomed was driven out of the country, how the people for a while sullenly acquiesced in the revolution, which was accomplished by the force of British bayonets, and the influence of British gold, are matters which belong to history. When Shah Soojah had been replaced in the Balla Hissar of Caubul, Sir Alexander Burnes settled down into his anomalous position of "Resident" at Caubul. He had no power, and no responsibility. He gave advice, which was seldom taken, and he saw things continually going wrong without any power to set them right. It is impossible to conceive any more unpleasant situation than that which for more than two years—during the latter part of 1839, and all through 1840 and 1841—he occupied at the Court of Caubul. If, at that time, he had not been sometimes irritable, and sometimes desponding, he would have been more or less than a man. He had been taught to believe that Macnaghten had been sent only for a little space into Afghanistan, to be soon removed to a higher office, and then that he himself would be placed in the supreme direction of affairs. But month after month—nay, year after year—passed, and there was no change; and Burnes began to write somewhat bitterly of the good faith of the Governor-General, and to contrast his conduct with the soft words of the man, who had spoken so kindly and encouragingly to him on the "couch at Bowood." At last, in the autumn of 1841, news came that Macnaghten had been appointed Governor of Bombay; but, even then, there were reports that some other officer would be sent up from the Provinces to occupy his seat. It was a period of distressing doubt and anxiety to the expectant minister. The arrival of every post was looked for with feverish anxiety; but his heart sickened with hope deferred.

The anniversary of his arrival in India came round. Twenty years had passed since he had first set his foot on the strand of Bombay. Seldom altogether free from superstitions and presentiments, he entered upon this 31st of October, 1841, with a vivid impression that it would bring forth something upon which his whole future life would turn. "Ay! what will this day bring forth?" he wrote in his journal, "the anniversary of my twenty years' service in India. It will make or mar me, I suppose. Before the sun sets I shall know whether I go to Europe or succeed Macnaghten." But the day passed, and the momentous question was not settled. Then November dawned, and neither Burnes nor Macnaghten received the desired letters from Calcutta—only vague newspaper reports which added new fuel to the doubts and anxieties of the expectant envoy. "I grow very tired of praise," he wrote in his journal, "and I suppose that I shall get tired of censure in time." This was his last entry. There was no more either of praise or of censure to agitate him in this world. Already was the city of Caubul seething with insurrection, and the house of Sir Alexander Burnes was in the city perilously exposed to attack. His Afghan servants told him that he was in danger, and exhorted him to withdraw to the cantonments. He said that he had done the Afghans no injury; why then should they injure him? He could not think that any real danger threatened him, and he retired to rest at night with little fear of the results of the morrow. But with the morrow came the phantoms of new troubles; plainly the storm was rising. First one, then another, with more or less authority, came to warn him that there was "death in the pot." It was no longer possible to look with incredulity upon the signs and symptoms around him. The streets were alive with insurgents. An excited crowd was gathering round his house. Still there might be time to secure safety by flight. But he scorned to quit his post: he believed that he could quell the tumult, and so he rejected the advice that might have saved him.

That the city was in a state of insurrection was certain; but it appeared that a prompt and vigorous demonstration on the part of the British troops in cantonments might quell the tumult; so he wrote to Macnaghten for support, and to some friendly Afghan chiefs for assistance. It was then too late. Before any succour could arrive, the crowd before his house had begun to rage furiously, and it was plain that the insurgents were thirsting for the blood of the English officers. From a gallery which ran along the upper part of the house, Burnes, attended by his brother Charles, and his friend William Broadfoot, addressed himself to the excited mob. They yelled out their execration and defiance in reply, and it was plain that no expostulations or entreaties could turn them aside from their purpose. The enemy had begun to fire upon them, and, hopeless as retaliation and resistance might be, there seemed to be nothing left to the English officers but to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Broadfoot was soon shot dead. Then the insurgents set fire to Burnes's stables, rushed into his garden and summoned him to come down. All hope of succour from cantonments had now gone. Still he might purchase his own and his brother's safety by appealing to the national avarice of the Afghans. He offered them large sums of money if they would suffer him to escape. Still they called upon him to leave off firing and to come down to the garden. At last he consented, and the brothers, conducted by a Cashmeree Mussulman, who had sworn to protect them, went down to the garden; but no sooner were they in the presence of the mob than their guide cried out, "Here is Sekundur Burnes!" and straightway the insurgents fell upon them and slew them.

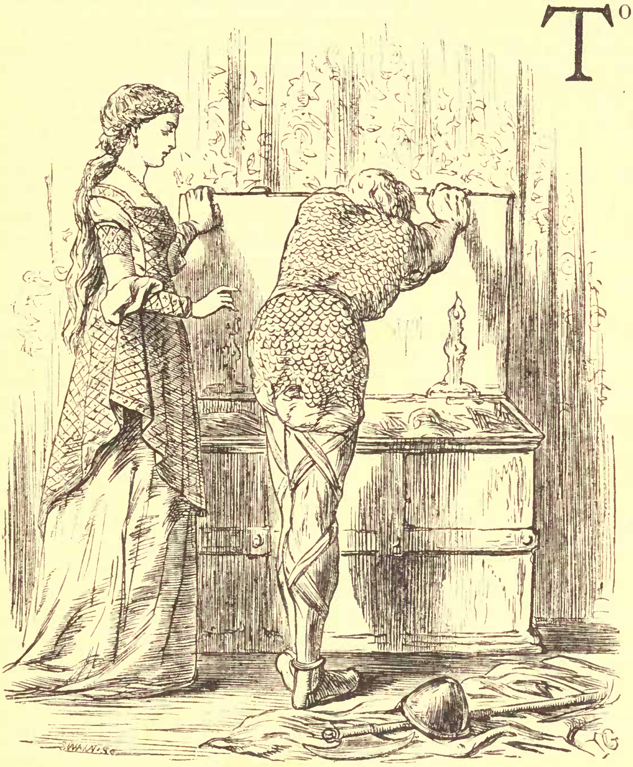
And so, on the 2nd of November, 1841, fell Alexander Burnes, butchered by an Afghan mob. He was only thirty-six years of age. That he was a remarkable man and had done remarkable things is not to be doubted. He was sustained, from first to last, by that grand amalgam of the romantic and the practical, of which Henry Lawrence spoke as the best security for a successful career. He was eager, impulsive, enthusiastic; but he had a sufficiency of good strong practical sense to keep him from running into any excesses. He had courage of a high order; sagacity, penetration, and remarkable quickness of observation. I am inclined to think that, if his life had been spared, he would have attained to much higher distinction, for all that he lacked to qualify him for offices of large responsibility was a greater soberness of judgment, which years would almost certainly have brought. As it was, few men have achieved, at so early an age, so much distinction, by the force of their own personal character, as was achieved by Alexander Burnes.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER X.

HOW HEREWARD WON THE MAGIC ARMOUR.



TORFRIDA had special opportunities of hearing about Hereward; for young Arnulf was to her a pet and almost a foster-brother, and gladly escaped from the convent to tell her the news.

He had now had his first taste of the royal game of war. He had seen Hereward fight by day, and heard him tell stories over the camp fire by night. Hereward's beauty, Hereward's prowess, Hereward's songs, Hereward's strange adventures and wanderings, were for ever in the young boy's mouth; and he spent hours in helping Torfrida to guess who the great unknown might be; and then went back to Hereward, and artlessly told him of his beautiful friend, and how they had talked of him, and of nothing else; and in a week or two Hereward knew all about Torfrida; and Torfrida knew—what filled her heart with joy—that Hereward was bound to no lady-love, and owned (so he had told Arnulf) no mistress save the sword on his thigh.

Whereby there had grown up in the hearts of both the man and the maid a curiosity, which easily became the parent of love.

But when Baldwin the great Marquis came to St. Omer, to receive the homage of Eustace of Guisnes, young Arnulf had run into Torfrida's chamber in great anxiety. "Would his grandfather approve of what he had done? Would he allow his new friendship with the unknown?"

"What care I?" said Torfrida. "But if your friend wishes to have the Marquis's favour, he would be wise to trust him, at least so far as to tell his name."

"I have told him so. I have told him that you would tell him so."

"I? Have you been talking to him about me?"

"Why not?"

"That is not well done, Arnulf, to talk of ladies to men whom they do not know."

Arnulf looked up, puzzled and pained; for she spoke haughtily.

"I know naught of your new friend. He may be a low-born man, for anything that I can tell."

"He is not! He is as noble as I am. Everything he says and does—every look—shows it."

"You are young—as you have shown by talking of me to him. But I have given you my advice;" and she moved languidly away. "Let him tell your grandfather who he is, or remain suspected."

The boy went away sadly.

Early the next morning he burst into Torfrida's room as she was dressing her hair.

"How now? Are these manners for the heir of Flanders?"

"He has told all!"

"He has!" and she started and dropt her comb.

"Pick up that comb, girl. You need not go away. I have no secrets with young gentlemen."

"I thought you would be glad to hear."

"I? What can I want in the matter, save that your grandfather should be satisfied that you are entertaining a man worthy to be your guest?"

"And he is worthy: he has told my grandfather who he is."

"But not you?"

"No. They say I must not know yet. But this I know, that they welcomed him, when he told them, as if he had been an Earl's son; and that he is going with my uncle Robert against the Frieslanders."

"And if he be an Earl's son, how comes he here, wandering with rough seamen, and hiding his honest name? He must have done something of which he is ashamed."

"I shall tell you nothing," said Arnulf, pouting.

"What care I? I can find out by art magic if I like."

"I don't believe all that. Can you find out, for instance, what he has on his throat?"

"A beard."

"But what is under that beard?"

"A gôitre."

"You are laughing at me."

"Of course I am, as I shall at any one who challenges me to find out anything so silly, and so unfit."

"I shall go."

"Go then." For she knew very well that he would come back again.

"Nurse," said Torfrida to the old Lapp woman, when they were alone, "find out for me what is the name of this strange champion, and what he has beneath his beard."

"Beneath his beard?"

"Some scar, I suppose, or secret mark. I must know. You will find out for your Torfrida, will you not, nurse?"

"I will make a charm that will bring him to you, were all the icebergs of Quenland between you and him: and then you can see for yourself."

"No, no, no! not yet, nurse!" and Torfrida smiled. "Only find me out that one thing: that I must know."

And yet why she wanted to know, she could not tell herself.

The old woman came back to her, ere she went to bed.

"I have found it out all, and more. I know where to get scarlet toadstools, and I put the juice in his men's ale: they are laughing and roaring now, merry-mad every one of them."

"But not he?"

"No, no. He is with the Marquis. But in madness comes out truth; and that long hook-nosed body-varlet of his has told us all."

And she told Torfrida who Hereward was, and the secret mark.

"There is a Cross upon his throat, beneath his chin, pricked in after their English fashion."

Torfrida started.

"Then—then the spell will not work upon him; the Holy Cross will turn it off."

"It must be a great Cross and a holy one that will turn off my charms," said the old hag, with a sneer, "whatever it may do against yours. But on the back of his hand—that will be a mark to know him by—there is pricked a bear—a white bear that he slew." And she told the story of the fairy bear; which Torfrida duly stored up in her heart.

"So he has the Cross on his throat," thought Torfrida to herself. "Well, if it keep off my charm, it will keep off others—that is one comfort: and one knows not what fairies, or witches, or evil creatures, he may meet with in the forests and the fens."

The discovery of Hereward's rank did not, doubtless, lessen Torfrida's fancy for him. She was ambitious enough, and proud enough of her own lineage, to be full glad that her heart had strayed away—as it must needs stray somewhere—to the son of the third greatest man in England. As for his being an outlaw, that mattered little. He might be inlawed, and rich and powerful, any day in those uncertain topsy-turvy times: and for the present, his being a wolf's head only made him the more interesting to her. Women like to pity their lovers. Sometimes—may all good beings reward them for it—they love merely because they pity. And Torfrida found it pleasant to pity the insolent young coxcomb, who certainly never dreamed of pitying himself.

When Hereward went home that night, he found the Abbey of St. Bertin in horrible confusion. His men were grouped outside the gate, chattering like monkeys; the porter and the monks, from inside, entreating them vainly to come in and go to bed quietly.

But they would not. They vowed and swore that a great gulf had opened all down the road, and that one step more would tumble them in headlong. They manifested the most affectionate solicitude for the monks, warning them, on their lives, not to step across the threshold, or they would be swallowed (as Martin, who was the maddest of the lot, phrased it) with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. In vain Hereward stormed; assured them that the supposed abyss was nothing but the gutter; proved the fact by kicking Martin over it:—the men determined to believe their own eyes, and after awhile fell asleep in heaps in the roadside, and lay there till morning, when they woke, declaring, as did the monks, that they had been all bewitched. They knew not—and happily the lower orders both in England and on the Continent do not yet know—the potent virtues of that strange fungus, with which Lapps and Samoiedes have, it is said, practised wonders for centuries past.

The worst of the matter was, that Martin Lightfoot, who had drank most of the poison, and had always been dreamy and uncanny, in spite of his shrewdness and humour, had from that day forward something very like a bee in his bonnet.

But before Count Robert and Hereward could collect sufficient troops for the invasion of Holland, another chance of being slain in fight arose, too tempting to be overlooked; namely, the annual tournament at Pont de l'Arche above Rouen, where all the noblest knights of Normandy would assemble, to win their honour and ladies' love by hewing at each other's sinful bodies. Thither, too, the best knights of Flanders must needs go, and with them Hereward. Though no knight, he was allowed in Flanders, as he had been in Scotland, to take his place among that honourable company. For though he still refused the honour of knighthood, on the ground that he had as yet done no deed deserving thereof, he was held to have deserved it again and again, and all the more from his modesty in declining it.

So away they all went to Pont de l'Arche, a right gallant meinie: and Torfrida watched them go from the lattice window.

And when they had passed down the street, tramping, and jingling, and caracoling, young Arnulf ran into the house with eyes full of tears, because he was not allowed to go likewise; and with a message for Torfrida, from no other than Hereward.

"I was to tell you this and no more: that if he meets your favour in the field, he that wears it will have hard work to keep it."

Torfrida turned pale as ashes; first with wild delight, and then with wild fear.

"Ha?—does he know who—Sir Ascelin?"

"He knows well enough. Why not? Every one knows. Are you afraid that he is not a match for that great bullock?"

"Afraid? Who said I was afraid? Sir Ascelin is no bullock either; but a courteous and gallant knight."

"You are as pale as death, and so ——"

"Never mind what I am," said she, putting her hands over his eyes, and kissing him again and again, as a vent for her joy.

The next few days seemed years for length: but she could wait. She was sure of him now. She needed no charms. "Perhaps," thought she, as she looked in the glass, "I was my own charm." And indeed, she had every fair right to say so.

At last news came.

She was sitting over her books; her mother, as usual, was praying in the churches; when the old Lapp nurse came in. A knight was at the door. His name, he said, was Siward the White, and he came from Hereward.

From Hereward! He was at least alive: he might be wounded, though; and she rushed out of the chamber into the hall, looking never more beautiful; her colour heightened by the quick beating of her heart; her dark hair, worn loose and long, after the fashion of those days, streaming around her and behind her.

A handsome young man stood in the door-way, armed from head to foot.

"You are Siward, Hereward's nephew?"

He bowed assent. She took him by the hands, and, after the fashion of those days, kissed him on the small space on either cheek, which was left bare between the nose-piece and the chain-mail.

"You are welcome. Hereward is—is alive?"

"Alive and gay, and all the more gay at being able to send to the Lady Torfrida by me something which was once hers, and now is hers once more."

And he drew from his bosom the ribbon of the knight of St. Valeri.

She almost snatched it from his hand, in her delight at recovering her favour.

"How—where—did he get this?"

"He saw it, in the thick of the tournament, on the helm of a knight who, he knew, had vowed to maim him or take his life; and, wishing to give him a chance of fulfilling his vow, rode him down, horse and man. The knight's Norman friends attacked us in force; and we Flemings, with Hereward at our head, beat them off, and overthrew so many, that we are almost all horsed at the Norman's expense. Three more knights, with their horses, fell before Hereward's lance."

"And what of this favour?"

"He sends it to its owner. Let her say what shall be done with it."

Torfrida was on the point of saying, "He has won it; let him wear it for my sake." But she paused. She longed to see Hereward face to face; to speak to him, if but one word. If she allowed him to wear the favour, she must at least have the pleasure of giving it with her own hands. And she paused.

"And he is killed?"

"Who? Hereward?"

"Sir Ascelin."

"Only bruised: but he shall be killed, if you will."

"God forbid!"

"Then," said Siward, mistaking her meaning, "all I have to tell Hereward is, it seems, that he has wasted his blow. He will return, therefore, to the Knight of St. Valeri his horse, and, if the Lady Torfrida chooses, the favour which he has taken by mistake from its rightful owner." And he set his teeth, and could not prevent stamping on the ground, in evident passion. There was a tone, too, of deep disappointment in his voice, which made Torfrida look keenly at him. Why should Hereward's nephew feel so deeply about that favour? And as she looked—could that man be the youth Siward? Young he was, but surely thirty years old at least. His face could hardly be seen, hidden by helmet and nose-piece above, and mailed up to the mouth below. But his long moustache was that of a grown man; his vast breadth of shoulder, his hard hand, his sturdy limbs,—these surely belonged not to the slim youth whom she had seen from her lattice riding at Hereward's side. And, as she looked, she saw upon his hand the bear of which her nurse had told her.

"You are deceiving me!" and she turned first deadly pale, and then crimson. "You—you are Hereward himself!"

"I? Pardon me, my lady. Ten minutes ago I should have been glad enough to have been Hereward. Now, I am thankful enough that I am only Siward; and not Hereward, who wins for himself contempt by overthrowing a knight more fortunate than he." And he bowed, and turned away to go.

"Hereward! Hereward!" and, in her passion, she seized him by both his hands. "I know you! I know that device upon your hand. At last! at last my hero—my idol! How I have longed for this moment! How I have toiled for it, and not in vain! Good heavens! what am I saying?" And she tried, in her turn, to escape from Hereward's mailed arms.

"Then you do not care for that man?"

"For him? Here! take my favour, wear it before all the world, and guard it as you only can; and let them all know that Torfrida is your love."

And with hands trembling with passion, she bound the ribbon round his helm.

"Yes! I am Hereward," he almost shouted; "the Berserker, the brain-hewer, the land-thief, the sea-thief, the feeder of wolf and raven—Aoi! Ere my beard was grown, I was a match for giants. How much more now, that I am a man whom ladies love? Many a champion has quailed before my very glance. How much more, now that I wear Torfrida's gift? Aoi!"

Torfrida had often heard that wild battle-cry of Aoi! of which the early minstrels were so fond—with which the great poet who wrote the "Song of Roland" ends every paragraph; which has now fallen (displaced by our modern Hurrah), to be merely a sailor's call or hunter's cry. But she shuddered as she heard it close to her ears, and saw, from the flashing eye and dilated nostril, the temper of the man on whom she had thrown herself so utterly. She laid her hand upon his lips.

"Silence! silence for pity's sake. Remember that you are in a maiden's house; and think of her good fame."

Hereward collected himself instantly, and then holding her at arm's length, gazed upon her. "I was mad a moment. But is it not enough to make me mad to look at you?"

"Do not look at me so, I cannot bear it," said she, hanging down her head. "You forget that I am a poor weak girl."

"Ah! we are rough wooers, we sea-rovers. We cannot pay glozing French compliments like your knights here, who fawn on a damsel with soft words in the hall, and will kiss the dust off their queen's feet, and die for a hair of their goddess' eyebrow; and then if they catch her in the forest, show themselves as very ruffians as if they were Paynim Moors. We are rough, lady, we English: but those who trust us, find us true."

"And I can trust you?" she asked, still trembling.

"On God's cross there round your neck," and he took her crucifix and kissed it. "You only I love, you only I will love, and you will I love in all honesty, before the angels of heaven, till we be wedded man and wife. Who but a fool would soil the flower which he means to wear before all the world?"

"I knew Hereward was noble! I knew I had not trusted him in vain!"

"I kept faith and honour with the Princess of Cornwall, when I had her at my will, and shall I not keep faith and honour with you?"

"The Princess of Cornwall?" asked Torfrida.

"Do not be jealous, fair queen. I brought her safe to her betrothed; and wedded she is, long ago. I will tell you that story some day. And now—I must go."

"Not yet! not yet! I have something to—to show you."

She motioned him to go up the narrow stairs, or rather ladder, which led to the upper floor, and then led him into her chamber.

A lady's chamber was then, in days when privacy was little cared for, her usual reception-room; and the bed, which stood in an alcove, was the common seat of her and her guests. But Torfrida did not ask him to sit down. She led the way onward towards a door beyond.

Hereward followed, glancing with awe at the books, parchments, and strange instruments which lay on the table and the floor.

The old Lapp nurse sat in the window, sewing busily. She looked up, and smiled meaningly. But as she saw Torfrida unlock the further door with one of the keys which hung at her girdle, she croaked out:

"Too fast! Too fast! Trust lightly, and repent heavily."

"Trust once and for all, or never trust at all," said Torfrida, as she opened the door.

Hereward saw within rich dresses hung on perches round the wall, and chests barred and padlocked.

"These are treasures," said she, "which many a knight and nobleman has coveted. By cunning, by flattery, by threats of force even, have they tried to win what lies here—and Torfrida herself, too, for the sake of her wealth. But thanks to the Abbot my uncle, Torfrida is still her own mistress, and mistress of the wealth which her forefathers won by sea and land far away in the East. All here is mine—and if you be but true to me, all mine is yours. Lift the lid for me, it is too heavy for my arms."

Hereward did so; and saw within golden cups and bracelets, horns of ivory and silver, bags of coin, and among them a mail shirt and helmet, on which he fixed at once silent and greedy eyes.

She looked at his face askance, and smiled. "Yes, these are more to Hereward's taste than gold and jewels. And he shall have them. He shall have them as a proof that if Torfrida has set her love upon a worthy knight, she is at least worthy of him; and does not demand, without being able to give in return."

And she took out the armour, and held it up to him.

"This is the work of dwarfs or enchanters! This was not forged by mortal man! It must have come out of some old cavern, or dragon's hoard!" said Hereward, in astonishment at the extreme delicacy and slightness of the mail-rings, and the richness of the gold and silver with which both hauberk and helm were inlaid.

"Enchanted it is, they say; but its maker, who can tell? My ancestor won it, and by the side of Charles Martel. Listen, and I will tell you how.

"You have heard of fair Provence, where I spent my youth; the land of the sunny south; the land of the fig and the olive, the mulberry and the rose, the tulip and the anemone, and all rich fruits and fair flowers,—the land where every city is piled with temples, and theatres, and towers as high as heaven, which the old Romans built with their enchantments, and tormented the blessed martyrs therein."

"Heavens, how beautiful you are!" cried Hereward, as her voice shaped itself into a song, and her eyes flashed, at the remembrance of her southern home.

Torfrida was not altogether angry at finding that he was thinking of her, and not of her words.

"Peace, and listen. You know how the Paynim held that land—the Saracens, to whom Mahound taught all the wisdom of Solomon—as they teach us in turn," she added in a lower voice.

"And how Charles and his Paladins" [Charles Martel and Charlemagne were perpetually confounded in the legends of the time] "drove them out, and conquered the country again for God and his mother."

"I have heard——" but he did not take his eyes off her face.

"They were in the theatre at Arles, the Saracens, where the blessed martyr St. Trophimus had died in torments; they had set up there their idol of Mahound, and turned the place into a fortress. Charles burnt it over their heads: you see—I have seen—the blackened walls, the bloodstained marbles, to this day. Then they fled into the plain, and there they turned and fought. Under Mont Majeur, by the hermit's cell, they fought a summer's day, till they were all slain. There was an Emir among them, black as a raven, clad in magic armour. All lances turned from it, all swords shivered on it. He rode through the press without a wound, while every stroke of his scimitar shore off a head of horse or man. Charles himself rode at him, and smote him with his hammer. They heard the blow in Avignon, full thirty miles away. The flame flashed out from the magic armour a fathom's length, blinding all around; and when they recovered their sight, the enchanter was far away in the battle, killing as he went.

"Then Charles cried, 'Who will stop that devil, whom no steel can wound? Help us, oh blessed martyr St. Trophimus, and save the soldiers of the Cross from shame!'

"Then cried Torfrid, my forefather, 'What use in crying to St. Trophimus? He could not help himself, when the Paynim burnt him: and how can he help us? A tough arm is worth a score of martyrs here.'

"And he rode at that Emir, and gript him in his arms. They both fell, and rolled together on the ground: but Torfrid never loosed his hold till he had crushed out his unbaptised soul and sent it to join Mahound in hell.

"Then he took his armour, and brought it home in triumph. But after awhile he fell sick of a fever; and the blessed St. Trophimus appeared to him, and told him that it was a punishment for his blasphemy in the battle. So he repented, and vowed to serve the saint all his life. On which he was healed instantly, and fell to religion, and went back to Mont Majeur; and there he was a hermit in the cave under the rock, and tended the graves hewn in the living stone, where his old comrades, the Paladins who were slain, sleep side by side round the church of the Holy Cross. But the armour he left here; and he laid a curse upon it, that whosoever of his descendants should lose that armour in fight, should die childless, without a son to wield a sword. And therefore it is that none of his ancestors, valiant as they have been, have dared to put this harness on their backs."

And so ended a story, which Torfrida believed utterly, and Hereward likewise.

"And now, Hereward mine, dare you wear that magic armour, and face old Torfrid's curse?"

"What dare I not?"

"Think. If you lose it, in you your race must end."

"Let it end. I accept the curse."

And he put the armour on.

But he trembled as he did it. Atheism and superstition go too often hand-in-hand; and godless as he was, sceptical of Providence itself, and much more of the help of saint or angel, still the curse of the old warrior, like the malice of a witch or a demon, was to him a thing possible, probable, and formidable.

She looked at him in pride and exultation.

"It is yours—the invulnerable harness! Wear it in the forefront of the battle! And if weapon wound you through it, may I, as punishment for my lie, suffer the same upon my tender body—a wound for every wound of yours, my knight!"*

And after that they sat side by side, and talked of love with all honour and honesty, never heeding the old hag, who crooned to herself in her barbarian tongue—

"Quick thaw, long frost,
Quick joy, long pain,
Soon found, soon lost,
You will take your gift again."

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE HOLLANDERS TOOK HEREWARD FOR A MAGICIAN.

Of this weary Holland war which dragged itself on campaign after campaign for several years, what need to tell? There was, doubtless, the due amount of murder, plunder, burning, and worse; and the final event was certain from the beginning. It was a struggle between civilised and disciplined men, armed to the teeth, well furnished with ships and military engines, against poor simple folk in "felt coats stiffened with tar or turpentine, or in very short jackets of hide," says the chronicler, "who fought by threes, two with a crooked lance and three darts each, and between them a man with a sword or an axe, who held his shield before those two;—a very great multitude, but in composition utterly undisciplined," who came down to the sea coast, with carts and waggons, to carry off the spoils of the Flemings, and bade them all surrender at discretion, and go home again after giving up Count Robert and Hereward, with the "tribunes of the brigades," to be put to death, as valiant South Sea islanders might have done: and then found themselves as sheep to the slaughter before the cunning Hereward, whom they esteemed a magician on account of his craft and his invulnerable armour.

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* "Volo enim in meo tale quid nunc perpeti corpore semel, quicquid eas ferri vel e metallo excederet."

So at least says Leofric's paraphrast, who tells long confused stories of battles and campaigns, some of them without due regard to chronology; for it is certain that the brave Frisians could not on Robert's first landing have "feared lest they should be conquered by foreigners, as they had heard the English were by the French," because that event had not then happened.

And so much for the war among the Meres of Scheldt.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW HEREWARD TURNED BERSERK.

Torfrida's heart misgave her that first night as to the effects of her exceeding frankness. Her pride in the first place was somewhat wounded; she had dreamed of a knight who would worship her as his queen, hang on her smile, die at her frown; and she had meant to bring Hereward to her feet as such a slave, in boundless gratitude; but had he not rather held his own, and brought her to his feet, by assuming her devotion as his right? And if he assumed that, how far could she trust him not to abuse his claim? Was he quite as perfect seen close, as seen afar off? And now that the intoxication of that meeting had passed off, she began to remember more than one little fault which she would have gladly seen mended. Certain roughnesses of manner which contrasted unfavourably with the polish (merely external though it was), of the Flemish and Norman knights; a boastful self-sufficiency, too, which bordered on the ludicrous at whiles even in her partial eyes; which would be a matter of open laughter to the knights of the Court. Besides, if they laughed at him, they would laugh at her for choosing him. And then wounded vanity came in to help wounded pride; and she sat over the cold embers till almost dawn of day, her head between her hands, musing sadly, and half wishing that the irrevocable yesterday had never come.

But when, after a few months, Hereward returned from his first campaign in Holland, covered with glory and renown, all smiles, and beauty, and health, and good-humour, and gratitude for the magic armour which had preserved him unhurt, then Torfrida forgot all her fears, and thought herself the happiest maid alive for four-and-twenty hours at least.

And then came back, and after that again and again, the old fears. Gradually she found out that the sneers which she had heard at English barbarians were not altogether without ground. Not only had her lover's life been passed among half brutal and wild adventurers; but, like the rest of his nation, he had never felt the influence of that classic civilisation without which good manners seem, even to this day, almost beyond the reach of the white man. Those among whom she had been brought up, whether soldiers or clerks, were probably no nobler or purer at heart—she would gladly have believed them far less so—than Hereward; but the merest varnish of Roman civilisation had given a charm to their manners, a wideness of range to their thoughts, which Hereward had not.

Especially when he had taken too much to drink—which he did, after the Danish fashion, far oftener than the rest of Baldwin's men—he grew rude, boastful, quarrelsome. He would chant his own doughty deeds, and "gab" as the Norman word was, in painful earnest, while they gabbed only in sport, and outvied each other in impossible fanfarronades, simply to laugh down a fashion which was held inconsistent with the modesty of a true knight. Bitter it was to her to hear him announcing to the company, not for the first or second time, how he had slain the Cornish giant, whose height increased by a foot at least every time he was mentioned; and then to hear him answered by some smart, smooth-shaven youth, who, with as much mimicry of his manner as he dared to assume, boasted of having slain in Araby a giant with two heads, and taken out of his two mouths the two halves of the princess whom he was devouring, which being joined together afterwards by the prayers of a holy hermit, were delivered back safe and sound to her father the King of Antioch. And more bitter still, to hear Hereward angrily dispute the story, unaware (at least at first) that he was being laughed at.

Then she grew sometimes cold, sometimes contemptuous, sometimes altogether fierce; and shed bitter tears in secret, when she was complimented on the modesty of her young savage.

But she was a brave maiden; and what was more, she loved him with all her heart. Else why endure bitter words for his sake? And she set herself to teach and train the wild outlaw into her ideal of a very perfect knight.

She talked to him of modesty and humility, the root of all virtues; of chivalry and self-sacrifice; of respect to the weak, and mercy to the fallen; of devotion to God, and awe of His commandments. She set before him the example of ancient heroes and philosophers, of saints and martyrs; and as much awed him by her learning, as by the new world of higher and purer morality, which was opened for the first time to the wandering Viking.

And he drank it all in. Taught by a woman who loved him, he could listen to humiliating truths, which he would have sneered at, had they come from the lips of a hermit or a priest. Often he rebelled; often he broke loose, and made her angry, and himself ashamed: but the spell was on him—a far surer, as well as purer spell than any love-potion of which foolish Torfrida had ever dreamed—the only spell which can really civilise man—that of woman's tact, and woman's purity.

But there were relapses, as was natural. The wine at Robert the Frison's table was often too good; and then Hereward's tongue was loosed, and Torfrida justly indignant. And one evening, there came a very serious relapse, and out of which arose a strange adventure.

For one day the Great Marquis sent for his son to Bruges, ere he set out for another campaign in Holland; and made him a great feast, to which he invited Torfrida and her mother. For Adela of France, the Queen Countess, had heard so much of Torfrida's beauty, that she must needs have her as one of her bower-maidens; and her mother, who was an old friend of Adela's, of course was highly honoured by such a promotion for her daughter.

So they went to Bruges, and Hereward and his men went of course; and they feasted, and harped, and sang; and the saying was fulfilled—

"'Tis merry in the hall
When beards wag all."

But the only beard which wagged in that hall was Hereward's; for the Flemings, like the Normans, prided themselves on their civilised and smooth-shaven chins, and laughed (behind his back) at Hereward, who prided himself on keeping his beautiful English beard, with locks of gold which, like his long golden hair, were combed and curled daily, after the fashion of the Anglo-Danes.

But Hereward's beard began to wag somewhat too fast, as he sat by Torfrida's side, when some knight near began to tell of a wonderful mare, called Swallow, which was to be found in one of the islands of the Scheldt, and was famous through all the country round; insinuating, moreover, that Hereward might as well have brought that mare home with him as a trophy.

Hereward answered, in his boasting vein, that he would bring home that mare, or aught else that he had a liking to.

"You will find it not so easy. Her owner, they say, is a mighty strong churl of a horse-breeder, Dick Hammerhand by name; and as for cutting his throat, that you must not do; for he has been loyal to Countess Gertrude, and sent her horses whenever she needed."

"One may pick a fair quarrel with him nevertheless."

"Then you must bide such a buffet as you never abode before. They say his arm has seven men's strength; and whosoever visits him, he challenges to give and take a blow; but every man that has taken a blow as yet, has never needed another."

"Hereward will have need of his magic head-piece, if he tries that adventure," quoth another.

"Ay," retorted the first speaker; "but the helmet may stand the rap well enough, and yet the brains inside be the worse."

"Not a doubt. I knew a man once, who was so strong, that he would shake a nut till the kernel went to powder, and yet never break the shell."

"That is a lie!" quoth Hereward. And so it was, and told purposely to make him expose himself.

Whereon high words followed, which Torfrida tried in vain to stop. Hereward was flushed with ire and scorn.

"Magic armour, forsooth!" cried he at last. "What care I for armour or for magic? I will wager to you"—"my armour," he was on the point of saying, but he checked himself in time—"any horse in my stable, that I go in my shirt to Scaldmariland, and bring back that mare single-handed."

"Hark to the Englishman. He has turned Berserk at last, like his forefathers. You will surely start in a pair of hose as well, or the ladies will be shamed."

And so forth, till Torfrida was purple with shame, and wished herself fathoms deep; and Adela of France called sternly from the head of the table to ask what the wrangling meant.

"It is only the English Berserker, the Lady Torfrida's champion," said some one in his most courteous tone, "who is not yet as well acquainted with the customs of knighthood as that fair lady hopes to make him hereafter."

"Torfrida's champion?" asked Adela, in a tone of surprise, if not scorn.

"If any knight quarrels with my Hereward, he quarrels with Robert himself!" thundered Count Robert. "Silence!"

And so the matter was hushed up.

The banquet ended; and they walked out into the garden to cool their heads, and play at games, and dance.

Torfrida avoided Hereward: but he, with the foolish pertinacity of a man who knows he has had too much wine, and yet pretends to himself that he has not, would follow her, and speak to her.

She turned away more than once. At last she was forced to speak to him.

"So! You have made me a laughing-stock to these knights. You have scorned at my gifts. You have said—and before these men, too—that you need neither helm nor hauberk. Give me them back, then, Berserker as you are, and go sleep off your wine."

"That will I," laughed Hereward boisterously.

"You are tipsy," said she, "and do not know what you say."

"You are angry, and do not know what you say. Hearken, proud lass. I will take care of one thing, and that is, that you shall speak the truth."

"Did I not say that you were tipsy?"

"Pish! You said that I was a Berserker. And truth you shall speak; for baresark I go to-morrow to the war, and baresark I win that mare or die."

"That will be very fit for you."

And the two turned haughtily from each other.

Ere Torfrida went to bed that night, there was a violent knocking. Angry as she was, she was yet anxious enough to hurry out of her chamber, and open the door herself.

Martin Lightfoot stood there with a large leather case, which he flung at her feet somewhat unceremoniously.

"There is some gear of yours," said he, as it clanged and rattled on the floor.

"What do you mean, man?"

"Only that my master bid me say that he cares as little for his own life as you do." And he turned away.

She caught him by the arm:—

"What is the meaning of this? What is in this mail?"

"You should know best. If young folks cannot be content when they are well off, they will go further and fare worse," says Martin Lightfoot. And he slipt from her grasp and fled into the night.

She took the mail to her room and opened it. It contained the magic armour.

All her anger was melted away. She cried; she blamed herself. He would be killed; his blood would be on her head. She would have carried it back to him with her own hands; she would have entreated him on her knees to take it back. But how face the courtiers? and how find him? Very probably, too, he was by that time hopelessly drunk. And at that thought she drew herself into herself, and trying to harden her heart again, went to bed, but not to sleep; and bitterly she cried as she thought over the old hag's croon:—

"Quick joy, long pain,
You will take your gift again."

It might have been five o'clock the next morning when the clarion rang down the street. She sprang up and drest herself quickly; but never more carefully or gaily. She heard the tramp of horse-hoofs. He was moving a-field early, indeed. Should she go to the window to bid him farewell? Should she hide herself in just anger?

She looked out stealthily through the blind of the little window in the gable. There rode down the street Robert le Frison in full armour, and behind him, knight after knight, a wall of shining steel. But by his side rode one bare-headed, his long yellow curls floating over his shoulders. His boots had golden spurs, a gilt belt held up his sword; but his only dress was a silk shirt and silk hose. He laughed and sang, and made his horse caracol, and tossed his lance in the air, and caught it by the point, like Taillefer at Hastings, as he passed under the window.

She threw open the blind, careless of all appearances. She would have called to him: but the words choked her; and what should she say?

He looked up boldly, and smiled.

"Farewell, fair lady mine. Drunk I was last night: but not so drunk as to forget a promise."

And he rode on, while Torfrida rushed away and broke into wild weeping.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW HEREWARD WON MARE SWALLOW.

On a bench at the door of his highroofed wooden house sat Dirk Hammerhand, the richest man in Walcheren. From within the house sounded the pleasant noise of slave-women, grinding and chatting at the handquern; from without, the pleasant noise of geese and fowls without number. And as he sat and drank his ale, and watched the herd of horses in the fen, he thought himself a happy man, and thanked his Odin and Thor that owing to his princely supplies of horses to Countess Gertrude, Robert the Frison and his Christian Franks had not harried him to the bare walls, as they would probably do ere all was over.

As he looked at the horses, some half mile off, he saw a strange stir among them. They began whinnying and pawing round a fourfooted thing in the midst, which might be a badger, or a wolf—though both were very uncommon in that pleasant isle of Walcheren; but which plainly had no business there. Whereon he took up a mighty staff, and strode over the fen to see.

He found neither wolf nor badger: but to his exceeding surprise, a long lean man, clothed in ragged horse skins, whinnying and neighing exactly like a horse, and then stooping to eat grass like one. He advanced to do the first thing which came into his head, namely to break the man's back with his staff, and ask him afterwards who he might be. But ere he could strike, the man or horse kicked up with its hind legs in his face, and then springing on to the said hind legs ran away with extraordinary swiftness some fifty yards; and then went down on all-fours and began grazing again.

"Beest thou man or devil?" cried Dirk, somewhat frightened.

The thing looked up. The face at least was human.

"Art thou a Christian man?" asked it in bad Frisian, intermixed with snorts and neighs.

"What's that to thee?" growled Dirk; and began to wish a little that he was one, having heard that the sign of the cross was of great virtue in driving away fiends.

"Thou art not Christian. Thou believest in Thor and Odin? Then there is hope."

"Hope of what?" Dirk was growing more and more frightened.

"Of her, my sister! Ah, my sister, can it be that I shall find thee at last, after ten thousand miles, and thirty years of woeful wandering?"

"I have no man's sister here. At least, my wife's brother was killed——"

"I speak not of a sister in woman's shape. Mine, alas! — oh woeful prince, oh more woeful princess—eats the herb of the field somewhere in the shape of a mare, as ugly as she was once beautiful, but swifter than the swallow on the wing."

"I've none such here," quoth Dirk, thoroughly frightened, and glancing uneasily at mare Swallow.

"You have not? Alas, wretched me! It was prophesied to me by the witch that I should find her in the field of one who worshipped the old gods; for had she come across a holy priest, she had been a woman again, long ago. Whither must I wander afresh!" And the thing began weeping bitterly, and then ate more grass.

"I—that is—thou poor miserable creature," said Dirk, half pitying, half wishing to turn the subject; "leave off making a beast of thyself awhile, and tell me who thou art."

"I have made no beast of myself, most noble earl of the Frisians, for so you doubtless are. I was made a beast of—a horse of, by an enchanter of a certain land, and my sister a mare."

"Thou dost not say so?" quoth Dirk, who considered such an event quite possible.

"I was a prince of the county of Alboronia, which lies between Cathay and the Mountains of the Moon, as fair once as I am foul now, and only less fair than my lost sister; and by the enchantments of a cruel magician we became what we are."

"But thou art not a horse, at all events?"

"Am I not? Thou knowest, then, more of me than I do of myself," and it ate more grass. "But hear the rest of my story. My hapless sister was sold away with me to a merchant: but I, breaking loose from him, fled until I bathed in a magic fountain. At once I recovered my man's shape, and was rejoicing therein, when out of the fountain rose a fairy more beautiful than an elf, and smiled upon me with love.

"She asked me my story, and I told it. And when it was told — 'Wretch!' she cried, 'and coward, who hast deserted thy sister in her need. I would have loved thee, and made thee immortal as myself: but now thou shalt wander ugly and eating grass, clothed in the horse-hide which has just dropped from thy limbs, till thou shalt find thy sister, and bring her to bathe, like thee, in this magic well.'"

"All good spirits help us! And you are really a prince?"

"As surely," cried the thing with a voice of sudden rapture, "as that mare is my sister;" and he rushed at mare Swallow. "I see, I see, my mother's eyes, my father's nose——"

"He must have been a chuckle-headed king that, then," grinned Dick to himself. "The mare's nose is as big as a buck-basket. But how can she be a princess, man—prince I mean? she has a foal running by her here."

"A foal?" said the thing solemnly. "Let me behold it. Alas, alas, my sister! Thy tyrant's threat has come true, that thou shouldst be his bride whether thou wouldst or not. I see, I see in the features of thy son his hated lineaments."

"Why he must be as like a horse, then, as your father. But this will not do, Master Horse-man; I know that foal's pedigree better than I do my own."

"Man, man, simple, though honest!—Hast thou never heard of the skill of the enchanter of the East? How they transform their victims at night back again into human shape, and by day into the shape of beasts again?"

"Yes—well—I know that——"

"And do you not see how you are deluded? Every night, doubt not, that mare and foal take their human shape again; and every night, perhaps, that foul enchanter visits in your fen, perhaps in your very stable, his wretched and perhaps unwilling bride."

"An enchanter in my stable? That is an ugly guest. But no. I've been into the stables fifty times, to see if that mare was safe. Mare was mare, and colt was colt, Mr. Prince, if I have eyes to see."

"And what are eyes against enchantments? The moment you opened the door, the spell was cast over them again. You ought to thank your stars that no worse has happened yet; that the enchanter, in fleeing, has not wrung your neck as he went out, or cast a spell on you, which will fire your barns, lame your geese, give your fowls the pip, your horses the glanders, your cattle the murrain, your children the St. Vitus' dance, your wife the creeping palsy, and yourself the chalk-stones in all your fingers."

"The Lord have mercy on me! If the half of this be true, I will turn Christian. I will send for a priest, and be baptized to-morrow!"

"Oh, my sister, my sister! Dost thou not know me? Dost thou answer my caresses with kicks? Or is thy heart, as well as thy body, so enchained by that cruel necromancer, that thou preferrest to be his, and scornest thine own salvation, leaving me to eat grass till I die?"

"I say, Prince—I say—What would you have a man to do? I bought the mare honestly, and I have kept her well. She can't say aught against me on that score. And whether she be princess or not, I'm loth to part with her."

"Keep her then, and keep with her the curse of all the saints and angels. Look down, ye holy saints" (and the thing poured out a long string of saints' names), "and avenge this catholic princess, kept in bestial durance by an unbaptized heathen! May his——"

"Don't! don't!" roared Dirk. "And don't look at me like that" (for he feared the evil eye), "or I'll brain you with my staff!"

"Fool, if I have lost a horse's figure, I have not lost his swiftness. Ere thou couldst strike, I should have run a mile and back, to curse thee afresh." And the thing ran round him, and fell on all-fours again, and ate grass.

"Mercy, mercy! And that is more than I ever asked yet of man. But it is hard," growled he, "that a man should lose his money, because a rogue sells him a princess in disguise."

"Then sell her again; sell her, as thou valuest thy life, to the first Christian man thou meetest. And yet no. What matters? Ere a month be over, the seven years' enchantment will have passed, and she will return to her own shape, with her son, and vanish from thy farm, leaving thee to vain repentance, and so thou wilt both lose thy money, and get her curse. Farewell, and my malison abide with thee."

And the thing, without another word, ran right away, neighing as it went, leaving Dirk in a state of abject terror.

He went home. He cursed the mare, he cursed the man who sold her, he cursed the day he saw her, he cursed the day he was born. He told his story with exaggerations and confusions in plenty to all in the house; and terror fell on them likewise. No one, that evening, dare go down into the fen to drive the horses up; and Dirk got very drunk, went to bed, and trembled there all night (as did the rest of the household), expecting the enchanter to enter on a flaming fire-drake, at every howl of the wind.

The next morning, as Dirk was going about his business with a doleful face, casting stealthy glances at the fen, to see if the mysterious mare was still there, and a chance of his money still left, a man rode up to the door.

He was poorly clothed, with a long rusty sword by his side. A broad felt hat, long boots, and a haversack behind his saddle, showed him to be a traveller, seemingly a horse dealer; for there followed him, tied head and tail, a brace of sorry nags.

"Heaven save all here," quoth he, making the sign of the cross. "Can any good Christian give me a drink of milk?"

"Ale, if thou wilt," said Dirk. "But what art thou, and whence?"

On any other day, he would have tried to coax his guest into trying a buffet with him for his horse and clothes: but this morning his heart was heavy with the thought of the enchanted mare, and he welcomed the chance of selling her to the stranger.

"We are not very fond of strangers about here, since these Flemings have been harrying our borders. If thou art a spy, it will be worse for thee."

"I am neither spy nor Fleming: but a poor servant of the Lord Bishop of Utrecht's, buying a garron or two for his lordship's priests. As for these Flemings, may St. John Baptist save from them both me and you. Do you know of any man who has horses to sell hereabouts?"

"There are horses in the fen yonder," quoth Dirk, who knew that churchmen were likely to give a liberal price, and pay in good silver.

"I saw them as I rode up. And a fine lot they are: but of too good a stamp for my short purse, or for my holy masters' riding,—a fat priest likes a quiet nag, my master."

"Humph. Well, if quietness is what you need, there is a mare down there, a child might ride her with a thread of wool. But as for price—— And she has a colt, too, running by her."

"Ah?" quoth the horseman. "Well, your Walcheren folk make good milk, that's certain. A colt by her? That's awkward. My lord does not like young horses; and it would be troublesome, too, to take the thing along with me."

The less anxious the dealer seemed to buy, the more anxious grew Dirk to sell; but he concealed his anxiety, and let the stranger turn away, thanking him for his drink.

"I say!" he called after him. "You might look at her, as you ride past the herd."

The stranger assented, and they went down into the fen, and looked over the precious mare, whose feats were afterwards sung by many an English fire-side, or in the forest, beneath the hollins green, by such as Robin Hood and his merry men. The ugliest, as well as the swiftest, of mares, she was, say the old chroniclers; and it was not till the stranger had looked twice at her, that he forgot her great chuckle-head, greyhound-flanks, and drooping hind-quarters, and began to see the great length of those same quarters,—the thighs let down into the hocks, the arched loin, the extraordinary girth through the saddle, the sloping shoulder, the long arms, the flat knees, the large well-set hoofs, and all the other points which showed her strength and speed, and justified her fame.

"She might carry a big man like you through the mud," said he carelessly: "but as for pace, one cannot expect that with such a chuckle head. And if one rode her through a town, the boys would call after one, 'All head and no tail'—Why I can't see her tail for her quarters, it is so ill set on."

"Ill set on, or none," said Dirk, testily, "don't go to speak against her pace, till you have seen it. Here, lass!"

Dirk was in his heart rather afraid of the princess: but he was comforted when she came up to him like a dog.

"She's as sensible as a woman," said he; and then grumbled to himself, "may be, she knows I mean to part with her."

"Lend me your saddle," said he to the stranger.

The stranger did so; and Dirk mounting, galloped her in a ring. There was no doubt of her powers, as soon as she began to move.

"I hope you won't remember this against me, madam," said Dirk, as soon as he got out of the stranger's hearing. "I can't do less than sell you to a Christian. And certainly I have been as good a master to you as if I'd known who you were; but if you wish to stay with me you've only to kick me off, and say so, and I'm yours to command."

"Well, she can gallop a bit," said the stranger, as Dirk pulled her up and dismounted: "but an ugly brute she is nevertheless, and such a one as I should not care to ride, for I am a gay man among the ladies. However, what is your price?"

Dirk named twice as much as he would have taken.

"Half that, you mean." And the usual haggle began.

"Tell thee what," said Dirk at last. "I am a man who has his fancies; and this shall be her price; half thy bid, and a box on the ear."

The demon of covetousness had entered Dirk's heart. What if he got the money, brained or at least disabled the stranger, and so had a chance of selling the mare a second time to some fresh comer?

"Thou art a strange fellow," quoth the horsedealer. "But so be it."

Dirk chuckled. "He does not know," thought he, "that he has to do with Dirk Hammerhand," and he clenched his fist in anticipation of his rough joke.

"There," quoth the stranger, counting out the money carefully, "is thy coin. And there—is thy box on the ear."

And with a blow which rattled over the fen, he felled Dirk Hammerhand to the ground.

He lay senseless for a moment, and then looked wildly round. His jaw was broken.

"Villain!" groaned he. "It was I who was to give the buffet, not thou!"

"Art mad?" asked the stranger, as he coolly picked up the coins, which Dirk had scattered in his fall. "It is the seller's business to take, and the buyer's to give."

And while Dirk roared for help in vain he leapt on mare Swallow and rode off shouting,

"Aha! Dirk Hammerhand! So you thought to knock a hole in my skull, as you have done to many a better man than yourself. He is a lucky man who never meets his match, Dirk. I shall give your love to the Enchanted Prince, my faithful servingman, whom they call Martin Lightfoot."

Dirk cursed the day he was born. Instead of the mare and colt, he had got the two wretched garrons which the stranger had left, and a face which made him so tender of his own teeth, that he never again offered to try a buffet with a stranger.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW HEREWARD RODE INTO BRUGES LIKE A BEGGARMAN.

THE spring and summer had passed, and the autumn was almost over, when great news came to the Court of Bruges, where Torfrida was now a bowermaiden.

The Hollanders had been beaten till they submitted; at least for the present. There was peace, at least for the present, through all the isles of Scheldt; and more than all, the lovely Countess Gertrude had resolved to reward her Champion by giving him her hand, and the guardianship of her lands and the infant son.

And Hereward?

From him, or of him, there was no word. That he was alive and fighting, was all the messenger could say.

Then Robert came back to Bruges, with a gallant retinue, leading home his bride. And there met him his father and mother, and his brother of Mons, and Richilda the beautiful and terrible sorceress—who had not yet stained her soul with those fearful crimes which she had expiated by fearful penances in after years, when young Arnoul, the son for whom she had sold her soul, lay dead through the very crimes by which she had meant to make him a mighty prince. And Torfrida went out with them to meet Count Robert, and looked for Hereward, till her eyes were ready to fall out of her head. But Hereward was not with them.

"He must be left behind, commanding the army," thought she. "But he might have sent one word!"

There was a great feast that day, of course; and Torfrida sat thereat: but she could not eat. Nevertheless she was too proud to let the knights know what was in her heart; so she chatted and laughed as gaily as the rest, watching always for any word of Hereward. But none mentioned his name.

The feast was long; the ladies did not rise till nigh bedtime; and then the men drank on.

They went up to the Queen-Countess's chamber; where a solemn undressing of that royal lady usually took place.

The etiquette was this. The Queen-Countess sat in her chair of state in the midst, till her shoes were taken off, and her hair dressed for the night. Right and left of her, according to their degrees, sat the other great ladies; and behind each of them, where they could find places, the maidens.

It was Torfrida's turn to take off the royal shoes; and she advanced into the middle of the semicircle, slippers in hand.

"Stop there!" said the Countess-Queen.

Whereat Torfrida stopped, very much frightened.

"Countesses and ladies," said the mistress. "There are, in Provence and the South, what I wish there were here in Flanders—Courts of Love, at which all offenders against the sacred laws of Venus and Cupid are tried by an assembly of their peers, and punished according to their deserts."

Torfrida turned scarlet.

"I know not why we, countesses and ladies, should have less knowledge of the laws of love than those gayer dames of the South, whose blood runs—to judge by her dark hair—in the veins of yon fair maid."

There was a silence. Torfrida was the most beautiful woman in the room; more beautiful than even Richilda the terrible: and therefore there were few but were glad to see her—as it seemed—in trouble.

Torfrida's mother began whimpering, and praying to six or seven saints at once. But nobody marked her—possibly not even the saints; being preoccupied with Torfrida.

"I hear, fair maid—for that you are that I will do you the justice to confess—that you are old enough to be married this four years since."

Torfrida stood like a stone, frightened out of her wits, plentiful as they were.

"Why are you not married?"

There was, of course, no answer.

"I hear that knights have fought for you; lost their lives for you."

"I did not bid them," gasped Torfrida, longing that the floor would open, and swallow up the Queen-Countess and all her kin and followers, as it did for the enemies of the blessed Saint Dunstan, while he was arguing with them in an upper room at Calne.

"And that the knight of St. Valery, to whom you gave your favour, now lies languishing of wounds got in your cause."

"I—I did not bid him fight," gasped Torfrida, now wishing that the floor would open and swallow up herself.

"And that he who overthrew the knight of St. Valery—to whom you gave that favour, and more—"

"I gave him nothing a maiden might not give," cried Torfrida, so fiercely that the Queen-Countess recoiled somewhat.

"I never said that you did, girl. Your love you gave him. Can you deny that?"

Torfrida laughed bitterly: her Southern blood was rising.

"I put my love out to nurse, instead of weaning it, as many a maiden has done before me. When my love cried for hunger and cold, I took it back again to my own bosom: and whether it has lived or died there, is no one's matter but my own."

"Hunger and cold? I hear that him to whom you gave your love, you drove out to the cold, bidding him go fight in his bare shirt, if he wished to win your love."

"I did not. He angered me—He"—and Torfrida. found herself in the act of accusing Hereward.

She stopped instantly.

"What more, Majesty? If this be true, what more may not be true of such a one as I? I submit myself to your royal grace."

"She has confessed. What punishment, ladies, does she deserve? Or, rather, what punishment would her cousins of Provence inflict, did we send her southward, to be judged by their Courts of Love?"

One lady said one thing, one another. Some spoke cruelly; some worse than cruelly; for they were coarse ages, the ages of faith; and ladies said things then in open company which gentlemen would be ashamed to say in private now.

"Marry her to a fool," said Richilda, at last, bitterly.

"That is too common a misfortune," answered the lady of France. "If we did no more to her, she might grow as proud as her betters."

Adela knew that her daughter-in-law considered her husband a fool; and was somewhat of the same opinion, though she hated Richilda.

"No," said she; "we will do more. We will marry her to the first man who enters the castle."

Torfrida looked at her mistress to see if she were mad. But the Countess-Queen was serene and sane. Then Torfrida's southern heat and northern courage burst forth.

"You? marry? me? to? ——" said she, slowly, with eyes so fierce, and lips so livid, that Richilda herself quailed.

There was a noise of shouting and laughing in the court below, which made all turn and listen.

The next moment a serving man came in, puzzled and inclined to laugh.

"May it please your Majesty, here is the strangest adventure. There is ridden into the castle-yard a beggarman, with scarce a shirt to his back, on a great ugly mare, with a foal running by her, and a fool behind him, carrying lance and shield. And he says that he is come to fight any knight of the Court, ragged as he stands, for the fairest lady in the Court, be she who she may, if she have not a wedded husband already."

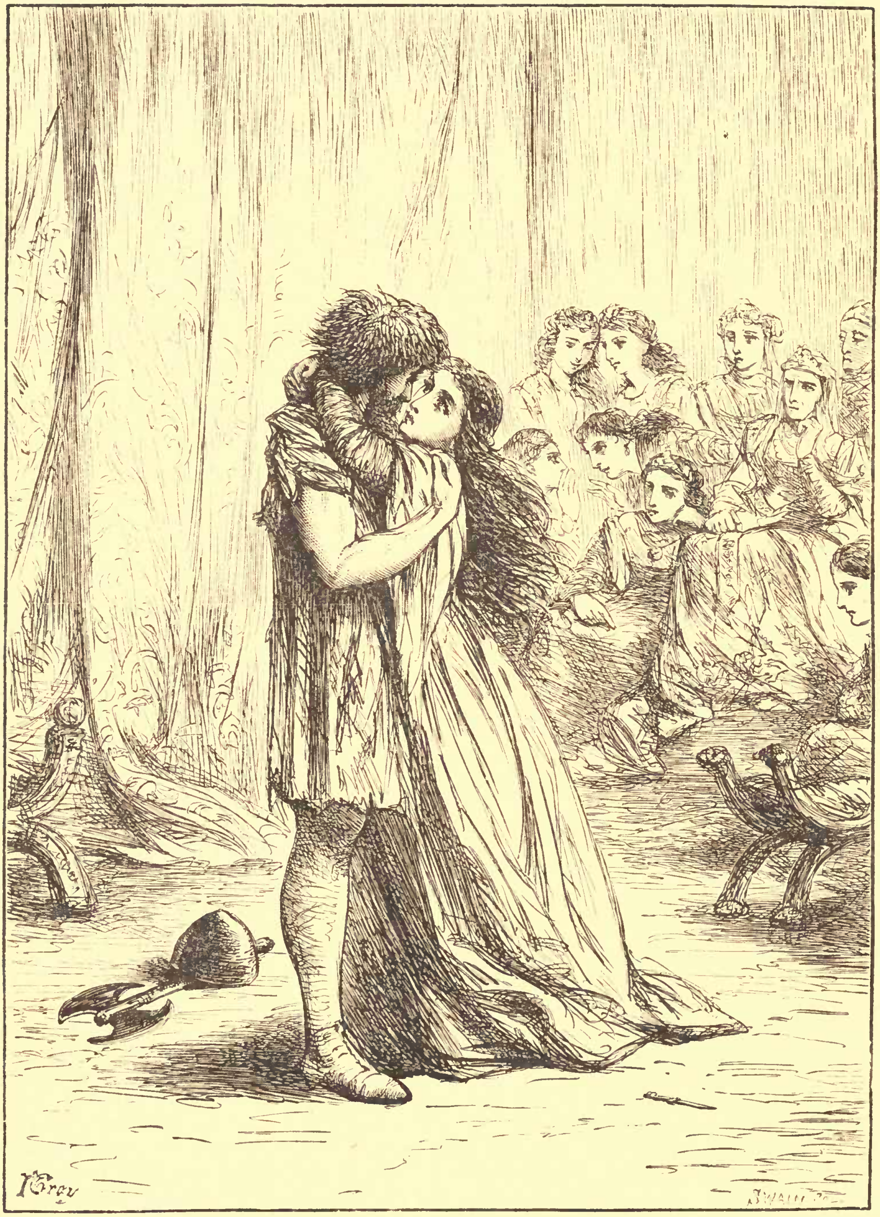
"And what says my Lord Marquis?"

"That it is a fair challenge, and a good adventure; and that fight he shall, if any man will answer his defiance."

"And I say, tell my Lord the Marquis, that fight he shall not: for he shall have the fairest maiden in this Court for the trouble of carrying her away; and that I, Adela of France, will give her to him. So let that beggar dismount, and be brought up hither to me."

There was silence again. Torfrida looked round her once more, to see whether or not she was dreaming, and whether there was one human being to whom she could appeal. Her mother sat praying and weeping in a corner. Torfrida looked at her with one glance of scorn, which she confessed and repented, with bitter tears, many a year after, in a foreign land; and then turned to bay with the spirit of her old Paladin ancestor, who choked the Emir at Mont Majeur.

Married to a beggar! It was a strange accident; and an ugly one; and a great cruelty and wrong. But it was not impossible, hardly improbable, in days when the caprice of the strong created accidents, and when cruelty and wrong went for nothing, even with very kindly honest folk. So Torfrida faced the danger, as she would have faced that of


T. Gray
Swain Sc.

"HEREWARD IT WAS, AND SHE LAY UPON HIS NECK."

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a kicking horse, or a flooded ford; and like the nut-brown bride,

> "She pulled out a little penknife,
> That was both keen and sharp,"

and considered that the beggarman could wear no armour, and that she wore none either. For if she succeeded in slaying that beggarman, she might need to slay herself after, to avoid being—according to the fashion of those days—burnt alive.

So when the arras was drawn back, and that beggarman came into the room, instead of shrieking, fainting, hiding, or turning, she made three steps straight toward him, looking him in the face like a wild cat at bay. Then she threw up her arms; and fell upon his neck.

It was Hereward himself. Filthy, ragged: but Hereward.

His shirt was brown with gore, and torn with wounds; and through its rents showed more than one hardly healed scar. His hair and beard was all in elf-locks; and one heavy cut across the head had shorn not only hair, but brain-pan, very close. Moreover, any nose, save that of Love, might have required perfume.

But Hereward it was; and regardless of all beholders, she lay upon his neck, and never stirred nor spoke.

"I call you to witness, ladies," cried the Queen-Countess, "that I am guiltless. She has given herself to this beggarman of her own free will. What say you?" And she turned to Torfrida's mother.

Torfrida's mother only prayed and whimpered.

"Countesses and Ladies," said the Queen-Countess, "There will be two weddings to-morrow. The first will be that of my son Robert and my pretty Lady Gertrude here. The second will be that of my pretty Torfrida and Hereward."

"And the second bride," said the Countess Gertrude, rising and taking Torfrida in her arms, "will be ten times prettier than the first. There, sir, I have done all you asked of me. Now go and wash yourself."

* * * * *

"Hereward," said Torfrida, a week after, "and did you really never change your shirt all that time?"

"Never. I kept my promise."

"But it must have been very nasty."

"Well, I bathed now and then."

"But it must have been very cold."

"I am warm enough now."

"But did you never comb your hair, neither?"

"Well, I won't say that. Travellers find strange bed-fellows. But I had half a mind never to do it at all, just to spite you."

"And what matter would it have been to me?"

"Oh! none. It is only a Danish fashion we have of keeping clean."

"Clean? You were dirty enough when you came home. How silly you were! If you had sent me but one word!"

"You would have fancied me beaten, and scolded me all over again. I know your ways now, Torfrida."

THE REIGN OF LAW.

By THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

(Concluded from page 232.)

We see, then, how the existence of organs separated from function and of structures without immediate use, find their natural place among all the other phenomena of the world. They do not show that "Law" is ever superior to Will, or can ever assert, even for a moment, an independence of its own. On the contrary they show, as nothing else can show, the patient movements, and the incalculable years, through which material laws have been made to follow the steps of purpose.

But then let us remember this:—these discoveries in physiology, though they are helpless to prove that Law has ever been present as a master, are eminently suggestive of the idea that Law has never been absent as a servant:—that as in governing the world, so in forming it, material forces have been always used as the instruments of Will.

It is no mere theory, but a fact as certain as any other fact of science, that Creation has had a history. It has not been a single act, done and finished once for all; but a long series of acts—a work continuously pursued through an inconceivable lapse of time. It is another fact equally certain that this work, as it has been pursued in time, so also it is a work which has been pursued by method. For each class of animal some definite type or pattern has been adhered to; and the modifications of that type have been gradual and successive. These are the facts on which the idea of "Creation by Law" is founded. Let us look a little nearer what this idea is, and what it involves. It is an idea much vaunted by some men, much feared by others. Perhaps it may be found, on closer investigation, that they are fearing or worshipping, as the case may be, an idol of the imagination.

Words which should be the servants of thought are too often its masters, and I know no word which is more ambiguously, and therefore more injuriously used than the word "Law." I do not mean that it may not be legitimately used in several different senses. It is in all cases, as applied in science, a metaphor, and one which has relation to many different kinds or degrees of likeness in the ideas which are compared. It matters little in which of these senses it is used, provided the distinctions between them are kept clearly in view, and provided we watch against the fallacies which must arise when we pass insensibly from one meaning to another. There are at least four different senses which must be carefully distinguished.

First. We have "Law" as applied simply to "an observed order of facts." In this sense there need be no dispute at all in respect to "Creation by Law." There can be no doubt that there is an "observed order" among the forms of organic Life, in the strictest scientific sense. There are phenomena in uniform connection. There are relations which can be made and are made the basis of systematic classification. These classifications are imperfect not because they are founded on ideal connections which do not really exist, but only because they fail in representing adequately the subtle and pervading order which binds together all living things. The order which prevails in the existing world is, as we have seen, not the only order which has been recognised and ascertained by science. A like order has prevailed through all the past history of Creation. In almost all the leading types of Life which have existed in different geological ages, there is an orderly gradation connecting the forms which were becoming extinct with the forms which were for the first time appearing in the world. The facts of Creation therefore do range themselves in an observed order, and in this sense at least there is no doubt that Creation has been "by Law."

But now, secondly, we have "Law" applied not merely to an observed order of facts, but to that order as involving the action of some force or forces, of which nothing more may be known, than their visible effects. Every observed order in physical phenomena suggests irresistibly to the mind the operation of some physical cause. We say of an observed order of facts that it must be due to some "Law"—meaning simply that all order involves the idea of some arranging cause—the working of some force or forces, whether they be such as we can trace and define or not. In this second sense also, then, there can be no doubt that Creation has been "by Law."

Thirdly. We have "Law" as applied to individual forces, the measure of whose operation has been more or less defined and ascertained. Force is the root idea of Law in its scientific sense, and to ascertain the measures of force is the great object of pure science. The Law of gravitation, which is the purest example of Law in this sense, is not merely the "observed order" in which the heavenly bodies move: neither is it only the abstract idea of some force which compels those movements; but it is the exact numerical rule which Newton discovered as the rule, or measure, according to which the force of gravitation acts, and by which it is described and defined. The general idea that some force is at the bottom of all phenomena which are invariably consecutive is a very different thing from knowing what that force is in respect to the rule or measure of its operation. The knowledge that all particles of matter exert an attractive force upon each other, is, so far as it goes, a definite idea: but it is less complete and definite than the idea that the measure of that attraction is "directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance."

Now, it is certain that nothing is known or has ever been guessed at, in respect to the history and origin of Life, which corresponds with Law in this its strictest and most definite sense. We have no knowledge of any one or more forces—such as the force of gravitation, or of magnetic attraction and repulsion—to which any one of the phenomena of Life can be referred. Far less have we any knowledge of any such laws which can be connected with the successive creation or development of new organisms. Professor Huxley, in a recent work, has indeed spoken of "that combination of natural forces which we call Life." But this language is purely rhetorical. I do not mean to say that Life may not be defined to be a kind of force, or a combination of forces. All I mean is that we know nothing of any of these forces in the same sense in which we do know something of the force of gravity, or of magnetism, or of electricity, or of chemical affinity. No such knowledge exists in respect to any of the forces which have been concerned in the development of Life. No man has ever pretended to get such a view of any of these as to enable him to apply to them the instruments of his analysis, or to trace in their working any of those definite relations to space, or time, or number which are always the ultimate quest of science, and the discovery of which is her great reward.

But, fourthly, there is still another sense in which "Law" is habitually used in science, and this is perhaps the commonest and most important of all. It is used to designate not merely an observed order of facts—not merely the bare abstract idea of force—not merely individual forces according to ascertained measures of operation—but a number of forces in the condition of mutual adjustment, that is to say, as combined with each other, and fitted to each other for the attainment of special ends. The whole science of mechanics, for example, deals with Law in this sense—with natural forces as related to purpose and subservient to intention. And here we come upon "Law" in a sense which is more perfectly intelligible to us than in any other; because although we know nothing of the real nature of force, even of that force which is resident in ourselves, we do know for what ends we exert it, and what is the "Law" governing our devices for its use. That law is—combination for the accomplishment of purpose. The universal prevalence of this idea in Nature is indicated by the irresistible tendency which we observe in the language of science to personify the forces, and the combinations of force by which all natural phenomena are produced. It is a great injustice to scientific men—too often committed—to suspect them of unwillingness to accept the idea of a personal

Creator merely because they try to keep separate the language of science from the language of theology. But it is curious to observe how this endeavour constantly breaks down—how impossible it is in describing physical phenomena to avoid the phraseology which identifies them with the phenomena of mind, and is moulded on our own conscious personality and will. It is impossible to avoid this language simply because no other language conveys the impression which innumerable structures leave upon the mind. Take, for example, the word "contrivance." How could science do without it? How could the great subject of animal mechanics be dealt with scientifically without continual reference to "Law" as that by which, and through which, special organs are formed for the doing of special work? What is the very definition of a machine? Machines do not increase force, they only adjust it. The very idea and essence of a machine is that it is a contrivance for the distribution of force with a view to its bearing on special purposes. A man's arm is a machine in which the law of leverage is supplied to the vital force for the purposes of prehension. We have seen that a bird's wing is a machine in which the same law is applied, under the most complicated conditions, for the purposes of flight. Anatomy supplies an infinite number of similar examples. It is impossible to describe or explain the facts we meet with in this or in any other branch of science without investing the "laws" of Nature with something of that personality which they do actually reflect, or without conceiving of them as partaking of those attributes of mind which we everywhere recognise in their working and results.

It will be seen, then, that of these four senses in which the word "Law" is used, there are three which can be applied with correctness to the work of Creation so far as it is known to us. First, in respect of the fact that Creation has followed a certain order: secondly, in respect of the fact that this order implies a method, and the instrumentality of means: and thirdly, that throughout Creation the forces which are employed (whatever they may be) have been combined under the supreme "Law" of adaptation to specific purposes.

And here it must be pointed out that the idea of "Law" in this last and highest sense can never be supplanted or displaced by any amount of discovery in respect to the individual forces out of which these combinations are contrived. If we could trace all the forces concerned in the development of a young animal as clearly and as definitely as we can trace the forces employed in the construction of a steam-engine, it would not alter or affect in the least degree the "Law" which is perceived in the intricate adjustments of its frame to purpose and to function. And this which is true of the birth of every individual animal is equally true of the first creation of a new form of Life. Let us remember that when we speak of Forces, we speak of something of whose seat and of whose nature we know really nothing. What is force? What is our conception of it? What idea, for example, can we form of the real nature of that force, the measure of whose operation has been so exactly ascertained—the force of gravitation? It is invisible,—imponderable. All our words for it are but circumlocutions to express its phenomena or its effects. There are many kinds of force in nature, which we distinguish from each other according to their effects, or according to the forms of matter in which they become cognisable to us. But if we trace up our conceptions on the nature of force to their fountain-head, we shall find that they are connected more or less directly with our own consciousness of living effort—of that force which has its seat in our own vitality, and especially with that kind of it which can be called forth at the bidding of the will. If we can ever know anything of the nature of any force, it ought to be of this one. And yet the fact is that we know nothing. The vital forces which work in our organisation work for the most part entirely independent of our will, and even of our consciousness. Those of them which are at the bidding of the will are subject to it only through an elaborate machinery; and if that machinery be damaged, we know too often by sad experience that their connection with the will is broken. If, then, we know nothing of that kind of force which is so near us, and with which our own intelligence is in such close alliance, much less can we know the nature of force in its other forms. It is important to remember this, because both the aversion with which some men regard the idea of Creation by Law, and the eagerness with which some others hail it, are founded on a notion that, when we have traced any given phenomena to what are called natural forces, we have traced them farther than we really have. We know nothing of the ultimate seat of force. Science, in the modern doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, and Convertibility of Forces, is already getting something like a firm hold of the idea that all kinds of force are but forms and manifestations of some one central Force, issuing from some one fountain-head of power. Sir John Herschel has not hesitated to say that "it is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness and a will existing somewhere." And even if we cannot assume that force, in all its forms, is due to the direct working of the Creator, at least let us not think or speak of the forces of nature as if they were independent of, or even separate from, His Power. All the speculations now so common in respect to "Creation by Law" are simply speculations as to the method employed in the work of Creation. I do not know on what authority it is that we so often speak as if Creation were not Creation, unless it works from nothing as its material, and by nothing as its means. We know that out of the dust of the ground, that is out of the ordinary elements of nature, are our own bodies formed and the bodies of all living things. Nor is there anything that should shock us in the idea that the creation of new forms, any more than their propagation, has been brought about by the use and instrumentality of means. In a theological point of view it matters nothing what those means have been. Mons. Guizot has said with truth in a recent work that "those only would be serious adversaries of the doctrine of Creation who could affirm that the universe—the earth and man upon it—have been from all eternity, and in all respects, just what they are now." But this cannot be affirmed except in the teeth of facts which science has clearly ascertained. There has been a continual coming-to-be of new forms of Life. This is Creation, no matter what have been the forces or "Laws" employed by Creative Power.

This will be more clearly seen if we look for a moment at the particular theory upon the origin of species which has most influence in the present time. The theory of Mr. Darwin has this in common with all other theories of development—that he considers a new species has always been at first simply an unusual birth. But he does not pretend to have discovered any rule or "Law" according to which new forms have been born from old forms. He does not hold that outward conditions, however changed, are sufficient to account for them. Still less does he connect them with the effort or aspirations of any organism after new faculties and powers. He frankly confesses that "our ignorance of the laws of variation is profound." He says we know nothing "of the cause of each particular variation." He "believes in no law of necessary development." In short, his theory sets forth, in part at least, the natural causes which tend to secure the success and spread of new forms *when they have been born;* but it does not even pretend to suggest the law under which such new births are brought about. The very terms which he employs demonstrate this. The idea which is the very essence of his theory, and which has almost established itself in the language of science, is the idea of "natural selection." But natural selection can do nothing except with the materials presented to its hands. It cannot "select" except among the things open to selection. Natural selection can originate or "create" nothing: it can only pick and choose among the things which are originated under some other law—that is, under some other combinations of force. Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin's theory is not a theory on the origin of species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success or failure of such new forms as may be born into the world. It is in this point of view only that his theory has found very wide acceptance, because it groups under a convenient name, and according to a true analogy, the causes which determine the comparative success or failure of existing organisms in the "struggle for existence." But it is forgotten that these causes can only come into operation among forms which do exist, and has no connection whatever with those other causes which may be concerned in bringing them into existence. There are two fundamental assumptions to be made before Mr. Darwin's theory can be brought to bear at all upon the history of creation—first, that new forms of life have never been produced otherwise than by birth from pre-existing forms; secondly, that the varieties which are born always vary from their parents in a direction which gives them some comparative advantage in the battle of Life. It is obvious that any new structure which does not supply some direct advantage—any change of mere beauty and variety—is not provided for in the theory, even as regards its preservation and establishment. Of Mr. Darwin's theory, therefore, this may be said with certainty, first, that it does not account for the *origin* of any structure whatever, and secondly, it accounts even for the *preservation* of only a certain number.

As regards the "origin of species,"—the first creation of new forms of Life,—we are left as ignorant as we were before in respect to the instrumentality which has been employed. Even if it were assumed that no other instrumentality than ordinary generation has ever been employed, it must have been employed under extraordinary conditions, and directed to extraordinary results. But there is no scientific basis for this assumption. Mr. Darwin says, truly enough, that "inheritance is that cause which alone, as far as we positively know, produces organisms quite like or nearly like each other." But this is no reason why we should conclude that inheritance is the only cause which can produce organisms quite unlike, or only very partially like each other. We are surely not entitled to assume that all degrees or kinds of likeness can only arise from this single cause. Yet until this extreme proposition be proved, or rendered probable, we have a sound scientific basis for doubting the assumption precisely in proportion to the unlikeness of the animals to which it is applied. And this is the ground of reasoning, besides the ground of instinctive feeling, on which we revolt from the doctrine as applied to Man. We do so because we are conscious of an amount and of a kind of difference between ourselves and the lower animals which is in sober truth immeasurable in spite of the close affinities of bodily structure. The closeness of those affinities, in contrast with the gulf of separation in all other characters, is one of the profoundest mysteries of nature. Professor Huxley has published a work on "Man's Place in Nature," the object of which is to prove that so far as mere structure is concerned, "the differences which separate him from the Gorilla and the Chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the Gorilla from the lower Apes." On the frontispiece of this work he exhibits in a series the skeletons of the Anthropoid Apes and of Man. It is a grim and a grotesque procession. The Form which leads it, however like the others in mere structural plan, is immensely different in those infinite modifications of the shapes of matter which have such mysterious power of expressing the characters of mind. And significant as these differences are in the skeleton, they are as nothing to the differences which emerge in the living creatures. Huxley himself admits that these differences amount to "an enormous gulf"—to a "divergence immeasurable,—practically infinite." What more striking proof could we have than this, that organic forms are but as clay in the hands of the potter, and that the "Law" of structure is entirely subordinate to the "Law" of purpose and intention under which its various parts are combined for use?

But Science will ask, even if she never gets an answer, what is the physical agency employed in producing this common structure? Very probably this is a question incapable of solution. It certainly is not solved as yet. There is no proof that inheritance is the only cause from which such community can arise. In the inorganic world, which passes by insensible gradations into the world of living organisms, we know that not mere similarity, but absolute identity of form, as in crystals, is the result of forces which have nothing to do with inheritance, but whose function it is to aggregate the particles of matter in identic shapes. It is impossible to say how far a similar unity of effect may have been impressed on the forces through which vital organisms are first started on their way. There are some essential resemblances between all forms of Life which it is impossible to connect, even in imagination, with community of blood. For example, the two-sided arrangement is common to all animals. Again, the general mechanism of the digestive organs is also common through an equal range. These are fundamental similarities of plan, depending probably on the very nature of forces of which we know nothing, but which we have not the slightest reason to suppose are connected with inheritance. Other similarities of plan may depend on the same adjustments of force to force, equally unconnected with inheritance by descent. For whatever may be these forces in themselves, it is certain that they are all combined with a view to purpose: and no theory or discovery in respect to them, or to the means and method employed in the work of creation, can have the slightest effect in removing that work from the relation in which it stands to the attributes of intelligence and of Will.

It is therefore a great mistake to suppose that the progress of modern investigation is in a direction tending to materialism. This may be and always has been the tendency of individual minds. There are men who would stare into the very Burning Bush without a thought that the ground on which they stand must be Holy ground. Nothing is more common than to find men who may be trusted thoroughly on the facts of their own science, who cannot be trusted for a moment on the place which those facts assume in the general system of truth. Philosophy must include science; but science does not necessarily include philosophy. There are, and there always have been, some special misconceptions connected with the prosecution of physical research. It is, however, on the surface of things, rather than below it, that the suggestions of materialism lie thickest to the eye. They abound among the commonest facts which force themselves on our attention in nature and in human life. When the bursting of some small duct of blood upon the brain is seen to destroy in a moment the mind of man, and to break down all the powers of his intellect and his will, we are in presence of a fact whose significance cannot be increased by a million of other facts analogous in kind. Yet on every fresh discovery of a few more such facts, there is generally some fresh outbreak of old delusions respecting the forms and the "laws" of matter as the supreme realities of the world. But when the new facts have been looked at a little longer, it is always seen that they take their place with others which have been long familiar, and the eternal problems which lie behind all natural phenomena are seen to be unaffected and unchanged. Thus it is that the notions of materialism are perpetually reviving, and are again being perpetually swept away—swept away partly before the intuitions of the mind, partly before the conclusions of the reason. For there are two great enemies to materialism,—one rooted in the affections, the other in the intellect. One is the power of THINGS HOPED FOR—a power which never dies: the other is the evidence arising out of THINGS NOT SEEN—and these are at the root of all we see. In reinforcing this evidence and adding to it, Science is doing good work in the present day. It is not the extent of our knowledge, but rather the limits of it, that physical research teaches us to see and to feel the most. Of course, in so far as its discoveries are really true, its influence must be for good. To doubt this were to doubt that all truth is true, and that all truth is God's. There are eddies in every stream—eddies where rubbish will collect, and circle for a time. But the ultimate bearing of scientific truth cannot be mistaken. Nothing is more remarkable in the present state of physical research than what may be called the transcendental character of its results. And what is transcendentalism but the tendency to trace up all things to the relation in which they stand to abstract ideas? And what is this but to bring all physical phenomena nearer and nearer into relation with the phenomena of mind? The old speculations of philosophy which cut the ground from materialism by showing how little we know of matter, are now being daily reinforced by the subtle analysis of the physiologist, the chemist, and the electrician. Under that analysis matter dissolves and disappears, surviving only as the phenomena of Force; which again is seen converging along all its lines to some common centre—"sloping through darkness up to God." Even the writers who have incurred most reasonable suspicion as to the drift of their teaching, give nevertheless constant witness to what may be called the purely mental quality of the ultimate results of physical inquiry. Mr. Lewes, for example, in his work on Aristotle, says: "The fundamental ideas of modern science are as transcendental as any of the axioms in ancient Philosophy." I have already referred to the idea which the progress of Physiology has led us to apprehend so clearly, that the vital forces whose play is seen in the phenomena of animal life are not the result but the cause of organisation, inasmuch as material organs are merely the special forms built up and fashioned by those forces for the discharge of special functions. This doctrine, and all similar conclusions in other departments of inquiry, seem to me rather to bring inside the strict domain of science ideas which in the earlier stages of human knowledge lay wholly within the region of faith or of belief. For example, the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews specially declares that it is by faith that we understand "that the things which are seen were not made of the things which do appear." Yet this is now one of the most assured doctrines of science, that invisible forces are behind and above all visible phenomena, moulding them in forms of infinite variety, of all which forms the only real knowledge we possess lies in our perception of the ideas they express—of their beauty, or of their fitness—in short, of their being all the work of "Toil co-operant to an End." Creation by Law—Evolution by Law—Development by Law, or as including all these kindred ideas, the Reign of Law, is nothing but the Reign of Creative Force, directed by Creative Knowledge, worked under the control of Creative Power, and in fulfilment of Creative Purpose.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

IV.—USES OF LIGHT.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John viii. 12.

The grandeur of the words must strike every one. The Son of God, standing in human form on the earth, standing in the courts of his Father's house among the worshippers at the Feast of Tabernacles, uses this sublime, this magnificent figure, to express that which He came to do for, and to be to, the universe of his moral creation. "I am the Light of the World." Once God said, when He created all things by Jesus Christ, "Let there be Light." It was the first act of that mighty drama, of which the curtain rose on Chaos, and fell on Paradise. "In the beginning the earth was without form, and void . . . darkness was upon the face of the deep. . . . And God said, Let there be Light: and there was Light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Now God speaks again—thousands of years lying between—and says once more, "Let there be light:" and, this time, the Light is a Man: One like ourselves in all that makes the infirmities and the sorrows and the sufferings of mortal being; nay, "his visage is marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men:" and yet within that despised, that rejected Person, there "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" and when He speaks at last, in answer to ten thousand taunts and cavillings and blasphemies, to tell men what He is and who; He, the meekest and gentlest of men—He, the patient sufferer, the unresisting, uncomplaining, unanswering, oppressed One—is heard to describe Himself in terms most presumptuous, most blasphemous, if not true, even in that character and that language which the text records, "Then spake Jesus unto them, saying, I am the Light of the World."

It is not altogether inconceivable that a proud, arrogant person—one whose manner was all pretension, and his words all presumption—might have run on at last, in utter self-ignorance and self-delusion, into the notion that he was some great one; might have been gratified, like one of whom we read in Holy Scripture, when he heard men saying of him, "This man is the great power of God;" or, like another, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man." In all ages men have vaunted themselves, and imposed upon others, to a degree not far short of even this fearful impiety. But we do feel that the combination of the admitted character of Jesus Christ with his equally recorded and admitted language concerning Himself—on the one hand, his silence under rebuke, insult, and outrage, his constant readiness not to be ministered unto but to minister, to undergo all manner of slight and disparagement, and to spend and be spent for others—on the other hand, his repeated claims to be in a distinctive sense the Son of God, one with the Father, the Sovereign Lord and King and Judge of men—is a combination at first sight so incongruous that no fiction would have risked it, and so marvellous that it can scarcely be accounted for but on the hypothesis of its truth.

I. "Jesus said, I am the light of the world." What light is in its nature, has been in all times disputed. The question is still debated; and, even if it could be decided, this would not be the place for its discussion. It is enough for us to describe it in language altogether unphilosophical and popular, and say that light is that thing, be it what it may, which renders objects perceptible to our sense of sight.

A great man of this century (Dr. Chalmers) thus opens his well-known course of lectures on the Epistle to the Romans:—

"It is possible to conceive the face of our world overspread with a thick and midnight darkness, and without so much as a particle of light to alleviate it from any one quarter of the firmament around us. In this case it were of no avail to the people who live in it, that all of them were in possession of sound and perfect eyes. The organ of sight may be entire, and yet nothing be seen, from the total absence of external light among the objects on every side of us. Or, in other words, to bring about the perception of that which is without, it is not enough that we have the power of vision among men; but, in addition to this, there must be a visibility in the trees, and the houses, and the mountains, and the living creatures, which are now in the ordinary discernment of men."

And then he goes on to "reverse the supposition." "We may conceive," he says, "an entire luminousness to be extended over the face of nature, while the faculty of sight was wanting among all the individuals of our species. In this case, the external light would be of as little avail towards our perception of any object at a distance from us, as the mere possession of the sense of seeing was in the former instance. Both must conspire to the effect of our being rendered conversant with the external world through the medium of the eye. The power of vision is not enough, without a visibility on the part of the things which are around us, by God saying, Let there be light: and as little is their visibility enough, without the power of vision, stamped as an endowment by the hand of God on the creatures whom He has formed."

So beautifully do the two worlds of matter and spirit correspond to and fit into each other, that, in this point as in others, we have cause to say, "All things are double, one against another; and God hath made nothing imperfect."

It is Christ who, like the light, renders the things of God visible: and it is the Holy Spirit who communicates to the eye of the soul that power of sight without which the other process would be unavailing. Jesus Christ says, "I am the light of the world:" and for the Ephesians St. Paul prays "that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give to them the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him; the eyes of their understanding being enlightened, that they may know what is the hope of his calling." That which Christ renders visible, the Holy Spirit opens the eye to see.

"I am the Light of the World." We have heard what light is, in its great essential work of rendering objects visible. And in this leading feature we all see how Christ, Christ himself, can be compared to it.

It is presupposed that man is placed in the midst of a multitude of surrounding objects. The light does not create the landscape which it illuminates. The trees and the hills, the river and the meadows, were all existent before a particle of light streaked the sky above them. So is it in spiritual things. It would have been equally true that there is such a thing as spirit, such a Being as God, even though no one had come to make these realities known to us. Revelation is only an unveiling. It is the taking off of a covering from something which was there, and which was just as true and as real, before. There was the object, and there was the eye—there was the eternal verity of the Divine existence and the human relationship; and there was the reason and the conscience, the heart and the soul, qualified (so far as capacity went) to take cognizance of this verity—before the command, "Let there be light," rendered possible the necessary communication between the one and the other, between the already existing truth and the already existing faculty. Christ came to make the real visible: came, in other words, to be the Light.

(1) He had much to tell, even in the way of repetition and of enforcement. The religion of Nature, as we somewhat ungratefully call it, needed an authoritative republication, which it found only in Christ. Contemplate, either in Scripture or in heathen writings, the condition of the world of man as it was in the fullest refinement of Grecian or Roman civilization; and you will see that each particular of duty was completely blurred and obscured by the ever-deepening shadow of a godless life. Jesus Christ came to make morality itself visible to hearts and to lives which had lost its very outline.

(2) But how much more, when the matters of which He came to tell were matters lying outside the sphere of intellect or conscience; things which no one could know without having first lived in heaven; disclosures of God's requirements, of God's secret acts, of God's counsels, and of God's purposes, which only He who had been from eternity in the bosom of the Father could either speak or know! When the objects to be made visible were no longer man's duty to his brother, or even (in broad general lines) to his God; but those new obligations, springing out of new conditions, which rest entirely upon the basis of Propitiation and Redemption, upon a Saviour's sacrifice and a Spirit's grace! These things too might have been, and man not know them. Christ the Light of the World was absolutely needed to make them visible.

We do not always appreciate as we ought this part of our Saviour's office. He is the Light, as well as the one chief Object which the Light has to make visible. He is not the Redeemer only, He is the Revealer too.

II. And now therefore let us use his own glorious similitude, as it lies here before us, and go on to ask what Light does for various classes and conditions of men.

(1) What is light to the traveller?

It may have happened to some of you to lose your way in the dark. You had often before traversed a particular field or trodden a certain pathway. In the daytime you needed not to investigate, you needed not to look around you: you could have passed from point to point, with eyes fixed on the ground, and a mind wholly preoccupied. But on a certain evening, as you took your journey, the light failed you: you had gone in the dusk, you must return in the dark: and now you find the difference between the two things: how great the distinction between a little light and none! You go round and round the hedge or the palisade: you look for the gate or the stile: you look, and you feel, and it is all darkness: night is upon you, and you begin to fear that you must spend its long hours shelterless. At last a feeble glimmering becomes perceptible in a distant quarter: a rushlight in a cottage window, a lantern in a farmyard shed, it is enough for hope in that perplexity: you make for it, and you are safe.

Such is light, when a man compares it by experience with darkness. So small a thing so much to him! And how much more, if the light were in such a case the light of day! kindling the whole region into brightness, and dissipating in a moment all the fear and all the distress of that wandering!

And we, my friends, are all, in this sense, travellers and wayfarers. It is not Christ who makes us so. We have all to make our way through the wilderness of this world to some destination—and what? We cannot answer the question. Sometimes life seems as if it led nowhither; as if it were rather (what Scripture sometimes calls it) a "walk" than a journey; a little circuit, bringing us back at night to the home from which we started, rather than an extended progress, to terminate in an end most unlike its beginning. One day so like another; one experience of ourselves and others so little varied from a former; the events of life so small, its interests so trivial, its occupations so secular and so unheavenly; we go round and round the hedged and fenced paddock of our being, and see no way out of it on this side or on that. Christ comes to us then as the Light; shows us the path which we were missing, the outlet which we were ignoring; says to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it," when we should certainly have turned from it to the right hand or the left.

And most of all in those marked moments of life, which occur sometimes in the most monotonous and least eventful; days of bitter grief, when we feel ourselves bereaved and desolate in a world all cold and bare and dark; days of anxious suspense, when we feel that there is but a step for us between life and death, and we are powerless to take it; days of dreadful humiliation, when we find out our own weakness, our own vileness, our own nothingness, and can do nothing to repair or to supply; then, above all, is the coming of Christ as the Light welcome and reassuring; when He can say, Lean upon me, and I will uphold thee: I have been before thee by this way: I will guide, I will support, I will bring thee home.

Such is light to the traveller.

(2) And what is light to the working man?

What work can be done without light? Handwork and head-work are alike in this. Each requires light. Some kinds of work can be done only by daylight. An hour after sunset, out-door labour is impossible. Candle-light is a poor substitute at the best for daylight. But not this only. Candle-light alters colours, confuses details, obscures fine joinings and minute openings, and, for many eyes at least, is all but useless even for the work of the mechanic and the artisan. Perhaps you are on a journey: you wile away the time by reading: you are deep in some interesting story; you are within sight of the catastrophe: but daylight wanes and fades, and you are helpless and powerless at its mercy. Light of some kind, natural or artificial, is necessary for all labour; as much for that of the scholar and the writer, as for that of the tradesman, the mechanic, or the husbandman.

Now every life has its work. If Christ had never come, still every life would have had its work. There is no such thing, since the Fall—nay, even before the Fall; for man in his original uprightness had his work set him, only the work was neither excessive in amount nor disappointing in result—there is no such thing as a life without duties; passive duties and active, receptive duties and reciprocal. Now is it not the simple truth, that life's work, in this higher sense, needs light for its performance? How difficult, how intricate, how perplexing, how unintelligible, would be the portion of each one of us in this world, with regard to man and with regard to God, without a Revelation! What a poor, inferior, inconclusive thing would toil be, if it had no motive of love and no recompense of reward! How absolutely impossible would it have been for a man to rise out of a low, grovelling, selfish spirit, in playing his part upon earth in the ambitions, competitions, and enterprises of the world, unless he could see his way through all into a purer region and into a better home beyond! We see how it is, even now, even with a Revelation, in the case of men who live practically without God in the world. They are like men ploughing in the dark; like men designing, or painting, or matching colours, without even a lamp; like men reading or writing in a room fireless and candleless! Even such is the daily round of labour, for him who knows not whose he is and whom he serves; remembers not the hand that made him, and despises the Word which is to be his judge. Christ may come into the world, and come as the Light of the world; and yet not be received, and not be used, and not be worked by, as such. And then we see what it would have been for *all* if He had never come: yes, even more gloomy and disconsolate still; because even these men who will not use his light are indebted to it; indebted to it more than they think, for explanations unconsciously accepted, and for hopes unwittingly entertained.

Christ is then, secondly, what light is to the working man. He comes to give a motive for work, and a power for work, and a principle of work; to give an explanation of work in its doing, and to give a hope for work in its end. Strike Christ out again from his world, and dreary indeed and comfortless would be the working life of each one of us.

(3) Once again, think what light is to the watcher. We have spoken of the walker, and of the worker: now think of the watcher.

The Psalmist speaks of those who "watch for the morning." What an experience of human sorrow does he there touch upon!

Few persons can have lived to middle age, without having known what night may be, in the way of gloom and of suspense.

Some of you have spent its long hours in a sick-room. Never can you forget that protracted watching, over the suffering form of some dying friend. It seemed as though the night-watches were interminable. Each hour told its coming and its going upon the church clock in your street; and the moments sounded in your ear, from the watch or the timepiece, with a distinctness and an emphasis which became almost insufferable. "Would God it were morning!" was the cry of your heart, even though the morning might more than probably rise not upon a bed of sickness, but upon the bed of death. "Give light, and let us die," was the voice of nature within: anything rather than this thick darkness, in which every shadow is a form, and every fancy a substance.

And the same thing has been the experience of some, under strong conviction of sin. A particular act of the past day, some deed of unkindness or of uncleanness, done against conscience, against resolution, in spite of prayer, in defiance of God, hangs about your pillow and forbids repose. Or else thoughts, not so distinctly born of a remorseful conscience, but more generally suggestive of the reality of a God too long disregarded, and of the coming of a judgment too evidently unprepared for, have been present with you through the interval of calm and silence, and have agitated you with fears which you trust daylight may scatter, or impressed you with resolutions which you want daylight to realize. You too have known what darkness is to the watcher.

Sometimes the experience takes a stranger form, and presents itself in scenes painfully exciting.

A thrilling story is told, in a late record of Indian life,* which seems to carry with it an authentication not to be gainsaid.

A native hunter passed a whole night within a few paces of a wounded tiger. The man's bare knees were pressed upon the hard gravel, but he dared not shift, even by a hair's breadth, his uneasy posture. A bush was between him and the wild beast: ever and anon the tiger, as he lay with glaring eyes fixed upon it, uttered his hoarse growl of anger; his hot breath absolutely blew upon the cheek of the wretched man, and still he moved not. The pain of that cramped position increased every moment—suspense became almost intolerable; but the motion of a limb, the rustling of a leaf, would have been death. He heard the gong of the village strike each hour of that fearful night, that seemed to him an "eternity, and yet he lived." The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed around his face, but he dared not brush them off. That fiendlike eye met his whenever he ventured a glance towards the horrid spell that bound him; and a hoarse growl grated on the stillness of the night, as a passing breeze stirred the leaves that sheltered him. Hours rolled on, and his powers of endurance were well-nigh exhausted; when, at length, the welcome streaks of light shot up from the eastern horizon. On the approach of day the tiger rose, and stalked away with a sulky pace to a thicket at some distance—and the stiff and wearied watcher felt that he was safe.

How true to the Psalmist's saying, "Thou makest darkness, that it may be night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do move: The sun ariseth, and they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens!"

Such is darkness, and such is light, to the watcher.

And need I say how in *this* case Christ proves himself the Light of the World? In anxiety, in sorrow, in danger, in distress for sin—is it not in these things, above others, that He shows himself strong to save? Christian biographies, Christian experiences, are full of the proofs. How often has He made the wife or the mother willing to part with the joy of her heart, with the desire of her eyes, because He, her Lord and Saviour, demanded the sacrifice, and in demanding transformed it! How often has He cheered the self-tormenting misery of the conscious transgressor, by bringing to his mind the all-sufficiency of His own sacrifice, and saying to the inward ear, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin!" How often has He interposed, in the hour of need, for the deliverance of a beleaguered and sorely tempted soul; blunting the weapons of the "strong man armed," giving that shield of faith which quenches the fiery darts of the wicked one, and making the Christian more than conqueror through Him that loved him!

III. "I am the Light of the World: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

1. "He that followeth me." He that walks after me. He that treads in my steps; at once my disciple, my servant, my imitator, and my friend.

Do the words discourage any man? Is any one saying in his heart, "Yes, his follower: but I am not such: I am all weakness, all inconsistency, all unbelief?" It is well to feel this: much as we know against ourselves, there is more yet which we know not: "God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." Yet let us not pervert this self-misgiving, just and right as it is, into a reason for despondency: to "follow" is not to overtake, is not to keep up with Him: he who lags ever so much behind, he who faints ever so often in the long toilsome ascent, shall yet be called Christ's follower, if only he still keep in the way, still endeavour, and still draw not quite back!

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* "My Indian Journal," by Colonel Campbell, pages 142, 143; from which the following paragraph is copied almost *verbatim*.

2. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

(1) Shall not walk in the darkness of ignorance. Shall not be left entirely untaught, altogether undisciplined, in that education which is for eternity and for heaven. Shall not be left to walk in the sparks of his own kindling; to find the way for himself, or to be his own teacher in the things of the soul and of God. I will be his Teacher: I will be his Light, in knowledge.

(2) And he shall not walk in the darkness of misery. "If one look unto the land, behold, darkness and sorrow, and the light is darkened in the heavens thereof." In Scripture "darkness" is sorrow, and "light" is joy. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." He shall not walk in misery. He may have his dark days; his days of returning despondency, and of overshadowed hope: but, on the whole, he shall be a gainer, in point of happiness, by having sought and endeavoured to follow Christ: he shall be a happier man, even now, than he was while he cared not how he walked nor whither he went.

(3) And he shall not walk in the darkness of sin. Yes, this is the especial sense in Scripture of light and darkness. "Works of darkness" are sins: "children of light" are holy persons. Christ will enable a man who follows Him to walk no longer in sin. He does not promise him all at once a freedom from sin: still less does He promise him in this life an exemption from temptation. But He does promise that, if a man will follow Him—follow Him as he can—it may be lagging, loitering, even fainting and falling, after Him—yet still following; following Him as his Master, following Him as his Teacher, following Him as his Saviour—he shall not walk in the darkness of sin: he shall find in himself, by virtue of that following, a little strength and a little holiness: he shall find that the Holy Spirit, earnestly sought and anxiously cherished, does work in his heart a work of good, if it be not all, nor of the kind, that he expected: he does find, when he looks back upon the past year, or the past five years, of his earthly pilgrimage, that he has made a little way: Christ is "putting out his enemies before him by little and little:" the path of the Christian, like that of the just, is, on the whole, "as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

3. "But shall have the light of life." Yes, it is written, "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

What is "life," when we speak of the soul? The life of the body was the breath of God. "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: and man became a living soul." That was the life of this world; the life which goes out of a man when he dies. But the life of which our Lord here speaks is a life which never goes out. It is that life which consists in communication with God; in the effluence of God into man's soul; in union with God through Christ by the Holy Ghost. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." How "know Thee?" As a man reads in a book? or as a man learns a language, or studies a science? Nay, but as a man knows a friend; knows him by discourse, knows him by intercourse, knows him (above all) by love. "If any man love God, the same (knoweth, or rather) is known of Him." "The light of life" is that kind of insight into the things of God which consists in acquaintance, personal, vital acquaintance, with God himself, as alone He can be known, in Jesus Christ—as alone He can be known, by the Holy Spirit.

This then is the condition, and this the promise; the promise in its two parts, the negative first, and then the positive.

The condition. Follow Christ. Take Him for your Teacher. Determine to have none other: determine, God helping you, not to cease from your effort until you have come up with Him, heard Him speak, and speak to you. Struggle after Him in humility; struggle after Him in faith; struggle after Him by prayer and by watchful living: and you too shall be his disciple.

And what then? Then, He says this to you: You shall not walk in darkness. You shall not be left in the gloom of ignorance, or in the gloom of unhappiness, or in the gloom of sin.

Nay, He says, you shall even "have light." What is light? It is "life." It is Christ himself: He is the Light: you shall have Him: and having Him, you shall find that your soul lives because of Him; that in secret, and by a course which you trace not, something is given to your soul which makes it live; live as it never lived before; live a new, a higher, a Divine life; live a life inside and above this life; a life independent of chance and change, independent of kindness or unkindness, of love or coldness, from those around you, independent of time and sense, of circumstances and possessions; because hidden in God, where Christ himself is, at the right hand of God. "And when Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory!"

"I am the Light of the World: and he that followeth me shall have the light of life."

How great an encouragement! How strong a motive for seeking! The beginnings of this "following" are a few weak prayers, a few feeble efforts, a few resolute communings with Him who is the Life: the end of this following is a full blaze of glory, a perfection of knowledge, a satisfaction of love, "pleasures for evermore." Who shall not essay the one, that he may at last know the other?

EASTER EVE.

A NIGHT of silence and of gloom:
My Master lieth in the tomb—
Mine was the sin and His the doom!

* * *

So on this awful eventide,
My self-trust gone, my wealth of pride
All spent and lost, I fain would hide.

And where?—Lo, on this Eve alone
I come with contrite prayer and moan
And lay me down before the Stone.

All is so still, so deadly still—
E'en that dread scene upon the Hill
Scarce shook me with so strong a thrill.

For Calvary had its jeering crowd,
My tears were check'd, my love was cow'd,
My pride took courage 'mid the proud.

The soldiers sleeping heed me not,
Their vigil is perforce forgot:
The world is banish'd from the spot.

So here I weep—for none are near
To fill my craven heart with fear
Of some sharp gibe for every tear.

And the deep stillness hath a cry
Reaching my soul, and none are by
To drown it with their blasphemy.

It saith, "O ingrate heart, for thee
The passion in Gethsemane,
For thee the scourge, the mockery,'

"The scarlet robe, the thorny wreath,
For thee the load He sank beneath,
For thee the nails, the spear, the death!

"Yea, all for thee! and having learn'd
How great that love was, hast thou spurn'd
The due of gratitude it earn'd?

"Thankless and cold! thy broken vow
Of love and service asks thee now,
Here at His tomb, what doest thou?"

'Tis true—yet am I fain to come:
In grief I have no other home
But near Him, though 'tis near His tomb!

And as in self-convicted mood
On mine ingratitude I brood,
A Presence breaks the solitude:

And, like a benediction near,
Blessing, not cursing, in mine ear
Whispers of hope, and not of fear:

"Yea, all for thee! that love He gave,
Forgiving still as it forgave,
Dieth not with Him in the grave!"

* * *

So on this holy eventide
I lay me down as at His side,
And pray to die as He has died:

That I may rise to meet the strife
With this dead heart renew'd, and rife
With impulses of love and life.

But can it be with one so vain,
So weak, so fearful of disdain?
"It can be! by the right of pain,

"And curse, and cross, and this dark night!
Thou shalt 'wax valiant' in the fight,
Thy weakness perfected in might.

"So shalt thou bear His flag unfurl'd,
'Mid ghostly foemen overhurl'd,
In fearless love before the world!"

Then, blessed Master! only Friend!
Be near, inspire, sustain, defend;
In prayer I battle till the end!

Till that new "perfect day" begin
The life of light, the death of sin,
Which by that grace and power I win:

When on this Lenten night forlorn
There breaks the final Easter morn,
And the unsetting sun is born.

* * *

So on this blessed eventide,
Here at Thy tomb, here at Thy side,
I lift my prayer, Abide, abide!

The old sweet prayer so earnestly
Pray'd one sad eve, and heard of Thee,
Abide with me, abide with me!

S. J. STONE.

LESSONS FROM A SHOEMAKER'S STOOL.

IN the course of my wanderings I had the good luck not long ago to fall in with a very remarkable and interesting old man, James Beattie, of Gordonstone, a village of about a dozen of houses in the parish of Auchterless, in the north-east corner of Aberdeenshire. He is a shoemaker, but has conjoined with his trade the teaching of all the children in his neighbourhood. It is remarkable how largely the shoemaking profession bulks in the public eye in this respect. John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler, was the founder of Ragged Schools in England; and George Murray, of Peter-head, also a shoemaker, formed the nucleus from which the Union Industrial Schools of that town have sprung. Many others might be mentioned. Probably scientific investigation may hereafter explain this affinity between leather and philanthropy.

Mr. Beattie is now eighty-two years of age. For sixty of these he has been carrying on his labour of love, and he means to do so as long as he can point an awl or a moral, adorn a tale or a piece of calf-skin. He has sought no reward but that of a good conscience. None are better worthy of a recognition in Good Words than the systematic unobtrusive doer of good deeds, and probably few will grudge James Beattie the honour.

While in his neighbourhood a friend of mine gave me such an account of him as made me resolve to see him if possible. By making a start an hour earlier than was necessary for my regular duty, I had no difficulty in making out my visit to him. His workshop being pointed out to me—a humble one-storied house with a thatch roof, and situated in quite a rural district—I went up to the door and knocked.

I hope the three hundred and odd school-managers, with whom I am acquainted in the north of Scotland, will excuse me for saying here, that this ceremony—the knocking—ought always to be gone through on entering a school. It is not perhaps too much to say that, so far as I have observed, it is almost invariably neglected. The door is opened, and an unceremonious entrance is made, by which not only is the teacher made to feel—I know he feels it—that he is not the most important person there, which is not good; *but the pupils are made to see it*, which is very bad. I am aware that this is sometimes due to the fact that the teacher and managers are on the most familiar terms. It is not always so; and even when it is, I venture to think that the courtesy of a knock should be observed. I have never once, when I was alone, or when it depended on me, entered a school without knocking. This, however, by the way.

I had got the length of knocking at James Beattie's door, which was almost immediately opened by a stout-built man under the middle size, with a thoroughly Scotch face, square, well-marked features, eyes small and deeply sunk, but full of intelligence and kindliness. The eyes, without having anything about them peculiarly striking, had a great deal of that quiet power for which I cannot find a better epithet than sympathetic. They are eyes that beget trust and confidence, that tempt you somehow to talk, that assure you that their owner will say nothing silly or for show; in short, good, sensible, kindly eyes. His age and leathern apron left me in no doubt as to who he was. I said, however, "You are Mr. Beattie, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied; "my name's James Beattie. Wull ye no come in oot o' the snaw? It's a stormy day."

"Perhaps," I said, "when you know who I am, you won't let me in."

"Weel, at present, I dinna ken ony reason for keepin' ye oot."

I then told him who I was; that I was on my way to Auchterless Female School (about two miles off), that his friend Mr. C—— had been speaking to me about him, and that, as I was almost passing his door, I could not resist calling upon him, and having a friendly chat with one who had been so long connected with education. I added that I did not wish to see his school unless he liked, and that if he had any objections he was to say so.

"Objections!" he replied. "I never hae ony objections to see onybody that has to do wi' education. It has aye been a hobby o' mine, and I daursay a body may hae a waur hobby. You that's seein' sae mony schules will be able to tell me something I dinna ken. Come in, sir."

In his manner there was no fussiness, but a most pleasing solidity, heartiness, and self-possession. He did not feel that he was being made a lion of, and he evidently did not care whether he was or no. I went in, and, as a preliminary to good fellowship, asked him for a pinch of snuff, in which I saw he indulged. The house, which does double duty as a shoemaker's stall and school-room, is not of a very promising aspect. The furniture consists of a number of rude forms and a desk along the wall. So much for the school-room. In the other end are four shoemakers' stools occupied by their owners, lasts, straps, lap-stones, hammers, old shoes, and the other accompaniments of a shoemaker's shop. Two or three farm servants, whose work had been stopped by the snow-storm, had come in, either to pass an idle hour in talk or in the way of business.

There were only ten pupils present, a number being prevented by the snow and long roads. When I went in some of them were conning over their lessons in a voice midway between speech and silence, and one or two were talking, having taken advantage of the "maister's" going to the door to speak to me, and the noise called forth from Mr. Beattie the order, "Tak' your bookies, and sit peaceable and dacent, though there's few o' ye this snawy day. Think it a', dinna speak oot; your neebours hear ye, and dinna mind their ain lessons."

This is, I think, very good: "Although there's few o' ye this snawy day," your responsibility is individual, not collective. Many or few, the object for which you are here is the same—viz., to learn your lessons and behave properly. The snow-storm has kept many away, but it furnishes no excuse for noise or idleness. The old man's "though there's few o' ye" thus involved a great principle that lies at the root of all true teaching.

The order was obeyed to the letter. James pointed out a seat for me on one of the forms, took up his position on his stool, and he and I began to talk. I am tempted to give it, to the best of my recollection, in his simple Doric, which would lose much by translation.

"You will not be very well pleased," I remarked, by way of drawing him out, "about this fine new school which has just been opened at Badenscoth. It will take away a great many of your scholars."

"Oh man!" he replied, "ye dinna ken me or ye wudna say that. I hae just said a hunder times, when I heard o' the new schule, that I was thankfu' to Providence. Afore there was ony talk o' the new schule, I hae stood mony a time wi' my back to the fire lookin' at the bairnies when they were learnin' their lessons, and whiles takin' a bit glint up at my face—for I think some o' them like me—and I've said, 'Oh, wha'll mind thae puir creaturs when I'm awa'?' Ye ken," he continued, "I canna expect muckle langer time here noo. Ay, even if I werena an auld dune man, as I am, I wud hae been thankfu' for the new schule. I hae maybe dune as weel's I could, but a' my teachin', though it's better than naething, is no to be compared wi' what they'll get at a richt schule."

"It is quite true," I said, "that you labour under great disadvantages, having both to teach and attend to your work at the same time."

"Weel, it's no sae muckle that, as my ain want o' education."

"You have had a long education," I replied.

"That's just what a freen o' mine said to me ance, and I mind I said to him, 'That's the truest word ever ye spak. I've been learnin' a' my days, and I'm as fond to learn as ever.'"

"But how do you manage to teach and work at the same time?"

"Ye see," he replied, "when I'm teachin' the A B C, I canna work, for I maun point to the letters; but when they get the length o' readin', I ken fine by the sense, withoot the book, if they're readin' richt, and they canna mak' a mistak but I ken't."

Well said by James Beattie! He has discovered by common sense and experience the only true test of good reading, "by the sense, without the book."

"In spite of your own want of education, however," I said, "I understand that you have old pupils in almost every quarter of the globe who are doing well, and have made their way in the world through what you were able to give them. I have heard, too, that some of them are clergymen."

"Ay, that's true enough," he replied; "and some o' them hae come back after being years awa', and sat doon among the auld shoon there whar they used to sit. And I've got letters frae some o' them after ganging a far way that were just sae fu' o' kindness and gude feelin', and brocht back the auld times sae keenly, that I micht maybe glance ower them, but I could na read them oot. Ah sir! a teacher and an auld scholar, if they're baith richt at the heart, are buckled close thegither though the sea's atween them. At ony rate that's my experience.

"See, sir," he continued, holding out a point of deer's horn, "there's a' I hae o' a remembrance o' ane that's in Canada, a prosperous man noo, wi' a great farm o' his ain. When he was at the schule here, he saw me makin' holes wider wi' a bit pointed stick, and he thocht this bit horn wud do't better—and he wasna far wrang—and he gied it to me. Weel, he cam back years and years after, and I didna ken him at first. He had grown up frae being a bairn no muckle bigger than my knee to be a buirdly chield. I sune made oot who he was, and as I was workin' and talkin' to him, I had occasion to use this bit horn. 'Gude hae me,' says he, 'hae ye that yet?' 'Ay,' said I, 'and I'll keep it as lang as I hae a hole to bore.'"

Returning to the subject of teaching, I said, "How do you manage after they have got the alphabet, and what books do you use?"

"Weel, I begin them wi' wee penny bookies, but it's no lang till they can mak' something o' the Testament, and when they can do that, I choose easy bits oot o' baith the Auld and New Testaments that teach us our duty to God and man. I dinna say that it's maybe the best lesson-book, but it's a book they a' hae, and ane they should a' read, whether they hae ither books or no. They hae 'collections' too, and I get them pamphlets and story-books, and when I see them gettin' tired o' their lessons, and beginning to tak' a look aboot the house, I bid them put by their 'collections,' and tak' their pamphlets and story-books. Ye ken, bairns maun like their books."

Well said again! "Bairns maun like their books,"—a necessity far from universally recognised either by teachers or the makers of school-books. Many a healthy plant has been killed by being transplanted into an ungenial soil and kept there, and many a promising school career has been marred or cut short by books that 'bairns couldna like.'"

"You teach writing, arithmetic, and geography, too, I suppose, Mr. Beattie?"

"I try to teach writin' and geography, but ye'll believe that my writin's naething to brag o', when I tell ye that I learnt it a' mysel'; ay, and when I began to mak' figures, I had to tak' doon the Testament, and look at the tenth verse, to see whether the 0 or the 1 cam first in 10. I can learn them to write a letter that can be read, and, ye ken, country folk's no very particular aboot its being like copperplate. Spellin's the main thing. It doesna mak' (matter) if a bairn can write like a clerk if he canna spell. I can learn them geography far enough to understan' what they read in the newspapers, and if they need mair o't than I can gie them, and hae a mind for't, they can learn it for themsels. I dinna teach countin'. Ony man in my humble way can do a' that on his tongue. At ony rate I've aye been able. Besides, I couldna teach them countin'. Ye see, I maun leeve by my wark, and I'm thankfu' to say I've aye been able to do that, but I couldna do't if I was to teach them countin'. It wud mak' sic an awfu' break in my time. When my ain grandchildren hae got a' I can gie them, I just send them to ither schules."

"What catechism do you teach?" I asked.

"Ony ane they like to bring," he replied. "I'm an Episcopalian mysel', but I hae leeved lang enough to ken, and indeed I wasna very auld afore I thocht I saw that a body's religious profession was likely to be the same as his faither's afore him; and so I just gie everybody the same liberty I tak' to mysel. I hae Established Kirk, and Free Kirk, and Episcopal bairns, and they're a' alike to me. D'ye no think I'm richt?"

"Quite right, I have no doubt. The three bodies you mention have far more points of agreement than of difference, and there is enough of common ground to enable you to do your duty by them, without offending the mind of the most sensitive parent. I wish your opinions were more common than they are."

During the conversation the old man worked while he talked. He had evidently acquired the habit of doing two things at once.

"I should like very much," I said, "to see some of your teaching. Will you let me hear how your pupils get on?"

"I'll do that wi' pleasure, sir," he replied; "but ye maun excuse oor auld-fashioned tongue."

He took off his spectacles and laid aside his work, I presume out of deference to a stranger, and was about to call up some of his scholars, when I requested him not to mind me, and said that I should prefer to see him go on in his ordinary way.

"Weel, weel, sir, ony way ye like, but I thocht it was barely dacent to gang on cobblin' awa' when ye were examinin' the bairns."

He accordingly resumed his spectacles and his work, adjusted his woollen nightcap or cowl, striped with red, white, and black—an article of common wear by day among people of his age and occupation—and looking round, said, "Come here, Bell, and read to this gentleman."

This remark was addressed to a little girl about eight years of age. Bell came up when called.

"She has a dreadfu' memory, sir! I weel believe it wud tak' her an hour and a half to say a' she has by heart."

Bell read fluently and intelligently, spelt correctly, and afterwards repeated a whole chapter of Job with scarcely a stumble, and so as to convince me that she really had a "dreadfu' memory." Her answers to several questions proposed by myself were wonderfully mature. I have seldom seen a child whose solidity of intellect and thoughtfulness struck me more than that of Bell M'Kenzie.

"Come here noo, Jamie," he said, addressing a very little boy, "and if ye read weel, or at ony rate *as weel's ye can do*, to this gentleman, ye'll get a sweetie; but if ye dinna, ye'll get naething."

What a world of kindliness and consideration there is in these five little words, "as weel's ye can do," even as they appear on paper! It was a *strict* but not a *hard* bargain. I dare say the modification, "as weel's ye can do," was suggested by Jamie's very tender age: he was just three. Less than "weel" would earn the sweetie, but it must be *as weel's he can do.* The test was, as it should always be in such cases, a relative one. In order, however, to apprehend the full effect of the modifying words, it is necessary to hear the tone of the old man's voice, to see the gentle pat on Jamie's back with which they were accompanied, and the childlike confidence with which the little urchin of three years came up to the old man of nearly eighty-three, and, resting his arm on the apron-covered knee, began to spell out his lesson, having first assured himself by an enquiring look into the "maister's" face, that the stranger meant him no harm. The awl was used as a pointer, and Jamie did at first pretty well—for his age, I thought, wonderfully well, but to the old shoemaker's mind, "no sae weel's he could do," and he had to give place to another boy. He did so, but the tears came into his little eyes, and remained there till he was taken on a second trial and reinstated in favour. He earned and got his sweetie; that was a good thing. He had pleased the "maister" and was no longer in disgrace; that was evidently a far better thing.

The Bible class was then called up.

"That creatur there, Jean," he said, putting his hand on a little girl's head, and looking kindly in her face, "is a gude scholar, though she's but sma'."

Jean, reassured by the remark and prepared for the ordeal, gave a smile and commenced reading the 26th chapter of Numbers. It was difficult, and even Jean halted now and then as a proper name of more than ordinary difficulty came in her way.

"I doot it's a hard bit that, Jean," he said; "is't a' names?"

"Na, nae't *a'*," she replied, with an emphasis on the *a'*, which left it to be inferred that a good part of it was names.

"Weel, do the best ye can. Spell them oot when ye canna read them. Come here, Jessie," he said, addressing the biggest girl present, probably eleven years of age, "and see if they spell them richt." Turning to me, he said, "I'm no sae fond o' chapters fu' o' names, as o' them that teach us our duty to God and ane anither, but it does them nae harm to be brocht face to face wi' a difficulty noo and then. It wad tak' the speerit oot o' the best horse that ever was foaled to mak' it draw aye up-hill. But a chapter like that maks them try themsels in puttin' letters thegither, and naming big words. I daursay ye'll agree wi' me, that to battle wi' a difficulty and beat it is a gude thing for us a', if it doesna come ower often."

"I quite agree with you," I replied.

"Weel, when it's a namey chapter like that, I get my assistant" (with a humorous twinkle of his eye)—"that bit lassie's my assistant—to look ower't, and see if they spell't richt. I couldna be sure o' the spellin' o' the names withoot the book."

After the Bible lesson, and as a supplement to it, Jessie, the assistant, was ordered to ask the Shorter Catechism. She ranged pretty nearly over it all, and received on the whole surprisingly correct answers. Meantime the old man went steadily on with his shoe, all eye for his work, all ear for blunders. Once he heard one girl whispering assistance to another, which he promptly and almost severely checked by "Dinna tell her; there's nae waur plan than that. If she needs help, I'll tell her mysel, or bid you tell her."

A boy who stumbled indifferently through an answer was punished with "Ay, ye're no very clear upon that, lad. Try't again. I doot ye haena stressed your e'en wi' that ane last nicht." He tried it again, but with not much better success. "Oh, tak' care! ye're no thinkin'. If ye dinna think o' the meanin', hoo can ye be richt? Ye micht as weel learn Gaelic."

After several other correct answers, I had a very good example of the quickness of perception which long experience gives. A little girl having broken down, opened the catechism which she held in her hand, and craftily began reading instead of repeating the answer. The shoemaker's ear at once caught it up. He detected from the accuracy of the answer, and at the same time from the hesitating tone in which it was given, the effort of reading, and said, in a voice of considerable severity, "What! are ye keekin'? Hae ye your catechiss in your han'? Hoo often hae I telt ye o' the dishonesty o' that? Ye're cheatin', or at ony rate ye're tryin' to cheat me. Do I deserve that frae ye? Did I ever cheat you? But ye're doing far waur than cheatin' me. Oh, whatever ye do, be honest. Come to the schule wi' your lessons weel by heart if ye can, but if you've been lazy, dinna mak' your faut waur by being dishonest."

It will be seen from this sketch of his teaching that Mr. Beattie is a man of no ordinary type. I have succeeded very imperfectly in conveying an adequate notion of his kindliness and sympathy with everything good. I was surprised to find in a man moving in a very narrow circle such advanced and well-matured theories of education. His idea of the extent to which difficulties should be presented in the work of instruction,—his plan of selecting passages instead of taking whatever comes to hand,—his objection to whispering assistance, "Dinna tell her; if she needs help, I'll tell her mysel', or bid you tell her,"—his severe but dignified reproof of dishonesty, "Ye're cheatin' me, but ye're doing far waur than that. Oh, whatever ye do, be honest," &c.,—his encouragement to thoughtfulness and intelligence, "If ye dinna think o' the meanin', hoo can ye be richt?" seemed to me most admirable, well worthy the attention of all who are engaged in similar pursuits, and certainly very remarkable as being the views of a man who has mixed little with the world, and gained almost nothing from the theories of others.

It was evident from the behaviour of the children that they all fear, respect, and love him.

I sat and talked with him on various subjects for a short time longer, and then rose to bid him good-bye.

"But, sir," he remarked, "this is a cauld day, and, if ye're no a teetotaller, ye'll maybe no object to gang up to my house wi' me and 'taste something.'"

I replied that I was not a teetotaller, and should be very glad to go with him. We went accordingly, "tasted something," and had a long talk.

He has, for a country shoemaker, a remarkably good library. The books generally are solid, some of them rare, and he seems to have made a good use of them. His opinion of novels is perhaps worth quoting:—

"I never read a novel a' my days. I've heard bits o' Scott read that I likit very weel, but I never read ony o' them mysel'. The bits I heard telt me some things that were worth kennin', and were amusin' into the bargain, but I understan' that's no the case wi' the maist o' novels. When a body begins to read them, he canna stop, and when he has dune, he kens nae mair than when he began. Noo it taks me a' my time to read what's really worth kennin'."

I asked him what had first made him think of teaching.

"Mony a time," he replied, "hae I asked that at mysel'; and it's nae wonner, for I never was at the schule but eleven weeks in my life, and that was when I was a loon (laddie) about eleven years auld. I had far mair need to learn than to teach, though I'm no sure but to teach a thing is the best way to learn't. Amaist a' that I ken, and it's no muckle to be sure, but I got it by learnin' ithers. But ye've asked what made me begin teachin'. Weel, sir, it was this: when I was a young lad, there were seven grown-up folk roun' aboot here that couldna read a word. Some o' them were married and had families, and there was nae schule nearer than twa mile, and in the winter especially the young things couldna gang sae far. Ane o' the faithers said to me ae day: 'Ye ken, Jamie, I canna read mysel', but, oh man, I ken the want o't, and I canna thole that Willie shouldna learn. Jamie, ye maun tak' and teach him.' 'Oh man,' I said, 'hoo can I teach him? I ken naething mysel'.' 'Ye maun try,' he said. Weel, I took him, and after him anither and anither cam, and it wasna lang till I had aboot twenty. In a year or twa I had between sixty and seventy, and sae I hae keepit on for near sixty years. I soon grew used wi't, and custom, ye ken, is a kind o' second nature."

"But how did you find room," I asked, "for sixty in that little place?"

"Weel, sir, there was room for mair than ye wud think. Wherever there was a place that a creatur could sit, I got a stoolie made, and every corner was filled. Some were at my back, some were in the corner o' the window, and some were sittin' among the auld shoon at my feet. But for a' that there wasna room for sixty, and so a woman that lived across the road had a spare corner in her house, and when the bairns got their lessons, they gaed ower and sat wi' her, and made room for the ithers. Ye see, the faithers and mithers were aye in gude neebourhood wi' me. They were pleased and I was pleased, and when folk work into ane anither's han's, they put up wi' things that they wudna thole at ither times."

"You must have had great difficulty," I remarked, "in keeping so many of them in order. What kind of punishment did you use?"

"Oh, sir, just the strap. That's it," he said, pointing to one lying among the old shoes.

"And did you need to use it often?"

"Ou ay, mony a time, when they were obstinate. But I maun say, it was when the schule was sae close packit that I had to use't maist. When they were sittin' just as close as I could pack them, some tricky nackits o' things wud put their feet below the seats, and kick them that were sittin' afore them. Order, ye ken, maun be keepit up, and I couldna pass by sic behaviour. I've seldom needit to chasteese them for their lessons," he continued; "the maist o' them are keen to learn, and gie me little trouble."

"Have you any idea," I asked, "of the number of pupils you have passed through your hands during these sixty years?"

"Weel, I keepit nae catalogue o' names, but some o' them that tak' an interest in the bairns made oot that they canna be less than fourteen or fifteen hunder. I weel believe they're richt."

"And you have never charged any fees, I understand."

"Fees! Hoo could I charge fees? I never sought, and I never wanted a sixpence. But I maun say this, that the neebours hae been very kind, for they offered to work my bit croft for me, and it wudna hae been dacent to refuse their kindness. And they gied me a beautiful silver snuff-box in 1835. That's it," he said, taking it out of his pocket; "wull ye no tak' anither pinch?"

I did, and then said that I was glad to learn from his friend Mr. C. that, a year or so ago, he had been presented with his portrait and a handsome purse of money.

"Deed it's quite true, and I was fairly affronted when they gied me my portrait and 86*l.*, and laudit me in a' the papers. Some o't cam frae Canada and ither foreign pairts, but I ken't naething aboot the siller till they gied it to me, for they cam ower me, and got me to tell them, without thinking o't, where some o' my auld scholars were leevin'. I said to mysel' when I got it, that I was thankfu' for't, for I wud be able noo to buy the puir things books wi't."

"You supply them with books then?" I enquired.

"Weel, them that's no able to buy them," he said with a peculiar smile.

I have not succeeded in analysing this smile to my own satisfaction, but, among other things, it expressed commiseration for the poverty of those who were not able to buy books, and a deprecating reproof of himself for having been unwittingly betrayed into an apparent vaunting of his own good deeds.

"You must have great pleasure," I said, "in looking back to the last sixty years, and counting up how many of your old scholars have done you credit."

"Oh! I hae that," he replied. "I've dune what I could, and there's nae better work than learnin' young things to read and ken their duty to God and man. If it was to begin again, I dinna think I could do mair, or at ony rate mair earnestly, for education than I hae dune, but I could maybe do't better noo. But it's a dreadfu' heartbreak when ony o' them turns oot ill, after a' my puir wark to instil gude into them."

I led him by degrees to take a retrospect of the last half century. He told me, in his simple unaffected Doric, the history of some of his pupils, keeping himself in the background, except where his coming forward was necessary either to complete the story, or put in a stronger light the good qualities of some of his old scholars. He paused now and then, sometimes with his hands on his knees and his head slightly lowered, sometimes with his head a little to one side, and his eye looking back into the far-off years, and I saw by his quiet reflective look that he was scanning the fruits of his labours, his expression varying from gaiety to gloom, as the career of a successful or "neer-do-weel" pupil passed in review before him.

I complimented him on his haleness for his years.

"Yes," he replied, "I should be thankfu', and I try to be't, but, I'm feared, no sae thankfu' as I should be. Except hearing and memory, I hae my faculties as weel's when I was ten year auld. Eh! what a mercy! hoo many are laid helpless on their back long afore they're my age, and hoo few are aboon the ground that are sae auld!"

Here the old man's voice faltered, and tears of genuine gratitude filled his eyes.

"Of a' them that began life wi' me, I just ken ane that's no ta'en awa'. There were twelve brithers and sisters o' us, and I'm the only ane that's left. My faither dee'd when I was sixteen. My aulder brithers were a' oot at service, and as I was the only ane that was brocht up to my faither's trade, my mither and the younger anes had to depend maistly on me, and I thocht I was a broken reed to depend on, for I hadna mair than half learned my trade when my faither dee'd. I mind the first pair o' shoon I made; when I hung them up on the pin, I said to mysel', 'Weel, the leather was worth mair afore I put a steek (stitch) in't.' Ye ken they werena sae particular then as they are noo. If the shoe didna hurt the foot, and could be worn at a', they werena very nice aboot the set o't. Mony a time I thocht I wud hae lost heart, but regard for my mither keepit me frae despairin'. Whiles I was for ownin' beat, and askin' the rest to help us, but my mither said, 'Na, Jamie, my man, we'll just work awa' as weel's we can, and no let the rest ken.' Weel, I wrought hard at my trade, and when I should hae been sleepin' I wrought at my books, and I made progress in baith. Ah, sir," said the old man with a pathos I cannot reproduce, "naebody that hasna had to fecht for the best o' mithers can understan' my feelings when I saw at last that I was able to keep her and mysel' in meat and claes respectably. I've had mony a pleasure in my lang life, but this was worth them a' put thegither. Ay," he said, and his voice became deeper and richer, "it's grand to win a battle when ye've been fechtin' for the through-bearin' and comfort o' an auld widow-mither that ye like wi' a' your heart. For oh, I likit my mither, and she deserved a' my likin'."

Here he broke down, his eyes filled, and, as if surprised at his own emotion, he brushed away the tears almost indignantly with his sleeve, saying, "I'm an auld man, and maybe I should think shame o' this, but I canna help being proud o' my mither."

"I think I can understand both your perseverance and your pride," I replied; "you must have had a hard struggle."

"Ay, I cam through the hards, but if I was to be laid aside noo, it wud be nae loss to my family, for they're comfortable, and could keep me weel enough, and I'm sure they wud do't."

"You were well armed for the battle," I replied, "and it was half won before you began it, for you evidently commenced life with thoroughly good principles and strong filial affection."

"Yes, I've reason to be thankfu' for a gude upbringin'. Mony a callant is ruined by bad example at home. I canna say that for mysel'. Whatever ill I hae done in my life canna be laid at my faither or mither's door. No, no! they were a dacent, honest, God-fearin' couple, and everybody respected them."

"Their example seems not to have been lost upon you, for you too have the respect of every one who knows you."

"Weel, I dinna ken," he replied; "everybody has enemies, and I may hae mine, but I dinna ken them: I really dinna ken them."

"Have you always lived in this village?" I asked.

"Yes; and, what's curious, I've leeved under four kings, four bishops, four ministers, and four proprietors. And for mair than sixty years I've gane to the chapel at least ance a week, and that's a walk o' eight mile there and back. That's some travelling for ye. I never was an hour ill since I was fourteen year auld."

He still looks wonderfully hale, but he says that, for some time past, he has felt the weight of years coming upon him.

"Sometimes," he said, "I grow dizzy. I dinna ken what it is to be the waur o' drink, but I think it maun be something like what I've felt—just sae dizzy that if I was to cross the floor and tramp on a bool (marble) I wud fa'."

Judging, however, from his haleness, one would think him not much above seventy, and even strong for that, and with probably years of good work in him yet. He expresses himself clearly, methodically, and without an atom of pedantry, though in the broadest Scotch. He is, as I have said, an Episcopalian, and says, "When it is a saint's day, and the bairns are telt no to come to the schule, for I maun gang to the chapel, if I have occasion to gang doon to the shop a wee in the morning afore chapel-time to finish some bit job, I catch mysel' lookin' roun' for the bairns, though there are nane o' them there. Na," he continued, "I couldna do without my bairns noo at a'; I canna maybe do them muckle gude, but I can do them nae harm, and as lang as I can try to do them gude I'll no gie't up."

Thus ended my first morning with James Beattie in February, 1864, and I felt as if I had been breathing an atmosphere as fresh, bracing, and free from taint, as that which plays on mid-ocean, or on the top of Ben Nevis.

I saw him a second time in January last, and, though it was again a snowy day, I found twenty pupils present. The shoemaking and schoolwork go on as before. The awl and the hammer are as busy as ever, and his care of his bairns unabated. I had scarcely sat down before I asked for "Bell," whose "dreadfu' memory" had surprised me the previous year. I saw, from the grieved expression that passed over his countenance, that something was wrong.

"Eh, man, Bell's deed. She dee'd o' scarlatina on the last day o' September, after eighteen hours' illness. There never was a frem'd body's* death that gie'd me sae muckle trouble as puir Bell's."

Evidently much affected by the loss of his favourite pupil, he went on to say, "She was insensible within an hour after she was taen ill, and continued that way till a short time afore she was taen awa', when she began to say a prayer—it was the langest ane I had learned her—and she said it frae beginning to end withoot a mistak'. Her mither, puir body, thocht she had gotten the turn and was growing better, but whenever the prayer was dune, she grew insensible again, and dee'd aboot an hour after. Wasna that most extraordinar? It behoved to be the Speerit o' God workin' in that bairn afore He took her to Himsel'. Ay, it'll be lang afore I forget Bell. I think I likit her amaist as if she had been my ain. Mony a time I said she was ower clever to leeve lang, but her death was a sair grief to me nane the less o' that. I'll never hae the like o' her again. I've a sister o' hers here. Annie M'Kenzie," he said, addressing a little girl, "stan' up and let this gentleman see ye." Turning again to me, he said, "She has a wonnerfu' memory too, but no sae gude as Bell's. She's just aboot six year auld. She has a prayer where she prays for her faither and mither, and brithers and sister. Puir Bell was the only sister she had, and I said to her ae day that she shouldna say 'sister' ony mair in her prayer; and, wud ye believ't, sir? the tears cam rinnin' doon the creatur's cheeks in a moment. I couldna help keepin' her company. Ye wudna expect that frae ane o' her age. She has a brither too, aboot three year auld, that will come to something. He has a forehead stickin' oot just as if your han' was laid on't."

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* A person not a relation.

Jamie had made good progress during the year, and earned another sweetie easily. He has been promoted to the dignity of pointing for himself, and no longer requires the awl.

Mr. Beattie seems as vigorous as when I saw him a year ago. The only indication of greater feebleness is, that he has taken regularly to the use of a staff. He walks, however, nimbly and well; but he says the dizziness comes over him now and then, and he feels more at ease when he has a staff in his hand.

He asked me if I could not come and see him next day. I said I was sorry I could not. "I am awfu' vexed at that," he said; "this is the last day o' my eighty-first year. The morn's my eighty-second birthday, and I thocht I micht maybe never see anither, and I made up my mind to gie the bairns a treat. They're a' comin', and they get a holiday. I'm awfu' vexed ye canna come."

"I wish very much I could," I replied.

"A' the neebours," he said, "are takin' an interest in't, and the Colonel's lady has sent me a cake to divide among the bairns—that's a sma' thing compared wi' a' her gude deeds, for she's a by-ordnar fine woman. Ye maun come up to my house and get a bit o' the cake."

I objected that it was scarcely fair to break it before to-morrow.

"Oo ay, ye maun taste it. She'll no object to you gettin' a bit o't afore the bairns."

I yielded of course, and spent another pleasant hour with him, during which I had my first impression confirmed as to his single-hearted benevolence and altogether fine character. I shook hands with him, and as I was leaving said that I had some intention of sending a short sketch of his labours to GOOD WORDS. I asked if he had any objection to his name being mentioned.

"Weel, sir," he said, "I'm real gratefu' for your kindness in coming twice to see me, and takin' notice o' me the way ye've done. It's far mair than I deserve. I dinna think the readers o' GOOD WORDS will care muckle aboot the like o' me, and I've never been fond o' makin' a show, but if ye think an article wi' my name in't wud encourage ithers in my humble way to do a' they can for the upbringin' o' puir creaturs that hae nae ither way o' gettin' education, I'll no forbid ye to do just as ye like."

"Well, then, I'll do it. Good bye!"

"Wull ye gie me anither shake o' your han' afore ye go? I may never see ye again."

"Most willingly," I replied.

He took my hand in one of his, and laying his other on my shoulder, said, "I'm no a man o' mony words, but I wud like ye to believe that I'm gratefu', real gratefu' for your kindness, as gratefu' as an auld man that kens weel what kindness is can be, and I wud like ye to promise if ye're hereaboots next year, and me spared till that time, that ye'll no gang by my door. Wull ye promise this?"

I gave the promise, and was rewarded by two or three kindly claps on the back, a hearty squeeze of the hand, and "God bless ye and keep ye."

The moral of James Beattie's life requires no pointing. A life that has been a discipline of goodness, and to which benevolence has become a necessity,—"I canna do without my bairns noo at a', and as lang's I can try to do them gude I'll no gie't up,"—has a simple eloquence that needs no aid and admits of no embellishment from well-balanced phrases.

May the life which has already far exceeded the allotted span be continued for years to come to a man who has been diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

JOHN KERR.

EASTWARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.—JAFFA.

WE embarked at Alexandria on Sunday evening* in a Russian steamer which was to start at early dawn for Jaffa. When I say *we*, I do not at present use the editorial, or the modest "we," instead of the too personal and obtrusive "I." It is intended to express the party which embarked at Alexandria to visit Palestine together.

Now one of the most difficult practical problems which a traveller has to solve, is the choice of the companions who make up the "we." His comfort, the whole atmosphere of the journey, the enjoyment from it at the time and from its memory afterwards, depend in a great degree on those who accompany him. Let him beware of his espousals! A divorce may be impossible for months, and his sufferings in the meantime great. Accept therefore of no man who for any reason whatever can get sulky, or who is thin-skinned; who cannot understand a joke or appreciate a bad pun; who wears the photograph of his wife round his neck, or, what is worse, of one whom he wishes to be his wife; who has a squeaking voice, which he is for ever pestering the echoes to admire and repeat; who refuses to share the pain of his party by paying when cheated; who murmurs doubts about the lawfulness of a glass of beer; who cannot "rough it" and suffer in silence; who has long legs, with knees that reach across a carriage; or who snores loudly. Avoid such a man. Drown him, if necessary, unless he reform. What is needed above all else is geniality, frank and free cordial companionship, with the power of sympathising not only with his "party," but with the spirit of the scenes and people among whom he moves. The feeling with which a man gazes for the first time on some famous spot, like Jerusalem or Tiberias, colours the whole afterthought of it. Let one of the party at such a time strike and keep up a false note, the whole music is changed into discord, and so echoes for ever in the ear of memory.

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* We had thus the happiness of spending another Sunday at Alexandria with our good friend the Scotch minister, Mr. Yuille, and of again assisting him in his services in the harbour on board his "Bethel" ship (presented to the Church of Scotland Mission by the late Pasha) and of preaching to his congregation on shore.

Travellers, I fear, are too apt to form an estimate of the value of missionaries in foreign cities only from the number of "conversions" of the heathen or the unbelievers among whom they are settled. But without at all underrating this great branch of their work, let us not overlook, as we are apt to do, how great a privilege it is to Europeans themselves,—to the wandering traveller, the resident merchant, the young clerk far from home, the sailor visiting the port, the invalid seeking a more genial clime,—to have a simple-hearted, intelligent, God-fearing missionary to visit them in sickness, to advise and comfort them in difficulty and in sorrow, and on each Lord's day to minister to them by prayer and preaching. In our opinion such a missionary is the Christian Consul of the place in which he lives. His value is great, and he deserves the support and encouragement of every right-thinking man.

Now I state all these qualifications with greater confidence, inasmuch as "our party" was unexceptionable. There was myself, for example;—but I dare not here pause as Mathews used to do in his story of the actor who began to enumerate the great performers he had known, suddenly stopping after his own name, and adding, "And I forget the rest!" For to forget would be impossible, that there was also my friend Mr. Strahan, the publisher, and my brother, the minister of Linlithgow, both selected for the important and highly responsible duty of protecting me; the one being accordingly told off to hold the bridle, and the other the stirrup of the weighty writer on those solemn occasions of great physical exertion when he mounted, or dismounted from, his horse or ass; and there were our excellent friends the Rev. Mr. Lundie, of Birkenhead, and Mr. George Barbour, Jun., of Bolesworth, who both joined us on finding that their route was to be the same as ours.

Each of us had his own peculiar greatness. The publisher was great in endurance, even at sea in bad weather,—that is to say, so long as consciousness remained; the minister of Linlithgow was great as a courier, and great also in Arabic, for he could count ten in that language, having been in the country before; the minister of Birkenhead was great in plants; the young Cheshire laird was great on horseback, and could force a trot, and on some occasions a gallop, when all others failed to do so; the writer was great all over, even majestic—in sleep.

Having introduced my friends, I shall, without perhaps mentioning them again, resume the "I" or the "we" as fancy or convenience may dictate, freeing them from all responsibility for what is written by either. As we never had the slightest difference, in our happy journey, I shall indulge the confident hope that the "*we*" will generally concur in the account, such as it is, or may be, which the "I" may give of it.

The steamer was very comfortable, but very slow. There was no forcing her even in smooth water up to eight knots. The captain was a short man, round as a barrel, and with a bullet head, like a seal's, covered by shiny black hair. He was very civil, in his own official way. The vessel was one of a line which unites the coasts of the Mediterranean with those of the Black Sea.

It was crowded with "pilgrims" coming from Mecca, I believe, though I cannot be positive as to their *terminus à quo* or *ad quem*. What interested me most on here meeting, for the first time, with a freight of pilgrims, was their great numbers and their strange habits on shipboard. They were spread everywhere over the decks in family groups, leaving only narrow paths barely sufficient for sailors or curious passengers to move along without treading on them. They lay huddled up in carpets and coverings with the sort of quiet submission to their position which good Europeans manifest in yielding themselves up to death and the grave. Whether they slept, meditated, or were in utter unconsciousness, it is difficult to say; for during most of the day few seemed to attempt to move or shake themselves loose from their place of rest. When the sun shone bright in the morning or evening, and the ship was not uneasy, there was a general rising up of turbans like flowers from the variegated beds of a garden. Narghilés were then produced, lights were passed, bags, handkerchiefs, or other repositories opened, and bread, with figs, garlic, or some other condiment, divided by the old bearded Turkey cock and his hen among their young in the nest around them. It was marvellous to see, as we noticed afterwards on longer voyages than this, how little suffices to satisfy the wants of Orientals.

The one half of the quarter-deck was tented with canvas, and set apart for the more aristocratic portion of the pilgrims; but, except for the darting out and in of some young black-eyed girl or slave who supplied them with water, their long tent was as still as the grave. So still, indeed, did some of those Easterns keep, so submissive and patient were they under all pressure of circumstances, that on one occasion when I went to enjoy the quiet and the fresh breeze at the vessel's bow, and sat on the fore jib, which had been hauled down and stowed, I sprang up in alarm on finding it to move under me. I discovered to my horror that I had been sitting for some time on a Moslem! He survived the pressure; nay, smiled at my expression of alarm. I hope he has not suffered since.

We had one passenger on board who was of some importance—the ex-Duke of Modena. He was on a pilgrimage, as we were told, to Jerusalem, where we afterwards met him. He was a quiet, courteous gentleman, unaffected in manner, and wearing a saddened look, which, knowing the change in his social position, could not but excite our sympathy. It is easy to blame a ruler for what was done or left undone by him while in power; but few of us can know or understand the whole world of circumstances and surroundings, ecclesiastical, political, and social, in which such a ruler has been placed from infancy, nor the gifts or capacities given him by God, so as to form any righteous judgment regarding his personal guilt or innocence. We pitied the Duke for his loss of Modena, although not Modena for the loss of the Duke, who was of great service to us, in securing an excellent table for the passengers while on board. The captain wore his Russian orders, and the cooks and stewards obeyed them; so, what with the Duke and the orders, there was great dignity and good dinners. If Dr. Johnson, that authority on morals, deemed it right for a man on land to pay attention to what must be done thrice every day, who can blame a man at sea for paying attention to his meals when he has little else to concern himself with all the day long? It is surely inconsistent to pity the sick man who dispenses, in more ways than one, with his food, and at the same time to blame the strong man who enjoys it? We again acknowledge our gratitude to the Duke of Modena.

We had other passengers who contributed to make this short voyage a very agreeable one. There were Messrs. Thompson, Ford, and Bliss, with other excellent American missionaries; and our friend Colonel M—— with his lady and party.*

We were rather doubtful as to where we would be put ashore, for the landing at Jaffa is not always to be depended upon. There is no port for the steamer to enter; and if the weather be at all rough, boats cannot leave the harbour: and should they be able to do so, there is often much danger in entering it again, as the passage through the reef of rocks is very narrow, and boats are apt to ship a sea from the breakers, and thus be swamped. The next landing-point is Caipha, or Haifa, under Mount Carmel, and this, we believe, can be entered in any weather. But it is an inconvenient point of access to Palestine, as it necessitates the tourist who wishes to see the north and south of Palestine, to retrace his steps northward after visiting Jerusalem—unless he varies his journey by travelling southward along the plain by Cæsarea to Jaffa. We ourselves would much prefer, if Jaffa failed, to go on to Beyrout, see Damascus, &c., and travel south, embarking at Jaffa. Fortunately the weather was propitious, and the Duke of Modena was anxious to reach Jerusalem by the shortest route. This settled the case in favour of Jaffa, or old Joppa.

On the afternoon of Tuesday we were approaching the Holy Land, and straining our eyes to get a first glimpse of its everlasting hills.

The sun was setting as we descried the long low line of the Palestine coast. It had set when we blew off our steam, a mile or so from the shore. The twinkling lights of boats were then seen like stars coming towards us, and soon the port officials stood on deck demanding a clean bill of health; and this being produced, boat after boat came clustering to the ship's side. Then arose an indescribable Babel from the screeching of their crews, who seemed engaged in some fierce and deadly strife of words which was itself an interesting study, until, after a while, amidst the roaring of steam and of voices, we were by degrees carried along over the side and down to a boat, in a current of sailors, Turks, Arabs, passengers, portmanteaus, dragomen, and travellers, while officers and captain were at the gangway acting a pantomime in despair, vociferating Russian louder than the steam, stamping their feet, grasping their hair, and appearing half apoplectic with their efforts to be heard, yet able at intervals to command a smile for the comfort of the Duke of Modena. It was a great relief to be off from the ship's side (though more than once I thought unpleasantly of Jonah) and to pull for the old shore.

I do not know whether there is a more convenient landing-place at Jaffa than that by which we passed from sea to land. I have a faint memory that some one told me there was a stair. I hope there is; for if not, that one difficulty might form a more formidable barrier to some travellers than a high mountain pass. Our landing-place was a shelf of wood projecting overhead, under which our boat was brought, and from which a dozen hands of unknown and, in the darkness, dimly visible Arabs, were stretched down to help me up. I was quite alive to the "slip between the cup and the lip," but somehow, though not without difficulty, I was dragged to land, and found myself in Palestine. I cannot say that I was wanting in emotion, yet it was emotion in no way kindled by the spot I trod upon, but by the villanous crowd who surrounded me forcing every thought into one uncontrollable desire to be delivered from these Philistines. With thanksgiving I heard my name shouted by my old friend Dr. Philip, to whom I had written from Scotland, and who was waiting for me to guide me to his hospitable home, about a mile from the town. He had a horse ready for me; so leaving our dragoman—of whom more anon—and all my

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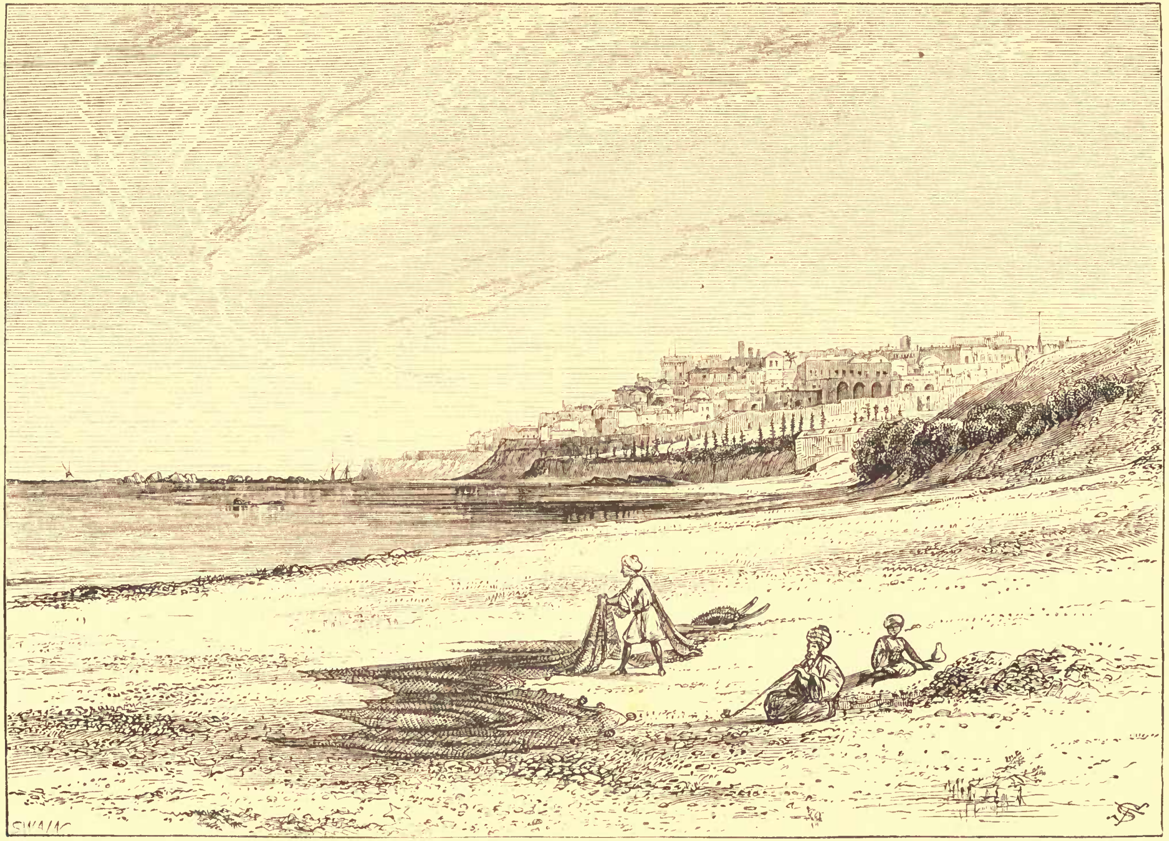
* There are few pains connected with authorship, even in a small way, more acute than the punctures received from errors of the press, especially when the author has himself only to blame. I suffer monthly from this source. In my last article, for example, I discover that a glacier is described as a "bed-*pillow*" instead of a "bed-*fellow*," and that my friend the Colonel is noted for his large "*hand*" instead of his large "*head!*"



JAFFA, FROM THE SOUTH.

[From a Photograph by J. Graham.

The only disappointing thing about an orange grove, or any garden which I saw in the East, was the roughness of the ground. It is cut up into trenches for the purpose of irrigation. Velvety grass exists not: this would make the retreat perfect.

Outside of the gate of Jaffa was a place I would have liked well to have lingered at. It is a large open space, vanishing into the country, and filled with all the picturesque Oriental nondescripts to whom I have alluded in former pages, and who, from crown to heel, had to me an undying interest. To the usual crowd which was ever moving in that open space, with camels, donkeys, horses, and oxen, were added troops of horses which for weeks and months had been constantly passing from every part of the country along the plain, by the old road to Egypt *via* Gaza, to supply the immense losses sustained there from the murrain. Most of those we saw were very inferior cattle, and represented but the dregs of the land, yet were selling at large, and, for the East, exorbitant prices. The strange-looking characters that accompanied them represented the lowest conceivable grade of horse-dealers: their faces being a study for the physiognomist as well as the artist. We preferred studying them by sunlight rather than moonlight.

The first place in Jaffa which the traveller naturally desires to visit is the traditional house of Simon the tanner, in which the Apostle Peter lived. A portion of it at least is evidently a modern building, but if it is not the old house, it is nevertheless well worth visiting from the characteristic view which is obtained from its flat roof. Standing there, I felt myself for the first time brought into local contact, as it were, with those persons and facts in Gospel history with which every Christian is familiar —which occupy the everyday thoughts and most solemn moments of a minister's life and teaching, and which, as he travels through Palestine, seem to become incarnate, to pass from written pages and to clothe themselves in the visible garb of material scenes; to be brought down from the world of spirit and of abstract truth into the real world in which they once lived and moved, only from thence to be raised again and made more real and living to the thoughts than before. It is associations like these, constantly suggested by the objects which every hour meet the eye and stir the memory of the traveller, that make the land "holy," sobering the mind, and investing every day with the hallowed sunlight and atmosphere of the Lord's day.

But to return to the house-top at Jaffa. The quarter of the town in which it exists, with the general idea of the town itself and the harbour, will be understood better from the engraving of Jaffa which illustrates this chapter, than from any verbal description. The house is close to the sea-wall, and looks to the south, from which the view is taken. The whole landscape as seen from the roof is instructive. Along that winding shore, and not far from the town, tanners still ply their trade; and they may have done so since the days of the Apostle. Tanworks, if they existed at all, would probably be always where they now are, from the fact that a current steadily sets along the coast from north to south, which sweeps the refuse of the works clear of the town and small harbour, while it would have had the opposite effect had the works been on the north shore. Simon's house wherever it stood may have passed away, but one fact at least, suggested by it, remains for our strength and comfort, that our angel brothers who minister to the heirs of salvation, are not strangers to our earth and its inhabitants, nor to the situation of our lowly homes, or the nature of our "honest trades;" for the angel who commanded Cornelius to send for Peter, knew this old town of Jaffa, and knew also the name, the house, and the trade of Simon.

The great sea, whose blue waves danced before us in the sunlight and spread themselves to the horizon to wash the shores of Europe beyond, seemed also to partake of the light shed from the vision revealed to the inner eye of the Apostle when praying beneath this blue sky. He had gazed on this sea, unchanged since then in its features and unwrinkled by time; but as he did so, he little knew what endless blessings of Christian consolation and of spiritual life were given to our Western world in promise, and let down from Heaven with that white sheet! The lesson thus symbolically taught, filled him with pain as it destroyed his past, but fills us with gratitude as it secured our future.

Nor could we forget while standing there, that the first link which unconsciously bound the Apostle to Europe was the person of an Italian: that, at their first meeting, the Roman knelt to Peter, and was rebuked in the memorable words, "Stand up, for I also am a man!" And, remembering all this, the question naturally suggested itself, what that same Peter would have thought if another vision, ascending, we must suppose, from the earth, rather than descending from heaven, had pictured to him what future Italians would do and say in his name? and had that vision also represented the magnificent Cathedral of "St. Peter," with a statue of himself as its chief attraction to successive thousands of "Italian bands" who would kneel devoutly before it, it may be further asked, whether he would have recognised in such a spectacle a true expression of his own Christianity, and a necessary "development" of either the principles or practices of the primitive and apostolic Church which he represented? Would he not be disposed rather to say, with the prophet of old, when contemplating a similar vision: "So I lifted up mine eyes the way towards the north, and beheld northward at the gate of the altar this image of jealousy in the entry!"

One has also an excellent view of the harbour of Jaffa from this same spot. The coast of Syria has really no harbours—such as we mean by the name. It is a line of sand, against which the inland ocean of the Mediterranean thunders with the full force and volume of its waves. The existence of a few rocky ledges like a coral reef running parallel to the shore, forming a breakwater to the small lagoon inside, has alone made harbours possible—and, with harbours, commerce and direct communication with the outer world. Yet, had these been more commodious and common than they are, the separateness of the land from the rest of the world (for which it was selected in order to educate Israel) would have been sacrificed. As it is, the balance is nicely adjusted between exclusiveness from the outer world and union with it. To this small reef of rocks Jaffa, the only seaport of the land of Israel, owes its existence, as well as its continuance from the earliest period of history until the present day. Within that pond, sheltered from the foaming breakers outside, many a vessel lay in peace before even the days of Joshua (ch. xix. 46). Belonging as it did to the tribe of Dan, there "Dan remained in ships" (Judges v. 17). Through that opening, but ten feet wide, to the west, vessels have sailed, and plunged into the deep sea,—Jonahs among them,—for thousands of years. Through the other opening, of much the same size, to the north, have come the floats of cedar trees from Lebanon for rebuilding the house of the Lord. The old town has seen many adventures, and the cry of battle from the wars of the Maccabees, the Romans, the Saracens, the Crusaders, has risen around its walls, and within its houses. The Alexander of modern days, Napoleon, has trodden its streets, and walked in his pride through its Plague Hospital, whether to kill or cure it is difficult to say. The fusillade of that terrible massacre of 4000 prisoners (as it is alleged) on the sands, echoed for hours among its streets. Yet its history is not so eventful as that of most of the old Eastern towns which survive the wrecks of time.

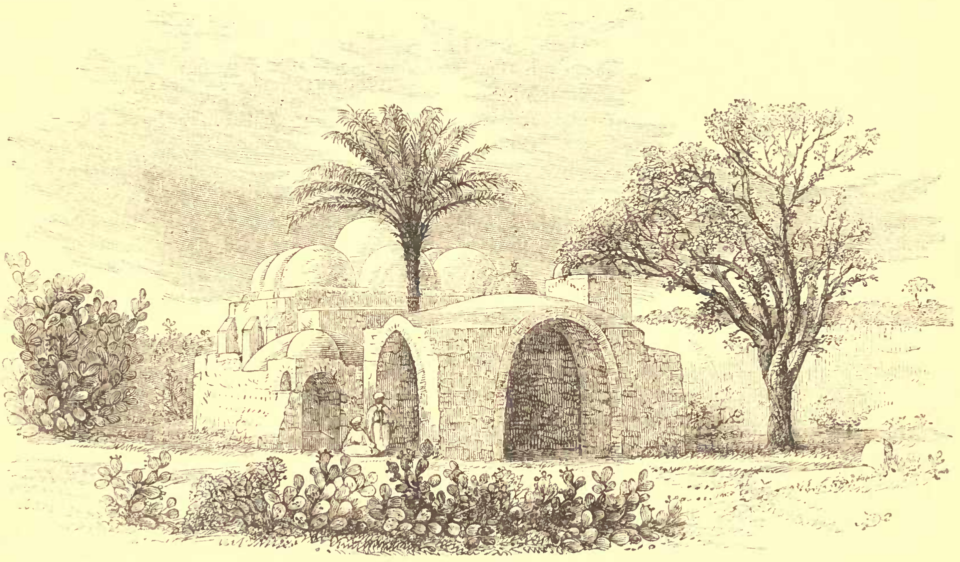
But we must leave the house-top, and keep our appointment at the hotel to prepare for our journey, which is to begin in real earnest on the morrow.

I have already informed the reader of the important fact, that we had hired at Cairo a certain Hadji Ali as our dragoman. True to his engagement, he had met us on the Russian steamer and accompanied us to Jaffa. "Hadji" was an honourable addition made to the name of Ali Abu Haläwy (recommended by "Murray," *alias* my learned and excellent friend Professor Porter, of Belfast), and it represented the fact that its possessor had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. What his motives were in doing so, I do not pretend to know. It may have been in response to his sense of duty, his ideas of piety, or of what might be helpful to him as a dragoman wandering among the tribes of the desert. Be that as it may, we had hired him as the consecrated, saintly Hadji Ali. Now it must be confessed that the Hadji did not look like a saint such as our Western minds conceive one to be. If he was one, he had the gift of concealing the saint and revealing the sinner. But, to do him justice, this revelation was more in an unpleasant sinister twist of his under jaw, in the bandit look of his gaiters, and in the wide-awake, yet reserved and cunning, expression of his eyes, than in any word he ever uttered, or in any act he ever committed during our journey.

Hadji had made arrangements for the road, and wished us to see our horses and be satisfied with his selection—a most difficult and important piece of business! We met at the door of the hotel—one of those peculiar Eastern hostelries of which I shall speak in another paper—to make our acquaintance with our future friends, the horses. They seemed a vulgar pack, without breeding or anything to commend them. But after sundry experiments, protests, rejections, and trials of the girths and saddles, we at last selected our cattle, and arranged to start next morning from the Model Farm. I need not say that Hadji wished to impress us with the greatness of the sum which, owing to the dearth of horses, he had paid for the hire of our stud. I had brought an English saddle with me, and it was ordered to be put on a quiet, patient, respectable-looking, ministerial cob—afterwards called, in spite, "the cow."

We retired that evening to "the Model Farm"—so called, by the way, from its being an experiment, supported by Christians in London, to provide labour for converted Jews. It is superintended by Dr. Philip, who acts as farmer and medical missionary. I availed myself of the opportunity afforded to me of here visiting, without the suspicion of being intrusive or impertinent, a real native dwelling—the house of Mamoud, Dr. Philip's servant. It was what in Scotland would be called a humble "clay biggin." The fire was on the floor. The furniture consisted of two large—what shall I call them?—jars, three or four feet high, for holding grain, with an orifice at the bottom for extracting it. There was also a quern, exactly the same as those used in the Highlands, and with which, when a youth, I have often ground corn for my amusement. A bottle full of oil hung up in the smoke, in order, I presume, to keep it always in a fit state for the lamp—reminding one of the saying of David in his sorrow, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke." The beds, consisting only of carpets and rugs, were rolled up in a corner.

Next morning our cavalcade mustered, and we saw, for the first time, the *matériel* of a tour in Palestine. As to the men who accompanied us, there was our chief, Hadji Ali, with brown braided jacket, loose Turkish trousers, and long black gaiters or leggings as loose and easy as those of a bishop, but wanting the episcopal gloss and rows of buttons. A bright *kaffia* was wrapped round his head and protected his neck and shoulders. Hadji had a horse, of course, assigned to him, but was always willing to exchange it for the animal which became unpopular with any of the party. Next to him in dignity and responsibility was "Nubi," or the Nubian. He was our waiter, personal servant, steward, or whatever will best describe Hadji's mate. He was a tall young man, with skin dark as ebony, shining teeth, intelligent countenance, and most obliging disposition, and from whom we never heard a murmur. The third class was represented by Mohammed, the cook, excellent as an artist, and most civil as a man, whose sole defect was occasional pains, we shall not say where, but intimately connected with his digestion, and to alleviate which I ministered from my medicine-chest, thereby securing to myself from that time the honourable title of Hakeem Pasha, or chief physician. Then came Meeki, the master of the horse, and also of the mules. Meeki always rode a small ass—a creature which, unless he had known himself to be tough and enduring, would have been an ass indeed to have permitted Meeki to mount him. He was a square, thickset man, with short legs, broad back, and ponderous turbaned head. He rode astride or cross-legged, as it suited him. The human side of his character came out wholly as a smoker of his constant friend the narghilé, and as a singer or rather an earnest student of songs, which consisted of little short squeaks full of shakes, and in a minor key. His inhuman side came out in the dogged, fierce, imperious way in which he loaded and drove the pack-horses and mules. I verily believe Meeki had no more heart in him than Balaam, and as little conscience. He was a constant study to us, whether when packing or unpacking at morn or even, or when trudging along at the head of the party on his wonderful little animal, which he so completely covered, that one could see only two small black hind legs pattering along with indefatigable energy over sand and rock from morning till night. Meeki had three muleteers under him, fine active Arab lads, who trembled at his voice. We had thus seven attendants, including Hadji, with about ten pack-horses and mules. All were needed: for, as I have already said, in a note to my first chapter, there are no roads in Palestine, and therefore no wheeled vehicles, not even a wheelbarrow, from Dan to Beersheba. There are no hotels, except at Jaffa and Jerusalem; everything, therefore, required for the journey must be carried.

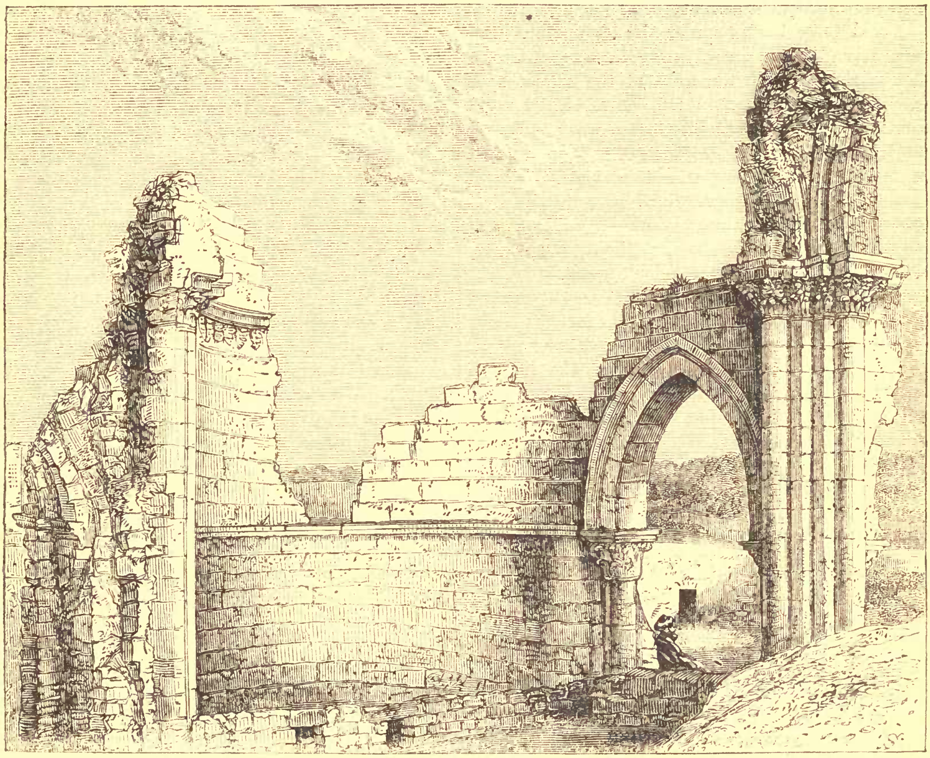


Fountain of Abraham.

We left the Model Farm after breakfast, receiving the adieus of the children, who waved their handkerchiefs to us from the house-top. We were accompanied by their father, who kindly agreed to go with us as far as Jerusalem. The day was beautiful, and the atmosphere exhilarating: so we moved off, across the Plain of Sharon, full of hope for the future and in great enjoyment of the present. We drew up at a grove that formed the outskirts of the gardens, and were made welcome to take as many oranges as we could pocket from the yellow heaps, or what a Highlander would call *cairns*, which were rapidly increasing every minute by the gatherers emptying their basket-loads of the ripe and delicious fruit. To appreciate an orange it must be eaten when taken from the tree and while retaining the full aroma treasured from sun and air. It may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that I had never, except here or at Malta, eaten a perfect orange. We found, however, that these very ripe Jaffa oranges lost their character in a few days.

We soon debouched on the undulating plain, over which we passed along a beaten track. I don't profess to remember its "heighs and hows," the successive aspects of the country, or the bearings by the compass of "tells" or towns: for here I must confess the fact, that I kept no journal nor took any notes, except in letters to my fireside—a spot unknown in all the East. This omission arose from, I verily believe, the mere weariness of the flesh—and the trouble of writing on horseback while a whole party passed on or waited until my observations were recorded—or the bore of writing in one's tent when the demand for repose, conversation, or reading became imperious. I trusted to the permanence of general impressions, and I am not yet convinced of my having committed any great error in having done so. I therefore bow with humble respect and reverence before careful and accurate observers and all scientific travellers, professing myself to be only a gossip about the surface of palpable things, and a recorder only of what I saw and actually experienced, and now clearly remember.

We passed in our ride this forenoon the house where some American missionaries were murdered a few years ago. They were very earnest, but, if the story we heard about them was correct, not very wise or discreet men. We passed also a small hill, or rather mound, called Beth Dagon, where no doubt that fish god had once his foolish worshippers. We passed a handsome fountain called, I know not why, after Abraham; and we saw what was older than Abraham, and what retained all the glory and beauty of their youth—the flowers of the plain. These were always a charm to the eye—a glory of the earth far surpassing that of Solomon. The plains and hills of Palestine are gemmed in spring with flowers. The red poppy, asphodel, pheasant's-eye, pink cranebill, mignonette, tulip, thyme, marsh marigold, white iris, camomile, cowslip, yellow broom, &c., are common to the Plain of Sharon, giving a life and light to the landscape which photography cannot yet copy. We saw also, when near Ludd, the well-known high tower of the mosque at Ramleh, three miles off to our right. It is situated on the highest ridge of the plain, and from its position and height (120 feet) it is said to command a noble view of the Plain of Sharon to the north, and of the Plain of Philistia to the south. We lunched at Ludd, the ancient Lydda, where the Apostle Peter cured Eneas of the palsy. As we approached its beautiful trees and orchards, we came on the cavalcade of our friends, Colonel M—— and his party; and such meetings were always cheering. But instead of resting under the trees with them, we pushed on for the ruins of the church named after England's patron saint, St. George, who was, according to tradition, born and buried here. The church, it is said, was rebuilt by Richard Cœur de Lion. We spread our first table in Palestine under the remains of one of its noble marble arches. An old, bearded Greek Christian



Church of St. George.

visited us, and when some one of our party told him I was a clergyman, he seized my hand and kissed it. It required great faith in the old man to accept the fact of my profession, as I certainly did not wear my canonicals, and from felt hat downwards had no visible traces of the ecclesiastic. He told us many stories about St. George, with keen, believing eyes, bated breath, and uplifted finger. I wish I could recollect them, and had not too hastily assumed that I never would forget such delightful sensation legends regarding the saint; how he was slain, burnt, and beheaded by the King of Damascus, and always came alive again; with the subsequent adventures of his head, which was said to be buried under the high altar. But these legends have passed away from my memory, though they live in the faith of the saint's aged admirer. It has been hinted, however, by some sceptical historian, that St. George was not a very respectable character. I think his Dragon must be meant: charity supports this view. Was it because of some victory gained here by the Crusaders over the Saracens that St. George was adopted as our kind patron, without, I presume, asking his consent? I really don't know.

After lunch we pushed on for our camping-ground at Jimsû, which we saw rising like a fortress above the lower hills, as if to defend the passes beyond. The village is situated on a spur of the hills of Judea. We reached it in five hours from Jaffa, including, I think, our pause at lunch; so that we had an easy day's march.

The first encampment is always a source of interest and excitement to the traveller. We formed no exception to this general experience. Those who associate discomfort with a tent have never lived in one, or it must have been bad, or overcrowded, or, worse than all, in a wet or cold climate. We had two tents; the one accommodating three persons, the other two. On entering the head-quarters and mess-tent, we found the floor spread with rugs; a table round the pole in the centre, arranged for dinner, covered with a beautiful white cloth, and on it two wax candles burning, with ample space round for our camp-stools. Three iron bedsteads were ranged along the side, and our bags and portmanteaus placed beside them, and everything wearing an air of thorough comfort, even luxury. The other tents, belonging to our suite, were pitched near us; one for the kitchen, and the cook's utensils and personal luggage—and the other for the general dormitory of the servants, in which Hadji nightly led off the snores. To pitch those tents so as to have them all in order in the evening to receive "the party," it is necessary that the muleteers should start early with them and all the bagagge, and push on direct to the ground fixed upon, leaving the travellers and dragoman to follow at their leisure.

An excellent dinner was in due time served up by Hadji, and assiduously attended by Nubi. We had not much variety during our tour, but every day there was more than enough to satisfy the cravings of any healthy, even fastidious appetite. Soup, roast mutton, fowls, curry, excellent vegetables, a pudding, a good dessert, and *café noir*, of first-rate quality, after, cannot be called "roughing it in the desert." This sort of dinner we had every day. And for breakfast good tea and coffee, eggs by the dozen, always fresh and good, too, with sundry dishes cunningly made up of the *débris* of the previous dinner. We had also an abundant lunch, which the Hadji carried with him on a pack-horse, and was ready at any time, or in any place, to serve up with the greatest nicety. Tea or coffee could be had as a finale before going to bed, if wanted. All this I state to allay the fears of those who may possibly imagine that, should they visit Palestine, they would have to depend upon their gun or the wandering Bedouin for food. They might as well fear being obliged to rely for entertainment upon the wandering gipsy when travelling between London and Brighton.

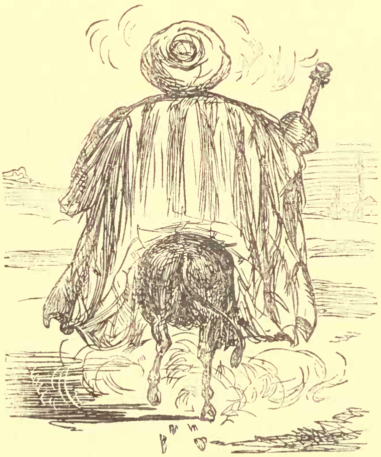
When we reached our tents we found a large number of the Felaheen, or peasant Arabs, from the neighbouring village, assembled. They were very quiet and civil, and did not trouble us *much* about "backsheesh," although our experience regarding this Eastern impost was daily, almost hourly, enlarging. Every petty Sheik, whether of tribe or village, thinks himself entitled to it; the children clamour for it; their parents support the claim; and in some wady, men with clubs or guns may urge it upon the wayfarer to a degree beyond politeness. But, admitting once for all this notorious Oriental weakness, I must also protest against the injustice done to the oppressed descendants of Ishmael, by looking upon them as the only race guilty of levying such an income-tax or "black mail." I fear that it is an almost universal custom, and one not quite unknown among the tribes of the civilised and Christianised portions of the globe, though it may not be so openly practised by them as by the semi-barbarous Orientals. "Backsheesh" reigns supreme in Russia over the peasant and the prince, and is the grand, almost only, passport to the Muscovite nation. It is known in America, North and South, under the guise of "the almighty dollar." It is the *douceur* or *pourboire* of France; the *trinkgeld* or *shmeirgeld* of Germany; and the *buon mano* of Italy—all being constant sources of irritation to the traveller. The tourist in the west of Ireland must more than suspect its existence among "the finest pisantry in the world," though it takes the form there of a "thrifle, yer honor!" Traces of it are not wanting in England and Scotland. Does the British Arab show ordinary civility?—does he direct one on his road, answer a few questions, devote a minute of his idle time to help you, open a cab-door in the city, or a gate in the country? "Backsheesh" is demanded as "sum'ut to drink," or hope of it is expressed by the eye as the hand touches the cap. Does a verger of a church—a sort of Hadji—show you its inside, or point out an illustrious grave within or without it?

neither his piety nor his humanity ever make him forget "backsheesh." Does any servant, male or female, belonging to peer or parson in the land—whether represented by the aristocratic "Jeames" or the maid-of-all-work "Susan"—does the groom, butler, coachman, footman, or keeper, who are fed sumptuously, clothed handsomely, and paid liberally, perform any one act of civility towards you without expecting "backsheesh?" What is the British "tip," "fee," "Christmas box," "trifle," &c., but "backsheesh?" Even while I write a correspondence is going on in the London *Times*, accusing and defending the head servants (Cawasses) of the West-end nobility (Pashas) for demanding a per-centage for themselves from tradesmen on the accounts paid by their masters, and this because of the servants' patronage; not the patronage of the master who pays for the goods, but of the servant who orders them! What is this but "backsheesh" in its worst form, as a mean and dishonest bribe? Please let us cover with a mantle, or with even a napkin of charity, the demand for "backsheesh" made by the wretched peasantry of the East, until we banish it from our own well-to-do people, and from our own wealthy and aristocratic homes.

The Arabs at Jimsû asked backsheesh, and we distributed about sixpence among the tribe. They were satisfied.

But I had provided a talisman wherewith to "soothe the savage breast." I selected it on *a priori* reasons, founded on human nature, before leaving London. Instead of taking powder and shot, I took—could the reader ever guess what?—a *musical snuff-box*, to conquer the Arabs; and the experiment succeeded far beyond my most sanguine expectations. Whenever we pitched our tent near a village, as on this occasion, and produced the box as a social reformer, we had soon a considerable number of people, old and young (the females keeping at a respectful distance), crowding round us, inquisitively but not disagreeably. When the box was wound up, and the tinkling sounds were heard, they gazed on it with an expression more of awe and fear than of wonder. It was difficult to get any one to venture near it, far less to allow it to touch his head. But once this was accomplished, it was truly delightful to see the revolution which those beautiful notes, as they sounded clear and loud through the Arab skull, produced upon the features of the listener. The anxious brow was smoothed, the black eye lighted up, the lips were parted in a broad smile which revealed the ivory teeth, and the whole man seemed to become humanised as he murmured with delight, "tayeeb, tayeeb" (good, good). When once the fears of one were dispelled, the others took courage, until there was a general scramble and competition, from the village patriarch down to his grandchildren, to hear the wonderful little box which could ring such marvellous music through the brain. We respectfully recommend the small "musical snuff-box" to travellers. Even at sea, when the storm on deck blows loudly, and the waves are rude and boisterous, and the passengers sleepy or unamiable, and reading difficult, and the thoughts not bright, they will find that the box—never sea-sick—wound up and allowed to twitter and tinkle old familiar airs, will prove a very cheerful companion. But let me warn any traveller following us in our route that should he hear an Arab attempting to sing "Home, sweet home," or "*Ah, che la morte*," not to attribute too hastily a purely Eastern origin to these airs.

I did not find my first night in a tent either ideal or agreeable. The ear was as yet quite unaccustomed to the heterogeneous noise which found an easy entrance through the canvas. All night the horses and mules seemed to be settling old quarrels, or to be in violent dispute about some matters of personal or local interest: a scream, a kick, a stumble over the tent ropes—shaking our frail habitation and making us start—appeared to mark a climax in the argument. The Arabs kept up an incessant jabber all night—as it seemed to me. The voices, too, of Meeki and Hadji were constantly heard amidst the Babel. Every village, moreover, has its dogs without number: and these barked, howled, and flew about as if smitten with hydrophobia, or in full cry of a midnight chase. One imagined, too—or, worse than all, believed—that some of those wolfish and unclean animals were snuffing under the canvas close to the bed, or thumping against it, as if trying to get an entrance. And if this living creature rubbing against your thin wall was not a dog, might it not be an Arab?—and if an Arab, might he not have a gun or dagger?—and then! But all these experiences belonged to our novitiate. Very soon, between increased fatigue by day, and increased sleep by night, till it could increase no more without becoming apoplectic, all such thoughts and fears vanished, until dogs might bark, horses kick, Arabs talk, and camels groan, without disturbing us more than the waves disturb Ailsa Craig or Gibraltar.



Meeki, Master of the Horse. [*An original sketch.*]

ESSAYS, THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

IV.—REASONS FOR *SCEPTICISM* AS TO CERTAIN SPECULATIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE: ADDRESSED TO A *BELIEVER.*

To M. D.—You ascribe my scepticism, (as you call it,—and, of course, we are all sceptics as to what we do *not* believe,) in relation to some of your new-fangled speculations, to a "blind adherence" to the traditional beliefs of a "stereotyped theology;" and you tell me that it is in oblivion or contempt of what Bacon says in the First Book of his "Novum Organum."

You were never more mistaken in your life. I demur to your scientific crotchets, not because I believe the Bible, (though I *do* believe it,) but because I believe in Bacon. If I know myself, I fancy that even though I had not read a syllable of the Bible, and had no "traditional beliefs" to renounce, I should have objected to the new scientific dogmas which you urge on my acceptance, just as much as I do now; and that precisely because (as I think) you, not I, have forgotten Bacon, and been misled by those "idola" of the human intellect, before which not theologians alone, but scientific speculators too, (as indeed his First Book is more expressly designed to show,) may too readily fall.

The hint, however, to look into Bacon, has not been lost upon me, though I fancy I did not particularly need it; for if I ever made a book my *vade-mecum*, it is the First Book of the Novum Organum.

And surely if ever a book deserved a periodic or constant perusal, it is this. Gibbon, it is said, read every year, the Provincial Letters; Voltaire always had the Carême of Massillon on his table; Robert Hall, the Essays of Addison; one friend of mine used annually to peruse the principal writings of Burke; and another, Don Quixote. I should be afraid to do precisely the same by Bacon, lest he himself should rebuke me for exhibiting somewhat of that same slavish spirit which he condemns in the admirers of Aristotle. But I confess that I read him with a perpetual renewal both of wonder and delight; not only for the profundity and comprehensiveness with which he explores the darkest recesses of human error, but for the perpetual coruscations with which the most exquisite imagination that ever ministered to philosophy, lights up all his dark way, and gleams on the fossil remains and glittering petrifactions of ancient Prejudice, like a thousand wax-lights on the sides of a spar cavern.

It is precisely *because* I take him as my guide, that I reject the dogmas for which you challenge my belief; nor am I unwilling to give you my reasons for so saying.

While he condemns, and justly condemns, (Aphorism lxv.) those who, not content with affirming that there must be a harmony between the "Word" and the "Works" of God, (though it may be long before we can fully show it,) persist in deducing whole "systems of natural philosophy, from the first chapter of Genesis or the book of Job," he is gloriously impartial in his censures, and shows not only that the theologian, but the scientific man also, —as in ages past, so in the ages to come,—may, in spite even of his own clear exposition of error, fall into similar delusions.

He did not suppose, that having once so luminously sketched those "idola,"—some of them congenital to the human mind, others necessarily superinduced in the course of its development,—which obstruct our admission of truth, or betray us into the reception of error, he could thereby secure the mind, (scientific or otherwise,) against the danger of relapsing into them. On the contrary, while he shows that the past history of science, throughout its whole course, has illustrated their potency, and ascribes its long failure or slow and uncertain progress, to their dominion, he distinctly declares that even the inauguration of his own better method would itself bring with it a new temptation to fall into the old errors; that those "idola" he had guarded against, would be apt to reappear in more subtle forms:—that the tendency to hasty generalisation, the impatience of arriving at results, the inability of the mind to "stay its judgment," or exercise a wise abstinence; the temptation to yield to the seductions of a forward and obtrusive fancy, to round an imperfect theory, or give symmetry to a halting hypothesis, would still be apt as ever to haunt the human intellect, however men might acknowledge the principles of the Inductive Philosophy. And therefore he expressly declares, (Aphorism lxiv.)—"There is a certain caution not to be pretermitted; for I foresee and augur, that if ever men, roused by my counsels, betake themselves seriously to experiment, and bid farewell to sophistical doctrines, then, indeed, through the premature and precipitate hurry of the understanding, the leaping or flying to universals or principles of things, great danger may be apprehended from philosophies of this" (the empirical) "kind; against which evil we ought, even now, to be on our guard." Nor is it superfluous to insist, as he did, that men still need to be warned against a class of delusions, which, he says, had been so common in previous ages of philosophy:—"those foolish little models of imagined worlds, (as it were little *apes* of the true, *simiolas*,) which the fancies of men have created in their philosophical systems," and which "must be given to the winds. Let men know how vast a difference there is, (as I have already said,) between the Idols of the *human* mind, and the Ideas of the *Divine*." (Aphorism cxxiv.)

If we may judge from the extent and audacity of modern hypothesis-making in relation to this very class of speculations, or the confidence with which such hypotheses are too often spoken of, as if they were demonstrated truths, this aphorism may be profitably studied in the present day; for the "Hypotheses non fingo," which Newton considered his glory, seems little to the taste of many recent philosophers.

Certainly, my friend, I believe that never since Bacon's time has there been greater licence of hypothesis than in our own day; and that, especially, in relation to subjects demanding (if they are ever destined to be effectually and definitely settled by man at all, and are not rather among those things which it is the "glory of God to conceal," or which He leaves to our modest conjecture only,) the utmost exercise of philosophic caution and self-restraint. Of many of them indeed one may well doubt, with M. Comte, whether they are, or *can* be, the legitimate province of science at all. To investigate the *present* laws of nature, to trace the succession of antecedents and consequents of all *present* phenomena, to analyse and classify the *facts* of the world as it is actually constituted, and lies open to our *experience*, would seem to be the proper province of *experimental science.* But, not content with this, many of you have set up as "world-makers,"—and are as busy as the old Greek philosophers about Cosmogonies; about the origin and evolution of all things; about the possible period of the gestation of the universe from its first embryo condition; the primary elements out of which all things have been evolved; whether there need have been any such thing as "creation"-proper, or any "beginning" at all; whether the "primordial forms" of all animated nature need have been more than three or four, or even more than one; and whether all species of creatures may not have been developed out of, or transmuted into, one another.

Now as the absolute decision of such questions —(some of them seem, in fact, rather the proper *pabulum* of those metaphysical speculations, which modern science generally despises, than of legitimate scientific investigation)—necessarily carries us beyond the sphere of experience into regions transcendental to it, I cannot help feeling some sympathy with M. Comte's too trenchant and summary proscription of all such subjects, as not even belonging to genuine science at all; subjects in which man merely as *man*, with his merely natural *organa* of science, cannot hope to know, and, at best, can but conjecture.

It is accordingly not a little droll to see how M. Comte, indisposed though he was to admit any *other* Supreme Being than "Collective Humanity," yet censures the *dogmatical* Atheist, who seeks to give a plausible account of "the causes and origin of things" as more unreasonable than the Theists themselves: "The true spirit of the Positive Philosophy consists in always substituting the study of laws, for the study of causes. It is, consequently, irreconcileable with the ambitious dreams of a misty Atheism, relative to the *formation of the universe, the origin of animals, and so forth.* Positivism does not hesitate to declare such doctrinal chimeras to be very inferior, even in rationality, to the spontaneous beliefs of mankind."* He on like grounds excludes geology (as ordinarily understood) from the circle of the sciences altogether!

I should certainly be sorry to go so far; or say that men must remain perpetually or absolutely ignorant on all the problems in question; (indeed there are not a few of us who are old-fashioned enough to believe that we may get glimpses of the truth about some of them, even though the oracles of science were dumb;) or deny that science may lawfully, if it will but modestly, form at least its hypotheses respecting them, though it may acknowledge that to obtain absolute certitude is beyond its power. But most assuredly the subjects are such as are inveterately haunted by some of the worst "Idola," and perhaps have their chief charm for men whose ardent imagination particularly exposes them to their seductive power.

But while none ask science to refrain from such speculations, if it will but refrain from dogmatism; if it will not take conjecture for certainty; if it will but acknowledge that a thing is still but a guess, if it be really so, one cannot but wish, in the interests of science itself, that it should deal not only very modestly, but very sparingly with them. If not, they will absorb more and more of the time and toil which should be given to more hopeful and legitimate fields of scientific enterprise; the tendency will constantly be, as in the case of the alchemists, to substitute visionary projects for practical objects; to devote too much attention to things which pique curiosity indeed, but also least repay merely human labour upon them.

The simple fact is, that this class of questions, being bound up with the most intense longings of the human heart for knowledge, are, in the absence of either the supposed *higher* light of revelation, or the all but impossible apathy which Comte enjoins on his dogmatic Atheist, so piquant, so enticing and fascinating, that man, left to himself, will run out into endless speculations as to the origin and the evolution of things; as to whence he came and whither he is going. If he cannot rest content with the Genesis and Apocalypse of the Bible, he will make a Genesis and Apocalypse for himself. Hence the extent to which all such speculations grafted themselves upon the physics of the ancient world; nor was it perhaps (as I have ventured elsewhere to suggest) the least of the *temporal* benefits of Christianity,—"that so many myriads found repose in it from the ceaseless questions which must often have agitated the greatest sages of antiquity; that so large a portion of the highest intellect of our race, in fact, accepted its decisions on those questions, and thus was set free to pursue the path of science within the limits and in the directions in which alone human science can be successfully prosecuted."*

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* See also "Catechism of Pos. Rel.," pp. 172, 178. Eng. Tr.

Nor have I any hesitation in predicting that if the present era of science should be unhappily signalised by (what some think its boast) a general tendency to religious scepticism, that there will be just as voluminous speculation on these subjects as ever; that there will be a "plentiful crop of sects and schisms," from which the world has for ages been happily free; that they will draw more and more, for the support of their own fungous growth, on the thought, time and toil, which should serve for the nourishment of genuine science; that men will be disputing whether their forefathers were once apes, instead of considering questions vitally interesting to them as *men*; or how the world came into being, rather than how it may be "subdued" and improved. The human mind cannot endure to be without a theory on these subjects, whether it be inclined to scepticism or the contrary; and hence the difficulty of the lesson which M. Comte would so calmly enjoin on his dogmatic Atheist. Hence, too, in numberless writings of the present day, we see a scepticism asserting itself with all the passion and vehemence which it is fond of representing as the peculiar infirmity of theologians!

However, only let science abstain from dogmatically asserting that *that* is demonstrated truth, which is but crude conjecture, and there will be nothing to complain of.

But I cannot say that this is the case with you, or with some of those whose disciple you avow yourself. The theories you urge upon my attention, and which (as I think) illustrate Bacon's "idola" far better than his "inductive method," are affirmed by you and by others with a dogmatism which seems to me diametrically opposed to all true science. I read, for example, in one of the critiques you have commended, (I quote the very words,)—"The best chapter in the book, as might have been expected, is that which treats of 'Design in Nature.' The poor old final causes will always afford to an assailant as easy a victory as that of Falstaff over Hotspur. . . . Yet since there certainly *was* a time when the argument was considered of value, a forcible *exposition of its emptiness* does not seem to us altogether superfluous."

In another place I read, "Language was not innate, but adventitious—a mere acquirement, having its origin in the superiority of the human understanding. . . . Each *separate* tribe formed its own language, and there could *be no doubt* that in each case the framers were *arrant savages*, which was proved by the fact, that the rudest tribes ever discovered had already completed the task of forming a perfect language."

Listen again to the oracles of modern wisdom:—"There arise no new *species*, by any creative interference; none disappear by a divine mandate of destruction, since the natural course of things, the process of development of all organisms and of the earth is amply sufficient for the production of all these phenomena. Even man is neither a distinct creature, formed in a special manner, and differently from all other animals, nor provided with a special soul, and endowed with a divine breath of life; he is only the highest product of a progressive natural selection, and descends from the simious group standing next to man." . . . Again—"By science and *by reason*, we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a Deity working miracles."

But are these things worthy of the caution of the inductive philosophy? Amidst all this confident and dogmatical assertion, you know, as well as I do, that the points here so curtly assumed are not only, every one of them, denied or disputed by the great mass of intelligent men, but everywhere doubted, at most keenly controverted, in the scientific world itself.

I now proceed to show why, on Bacon's grounds, not on those of "traditional beliefs," I cannot accept as proven, any of the six "articles" of your scientific creed, which you so confidently urge upon my faith: "faith," I may well say; for assuredly, they are not commended to my reason.

I shall only premise one thing; and that is, that the gibes and sarcasms which, after the fashion of the day, you launch against the advocates of "traditional beliefs" and "stereotyped dogmas," will equally apply to you, and science; there is not a foible of the intellect, not an "idolum tribûs," "specûs," or "theatri," with which the one are charged, that may not be retorted on some of the more advanced of the modern champions of science: and precisely because there is, in all of us, so much more of *man* than of either science or theology. Thus, you tell the theologian that he believes what he *wishes* to be true,—in spite of evidence. What else can be said of many of the advocates of those wild theories which scientific fancy has given us in our day,—having all the illusion, and none of the beauty, of poetry? You tell me that the theologian believes a dogma because it is old—and do not our modern speculators often believe their shining novelties, for a similar though an opposite reason, *i.e.* just because they are new? You tell me that many cling to certain opinions, because they wish the Bible to be true; and is it not too evident from the tone of many, that they think an opinion chiefly charming because they wish the Bible to be false? You tell us that of course this or that work, in defence of an "effete orthodoxy," is received with praise by all the orthodox journals, and that we can tell beforehand the organs that will applaud. And cannot we do the same in reference to any novel bit of heterodoxy? Can we not lay our finger beforehand on the very journals that will pet and patronise that, even though it be directly in the teeth of some *other* heterodoxy, which it has already petted and patronised? You tell me that you are shocked at the "odium theologicum" which so universally prevails among theologians, and is indeed the constant theme of reproach in journals and newspapers;—just as if, by the way, the "odium politicum" was quite unknown to the world! But is there not also such a thing as even the "odium scientificum"? Cannot our *savans* on occasion snarl and growl over an old jawbone or an old tooth, out of a gravel drift, as fiercely as theologians over any of their doctrines? Have not the amenities of science been sometimes so forgotten as to call for the rebukes of our great, and in general most just, censor of manners,—our *Custos morum*,—"Mr. Punch"? May not a *Savant* be so provoking and so provoked as even to "spit" on the gaberdine of a heterodox doubter of some tale of the sacred "*gorilla*"?—I do not mention these things as against science, any more than the "odium theologicum" should be so uncandidly and perpetually urged against theology. The "odium theologicum," and the "odium politicum" and the "odium scientificum" are all alike odious; but they are the fruit, not of theology, or politics, or science, but just of human nature—of passion and prejudice;—an *idolum* of the heart, if not of the intellect, and just as misleading as any *idolum* of the intellect can be. When darling opinions, and systems, and hypotheses, and claims to discovery, are to be defended, the coolest and most tranquil fields of speculation—even those of mathematics—are apt to be troubled with these hurricanes of passion, as the quarrels between the followers of Leibnitz and Newton full well show.

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* Article "Plato," "Edinburgh Review," April, 1848.

Nay, as if to show that there is no infirmity of the intellect, no form of self deception, to which you men of science pronounce theologians peculiarly subject, which is at all peculiar to them, or which is not equally exemplified by other classes of men, even that formidable charge of being the easy dupes and victims of "spiritual pretensions" and "pious frauds" may be retorted upon a good many of you. To the various pretensions and juggleries of modern "spiritualism," science has yielded its full quota of credulity; and if irreligious, *not* religious, men, have sometimes made religion the dupe of "pious frauds," quick-eyed science has often been victimised of late in the very same manner; and simply for this reason, that theologians and philosophers happen to be alike—men. I refer, for example, to the plentiful manufacture and eager reception of the *modern-antique* relics of a Pre-Adamite world.

Perhaps it may be asked here, "But do you intend to charge eminent scientific men with having been voluntarily either accomplices or victims of these 'pious frauds' in behalf of scientific truth?" Assuredly not; no more than I suppose Clemens Romanus himself to have forged the "Apostolical Constitutions," or that some great and good man, for his sins unluckily canonised as a saint, really bequeathed to the church all the rubbish, in the shape of relics, which passes under his name. But in science, philosophy, and theology alike, men will exhibit the same strong hankering for evidence, where they *wish* an opinion to be true, and the same credulity in receiving it; and in all cases, there will be opportunely found those who will take advantage of this disposition, and provide any evidence that may be wanted. Let there be credulity enough, and money enough, and a man can get anything he wants, whether it be the toe or tooth of a Pre-Adamite man, or the toe or the tooth of a St. Francis or a St. Dominic. Let him bid high enough, and bring faith enough, and if he pleases, he can get a genuine spoon of Tubal-cain's own manufacture, inscribed with some hieroglyphics vouching to be the old metal-worker's own trade-mark, and purporting to mean, "Tubal-cain, maker,—Mesopotamia!"

I shall now proceed to notice the six doctrines to which you challenge my assent, on the grounds of science, but, as I affirm, in contravention of all true science. It will be observed that I need neither to impugn nor defend the conclusions themselves. I am concerned only to show that the faith often reposed in them is a mockery of genuine science, at war alike with the method of Bacon and the practice of Newton.

I. And the first I will mention is what you call "Uniformitarianism" in geology, for the idolatry of which, (in the language of a very able Edinburgh Reviewer,) it is really not very easy to account by anything but a certain "turn of thought" in the speculator; or in the language of Bacon, by an "*idolum specûs*," a misleading image in the philosopher's own mind.

According to this, we are, it seems, to assume, (for in the very nature of the case it can be nothing more,) that not only have precisely the same forces been always in operation in the production of terrestrial phenomena, but that in no past time have they operated with greater intensity than at present; that is, that the *rate* or law of change has never been other than it is now, or imperceptibly slow; that as we now see the sea gaining upon this shore and receding upon that, at the rate of a few score yards in a century, similarly slow have such changes ever been; that the vast mountain chains have been elevated to their present height by a movement absolutely insensible; and in one word, to use the favourite term of the advocates of this view—that there have been "no catastrophes," in the history of our world. The ground of such an hypothesis is of course that in the *present* condition of the world there is an *approximation* (for that is all) to such a supposed freedom from "catastrophes;" that is, during the comparatively brief experience of man; that is, again, we are to measure the depths of prehistoric time by our present experience; or, in the phraseology of Protagoras, "make man the measure of all things" in this matter.

Now the first thing that is to be said is, what is meant by a "catastrophe?" If it be meant that anything inconsistent with a precise law of absolute "continuity" in all geological phenomena, (indeed some expressly argue for such a law,) operating with the same imperceptibly slow *rate* of change, is to be considered a catastrophe,—then we have no such condition, even *now*, as the hypothesis in question requires. We have "catastrophes" even *now*, quite sufficient in magnitude to suggest the analogy that in some periods of the world's "pre-historic" history there may have been greater "catastrophes," rather than that there were none. Certainly the tremendous earthquakes which have often shaken down whole cities, or the volcanic eruptions which have swallowed them up,—the inundations which have occasionally swept over whole provinces,—all these seem "catastrophes" sufficiently "catastrophic" to those who suffer from them, however little they may disturb the equanimity of the philosopher who quietly speculates about them 5000 miles off, or 2000 years after date. The earthquake of Lisbon, which destroyed at once 60,000 human beings; the late cyclone at Calcutta, which killed as many, flooded 800 square miles of country, and resistlessly broke the barriers along 80 miles of coast, may surely claim to be called "catastrophes," if there be any meaning in the word at all. And even if, *singly*, none were greater in pre-historic times, yet if they only happened more frequently, (though happily without such "catastrophic" effects to human beings,) the law of geological "continuity" would seem to be sufficiently violated.

What is meant, then, by no "catastrophes"? Is it meant that none were *greater* than the *greatest* that have occurred during the historic period? What an arbitrary limitation is here! Not to repeat what has just been insisted upon, that even if there were no greater catastrophes, (but only more frequent,) all idea of a law of "continuity" would be torn to tatters;—who shall assure us that if there were any as great as the greatest that have occurred in historic time, there may not have been still greater before it? Certainly, those we have seen suggest the idea that the tremendous forces which we thus know to exist in the bosom of Nature, may, for aught we can tell, have acted in remote ages with much more intensity and over much larger surfaces than at present. If it be said that the convulsions of this nature which we *now* witness are infinitesimal, *compared* with what would be required to elevate or submerge whole continents, the answer is, that these convulsions, though less extensive, are equally in the teeth of the *principle* assumed; equally a violation of an absolutely continuous and equable variation; not to say that, if we thus make the idea of a "catastrophe" purely relative to the sum of the unchanged, then the entire annihilation of our world would be but an infinitesimal event in relation to the entire system, or that of half-a-score of worlds still but infinitesimal in relation to the visible universe. They would be relatively no more "catastrophal" than the rolling of a pebble from Mont Blanc would be so to the mountain from which it was detached.

Moreover, it may well be suggested that if the changes of this nature that now take place are less frequent and destructive than those which *may* have visited our earth at earlier periods, it is precisely what we should expect, if God be indeed a beneficent Creator, and the system in which *man* was to play a part was to be preserved at all; that is, if there be really any propriety in the language used by the most illustrious geologists, as well as by the rest of the world, and which supposes that the earth was *prepared* for the habitation of man. When man came to inhabit his house, if he was not to receive a "writ of ejectment" as soon as he got into it, it was essential that there should not be the tumultuous movements and astounding shocks which might occasionally shake it during the building. But not to insist on this; the changes which occur now are assuredly quite sufficiently startling, and wrought by a sufficiently terrible power, to show us what may have been.

To pass by these conjectures;—it may be added that it certainly seems more natural, judging from all the *appearances* of the earth, to suspect that those same forces which now occasionally act with a tremendous energy and intensity over a limited space, sometimes acted in like manner over far larger portions of our globe. The gigantic ravines, the cloven mountains, the earth in rents and fissures, the plicatures, contortions, and fractures of strata, displaced at every angle, all seem to point to occasional changes of prodigious magnitude rapidly effected, and by the operation of the most energetic forces. And even if it be admitted, that all such changes *might* be wrought by given forces operating with inconceivable slowness throughout an unlimited time, still, as they might be also produced by a force of given magnitude operating through a shorter time, either formula, apart from other proofs, will be of equal mechanical value; not to say that there are phenomena, which, even in the estimation of the most eminent geologists, cannot be accounted for by the theory. Even a principal advocate for the uniformitarian view admits, "that many great rivers could never, even in millions of years, have excavated the valleys through which they flow."*

But, above all, were it possible thus to account for the phenomena, still the question recurs, "What can we *know* about the matter?" How can we pretend to go back to those primeval ages, and penetrate those mysteries of the twilight of time? The rebuke of God to the patriarch might well be addressed to many a geologist who dogmatises on this subject—"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"

Speaking of *apparent* violations of his law of geologic continuity, one of the most strenuous of its champions says that its advocate may with "just as much probability and confidence assert" that the revolutions in question have been produced by infinitesimally slow changes brought about along a period "enormous and incalculable, as the catastrophist can maintain it to have been brief and spasmodic."* Precisely so,—a severe judge of evidence would reply. Apart from other and more decisive evidence, neither the one nor the other of you has any business to dogmatise on the matter, since both have got into regions which transcend the sphere of experience.

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* Cited in "Edinburgh Review," July, 1863, p. 299.

And if any scope at all is to be allowed to such *a priori* reasoning, one would feel inclined to argue with the above very able writer in the "Edinburgh," that considering the infinite variety of nature, the theory of varying intensity of the great physical forces "seems intrinsically far more probable than a monotony of physical operation, the evidence of which seems to exist principally in the *turn of thought* of those who advocate it."

Of course, I do not pretend that it is possible to establish anything certain, by merely human light, on either side; though I think to most candid minds the appearances of the world rather favour another hypothesis than yours. Our very limited experience must be regarded as an altogether fallacious measure; yet it certainly seems not unreasonable, from the aspects of Nature, to surmise that both sudden revolutions and slow variations, intervals of intense action alternating with intervals of repose, have been employed, and probably contemporaneously, in the construction and development of the world. But, whether it be so or not, the question is, what just logical right can we have to lay down this "uniformitarianism" as a postulate, and to judge of all things in the immense series of pre-historic ages, by such an arbitrarily imagined law, deduced from the computed *rate* of present terrestrial change;—though, by the way, geologists differ by hundreds of thousands, and even millions of years, as to the time in which certain given changes have been wrought!

The notion is of course welcome to any one who is pre-determined that the world shall be of unlimited antiquity; for it makes even the commencement of the present human epoch recede into the dimmest distance. But to judge of past time by such a chronometer is, as a witty critic † says, "much the same as if a man, finding that an individual nearly six feet in height had grown only half an inch last year, were to conclude that he must be 140 years old." In short, the principle is nothing but the fanciful extension of our limited experience to immense periods of which we know nothing. This principle is opposed by many eminent geologists with the vigour worthy of those who aspire to act upon Newton's great maxim:—"Hypotheses non fingo." "Do not geologists," as one, himself a celebrated geologist, says, "sometimes speak with needless freedom"—most people would say, most presumptuous freedom—"of the ages that have gone? Such expressions as that 'Time costs Nature nothing,' appear to me no better than the phrase which ascribes to Nature, 'the horror of a *vacuum*.'" (I would just add, that if Time costs Nature nothing—it seems to cost these speculators just as little.) "Are we to regard as information of value the assertion that *millions on millions* of ages have passed since the Epoch of Life in some of the earlier strata? Is not this abuse of arithmetic likely to lead to a low estimate of the evidence in support of such random conclusions, and of the uncritical judgment which so readily accepts them?"*

II. Another favourite speculation of yours, as well as of some other votaries of science, I must think most strangely *un*scientific. I mean that by which, in your antipathy to the idea of "creation," you insist that all the forms of existence, organic and inorganic, have proceeded from one another in the course of an "orderly cosmical evolution," which leaves us without any necessity of speculating upon the fact of *origination;* that, in fact, "we have no reason to think that the universe ever had a beginning, any more than that it will ever have an end."

Now if you accepted the old atheistic hypothesis of the eternal existence of the world as it is,—of an eternal succession of men and mice, for example, and left the problem undetermined whether the first of the series of owls was an egg or an owl,—though I should not think your theory very scientific, I should at least cease to argue with you about it; but as you do not, and choose to chase all the fleeting forms of animated being, through all the diversities and modifications of genera and species, to a few (perhaps to one) "primordial forms," I confess I think your repugnance to the idea of "creation" has not relieved you from the necessity of admitting it; and, as I will proceed to show, that you have left the great difficulty, from which the "turn of thought" of certain philosophers recoils, just where it was!

In one point we are both agreed. The absolute origination of anything is a notion incomprehensible by us,—transcendental to all the faculties of our nature. I, who admit, and you, who deny the Bible, are at one there. I admit that the conception of Creation,—the absolute *origination* of all things, or of *any*thing, is a conception derived thence, and thence alone; I believe it as a *fact*, however incomprehensible; but the appeal is to my faith: "By *faith* we know that the worlds were made by the word of God, and that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear." Everybody then, being agreed that this is the condition of all merely human speculation on the subject, one would think that the next thing to be said by *science* would be, "As this is a subject transcendental to us, let us scientific folks leave it alone." But no; you are not satisfied with such a simple, and *truly* scientific course, but proceed to lay down hypotheses by which the evolution of the whole visible creation is to be explained, not only without any *successive* acts of creation, but in such way, as to leave it in dubiety, whether there has been any such act at all!

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* Baden Powell. "Order of Nature," p. 345.

† Or rather as *three* witty critics have said,—for the same illustration seems to have occurred to, at all events has been used by, them all.

* Phillips' Address to the Geological Society, cited in "Edinburgh Review," 1863.

These theories still relegate me, at last, to phænomena which leave me precisely in the original difficulty, a difficulty which you merely strive to hide from me, and from your own eyes, by removing the epoch of the origination of all things sufficiently far back, and tracing the succession of changes through a sufficiently long pedigree. "All living things," say some philosophers,—"the infinite diversities of animal forms, the exhaustless variety of species that people this world, were originated, not by creation, but out of one another, by a process of very slow development: men (say) from apes, apes from birds, birds from fishes, fishes from earlier and more rudimentary forms of life; and these, in all probability from three or four minute germs of vitality."

It is hard, of course, to say how *next* to nothing these were; but unhappily for the theorist they were still existent "somethings", and had life; and so we have the problem concerning "*origination*" brought back on our hands; for if "Ex nihilo nihil fit," be absolutely true, it is a difficulty that does not admit of degrees; the creation of an atom is as great a puzzle as the creation of a world. In vain, —scandalized at the idea of creation,—in vain you tell me that your three or four "primordial forms" perhaps date from millions of millions of years ago, more or less; and I confess that a million of years, when you have the command of all time, are of little consequence. Indeed some of our geologic Pantheists who think that man is to become a God, seem to have already anticipated one of the divine attributes; for "a thousand years with them are as one day, and one day as a thousand years." But use your freedom; go as far back as you please; and what then?

I do not ask who gave you, on such a subject, this prodigious licence of speculation; or how you came to have the right to talk thus freely of the transactions of millions of years ago; or how you can *know* anything of those successive changes by which you suppose the whole universe to have been thus evolved from a few primordial forms? I might ask all this, and possibly much more, before exercising a transcendental faith in transcendental speculations on questions which both of us admit to be transcendental. But a far more weighty objection is this—Do you flatter yourself that you have got rid of that ungrateful idea of "absolute creation"? and that it is no longer necessary to encumber yourself with it? What do you make out of those three or four primordial forms, or even that *one* "primordial form," to which some think these may possibly be reduced? Were these eternal? Had they eternal vitality within them,—though it was eternally latent?—latent, though at last destined to make up for lost time, or rather a lost eternity, by evolving out of an invisible egg or two all the visible universe? or were they created out of nothing? In leaving us in doubt upon this point you leave the whole difficulty just where you found it. It is in vain for the theorist to tell us that he has, at all events, limited the successive acts of creation, and given the Deity a *minimum* to do: that the appearance of different species at different periods is all admirably provided for, by that theory by which he has so satisfactorily evolved men out of the ape, and the ape and all his ancestors out of other and still inferior beings. The answer, of course, will be,— "But the difficulty is to evade the idea of 'creation' itself. It is as easy for us to believe that that power, whatever it was, has repeated the act of creation, as that he has performed it once; that he has repeated it at different, widely different, stages of the history of the universe, as that he performed it *at all*. Nay, it is much easier than it would be to suppose the whole animated universe developed out of a seed, perhaps not half the size of a grain of millet."

Now to this question, as to the logical exigency of admitting "origination" at some time or other, I do not see that you give any other answer than an evasive one, which in fact amounts to this,— "But if the act of creation took place at all, it took place so long ago and such a great way off, that we had better say nothing about it." Say nothing, then, and give up those "primordial forms" which betray you while you think they conceal you.

"But it would be distressing to me," you may say, "to imagine that if there *be* a God, he has not proceeded in the way of gradual evolution according to a law which I can trace, and in analogy, at all events, with all those laws which I can see in operation about me, and in conformity with my infinitesimal experience." Yes—that is it: it is the "turn of thought" again; it is an *idolum tribûs*, that is troubling you; you must make yourself and your experience the measure of all things; and in obedience to this, you will speak of ten thousand things of which you know nothing, and talk glibly of the events of millions of years ago, as of those of yesterday.

III. Subservient to the preceding speculation, and, like it, transcending the sphere of experience, is that doctrine of the transmutation of species, in which the old and, as it was at one time thought, exploded theory of Lamarck is substantially revived. I will be perfectly frank. I freely acknowledge to you that it is not the more than Ovidian *strangeness* of these metamorphoses that would at all stagger me, if you but gave me evidence for them as plainly as you give me conjecture and fancy. They are to me as *miracles*, (which, I shall presently endeavour to show, in spite of your protest, they precisely resemble), and all I want is the proper *evidence* for them.—When I see the transformations which take place in this system of wonders in which we live; when I see what becomes of a grain of "mustard seed" thrown into the earth; when I see the grub transfigured into a winged butterfly; when I see the varieties of the same species which actually exist, (though the variation is still within moderate limits,) I hardly see why, in the abstract, anything may not become anything. But when I ask for the *facts* which are to sustain the prodigious theory that all the genera and species of living things have proceeded from two or three "primordial" germs, perhaps even from one, then I feel I may indeed accept your theory as poetry, but I must renounce it as science. For surely you have the strangest way of reasoning. When I ask for specimens in the rocky cemeteries which contain the fossil relics of other extinct animals, of the tentative and transitional forms that must have existed, in numbers numberless, on such an hypothesis, you tell me that the geological eras are so vast that they have perished, and that it is unreasonable to ask for them. When I ask for proofs in historic time that such changes are going on now, you tell me that the whole of historic time is too short to give even an appreciable portion of so slow a transformation! So that, as the geologic eras are so vast that all the required proofs have perished, the historic period is too short to allow any of them to appear! How is it possible to refute,—but then, moreover, how is it possible to establish,—an hypothesis which is so conveniently provided with fanciful alternatives? If I complain of the absence of *experimental* proof, proof which seems to my weakness a necessary condition of *experimental* science, you refer me to Baden Powell, who says that, "Supposing it true that we have *no* experience of a particular event occurring, and supposing at the same time it could be shown that *if* that event *did actually occur*, we could never, (from the particular nature of the case,) have any *evidence* of its occurrence, then it is clear that the argument from *want* of experience must fall to the ground." Certainly;—but so must the argument for the actual occurrence of the event. Surely it is much as if a man, being asked for the proof of something that depended on documentary evidence, were to reply that it was unreasonable to expect or ask it; for that the document was burnt, and therefore, in the particular case, the proof *could* not be given! In short, I object to the speculation, not, as you say, because I believe it to be inconsistent with my "traditional beliefs," but because it seems to me an outrage on the principles of inductive science itself;—telling me to speculate in regions acknowledged to be transcendental to experience; telling me that the condition of doing so is to leave all experience behind me, and that I am not to wonder that I do not find its evidence there!

In truth, it seems to me, when I compare your reasoning on this subject with that on other subjects,—that of "Uniformitarianism," for example,—that you palpably play fast and loose with experience. In order to prove *that*, you will have experience paramount;—the present forces of nature, and none other, operating within precisely the present limits: when you want to prove "transmutation" of species, then the *want* of experience is of no consequence! Similarly, when you want to prove that no testimony can prove miracles, because these, you say, are opposed to experience, then experience is everything; when you want to prove your "transmutations" of species, of the same nature, and equally wonderful with miracles, (nay, more so, if many miracles be more wonderful than a few,) then experience so limited as ours is not worth mentioning! This clearly will not do. You appeal, as an inductive philosopher, to experience; and to experience you must go. As matters stand, you are tied to it, and untied, as pleases you. It is a sleight of hand, something like that of the "Davenport Brothers." By science, you are bound fast in the cords of *experience;* but no sooner are you in your Cabinet, than presto! the lights are put out—fiddles and trumpets played by supernatural agency come tumbling about us—mystic sounds of a dialect unknown to science murmur in our ears—and you are found liberated from your bonds. And thus we are to believe the whole story of transmutations, and that "anything may become anything," all experience notwithstanding.

But assuredly Christians ought not to be twitted with excess of faith, when the votaries of Science can indulge in such *abandon* of fancy.

In another paper I shall briefly consider those remaining articles of your philosophic creed particularly urged on my consideration—namely, the alleged unlimited antiquity of *man*,—I mean the *genus Homo*, such as you and I belong to;—the incredibility of miracles;—and man's predicted absolute mastery of all the secrets of nature.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

On the second day, according to promise, Dr. Crooks called, and found his patient much in the same condition, neither appreciably better nor worse. She took little food, slept a good deal, was always patient and sweet-tempered, had always a wan smile for her father; and when her mother came in, her arms were always stretched out for an embrace and her mouth raised for a kiss; and at this Mrs. Hagart would pretend to have forgotten something, or to hear Martha calling, and go off to the parlour for a cry, from which in a little while she would return with a hypocritically cheerful face, and with some little delicacy in her hand with which to tempt Katy's appetite. On his second visit the doctor, as was his wont, did not say much: he felt her pulse, examined her tongue, and then went into the parlour to write out a new prescription.

While drawing on his gloves the mother's anxiety broke out at once.

"Oh, doctor—you must pardon me—but I can't help it. Tell me truly what you think! Aren't you disappointed a little that Katy is not better?"

"I confess," said the doctor, "that I expected to see a greater improvement, but I don't think on the whole that your daughter is worse: no, I don't think she is worse."

"Is her illness serious? You don't think I am likely to lose my darling? Oh, doctor, she's so precious to me,—so precious; and I am so unhappy."

"All illness is serious, more or less, especially with delicate children; but I don't think there is any immediate cause for alarm—I really don't. Keep up your spirits, my dear lady; I expect to see your daughter running about shortly."

"If I could but hope so, doctor! But when I look on the little white, patient face, my heart misgives me sadly. If she would but be querulous and fretful, and show some little spark of quick temper, I would feel easier. Her patience and sweetness frighten me."

"Mothers are always anxious," said the doctor, with a thin smile on his clean-shaven face.

"I suppose they are, and I dare say you think me very foolish; but she is all the world to me. I did not know how dear she was, till I became afraid I should lose her."

And thereat the doctor spoke comfortable words, and said he expected great results from the new prescription. She was not to be over-anxious: he would call in a day or so; and that he had no doubt he would pull the child through. When he was gone, Mrs. Hagart sat down and had a good fit of crying, and when it was over the world did seem a good deal brighter. The doctor had said comfortable words, and she was continually going over them and extracting consolation from them. It was wonderful how much they contrived to yield—how much such words always contrive to yield—provided the rememberer is wretched enough.

A couple of hours after the departure of Dr. Crooks—while Hagart was busy with his patterns, creating the new style which was to make rejuvenescent the flagging Spiggleton trade, and Mrs. Hagart was sitting in Katy's room—Martha was summoned by a sharp peal of the door-bell. Hastily drying her hands—for she was engaged peeling potatoes for the early dinner—she ran out to the little gate, and was astounded to find a grey-haired serving-man waiting there. An actual serving-man—such a one as she had seen once or twice in her life standing by a carriage at a shop door in the High Street of Greysley—with white gloves, a hat with loop and band, and with silver buttons on his drab great-coat. There he stood waiting: no dream, but a reality; and Martha went out to him with no little awe.

"Does Mrs. Hagart live here?" asked the man.

Martha answered in the affirmative.

"Miss McQuarrie sends her compliments, and wishes to know how Miss Katy Hagart is?"

"'Tweel then, she's jist much aboot it," said Martha. "She's neither better nor waur. Dr. Crooks has been here the day, an' ordered a change o' medicine. She's verra quate an' patient, puir thing!"

"This letter is for Mrs. Hagart," said the man, handing an epistle to Martha; "and you are to give it into Mrs. Hagart's own hands."

Martha took the letter, promising to fulfil the message; and as her awe had by this time somewhat abated, she said, "I didna ken that Miss McQuarrie keepit a man-servant."

"No more she does. She is living just now with my master."

"Leevin' wi' yer measter! Then it was yer measter's coach that Miss McQuarrie was in the other day, when she picket up Katy an' brocht her hame?"

The man did not know; but Miss McQuarrie had a day or two since driven into Greysley in the forenoon, and returned to Hurlford to dinner.

"Hurlford! that 'ill be yer measter's place?"

The man said it was; and again intimating that the letter was to be delivered into Mrs. Hagart's own hands, went away.

"What's this noo?" said Martha to herself as she re-entered the house. "It's no' intendit to be seen by the measter, an' jist as weel, for he's no' fit for much but pentin'. Miss McQuarrie's comin' nearer an' nearer, an' we'll be seein' hersel' some o' thae days."

As the letter was to be delivered into the hands of her mistress, Martha thought she would do so at once, as a better opportunity would not likely occur of finding her alone. She accordingly opened the door of the room in which Katy lay, and hearing her mistress's admonitory "Hush! the child is asleep, Martha!" she contented herself by saying in a low voice, "Mem, wad ye please to speak for a moment?" and contrived to put such mysteriousness into her intonation, that Mrs. Hagart was in the kitchen with her at once.

"What is it, Martha?"

"Oh mem! Miss McQuarrie sent her servant-man—at least the servant-man o' the gentleman she's staying wi' at Hurlford—to ask for Miss Katy, an' I tell't him she was jist aboot it, neither better nor waur, and that Dr. Crooks had been seein' her."

"Miss McQuarrie! You must be dreaming, girl!"

"Na, na; no' dreamin' a bit. Whan the bell rang, there was the man at the door, an' he said, Miss McQuarrie sent her compliments: an' mair than that," continued Martha, her eyes becoming bigger and rounder, and her voice growing more mysterious than ever, "he gied me this letter, mem, and tell't me to be particular to gie it into naebody's hands but yer ain."

Mrs. Hagart saw at a glance that the letter was addressed to her, and that it was in her half-sister's hand-writing—once familiar enough, but which she had not seen for long. She felt that the hot blood was mounting to her face, and that her hands were shaking somewhat. Anxious that Martha should see nothing of her discomposure, she said, in as careless a tone as she could assume, "I don't know what this will be about, but perhaps it will require an immediate answer," and then, uncomfortably conscious that her voice was unsteady, she betook herself to the parlour, and shut the door after her.

When she sat down she let the letter lie in her lap, half afraid to open it. What could be the purport of it? Would it sting her as the last letter had stung her? Was it a signal that the family breach was about to be repaired? From the strange interviews with the children, she expected that Miss McQuarrie would take action in one form or another; and now, when action had been taken, she was seized by a singular apprehension of evil. All kinds of images hurried through her brain: remembrances of her old home, her father, her early life, and still the letter lay in her lap unopened.

At last with a trembling finger she broke the seal. She saw the letter began "My dear Margaret," and that it occupied more than one page; and then, with a nervous anxiety to see how it closed, and how her sister subscribed herself, she turned the page and encountered—with a start and gulp, and a sudden thought of butcher and baker, and no end of nice things for Katy ill in the next room—a twenty-pound note. Lifting the note, she read at the foot of the third page, "Your affectionate sister, Kate McQuarrie." So far, then, the letter did not look dangerous, and she began to read it through.

"My dear Margaret," it went on, "you will believe me when I tell you that I feel strangely as I write these words. To go back upon what separated us, is no good. Perhaps if the thing were to happen now, I would not act as I did. But at the time I thought I acted rightly, so did your father—and he knows *now*. Rightly or wrongly, I have found so little happiness in my life, that—even although you had acted more wrongly than you did—I could hope you have found more.

"I knew your children when I saw them. I was sorry to find your daughter, *and my namesake*, so poorly the other day. I trust she is better now. I thought when I had her in the carriage with me that her dress was rather slight for this cold weather. Perhaps the little bit of paper enclosed—*and it is not the last bit I have got either*—may be found useful.

"I do not know that I should see you, or that you would in the least care to see me. Perhaps, if you are not *too proud*, we may meet; but not now. I hardly think such a break as ours can be fairly soldered in this world, but I don't know; and perhaps it may be no use trying. There are things we may forgive, but cannot forget; and there is no ghost so difficult to lay as the ghost of an injury. I don't think I have more to say. I may perhaps send again to inquire for your daughter. Should you ever think of writing me, I shall at least read your letter.

"Your affectionate Sister,
"KATE McQUARRIE.

"P.S.—I notice that you have put the *sixpences* I gave the children on chains, and given them to wear as keepsakes. If I had not found out *that*, I should not have written *this*."

Mrs. Hagart did not at all relish this epistle on the first reading: it seemed to her harsh, cold, inexorable, unforgiving. There was no allusion to her husband in it. It was evident that her sister held her old opinion on that matter. And the mention of the slightness of Katy's apparel struck her as unnecessarily cruel. Altogether it was unsatisfactory, and she felt that if the circumstances had been reversed, *she* would have written with much more warmth, cordiality, and graciousness. But on a re-perusal—and the poor lady, if she read it once, read it a dozen times—it seemed to lose much of its sternness. The hard lines began to relax; and she read and read, until she began to feel that crabbed as were some of the sentences, there was real affection in them. Then the crabbed sentences began to become sorrowful sentences only—sorrowful both ways; sorrowful as regarded the writer, sorrowful also as regarded the reader. "She had to make the first advance," thought Mrs. Hagart, as she smoothed out the letter and the twenty-pound note on her knee, "and she did not know how she would be received. *If you are not too proud, we may yet meet.* She is afraid of my pride, then. *That* will be no very fierce lion in the path of reconciliation. *If I had not found out that, I would not have written this.* But for the sovereigns, she might have thought I hated her. How was she to know that I did not hate her? I think it very generous of her to take the initiative, with all its risks. And as for Katy's dress—well, perhaps it was a little too slight for the season, only she need not have put it so plainly down. But then she wasn't to know that I had her winter dresses nearly finished. After all, she is Katy's aunt, and Katy is her namesake, as she says, and of course she can say what she thinks, and of course I need not be ashamed to accept her present. *If you think of writing me, I shall at least read your letter.* That does look a little grumpy; but then she did not read the last letter I sent, and if I write a letter now she is willing to read it,—which is pleasant so far. I think, altogether, the note is very nice." And then Mrs. Hagart began to feel very happy, for now her thoughts could linger pleasantly around her old home, around her sister, and around the grave of her father. "*He knows now;*" and she thought the reconciliation so proffered, was proffered not only by the living, but by the dead. And sitting thinking, with the letter in her lap, the present faded away, and she was again a little girl standing beside a white wall, with a laburnum tree hanging above her, and looking seaward towards dim rocky islands capped with summer clouds; and there was a step on the gravel, and two large hands were clasped over her eyes, and a voice asked who it was that was holding her, and she cried "Papa!" and she heard her father and sister laugh as the large hands were unclasped, and the summer light and heat came again full against her face and eyes.

But this reverie was but for a moment. When she came back to the present and its concerns, the question arose—How about her husband? Should she show him the letter and the money? He would know all about it some day, and she thought it comported best with prudence and wifely duty, as well as with impulse, to lay the matter before him at once. And so thinking, she thrust the letter and the money into her pocket, and opening the door of the room in which Hagart worked, entered.

"Well, Mag?" he said, as his wife came in. "Come to see this beauty, eh? Isn't that sweet? Isn't there a kind of a sort of air, style, about that, eh? 'Pon my word, I never thought I was so clever a fellow. I feel a sort of inspiration, Mag. This lot will astonish the Spiggletonians. Its beauty will draw the money out of the Spiggletonian pockets, as by his flute-playing that Greek fellow, Amphion, used to draw the trees and stones after him."

Mrs. Hagart stooped to look at the pattern on which her husband was engaged.

"It's very pretty, Alfred, very pretty, indeed." And then, their heads being quite close, she slipped her arm round his neck, and drew his cheek against hers. "I am so happy, so happy, Alfred," she murmured, as she did so.

"Yes, yes, poor dear!" said Hagart. "It's pleasant to know that Dr. Crooks does not think that Katy is seriously ill. I knew you would be happy. And when I once get these things finished, and come home from Spiggleton like——"

"But it's not that," hesitated his wife.

"What then, Mag?" said Hagart, looking up inquiringly.

"Miss McQuarrie sent a servant to ask for Katy to-day."

"The deuce, she did! I suppose the old she-dragon will be making her appearance in person one of these days. I hope she won't catch me, that's all. Has Miss Kate's inquiry made you so happy?"

"It shows that she takes so much interest."

"Better late than never. I can remember the time when she had no interest in either you or the children. As for me, I suppose I am hated like poison, being of a family rich neither in ghosts nor grandfathers."

"Let the ghosts and grandfathers alone," said his wife; "they are not troubling you at present."

"Never saw one of them, good luck! Father and half-sister are enough for me."

"Yes, and half-sister's half-sister, you cross man," and here his wife patted him on the shoulder. "But, Alfred, Miss McQuarrie did more than inquire."

"Bother Miss McQuarrie! What more did she do then?"

"She sent me this, and this," and his wife laid down the letter and the twenty-pound note on the desk before him.

Hagart took up the note and read it. When he had finished, he turned sharply round.

"And this is what has made you so happy?"

"Yes, Alfred."

"Then you'll be good enough to send back to Miss McQuarrie her letter and her money—at once, with my compliments. Confound her! what right has she to say that my daughter's dress is too slight for the season? If it should be so, I can provide another for her."

"I don't think you quite understand——"

"I do understand! *Although you had acted even more wrongly.*" And with that, with a very red face, Hagart tore up the letter, and strewed its fragments on the floor. "This makes you happy, indeed! Even *although you had acted more wrongly.* I'm extremely obliged to her, and to you. *Perhaps we may meet, but not* NOW! If you wore a widow's cap, I dare say the meeting would take place to-morrow. I'm sorry I separate so much mutual affection."

"You are very cruel, Alfred, and I think very selfish. You know she is my only living relative almost—my only sister, at least—and that I am pleased she has made this advance. I am sure that you don't understand her letter, and I am also sure that there is no reference to you in it. If she wishes to make friends with me, she knows that the worst plan she could adopt is to speak slightingly of you in any way. You ought to know that. It was wrong of you to destroy her letter—it was the only one of hers I had."

"I don't care what you are sure of. And if you wished to preserve a specimen of her correspondence, you should have kept the letter you received from her while in London. Why didn't that one make you happy? As for the money, I insist that it shall be sent back at once."

Whereat Mrs. Hagart picked the note from the desk, and said, with her best dignity air, "The money shall not go back, Alfred! I am sorry to disobey you in any way, but this money shall not go back. It has come from my own family, and it would be wrong, foolish, insulting, to send it back. We shall find it very serviceable."

"I suppose I am to be taunted with my poverty next?"

"You know I am too much of a gentlewoman to taunt you, even although I had cause—which heaven knows I have not. I don't understand your mood at all, and I think you will be sorry for what you have said."

"So happy!' cried Hagart, with his most scornful emphasis. This seemed to have stuck hardest in our friend's throat. But Mrs. Hagart took no notice of the exclamation, and retired to the parlour.

Hagart was desperately sulky all day thereafter, and when Martha intimated that dinner was on the table, he growled that he was busy, and would come to tea. Meanwhile Jack had returned from school, and had gone in to chat with Katy. Mrs. Hagart hurried tea; and when Hagart came in, and when his wife handed him a cup, he went and kissed her.

"I am very sorry, Mag," he said.

"So am I, Alfred—that you should have been annoyed; but you will see that I have acted for the best."

"As you always do," said he, taking a slice of buttered toast on his plate.

CHAPTER X.

SEATED once in a circus—after a sylph-like creature, who to slow music had jumped through all manner of hoops, had retired amid plaudits, followed by the clown, who took occasion to throw a summersault as he went—I saw a military-looking gentleman enter the sawdust, and announce that Alfred Powell, the star of European equestrians, would appear as the "Red Rider of the Prairies;" and as he spoke, a fiery steed, bare-backed, and black as Mazeppa's desert-born, leaped into the ring and began careering round and round. This was the Red Rider's horse, and the Red Rider would present himself immediately. One had barely time to settle one's self comfortably in one's seat, when the Red Rider, in curious apparel, with war-whoop, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, bounded over the arriers, vaulted on the flying bare-backed, and amid a thunder of applause threw himself into a graceful attitude, pointed to the rising sun, and—fell. The musicians stopped, the fiery bare-backed stopped, the applause stopped, and the Red Rider lay prone. He had sprained a limb in his fall, the daring impetuous chief; and four military-looking gentlemen appeared and carried him out. During the whole two hours' performances there was no such round of approbation as that which greeted the splendid entrance; during the two hours' performances there was no such ignominious failure. The Red Rider was carried out, the sawdust raked anew, and a fresh candidate for popular favour presented himself. The Red Rider felt humiliated; and in the fact that he had resolved to take the audience by storm, and had been enjoying, during the whole day perhaps, the rapturous hand-clappings of pit and galleries before he had earned them, lay, without question, the bitterest sting of that humiliation. I saw the fallen chief carried away, and thought that I had seen in other places than the sawdust something of the same kind happen pretty frequently. Many a Red Rider rushes out as did this poor star of European equestrians, *falls* when he is about to achieve success, and has to be carried off.

We read in our history books that when good stubborn old George was king only in name, and at war with his late children across the Atlantic, the English ship, Shannon, hovered about Boston Bay, stood in at times showing her colours, and did everything in her power to induce the bigger American Chesapeake to come out and try the issue of battle. It is recorded in these books that the Yankee captain resolved at length to accept the English ship's invitation; and so certain was he of victory, that he ordered—and at no very late hour of the day either—a dinner for the benefit of his victorious officers and crew. And so certain were the Bostonians that the Chesapeake would return with the Shannon in tow, that they left their business and lined the shores to behold the sight which could not be to them other than gratifying. Out went the Chesapeake with brilliant colours flying, Yankee Doodle, or other stirring and appropriate air, hilariously playing, and a hundred hearts beating hopefully; but somehow matters did not go prosperously with it. English shot smashed through the Chesapeake's hull and rigging, making the cock-pit a sorry sight; English boarders in the most unheard-of manner swarmed over the Chesapeake's decks, and while the eager cooks were yet perspiring, and before the eyes of the disgusted Bostonians, the stars and stripes sank, the English Union Jack flaunted proudly above, and the confident prize-taker was towed away a prize. I have always pitied the feelings of that brave American captain! To be defeated is always bitter; but to be defeated when you have made yourself certain of victory, and made other people certain of it too—when you have lived on the idea, laid yourself upon it as on a down bed and rested there—is about the very bitterest thing that can befall a man in a mortal lot in which there are at least ten bitters for every sweet.

And was not Hagart as certain of victory as the brave American captain? Did he not proceed to Spiggleton with his patterns as hopefully as did the Chesapeake with shotted guns and sharpened cutlasses to meet the Shannon? And when defeated at Spiggleton, foiled, baffled, fairly laid on his back, did he not feel something of the humiliation which pierced the heart of the American when he saw his flag go down, and had to give his sword to Captain Broke? Upon my word I don't think the one deserves our sympathy more than the other. Defeat was a serious matter to both. Yet one bitterness was spared the American: he was carried off by his victors—he had not to appear before the Bostonians, and to eat with what appetite he could the dinner placed before him—dinner which was meant to be masticated in circumstances so different. Hagart went out from his household in hopeful mood,—had he not created the new style? was he not saying to Fashion what the Emperor said to the Grand Army "Gentlemen, there's the road to Brussels"?—and to his household he had to return, bringing with him the news of his utter defeat. And this bringing home the news of defeat seemed to the poor fellow worse even than the defeat itself.

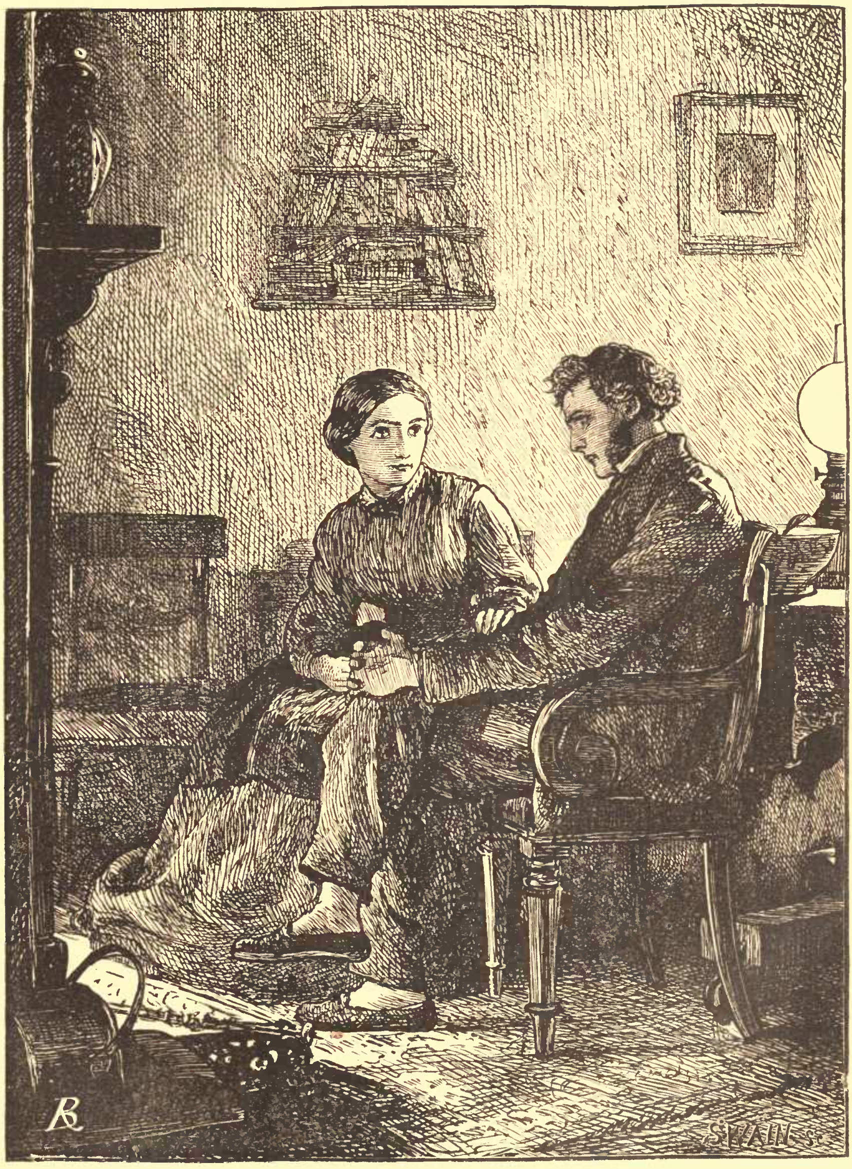
Of course he had to walk across the moors, and of course it rained, for nature has no mercy on the unfortunate. His heavy heart made the journey long, and it was night before he reached Greysley, penniless, footsore, bringing his collection of patterns with him, which had lost all brilliancy now in his eyes. Hoggs and Bloggs had had bad news. The markets were glutted, and into a glutted market it was madness to fling fresh supplies of goods. Hagart intimated that his patterns were intended for the spring season, and expressed his belief that if his novel and tasteful designs were produced they would set the fashion and the producers would reap a fortune. Hoggs and Bloggs lacked faith, they would not run the risk, and declined making purchases. Hagart tried the lesser houses, but with a like result. Among the manufacturers there had crept gloom and apprehension. "Business was in a shaky state. They really could not venture." And when Hagart in his inn looked over the unfortunate sketches, he was astonished at the change he saw in them. Blight and mildew had fallen on them. The country smiled in the morning, but by evening an army of locusts had passed over it. The splendour had all died out. The novelties on which he had so plumed himself had become deformities. To his own apprehension his patterns had grown common, ugly, absurd. His spirits had fallen to zero, and he was inclined to think that Hoggs and Bloggs had rejected his works, not on account of flagging trade and glutted markets, but because they were deficient in every kind of merit whatsoever.

In seasons of good luck, Hagart's singing spirits soared out of sight, like a skylark: in seasons of bad luck, he humbled himself and slunk into the darkest corner he could find. He was wet to-night, and he was glad of it. His boots were covered with mire, and from that fact he derived much satisfaction. Bringing such evil tidings, he thought it proper that he should appear tashed and battered. In some curious way he wished to appeal to his wife's pity, and so he rather liked the rain and mud. If somebody would but waylay him and knock him down, he thought he would accept the knocking down with much pleasure. But when he got home he received as warm a welcome as if he had come home laden with gold. His wife opened the door for him, and had only a cheerful smile when in a single sentence he blurted out all his unsuccess. She helped him to take off his coat, and had waiting for him a change of clothing. He encased himself in the dry garments as if they were too good for him; and when he entered the parlour the fire was burning merrily—for the candles had not been brought in—and making all kinds of lights and shadows dance on the furniture. The tea-things were placed on the table in readiness, and on the footstool before the fire his slippers were laid out. As she poured out the tea Mrs. Hagart put in a pleasant sentence or so, and when he had dined and supped—for on the present occasion the two meals were rolled into one—she brought brewing materials and mixed his punch with her own hands, and sat down beside him, accepting as she did so a tiny glassful of the liquid which he had ladled out for her. Hagart was very silent; he noticed all his wife's little attentions, and thought sincerely at the moment that he was undeserving of them, and that she was heaping coals of fire on his head.

"You must be very tired, dear," said his wife, laying down the tiny glass.

"Heartsore, Mag! I don't care a bit for the fatigue; a night's rest will put that all right. I really don't know what I shall do!"

He looked low and downhearted enough as he sat before the fire, his mind sorely troubled about the future, and his hands clasped on his knee. His wife looked at him with kindly eyes, nimble thoughts in her brain the while. He had had his way up till now, and now he was dead beat. He himself acknowledged he was dead beat. Mrs. Hagart remembered what an unlucky dog he had been, and the idea grew strong upon her—it had visited her before, indeed, but she had driven it away as if it had been a sin—that an unlucky dog he would remain till the end of the chapter. So thinking, she did not love him one whit the less; loved him all the more, perhaps; and she resolved that, he being bowled out, she would take the innings and make what play she could. All unknowing to Hagart as he sat there with his hands clasped on his knee, the reins of household sovereignty slipped from his grasp. He was no longer at the helm: he was no longer commander-in-chief. Mrs. Hagart was a wise woman, and knew in-



"HE LOOKED LOW AND DOWNHEARTED ENOUGH AS HE SAT BEFORE THE FIRE."

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stinctively that to possess authority she must not show it; that to be queen of the household it would never do to appear in royal robe and wear crown and sceptre. But she could distinguish substances from shadows, and *having* the sceptre in her possession, she could very easily relinquish the perilous pleasure of wearing it in public. Meantime her duty was to cheer and soothe.

"Everything is as black as thunder. I really don't know to what hand to turn."

"You must not speak in that way, Alfred. You have been fortunate before, and you will be fortunate again. The patterns were very pretty, I am sure; but as trade is dull, you must just rest on your oars, as the Spiggleton people are doing. Trade will revive again."

He knew the twenty-pound note was in his wife's mind; and three days before the bare suspicion of that fact would have put him in a blaze of anger. But he was humble to-night. Disappointment had quenched his pride and self-assertion, as water quenches fire.

"I don't know. I thought the patterns were pretty enough while I was engaged on them; but now they seem the work of a fool. And I think I am a fool and idiot, and have been a fool and idiot all my life."

Alfred would gladly have been knocked down on his way home; he was now doing what he could to perform that little bit of kindness for himself.

"No, Alfred, neither fool nor idiot."

"I thought I had brains once—and so did others. Now I have fallen so low that I cannot tempt fellows like Hoggs and Bloggs to buy my things."

"Hoggs and Bloggs bought your things before, and they will buy them again. Better times will come round."

"I would not care if misfortune fell on myself alone. What will you say if you find out that you have married a fool—a fellow without brains, or knack, or cleverness—who, beaten out of art, can't even paint patterns for manufacturers?"

"But I know that I have not married a fool."

"I absolutely loathe myself," said Hagart, taking himself as it were by the beard and smiting himself. "I think I am the poorest dog in Christendom. I could cut my throat almost. I sometimes wish, Mag, that I had never seen you!"

"Why, Alfred?" asked the wife, who could see no logical connection between the last sentence and what he had been saying previously. "It would have been an unhappy thing for me if I had never seen *you*."

"If you had waited you could have got a better husband—not a dunderhead who cannot even paint patterns that people will buy. What right had I to take you out of your proper sphere and bring down your fortune to mine?"

"So long as I don't complain, I see no cause you have to. But don't let us talk nonsense. You are unstrung to-night, and see things in their blackest colours. I wrote my sister yesterday, dear, and told her that her letter gave me much pleasure, and that I was ready to forget all the past and be friends again as if nothing had happened. Now do you know what I have been thinking?"

Hagart remembered the high ground he had taken two or three days previously when Miss Kate's letter had been under discussion, and contented himself with staring gloomily into the fire.

"I know she means to be friendly," his wife went on; "and there was a great deal of friendship in the letter she sent, although you thought it harsh. The money——"

Here Hagart fidgetted in his seat as if the allusion hurt him.

"Now, Alfred, don't be foolish! The money has been very useful, and I have been able to get some nice things for Katy—poor child, you have not asked for her to-night, although she has been constantly inquiring when papa would be home;—and I was not ashamed to take it, because, although it came from my sister, it belonged to my father, so that I had a sort of right to it. But I have been thinking that it would be a nice thing if Aunt Kate would take Jack to Hawkhead to live with her."

"Take Jack to Hawkhead?"

"Yes, dear. He's getting a big fellow, and is a good scholar, so far as he has gone. I should be sorry to part with him, of course, but it would be an excellent thing for him, and we could see him often. He could go to the Hawkhead University for a year or so; lads as young as he enter there, I believe. And then there are so many openings in a large city for a clever well-educated young man, and with his aunt's influence he would be sure to get on! What do you think?"

"I really don't know," said Hagart, ruefully; "I don't know what hand to turn to. I wouldn't like to lose the boy, but—have you written to your sister on the matter?"

"No. I have only been thinking that it might be brought about in time—that is, if I and my sister get on as well as I expect and hope."

"But if your sister is inclined to build up the breach, there I am again! She hates me, and I was the original cause of quarrel. You and she will never be friends so long as I live."

"Nonsense, Alfred! But what do you think of my plan?"

"I positively can't say. It will be hard to lose the boy."

"Don't you think it would be the best thing we could do? I suppose you don't wish to bring him up to your own business?" said Mrs. Hagart, letting fly an arrow she had kept in reserve.

"Certainly not," said Alfred, hastily; "and it's perhaps best that the rats should forsake the sinking ship. You know it's a sinking ship, and you won't risk your son in it. Perhaps you're right. I also wish I could take out a passage in another craft, but it's too late now."

"What other craft, Alfred?"

"I have wished often that I could get quit of this confounded pattern drawing, and find employment as a clerk, accountant, secretary, or something of that kind. But then I am so unacquainted with the world's ways. I might be able to get a toll-bar," said he, smiling grimly; "but then I never would be able to give a carter correct change, and my blunders would all be against myself.

"If you were the keeper of a toll-bar you would never be able to change half-a-crown correctly, and would be ruined in a month," returned his wife, laughing. "But cheer up, I don't think you are reduced to a toll-bar yet."

"What an organ of hope you have, Mag! With what a smiling face you front misfortune! I can't understand it."

"I have no great organ of hope, as you call it, but I deal prudently with it."

"How?"

"I use just a little every day. When I have a dozen candles in the house I don't light them all at once."

"And I light my dozen at once, and when they burn down I am in the dark! Is that your meaning? If it is, I daresay there is some truth in it. You mean that you are never entirely in the dark?"

"Exactly. But don't let us bother about our organs of hope to-night, Alfred. If Aunt Kate should ask Jack to go and live with her at Hawkhead,—if she *should*, you know, for I am not at all certain that she will,—you will not set your face against it?"

"If I thought it would be for the boy's benefit——"

"I am glad that you have given your consent so frankly. That's a dear! Of course he won't go unless we think it will be for his benefit. Now let us go to bed, for you must be tired. I'll just slip in and see how Katy is?"

"Poor child!" muttered he as his wife left him; "*she* won't leave the sinking ship. Aunt Kate won't take *her*. She will always be mine and mine only."

Hagart was no prophet. She was leaving the sinking ship very fast, and was going farther away than Hawkhead, and with a sterner guide than Aunt Kate.

But although heavily water-logged, the ship was not destined yet to sink. In fact it righted in a surprising manner; and with all sail clapped on, and with a prosperous wind, there was every probability that it might yet make port and remain there for a while. The very next morning, while Hagart and his wife were sitting at breakfast, Martha brought in a note which our friend eyed suspiciously for a moment—perhaps he had some fear of a dun,—he then broke the seal and read the contents aloud.

"Messrs. Wedderburn Brothers present compliments to Mr. Hagart, and will take it kind if he will call at their office, 119, New Street, to-morrow, as early in the day as possible."

"What can this be?" said Hagart, as he tossed the note across the table to his wife. "Wedderburn Brothers is the best house in Greysley for shawls. What can be the meaning of it? The note was written last night, and I suppose I had better go at once."

"I think so, Alfred. I suppose they wish to employ or consult you in one way or another."

And so Hagart swallowed his coffee and sallied into Greysley.

Of Wedderburn Brothers Hagart had no personal knowledge, but he knew the firm was extensive and respectable, and busied itself with the production of the finest and most expensive class of goods. "What can they want with me?" thought he, as he trudged down New Street with a sharp eye for No. 119. "They get all their patterns from Paris, and won't need my services. I really can't guess what they want with me. Hillo, here's No. 119." And he went up-stairs and entered the counting-room with a beating heart.

The Wedderburn Brothers—two grey-haired spectacled men—looked up from their desks when he opened the door. "I had a note from you this morning, and have come——"

"How do ye do, Mr. Hagart?" and the Wedderburn Brothers both rose: "will you step this way, please?" And they led Hagart into a room off the counting-house, and motioned him to a seat.

The elder brother then produced a portfolio filled with sketches, and laid it on the table beside Hagart. "We have just received these from Paris," said he, as he turned them slowly over; "what do you think of them?"

They were a cut above him, and Hagart regarded them with the despairing admiration with which a thousand living bards regard Mr. Tennyson's poems.

"We can do nothing like that in this country, can we?" said the elder brother; "these French fellows beat us all to sticks."

"They do, indeed. I never saw such beautiful patterns in all my life."

"They are just *too* beautiful; that's the fault we find with them," said the elder brother, smiling. "We can't produce them as they stand, and no one would buy them if we could."

"It would be difficult to produce such things properly in Greysley."

"Impossible. Now, why we sent for you was simply this. We wish to see if you will undertake the re-casting of these sketches, and—preserving the aroma of style as far as possible—so shaping and altering them that they will be brought within the range of the skill of our workmen. Do you think you will be able to do so?"

"I shall be delighted to do my best."

"We have heard a good report of you, and have no doubt that you are perfectly competent. The job will extend over several weeks or perhaps months, and we are prepared to allow you four guineas per week during the time, and otherwise to make you as comfortable as we can."

Hagart thought he had never heard such music distil from human lips. "When should you wish me to begin?" asked he.

"At once, this very hour. You have not working materials with you?"

"No."

"Then you can send home for them. One of my lads will be at your service. Just drop a line, and he will bring your things with him. Meantime, here is the room we have set apart for you.

Hagart scribbled hastily on a bit of paper, "Glorious news, Mag. Wedderburn Brothers have got a lot of the most lovely French patterns, and I am engaged to *spoil* them at the rate of four guineas a-week. Of course Jack won't go to Hawkhead now. I'll be home for dinner at five. Be sure and kill the fatted calf, and lay in some beer. Give the bearer all my things, paints, paint-saucers, brushes, tracing-paper, compasses, foot-rule, and all the rest. Good-bye till five. Yours ever,—A. H." And this paper he folded up and gave to the messenger. He then devoted himself to the portfolio, that he might familiarize himself with its brilliant contents.

Hagart came home to dinner elate as morning chanticleer that on tip-toe crows defiance to a dozen sleeping farms. His wife had many questions to ask, and he delighted to be questioned. He stated that Wedderburn Brothers were the most gentlemanly men, and instituted comparison between them and his former employers in Greysley—comparison damaging to the House. He spoke of the nice room he worked in. He was never weary of extolling the beauty of the Parisian designs, frankly admitting that in a certain indefinable air and style they surpassed his own productions, as far as a fine town-bred lady surpasses a country maid. This he acknowledged freely. "But what then?" said he; "if a man can't be a great original poet, it's always something to be an excellent translator. I can't paint like these Frenchmen, but I can bring their admirable designs within the British workman's capacity of production. I can translate them into the vernacular, so to speak. When I have this job finished, it would be an excellent idea to run over to Paris for a week or so, establish a connection with the clever fellows there, arrange to have parcels of patterns delivered to me monthly, and reduce and adapt these patterns for the manufacturers here. The notion is entirely new, and could not fail of success. My field would comprehend Greysley, Spiggleton, Hawkhead, and other manufacturing centres. I'll engage some talented young men to work under my direction, and drive a roaring trade. By Jove, the idea is glorious!" said Hagart, his imagination kindling in its flight like a Roman candle and bursting at last into many-coloured splendours. "And then as I shall be in Paris frequently, at any rate, what is to hinder me from taking you, Mag, and the children over with me and showing you all the palaces, churches, and picture-galleries? I'd like to show you a bit of the world. Wouldn't you like it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hagart, looking up from her sewing, for this talk had taken place after supper, and just before going to bed, at which period Hagart's spirits were usually most boisterous—"I should like very much to see Paris and all its sights; but don't you think you have lit all your candles again, dear? You have Wedderburn Brothers and four guineas a-week; let us be content with that, and let Paris alone in the meantime."

MEDITATIONS ON PROVIDENCE.

By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I.

When King David, after his sin in numbering the people, was offered his choice among three different modes of punishment, he replied (2 Sam. xxiv. 14), "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man." These words point to a tendency in the human mind with reference to our belief in God's Providence, which it may be instructive to discuss and illustrate. I believe that some of our former meditations* will throw light on it: and it in turn may perhaps make them better understood.

The habit is, that of less regarding God as acting on us and around us when human agency is also employed, than when it is absent. We are apt, it is true, to be somewhat inconsistent here as in other portions of our recognition of Providence; but here, perhaps, as we before said in those cases, the inconsistency may be unavoidable, and may indeed be the only right path to pursue. A man comes to his death by the culpable negligence or want of foresight of a fellow-man. We regard that negligence or want of foresight as the assignable cause of his death. We say, if that matter had been better cared for,—if that dangerous path had been fenced, or that rail better laid, or that violent disease taken in time, the man might have been alive now. Yet in the very next breath we say, that it pleased God to take him to Himself: and we deal with the fact of his death in terms which imply that no human power could have saved him. This double way of speaking remarkably illustrates the manner in which we find ourselves compelled to hold and proclaim both truths,—man's freedom of action, and God's sovereign power of disposal. That the two here, as everywhere, seem inconsistent when brought into contact, is not a fault that we can help and correct, but a necessary consequence of the infirmity of our nature, and the narrowness of our comprehension. In reality, God just as much acts where men are concerned in bringing about the result; and men have just as much freedom of action where God overrules the result; but we cannot put the two together; we can only apprehend these truths separately. And separated, we do apprehend them; and we speak of the event on one side as if man caused it, and on the other as if God pre-ordained it.

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* In Good Words for 1863, p. 627.

Now something of this unavoidable inconsistency is to be observed in the saying of David which I quoted: and perhaps a little more. Three things were offered to him, for his choice of one. "Shall seven years of famine come unto thee in thy land? or wilt thou flee three months before thine enemies while they pursue thee? or that there be three days' pestilence in thy land?"

First of all, the choice was given him by God Himself, in whose power it plainly lay to bring about any one of the three. The dearth from which was to arise the famine: the war which was to bring in the enemies: the seeds and access of the pestilence; all these were, by the very terms of the offer, to be of God's ordaining and bringing about. The hostile forces which were to pursue would be as much under His control, as the disease, or the sun and the clouds. Whichsoever of the three befell the penitent king, he would still fall into the hands of God, and not of man. What then, in his estimation, made the difference? I may say, what would make it in our own? for I doubt not that we all feel the same as he did. Is it not this—that in the one case man *appears* as the agent, whereas in the two others he does not appear, but God only? We may say that the answer, though a beautiful one, is one indicative of weak faith; that if the king had been strong in faith, he would equally have seen himself safe in the great mercies of God, whether man intervened between God and himself, or not. And doubtless this is so; but even though the faith may be weak, it is, I believe, not only one which we are obliged to be contented with, but of that sort which God means us to have. All that happens to us is naturally and necessarily divided off by us into these two classes of events: those which are man's doing, and those which are God's doing. The merchant insures his ship, or undertakes safely to convey the merchandise entrusted to him: and in so doing, he speaks of the act of God, meaning the storm which may imperil, or the calm which may detain, his vessel. Inquiry is made into the cause of a death, and if it has been sudden, or unassignable, it is said to have taken place by the visitation of God.

Let us follow out our habits of this kind a little further. It appears also, that in great and solemn matters we are more ready to acknowledge the interposition of God, than in ordinary and less significant ones; even where the difference of the presence or absence of human agency does not occur. We do not scruple to say in any society, that escape from accident, or recovery from grievous sickness, has been providential. All acquiesce in one sentiment, and even the scorner's brow is for once relaxed into approval. But if the same merciful preservation has extended to the prevention of accident altogether, or to the long maintenance of health uninterrupted, we do not equally characterise these as the act of God, but almost take them as matters of course; and we should pass with the world for enthusiasts or weak-minded persons, if we spoke otherwise about them. This practice, though seemingly different from that other, is in reality the same. As long as the world goes on without any interruption to its ordinary course, we seem to have no reason to attribute that course to anything beyond ordinary agencies, which appear to us as if they always had been, and always would continue to be; but when there comes an interruption in the slightest degree unlooked for, then we begin to speak of Divine Providence, and to see God interfering. This last fact is remarkably illustrated by remembering that sometimes our recognition or non-recognition of God's Hand takes place without any reference to the relative importance of events, but entirely with reference to their usual or unusual character. The rising of the sun each morning by the revolution of the earth on her axis,—the bringing in of summer and winter by the inclination of that axis,—the drawing over us of the cloud from which descends the fertilising shower, these are in reality immeasurably greater events, and more eloquent of divine power, than many things in which we all see and acknowledge the present hand of God. Yet in these we never see it, or even speak of it. Sometimes, indeed, when Nature's operations assume a startling or terrifying character, we seem compelled to see God acting in them. The thunderings and lightnings of the overcharged air, the storm by which the balance of the atmosphere is restored, these seem to us evident proofs of God's interference: whereas that interference is in reality as much proved by the opening of the bud, or by the withering of the herbage after continued drought. We cannot see this matter as it really is, but only as it is relatively to ourselves. For every event our minds strive to supply some agent: if we see man, if we see the ordinary laws of nature at work by our side, we are apt to look no further, and to seek for no higher cause: but if all is blank, and the result only is seen, then we seem to rise upward in thought through the empty heavens, till we come to the Throne and Him that sitteth thereon. This is one form of the feeling induced by our infirmity. And another is, as we have partly seen, that as long as all is quiet, and our minds are not unusually excited, we are content to look no further than natural causes; but the moment our fears are aroused, the moment we are anyhow deeply stirred in spirit, we see and we acknowledge Him in whose hands are all our ways.

Let us go on to speak of the use, and of the abuse, of this practice. Doubtless it has its beneficent use, or God would not have so universally implanted it in our nature—in the best and godliest of men, as well as in those who regard Him not. And I think this use is not difficult to ascertain. "We walk by faith, not by sight." But it is plain that while this is true, it can be true only of the main turnings of our course, not of every step at every time. The evidence of our senses must be our guide in a world which is apprehended by our senses, and faith in things unseen must come in where the world around us threatens to overbear our higher principles and instincts. If a man always, and day by day, guided every portion of his course by consciousness of the things unseen, and not according to the things seen, he would become a dreamer, and would be unfit to move and act in this working-day world. And just so in the case which we are considering. The constant thought and recognition of God is good, is necessary, for us all, who would live for any worthy purpose.

> "Happy the man who sees a God employed
> In all the good and ill that chequers life."

But to refer every ordinary matter, every insignificant result, to Him as its immediate agent, would on the one hand bring in superstition and morbid fancy, and on the other would tend to diminish our reverence for God Himself. It would bring in superstition and morbid fancy: for it would lead us ever to be looking for the Almighty Hand in those minute details of its working, which are concealed from us; and we should be attributing to God our own petty ways of acting, and our own insufficient and unworthy motives. We should be ever regarding ourselves as His chiefly favoured ones, and the misfortunes of others as attributable to His vengeance for that in them which is faulty in our eyes. The last dread famine in Ireland was at one and the same time regarded by Protestants as a judgment on Popery, and by Romanists as a judgment on the land for the success of Protestant missions. Such a circumstance should teach us caution, and show us that it is sometimes good to withhold our decision on the purposes and workings of God's Providence. It does not become sober-minded Christians, who believe that He doeth all things well, to betake themselves to finding fault with His arrangements, if the showers fall more or less frequently than usual, or if a partial blighting of the fruits of the earth diminish the prosperity of one particular portion of our globe. The exceptional weather which spoils a harvest, may be His means of averting a pestilence; and the calamity which causes one branch of industry to stagnate, may be a call from Him to waken thenceforth better and higher energies of a people. We must not judge Him, but trust Him. His Hand is too large for us to see all it does at once; its very opening to shed on us the blessings with which it is loaded, may crush some frail image on which we think our wellbeing depends. Extreme sensitiveness to God's acts, is not true resignation to His will.

Again, I said, that such minute apportionment of all things to His immediate agency tends to diminish reverence for Him. This indeed would follow from its producing superstition; for where there is superstition, there cannot be reverence. But it is also very plain on other grounds. "God is in heaven, and thou on earth," says the Holy Spirit in Scripture: "therefore let thy words be few." That is, not only let thy prayer be short, and sober, and reverent,—avoiding the familiarity induced by many words,—but the meaning doubtless extends further, to this,—let thy surmises and sayings about God and His acts be few, and certain, and reverent also. It has not pleased Him to move visibly among us, nor to hold converse with us face to face. We look before us, and He is not there; and behind us, but we cannot perceive His presence. He withholds Himself from us, that we may adore Him, and magnify Him in our thoughts. When it became necessary, in His great purposes, that He should be seen by man on earth, men did not reverence Him, but they despised Him, and cruelly entreated Him. His ways are not our ways: when we make them our ways, we so far degrade Him. The poor Papist, who has a saint for every turn in life, falls to cursing his saints, when those turns are not to his advantage. He who is not content without seeing God everywhere, would, from the very infirmity of our constitution, reverence Him nowhere. So that it is a good and wise provision of Him who made us, that men in general are not given to morbid and minute tracing of His working in ordinary life. Their thoughts about Him are thus kept within the bounds of sobriety and due reverence, and are attuned to the feelings towards Him which He would have us entertain; so that when we are brought face to face with Him, we meet Him with becoming awe, and abase ourselves in dust and ashes.

But the tendency and the practice bring with them their abuse likewise. And that abuse consists in this—that we are too often given to forget God altogether, where man is concerned. It is not easy to acquit David himself of something like this fault. If enemies were to pursue him while he fled before them, it seemed to him as if he would be exposed to all the fury and all the caprice of man's vindictive agency. And so it is very often with us. We look too much to man, we put too much confidence in human agents. We hope for prosperity, or we fear thwarting, and the access of adversity, simply and entirely from man, forgetting that to every man on earth God says, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further." And this evil habit of forgetting God extends far wider than the mere looking to man for good or evil. Thousands among ourselves, not unbelievers by profession, pass through the realities of life without a thought of God and His sovereign disposal of them. Their course, day by day, and year by year, is led without any consciousness that they are in his Almighty Hand. I don't mean that they never pray, or never go to church; but that in the inner chamber of their hearts, where plans are made, and where joys and sorrows have their source, God is not present; their springs of life are godless, and have lost all that can make life worth living.

Another abuse of the habit of which I am treating is, a bold and presumptuous spirit, which not only leaves out God, but openly despises Him, as taking no part in human affairs. This may not seem to be common; but it is in fact far more common than we suppose. Legendary history is full of stories illustrating the punishment of such presumption. We will take but one, and that for the sake of putting clearly before us the spirit which I mean. It is that, repeated in various forms at different places on our island coast, of the merchant adventurer now in sight of land after a prosperous voyage, and reminded that he owes thanks to God for his safety and that of his charge. "Nay," he replies, "thank the good ship and the fair wind." And then in the story, the bank of clouds gathers in the West, and the vengeance of Him who was neglected descends on the ship and her captain, and the pious adviser alone escapes to tell the tale. These stories may or may not be matters of fact: but they point to a great truth in the habits of ordinary men: a confidence in self and in human skill, and a casting off of God as the disposer of the issues of our actions. It is not that we can afford to dispense with any human effort of diligence or skill; these are God's appointed means of working among us and by us; but it is that as He is pleased not to work without these, so these must not be calculated on without taking into account His works, apart from which they are of no avail. The advice of the old Puritan General to his soldiers, to trust in God and keep their powder dry, was, homely as it may seem, sound and good. He would be equally wrong who, professing to trust in God, let his powder get wet, as he who took the proper precaution, but left God out of his calculation. Among men of the world, among those engaged in business and working for this world's wealth, the latter fault is much the more common of the two. We do not remember God as we ought. Things here stand in His place and veil Him from our sight. We take into account everything else first, and Him last: or, far too often, Him not at all.

But let us recur, in drawing our meditation to a close, to the real comfort to be derived from the habit which we have been considering, in cases where nothing stands between us and the Almighty Hand. It may be a weakness to recognise God more in these than in others; but it is a weakness wherein is strength and consolation. When the frame gives way under sickness, and the foundations of life are sapped; when calamity over which we have no control desecrates our homes and hearts; when our flesh and heart fail, not because of man, but because of One greater than man, who is pleading with us face to face; is it not mercifully ordained, that in all such cases the universal tendency is to see God working, to acknowledge ourselves to be in His hand, to feel that His mercies are over all, and are great?

And is it not also a mercy, that we all feel what David did, that it is God, and not man, whom we wish to have for the disposer of our fate? that from the infirmity and caprice of our fellow-creatures we are ever glad to take refuge with Him whose mercies are great, and who we know doeth all things well?

We feel, that man may mistake us, man may deal unjustly and unkindly with us, man may serve his own purposes at our expense, man may be wanting in sympathy, in equity, in lenity: but none of these can be with Him whose tender mercies are over all His works: the Judge of all the earth must be just: the Saviour of mankind must care for those whom He bought with His blood: the blessed Spirit of God will not easily forsake nor reprobate those with whom it is His sacred office to dwell and to plead continually.

"Let us fall into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great: and let us not fall into the hand of man."

II.

Our Lord, in the remarkable parable of the rich man and Lazarus, puts into the mouth of Abraham, the Father of the faithful, this saying: that if the rich man's brethren believed not Moses and the Prophets, neither would they be persuaded though one were to rise from the dead: in other words, that if the ordinary means of grace are powerless upon a man's heart and life, the extraordinary judgments of God will be powerless also.

Let us, in this meditation, apply this declaration of our Lord (for it is manifestly delivered under His sanction, and for us) to ourselves. Let us do so in the manner in which we have been, in our other meditations, attempting to deal with sacred truths and their application: by a matter of fact examination into the things which actually happen in our own hearts and lives. Let us in this manner try to make the truth of our Lord's saying apparent, and to force it in upon our thoughts as a reality. The form which our inquiry will take is this: What is the effect on men's minds of the ordinary means of grace and course of God's providence? What again is the effect on men's minds of God's exceptional and extraordinary judgments? And then combining the two together, we shall try to show that if the former effect do not succeed in changing the life, it is not likely that the latter effect will do so.

First then, what is the effect on men's minds of the ordinary means of grace and course of God's providence? What might we expect it to be, from the very nature of those things, and of the minds of men? Let us look at any human character: our own individual character, for instance. What have been the greatest and most lasting effects ever produced on it? How is it, in other words, that we come to be what we now find ourselves? Let us examine, in any case, into some habit which has grown up in us, so that it is a part of our very self. How came it about? We can trace it to constant insensible influence of some kind, and mostly to influence exerted in early life. And when we come to add together a multitude of these influences exerted on us from without and from within, and take into account circumstances which have lain all round us throughout life, we arrive at something like a reason for the greater part of the habits, and likings, and dislikes, and desires, and tendencies of our individual character. These grew up by degrees; we could not trace their growth day by day—hardly year by year: but when we look at the scenes amidst which we lived, and the persons with whom our lot was cast, and, to use a Scripture expression, the times that went over us, we see, taking a large and general view, how each of these habits and propensities must have grown up, even though we could not trace it. Now just such, I believe, is the usual effect of the ordinary means of grace and calls of God's providence, where they affect men at all. The case where they do not, is not at present under consideration; but will be by-and-by. Where a man is affected by them, their working is of this gentle, gradual, deep kind. His life becomes cast into their mould: his daily thoughts run in the channels of their great onward flows and tendencies; his actions take colour from this cast and complexion of his thoughts. It is here as it is with all matters of habit. The man whose days have been spent in the plains cannot be inured to mountain climbing, nor are the forms and phenomena of mountain scenery familiar to his thoughts and imaginations: take him to the hill country, and all would be strange to him. But to the child of the mountains all these things are matter of course, however wonderful they may be in themselves. The masses of vast and shadowing rock, the clouds resting half-way down the mountain side, the torrent ever sounding in its impetuous strength, the cataract with its rainbow,—these, which are wonders to others, are the very materials of daily life to him. The plains-man wearies, and calls for rest, with a few hours' breasting of the hill track, up which his daily work has carried the mountaineer, till his very frame has knit into aptitude for the task. And not otherwise is it with the effect on men's minds of the ordinary means of grace and course of God's providence. Those miracles of Divine goodness, which make up the history of redemption, become a portion of the very life itself. Difficulties which surpass human comprehension, constitute the daily path and walk of faith and holy practice. Where the unaccustomed step would falter and the muscles would immediately weary, the habituated believer goes on his way fearless and contented. The thews and sinews of his mind, so to speak, have gathered the requisite strength—and he can climb the crag without murmuring and without weariness: his eye has been long used to the abyss underlying his vision, and he can gaze down from the cliff-path without giddiness. Effects of this kind are not half enough taken into account among us. They are, for us who have grown up from childhood in the faith, our greatest mercies, and our most precious possessions. Take any of the great doctrines on which the life of the Church is built: the Incarnation, the Atonement, the indwelling of the Spirit, or any other; present such a doctrine to the unaccustomed mind, and what is the effect? Look up at yonder mountain side. Do you see that track zigzagging along the face, as it appears, of the perpendicular rock? It glitters, as you look, in the sun, moist and slippery with the never-failing mists: what human foot could venture thither in safety? Yet day by day along that path passes the woodman, singing as he goes to his work; yet day by day along that dizzy track gaily pass his little children with their father's mid-day meal, sportively plucking the bright blossoms that peep from under the patches of snow. Even so is it with the blessed doctrines on which the soul lives and works in God's Church. To the unbeliever they are full of difficulties—they seem impossible: he gazes on them and wonders that any can receive them and work in their strength: but to him who has grown in their presence and been accustomed to their power, they are things familiar, and their difficulties do not present themselves: their majesty has passed into his spirit, and their living efficiency has long wrought within him. And we may well believe that it is for this reason, among others, that it has pleased the Lord that reception into His Church by Holy Baptism should not wait for the mature understanding, but should be the very first thing in life: in order that the blessed effects of His mighty Love for us should be produced at the greatest possible advantage: in order that "Heaven" may "lie about us in our infancy," and holy and saving truth may be carried into our young minds long before we are aware of its presence. To the Christian child, no playfellow of earliest years is closer to memory and affection, than the child of Bethlehem: no tales of wonder more familiar, than the miracles of the Saviour's mercy: to him, the Cross, and the Tomb, and the Resurrection morning, and the ascending up into heaven, and the sitting at the right hand of God, are no strange things, to be questioned by the doubting reason, and mastered by the understanding: but have formed, from his earliest recollection, the very clothing and inhabitation of his thoughts.

One word, before we pass to our next point, on the outward effect produced now, and continually, on us who believe, by the ordinary means of grace and course of Providence. And here it may be conceived, the result of inquiry will be almost insensible. Between two men, both brought up as Christians, both holding the faith, both living correct and blameless lives, but one a regular attendant at public worship, a constant reader of his Bible, and the other a neglecter of both, what difference can we perceive? The question, it seems to me, is just as if it were asked respecting two buildings, both outwardly complete, in one of which the work of fitting and adorning was diligently carried on, while in the other it was utterly neglected. In outward appearance, both are the same. The mere passer-by knows no difference between the two. But enter within: see the two houses as anyone sees them who knows their inmost recesses, and how vast is the real difference! The one is gradually preparing for the master's use; the other is a mere shell, worthless for human habitation. Or let us take the same truth in the very illustration given by our Lord Himself. Ten virgins went out to meet the bridegroom. Five had provided for delay, and had taken care to be ready whenever he should come: five had made no provision. Here we have before us just the difference in question. All these are Christian souls, come out from the world into the waiting Church of Christ: and our Lord in the parable sets before us the difference between those who by the use of the means of grace make continual preparation for His coming, and those who make no such preparation. The effect of these ordinary means of grace is, to fit and adorn the soul for God's work, and for God's summons to Himself: to supply the waste and wear of daily contact with the world, that there may be oil in the vessel, when the cry is made, that the Bridegroom cometh. He who pays regard to God's ordinances will find the blessing when he needs it most; he who neglects them will find himself, at that hour, all unprepared. And it will be well if he be not shut out, in the day when the Lord gathers his people.

Such then seems to be the effect on men of the ordinary means of grace and the calls and advices of God's providence, when they are listened to and received into the heart.

And now let us ask ourselves, what is the effect on men's minds of God's exceptional and extraordinary judgments? Let us see what we mean by these terms. The parable to which we referred in the beginning gives us a notable example: the rising of one from the dead. But though this exactly suited the case in the parable, it will not suit ours, because we do not now see around us such exercise of divine power as the raising of the dead. And manifestly it will not do to say that there are as great miracles going on around us, if men would consider and perceive them: for by the very nature of the case we want for our present purpose something which men *cannot help* perceiving, and being affected by. Still, the instance in the parable will guide us to the *kind* of incident of which we are in search. Anything which is unusual and breaks in on the ordinary daily course of events assumed as likely to happen, is of the kind which we seek: especially if it bear a character of solemnity, and carry a serious thought down into a man whether he will or no. Of such a kind, for example, is the occurrence of a death in the midst of us; a sudden interposition of One who is able to make things about us to be as He wills, and not as we will. And this is perhaps the commonest instance of God's extraordinary judgments, happening as it does every day somewhere, and many times in the experience of us all among our own kinsfolk and acquaintance. Now what is the usual effect of such an event on men's minds? We may give two answers to the question: first as regards those who are affected by the ordinary means of grace, and course of God's providence,—and then as regards those who are not affected by them. What is the effect on us who believe, of such an event as that which we have mentioned? I mean, the effect on our religious lives and on our own characters? Of course there are various degrees of sorrow and regret, as we approached nearer in intimacy or friendship to anyone who is taken from us: and these must not be altogether left out; for all sorrow is a power over the soul, and brings a lull within, during which the voice of God may be heard. But I mean principally, what is the abiding effect on our religious lives, on our watchfulness for a like summons in our own case, on our estimate of this world and of eternity, on our thoughts of other men and of ourselves? Doubtless, if we be men really in earnest, there is an effect: and O thank God for it. But of what kind? If I mistake not, in our case, just of the same kind, allowing for necessary differences, as that of the ordinary means of grace and occurrences of life. As with them it would be impossible to say what part each service, each Holy Communion, each day's more experience of God's works and ways, bore in the building up and fitting the Christian character; and yet we know that each did bear some part: so is it even likewise with these extraordinary judgments of God. They pass over us: for a short time thought is solemnised, and exuberant spirits are checked, and we feel this life less secure, and another life more real, and nearer to us: and then time goes by, and the past event, like all past events, comparatively loses its power: present and ordinary things flow in, and resume their influences over us; and, to outward seeming, all is again as if the judgment had not been. There is, nevertheless, as I said, a certain abiding effect—but like that other, it is gradual, and insensible, and accumulative; by the recurrence of these warnings we become manifestly and insensibly more prepared against our own time: by the recurrence of sorrow the heart is softened: by the recurrence of kindly and sympathising feelings we have gentler thoughts of others, and less selfish ones about our own likings and interests. But all this result is produced, let it be remembered, on hearts already believing, already predisposed by habit to be turned in the direction of God's preventing and warning grace: and again, all this is produced, not by the sudden and overwhelming force of the event itself, but in spite of that force being notoriously evanescent, and having seemingly been exerted in vain.

And if we now pass on to the matter most directly at issue, and ask, what effect will God's exceptional and extraordinary judgments produce, on one who neglects or refuses to hear the ordinary means of grace and calls of Providence? our answer will surely not be doubtful, nor difficult. On the occurrence of one of those judgments, his thoughts, like those of the other, will be solemnised for a time. There is not a heart so light or a life so worldly, but the sound of the death-bell carries on it some grave reminding, however unwelcome, and however dissimulated. But what is the effect in after time? For good, absolutely nothing. The gentle gradual influence, which in the other case remained after the first shock had passed away, does not in this case exist at all: the man is unaccustomed to the daily warnings and remindings of grace and instruction: his heart is essentially hard, and the repeated and undecided shocks of judgments of this kind, only harden it still more. No sinner is so hardened, as one who lives in the midst of warnings and terror. Incredible as it may seem, we read that no robbers are so brutal, no murderers so pitiless, as those who wander among the wounded after a battle, where every single scene of suffering, one would think, would be enough to melt the sternest heart. Again, it is well known that the habitual sight of anguish and pain is apt in ordinary persons to steel the heart against sympathy with both. And if such be the outward effect, so transitory, so powerless for good, so likely to produce even permanent mischief by repetition, shall we find any inward influence exerted on the heart of the careless and impenitent by these exceptional interferences of God's hand? Even in our own time, even with our Lord's warning words before us, we often hear these events spoken of as if they had power to convert the sinner. It would be presumption to say that God may not make use of any means for this purpose: but it would, on the other side, be idle to shut our eyes to the plain facts of His dealings with men: and one of those plain facts is, that He does not ordinarily make use of events of this kind for that purpose. They who do not listen to the ordinary means of grace, do not, as a matter of fact, listen to these. The sinner who turns a deaf ear to the church-bell, turns a deaf ear to the death-bell also, as far as any permanent good is concerned. Let us strengthen the inference by an example; by *the great* example from history. The Jews heard not Moses and the Prophets. The law spoke of justice, mercy, and the love of God: they were unjust, and unmerciful, and ungodly, rejecting Him whom God had sent, and refusing to receive the testimony of His blameless life and holy words. He raised up one from the dead, in the presence of many of their chief men. And what do we read of the effect on them? "The Pharisees consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death; that because of him many went away, and believed in Jesus." And afterwards the Son of God himself went unto them from the dead, His resurrection being assured to them by the testimony of those who had seen and heard and handled Him, after he was risen. But in all this, they did not believe: they refused the evidence, they persecuted the followers of Jesus, their city and temple miserably perished, and they are scattered over the earth unto this day.

Such was the fulfilment of our Lord's saying in them to whom it was spoken: and of that same kind will it ever be in all men under similar circumstances. If we will not listen to the ordinary means of grace; if the course of God's warning and loving providence have no teaching for us;—then not unusual judgments, not the occurrence of death among us, no nor of sickness and the approach of death to ourselves, will produce the effect which the others could not. These solemn judgments, these startling calls, are full of instruction: but it is to those who are under God's teaching, not to those who refuse it and put it behind them. Conversion and sanctification, life and growth in grace, are to be found in the ordinary services of the Church, and reading of God's word, and seeking to Him day by day; where these are not, none of God's extraordinary calls will waken the sleeping soul.

III.

In resuming our meditations on the Providence of God, one very interesting inquiry presents itself to us. How does the Creator and Redeemer of nature look upon His own creation? What relative value in His eyes have the various ranks and orders of His creatures? Is it possible, that we men may be wrong in believing ourselves to be the flower and crown of His works on earth? As we know that within the limits of our own race He esteems the lowly more than the proud, may it not be even so outside the limits of our own race, that proud *man*, who ever puts himself foremost in creation, may after all be in the sight of God of less account than some tribe of God's creatures far beneath him in power and intelligence?

The answer to this question cannot be unimportant to us. If our own view of our place in creation be confirmed to us by our Lord's own words and arguments, the fact of that confirmation, and the manner in which He is pleased to make the announcement, and the lessons which he draws and which we may draw from it, must be alike edifying and profitable.

Our Lord devotes the second portion of His great Sermon on the Mount to the enforcing on us of a simple and undivided heart in matters pertaining to God. Following in that discourse the process of the Spirit's work on man as afterwards described by Himself, and first dealing with the convictions and measures of sin,—He next comes to His description of the righteousness of those who would be His disciples, and ends by giving them His rules for their judgment of men and things about them. It is in the middle portion that the passage occurs which deals with the question before us. Having told us that our righteousness is not to be done before men, to be seen of them, but is to be such as has real existence before our Father who seeth in secret, He then tells us that no man can serve two masters, God and this present world. The soul of man, whichever way drawn and tending, "moveth altogether, if it move at all." The man who pretends divided service, who thinks that he can afford to have one eye towards God and the next life, and the other towards self and this life, will find in the end that he has been mistaken: that he has not been doing himself good by his attempt which seemed so shrewd and worldly-wise, but evil: that he has been trying to live under impossible conditions, and the result has been the break up and ruin of his eternal prospects, in the demoralisation of his conscience and his inner being.

All this is important to our present consideration, because our Lord passes to the portion in which our question is treated with a "Therefore I say unto you," implying that what follows is grounded on what went before. And so indeed it is. If the heart and the service of the life will not bear dividing, then the thoughts of the heart about a man's daily maintenance and welfare must not, while he professes to believe in and depend on God, be anxiously distracted, partly trusting Him and partly distrusting Him. "Therefore I say unto you, Take not anxious thought for your life, what you shall eat; nor for your raiment, what ye shall put on." I may remark in passing, that the English reader is apt to be misled in this passage by the rendering of our version, "Take no thought," which does not represent what our Lord says, and would, as we now understand the words, be both impossible to carry out, and contradictory to other express commands of Holy Scripture. The original word thus rendered signifies taking anxious, distracted care. It is derived from a verb which means to divide into two or more parts: and is thus admirably suited to describe the sort of care which will not suit him whose heart is to be single and undivided in the service of his Father in heaven. This division of heart, this distracted and distrustful care, we Christians are not to allow in ourselves with regard to our subsistence, or to our necessary shelter and due adornment of the body. And why? for here comes in the treatment of the question which we proposed to ourselves in the outset. And let me remark, that there is a peculiar and delightful interest about this part of our Lord's discourse. Wherever, in the high teaching of inspiration, creation and redemption are brought together, there is a charm in the words which goes to every heart, and impresses them on every mind. Who, for instance, does not feel this in that wonderful eighth chapter to the Romans, where the Apostle assures us, that all creation around is waiting and sighing for the glorious day when our bodies shall be clothed with immortality? And if so, assuredly here also will this be the case, where the Son of God, the Lord of Creation, is pleased to afford us a glimpse of His own estimate of portions of His works which we see about us, and to describe to us those beauties and adornments of His inferior creatures of which He alone knows the secret and the value. "Behold," He says, "the birds of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." The first argument here is of an absolute kind: the second of a relative kind. First, our Lord says, observe, how large a portion of creation is absolutely dependent on the unsolicited and spontaneous goodness of your heavenly Father. These creatures live in wild liberty, giving no care to provide stores for distant time: they are provisionless and defenceless: but He whom you serve, and whose children you are, provides for them. He has endowed them with instinct, guided by which they go in search of their daily food: and year by year and day by day His bounty provides that that food shall lie scattered where they may find it. Will One so careful, and so bountiful, suffer *any* portion of His creatures to go neglected by Him? Cannot you trust the bountiful and loving Father, who feeds the birds of the air? So far for the direct and absolute argument: to which it might perhaps have been answered by one willing to argue for argument's sake, that we are not so sure that we are equally with them the objects of our heavenly Father's care. But our Lord precludes all such distrustful escapes from His inference, by appealing at once to our sense of our place in creation as compared with theirs, and He adds, "Are ye not much better than they?" Our superiority to them is not a matter requiring proof, but a conviction at once to be assumed and appealed to. Now, as I said in the beginning, the fact of our Lord's thus confirming our view of our place in creation, is something. Let our persuasion of an obvious truth be ever so strong, we cannot but feel that our hold on it is firmer, when we hear it asserted by the God of truth.

We are better than they. Now, as far as our outward sight goes, we and they perish by a common fate. Their bodies and ours moulder together in the dust of the earth. But we are better than they. Better, not as regards what we see, this common fate, this common decay. No: if that only be considered, we are much worse than they. We have thoughts and hopes reaching forward into immortality: they have none. If we are to perish with them, bitter is our lot; sad indeed the cutting off of high aspirations, and bright hopes, and eager yearnings. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all creation most miserable. How, then, are we so much better than they? How can we be so very sure, that the great Father who neglects not them, will not forget nor neglect us? How, but by this—that we have a life which they have not; that the fate which overtakes us and them, is common to us both as far as the outward eye reaches, but that beyond, there is for us a life which there is not for them: that the decay in which our bodies and theirs moulder together is not for us what it is for them—that our dust shall arise, while theirs shall remain? Here is our real superiority—here is the truth by which the Lord's argument is driven home to our convictions: the life to come—the life that now is, a preparation for the life to come. If God so takes care of these fleeting and ephemeral creatures, who endure but for an hour of the great day of the world, how much more will He take care of those whose life is not limited by the duration of the creation itself—who shall survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds?

But there is more yet behind. Mere immortality confers a superior rank over that which is mortal: still mere immortality may be a curse and not a blessing. But you know, that that which it cost to make it a blessing, God Himself has paid for us. And in another part of the New Testament we have this very fact used as an argument tending in the same direction as this which we are considering. "He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, shall He not, with Him, also freely give us all things?"

Such is the absolute, and such is the relative argument here used. God who feedeth the birds of the air, will not neglect any portion of His creatures: God who feedeth with tender care an inferior tribe of His creatures, will not neglect nor forget one far better than it. We may safely trust our daily sustenance and welfare in His hands, as long as we do not cast ourselves out of the course of His providential care by an indolent, or a proud, or a reckless repudiation of the work which He has given us to do. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness:" be found, that is, in the place where He has put you, and fulfilling its duties as accountable to Him, and seeking to know Him, and please Him: and all needful things shall be added to you.

But there is a second portion of our cares and anxieties, to which our Lord applies the same argument. Food is the first necessity of life; the second is clothing. And here enters an element which, not properly belonging to the actual supply of the want, has yet become mixed up with it, and has come to form a considerable part of our cares respecting it. Our clothing is not only for shelter and decorum, but it is also for adornment. A disposition to deck the person is natural to all mankind. And let it be noticed that our Lord, who knows what is in man, takes up and recognises this as a part in dealing with this portion of our wants. He does not repudiate it, nor chide it down. Had He been here employed in giving us cautions as to its moderation and its excess, there can be no doubt that He would have said, even as His Apostle Peter has said, that it becomes not us to place our chief adornment in outward things applied to the body, but in the hidden man of the heart. There within, ought to be the purest tints, there the choicest jewels. But it is not His practice in His divine teaching, to look aside, or go out of the way, to inculcate caution. It is rather His habit, generously to recognise, and with sympathy to speak of, those tendencies which God has implanted in us for good, and thereby to teach us to look on them as good, and to keep them pure and good, and to use them for good. And such a use, there can be no doubt, we are able to make, and by far the greater part of us do make, of this universal tendency to personal adornment. Its excess is foolish and sinful: its moderate use is not only lawful but beneficial, inasmuch as it tends to carry out the designs of God's providence in the social state in which we live. Large classes of the teeming population of the civilised earth are dependent for their living on the demand for fabrics tending to minister to this propensity for adornment. We are not intended to thwart, but to fall in with that arrangement. The line of duty in this matter is already marked for all who will be not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is. The vain and frivolous on the one hand,—the ill-balanced mind and morbid conscience on the other,—will stray out of it: but for most of us there is little danger; public opinion, guided and corrected by Christian intelligence, prescribes the mean, and, generally speaking, it is observed.

So then our Lord takes for granted this our need and the further tendency which accompanies it: and He argues respecting both, much in the same way as before. He forbids us to entertain anxious or distracting thought on the question, wherewithal we are to be clothed. Doubtless in the simple state of society found in that land, and at that time, this anxious care was more visible on the surface, than it can be in our artificial condition. There, the mother of the household is described to us as spending her time at the distaff and the loom: and the choice of pattern and colour, the preparation of the material and the dye, and many other details which we in our homes are now spared, must have vastly enhanced the danger of making this question the course of distracting and mischievous anxiety.

But here, as before, the Lord takes an example from creation around us. "Consider," He says, "the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Wonderful indeed is such a sentence, from Him who created all things, and whose glory fills the Universe. Wonderful, to hear Him giving us His own estimate of the relative splendour of the richest adornment that man can devise, and the symmetry and colours of the wayside flower. And observe that this second argument, though in the main of the same kind as the former, yet differs somewhat from it in the manner of application. Then, it was, if God feeds the inferior and less worthy tribe of His creatures, shall He not much more feed you who are so far better than they? The difference, on which that argument rested, was one between the two classes brought into comparison: that which God so freely and constantly ministers to the less important class, we may safely assume He will as freely and constantly furnish to ourselves. But here, the difference on which the argument rests is of another kind. It is not between the two classes treated of, the flowers and ourselves,—but between the degrees of perfection attained in the result sought for. In the other case we had simply the fact of the feeding: here, we have the degree of adornment. God clothes the lilies as never man in his pomp, as never woman in her beauty, was yet bedecked. One of these wayside flowers, if we could see all the secrets and all the blendings of its colours, if we could penetrate all the laws which regulate the symmetry and elegance of its form, if we could appreciate all the care bestowed by the Creator on the delicacy and complexion of its texture, would put all human adornment to shame. If we try one of these with the power of the microscope,—the more we magnify it, the more glories of form and colour, the more intricate symmetries of texture, astonish the dazzled eye: subject to the same test the most delicately woven fabric of human skill, the most precise and uniform artificial application of colour, and as it expands before the scrutiny, it degenerates into a coarse and unseemly mass, daubed as if by an unskilful hand. He who has lavished all this exquisite skill on the rank growth of the field, which is flourishing to-day, and cut down and dried up and burnt to-morrow, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Will not He, in His good Providence, bring about for all of us who serve Him and seek to do His will, a sufficient and seemly supply of what is needful and what is becoming for the clothing of the body? We are to trust Him with the sustenance of our lives, we are to trust Him with sheltering and arraying us. We are better employed than that we ought to distract our thoughts day by day about these matters: we have no time to bestow on them as life's business: they must not eat out the spirit of a sound and earnest mind,—they must not unteach us self-denial, they must not be clamouring when we ought to be listening to the whisper of sympathy and God's spirit: they must not ever be rising as drifts of clouds troubling the clear morning of the Christian's day, and blotting the Sun of Righteousness by whose light he walks and works.

This it is, and no impossible, no exaggerated casting away of earthly cares, which the Lord requires of us. It is the knowing what we are, and who cares for us, and acting in that knowledge. It is told of the great Cæsar, that being at sea in a storm, and beholding the shipman unmanned with fear, he cried out, "Fear not: thou hast Cæsar on board." This was perhaps carrying greatness of soul even to infirmity: it might be presumption for a man to put that trust in his fortunes, and to have that confidence in his own work in the world: but it is no undue confidence in us, and it savours of no presumption, to say to our anxious souls, when they distract us with fear for this life's provision and welfare, "Fear not: thou carriest a precious spirit bound for the blessed country afar: the Father of spirits breathed it into thee, the Son of God bled for it, the Holy Ghost guideth and sanctifieth it: thou art freighted with covenant promises, and the fruits of a Christian life stored up against the final harvest: be not thou troubled with daily wants and anxieties: only keep thine hand on the helm, and thine eye on the compass; and let the wild waves rage as they will. Seek first the one great purpose for which thou art, and all things else shall be added unto thee."

ON LIGHT.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.

PART I.

REFLEXION.—REFRACTION.—DISPERSION.—COLOUR.—ABSORPTION.

In a conversation held some years ago by the author of the following pages with his lamented friend, Dr. Hawtrey, Head-Master and late Provost of Eton College, on the subject of Etymology, I happened to remark that the syllable *Ur* or *Or* must have had some very remote origin, having found its way into many languages, conveying the sense of something absolute, solemn, definite, fundamental, or of unknown antiquity, as in the German words *Ur-alt* (primeval), *Ur-satz* (a fundamental proposition), *Ur-theil* (a solemn judgment)—in the Latin *Oriri* (to arise), *Origo* (the origin)—in the Greek Ὅρος (a boundary, a mountain, the extreme limit of our vision, whence our *horizon*), Ὁράω (to see), Ὀρθὸς (straight, just, right), Ὅρκος (an oath or solemn sanction), Ὧραι (the seasons, the great natural divisions of time), &c. "You are right," was his reply, "it is the oldest of all words;

the first word ever recorded to have been pronounced. It is the Hebrew for Light (אוֹר Aor)."

Assuredly there is something in the phenomena of Light, in its universality, in the high office it performs in creation, in the very hypotheses which have been advanced as to its nature, which powerfully suggests the idea of the *fundamental*, the *primeval*, the antecedent and superior in point of rank and conception to all other products or results of creative power in the physical world. "It is Light," as we took occasion to observe at the conclusion of a former article (not without reference to this very consideration) "and the free communication of it from the remotest regions of the universe, which alone can give, and does fully give us, the assurance of a uniform and all-pervading energy, a MECHANISM almost beyond conception complex, minute, and powerful, by which that influence, or rather that movement, is propagated. Our evidence of the existence of gravitation fails us beyond the region of the double stars, or leaves us at best only a presumption amounting to moral conviction in its favour. But the argument for a unity of design and action afforded by light stands unweakened by distance and is co-extensive with the universe itself."*

What we propose in the following pages is to place before our readers, in as simple language and form as the nature of the subject will admit, the grounds of this assertion. In some of its features it is too complex and abstruse to be thoroughly followed out by any one not familiar with some of the most intricate departments of mathematical science. In explaining such features (when unavoidable), without prejudice to the strictness of mathematical reasoning adducible and held to be conclusive and satisfactory by those who have mastered it, we must have recourse to analogies more or less close with processes we see going on in nature, and which, whether perfectly understood or not in their *modus operandi*, we, at all events, perceive to consist in a sequence of events, comprehensible in themselves and arising naturally and familiarly one out of another. There are many phenomena of polarized light which admit of being so, as it were, shadowed forth to the mind of a beginner as analogous to things familiar enough. In such cases, though the analogy may be imperfect, or even altogether incompetent to stand for an explanation, the phenomenon is sometimes so neatly conveyed to the intellect that by generalizing to the extreme all the terms used in describing the one, it is very conceivable that the cardinal feature of the other—that which dominates its whole explanation—*may* be included. Even if not so, the object is so far answered, that the student remains possessed of a mental picture which will not allow him to forget its prototype. And it is not a compendium of Optics, or an essay on Vision, or an account of telescopes, microscopes, or other optical instruments, that he has here to expect. Nothing of the kind could by possibility be comprised within such limits as a contributor to a work of this kind must necessarily observe. Suffice it to convey to his apprehension some idea of at least the general nature of the mechanism by which it seems now agreed, with hardly a dissentient voice, that the peculiar communication between distant objects which we call light is effected; and by which, or by *some* mechanism of a nature still more recondite, and at present perhaps beyond our conception of possibility, it must be so.

That we see, is proof of a communication of some sort between the eye and the thing seen. That we cannot see in the dark, is proof that such communication is not the mere act of the eye. And that one object is capable of impressing a photographic picture of itself on another, is proof that the eye, though essential to *seeing*, has nothing whatever to do with the process by which such communication is performed. And furthermore, the immense variety and extent of the chemical agencies of light as displayed in its action both on organic and on inorganic matter, revealed to us by the late discoveries in photography, assign to it a rank among natural agents of the highest and most universal character; and have even rendered it exceedingly probable, if they have not actually demonstrated, that vision itself is nothing but the mental perception of a chemical change wrought by its action on the material tissue of the retina of the eye.

At all events, it is not by any sympathy, or *absolute direct relation* between the eye and the object, that the latter is seen. The intermediate space, and indeed *all space*, is concerned in the process. An object is not seen unless it be in a certain state, which we call "luminous:" a state either natural to it, as in the flame of a candle or the sun, or induced by being placed in presence of another luminous object, as when a sheet of white paper is laid in the sun or before a candle. Nor is it then seen if a screen of metal or any of the class of substances called "opake" be interposed anywhere in the direct straight line of communication; while on the other hand, when so hidden from direct vision, it may be rendered visible "by reflection" from a polished surface held at a fitting angle, *anywhere out of that direct line*, provided only such surface be not similarly screened either from the object or from the eye. Thus we learn two things:—First, that the line of *uninterrupted* luminous communication is a *straight one;* and secondly, that any point whatever in a sphere of indefinite radius surrounding a luminous object (in other words, in infinite space) may become included in the line of indirect or deflected communication between any two places. *The agency*, whatever its nature, *is there and ready*, requiring only a fitting arrangement of material and tangible substances to make it available.

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* "Celestial Measurings and Weighings." Good Words, for 1864, p. 500.

Light, though the cause of vision, is itself invisible. A sunbeam indeed is said to be seen when it traverses a dark room through a hole in the shutter—or when in a partially clouded sky luminous bands or rays are observed as if darted through openings in the clouds, diverging from the place (unseen) of the sun as the vanishing point of their parallel lines seen in perspective. But the *thing seen* in such cases is not *the light*, but the innumerable particles of floating dust or smoky vapour which catch and reflect a small portion of it, as when in a thick fog the bull's-eye of a lanthorn seems to throw out a broad diverging luminous cone, consisting in reality of the whole illuminated portion of the fog. The moon is seen in virtue of the sun's light thrown upon it. Where the moon *is not* we see nothing, though we are very sure that when in the course of its revolution it shall arrive in the place we are looking at, we shall see it, and that if our eyes could be transferred to the moon's place, wherever it may be in the firmament (if not eclipsed), we should *from it* see the sun. There then, at all times, *is* the light of the sun, but not *visible as a thing*. It exists as an agency. What is true of the sun is no doubt equally so of a star; so that when we look out on a dark night, though we are sure that all space is continually being crossed in every direction by the lines of its communication, *along all which it is active*, and in particular, that all the dark space immediately around us (outside of the earth's shadow) is, so to speak, flooded with the sun's light, we yet perceive only darkness except where our line of vision encounters a star.

What then *is* LIGHT? or, in other words, what is the nature of that communication by which not only information is conveyed to our intellectual and perceptive being, but chemical and various other changes are operated even on inorganic matter by processes originating as it would seem in sources situate in the most distant regions of space (for, be it observed, it has been clearly proved that the light of the stars does produce photographic effects powerful enough to imprint their images permanently on surfaces duly prepared to receive them). Is there any physical mode of conveyance by which, reasoning from what we see in cases which we are able to analyse, we can imagine either a material agent to be bodily transported, or a movement propagated, or an influence wafted, from place to place, so as to render a rational and consistent account of the phenomena of light, or so at least as, generalized, and (so to speak) sublimated in modes not inconsistent with the known properties of matter, to do so?

One feature is common to all ordinary physical modes of communication. The transmission from place to place, be it of what it may—of a letter by post, a gunshot, a sound, a wave, a tremor, or a shock even of an earthquake—*occupies time*. It *has a velocity*: sometimes a very great, but anyhow a measureable one. Is this the case with light? The answer, from all ordinary experience, would be in the negative. But this is only because the velocity in question is so great that the longest distances to which we can send a flash of light and receive it back again by reflection is traversed in an interval of time too short to be perceived *as* an interval, so that the reflection *appears* to be simultaneous with the direct flash. It is otherwise when we bring to bear on the question the ingenious combinations and delicate appliances of modern science. The telescope enables us to become eye-witnesses in the way of astronomical observation of events which take place at distances in space almost inconceivably greater than any we can measure here on earth; at *times* calculable beforehand. And in the way of experiment, the contrivances of clock-work enable us to register the subdivisions of what we call "an instant" into hundreds, nay, thousands, of equal and exactly measureable portions—applying, so to speak, a microscope to time, and estimating, by undeniable calculation, portions of it utterly eluding all our powers of perception. The question has been asked in both these modes, by astronomical observation and by direct physical experiment, and the answer, from each, has been affirmative; and from both agreeing, in a manner which may well be considered wonderful.

The planet Jupiter is attended by four satellites which revolve round it in orbits very nearly circular, and whose dimensions, forms, and situations with respect to that of the planet itself are now perfectly well known. The periodical times of their respective revolutions are also ascertained with extreme precision, and all the particulars of their motions have been investigated with extraordinary care and perseverance. The three interior of them are so near the planet and the planes of their orbits so little inclined to that in which it revolves round the sun, that they pass through its shadow, and therefore undergo eclipse, at every revolution. These eclipses have been assiduously observed ever since the discovery of the satellites, and their times of occurrence registered. As they afford a means of determining the longitudes of places, the *prediction* beforehand of the exact times of their occurrence becomes an object of great importance: and it is evident enough that, all the particulars of their motions being known (as well as of that of the planet itself, and therefore of the size and situation of its shadow), there would be no difficulty in making such prediction (starting from the time of some one observed eclipse of each as an epoch); *provided always* each eclipse were *seen at the identical moment when it actually happened.* Moreover, on that supposition, the times *recorded* of all the subsequent eclipses ought to agree with the times so *predicted.* This, however, proved not to be the case. The observed times were sometimes earlier, sometimes later than the predicted; not, however, capriciously, but according to a regular law of increase and decrease in the amount of discordance, the difference either way increasing to a maximum,

—then diminishing, vanishing, and passing over to a maximum the other way, and the total amount of fluctuation to and fro being about 16m 27s. Soon after this discrepancy between the predicted and observed times of eclipse was noticed, it was suggested that such a disagreement would necessarily arise if the transmission of light were not instantaneous. This suggestion was converted into a certainty by Roemer, a Danish astronomer, who ascertained that they always happened earlier than their calculated time when the earth in the course of its annual revolution approached nearest to Jupiter, and later when receding farthest: so that in effect the extreme difference of the errors or total extent of fluctuation—the 16m 27s in question—is no other than the time taken by light to travel over the diameter of the earth's orbit, that being the extreme difference of the distances of the two planets at different points of their respective revolutions. At present, in our almanacs a due allowance of time for the transmission of light at this rate, assuming a uniform velocity, is made in the calculation of these eclipses; and the discrepancy in question between the observed and predicted times has ceased to exist.

Taking the diameter of the earth's orbit, as concluded from the sun's observed parallax,* at 24,000 diameters of the earth itself, and the latter diameter at 7926½ miles,† this gives a velocity of 192,700 miles per second.

So vast a speed seemed at first incredible, to some indeed even more so than an instantaneous communication. The one *might* be conceived as the result of some sort of spiritual communication: the other seemed, in those days, to transcend all imaginable limits of mere physical agency. But it soon received a very unexpected confirmation from Dr. Bradley's discovery of the ABERRATION of light: to conceive which, let any one imagine a long tube held perpendicularly, at perfect rest, while a falling body (a drop, suppose of a shower of rain), descending also perpendicularly, should pass down its axis. If it entered at the centre of its upper orifice, it would issue at that of the lower; and, judging from this indication alone, and knowing the tube to be exactly vertical, a spectator would truly conclude from it that the descent of the drop was so also. Supposing him and the tube, however, to be carried along uniformly in any direction by a movement unperceived by himself, the hinder part of it would advance to meet the falling drop; which would, if the movement in advance were sufficiently rapid, cause it to strike against it; or if not, to emerge at the lower end so far behind the centre as that movement had carried the tube during the time of its passage from end to end. And this deviation would obviously bear the same proportion to the length of the tube that the velocity of the falling drop bore to that of the tube's advance. Judging, then, from this indication alone, if unaware of his own motion, he would conclude the fall of the drop to be inclined backward from the perpendicular by a certain angle—but if, suspecting it, he should reverse his movement, and travel with equal speed the contrary way, he would find an equal deviation in the contrary direction, and would thus arrive at the *certainty* that it was to the motion of himself and the tube, and not to any real obliquity in the fall of the drop, that this apparent deviation was owing. And by measuring its angular amount (which would be easy by the help of the marks left by two drops in the opposite circumstances on a screen at the lower end of the tube, and comparing it with the length of the latter), this angle, which might be called the *Aberration* (from perpendicularity) of the *apparent* line of fall, would inform him of the proportion his own velocity bore to that of the drop in its passage, and, the former being known, would enable him to estimate the latter.

All this is a paraphrase of the astronomical phenomenon in question. The rain-drop is the light; the tube, a telescope; the screen at its lower end, a micrometer; and the two opposite directions of the observer's motion, the two tangents at opposite sides of the earth's orbit at right angles to the situation of a star as viewed from either. And the angle in question is what astronomers call their "Constant of Aberration"—a very minute one indeed, but perfectly well measurable—amounting to about a third of a minute (20″·45), from which it results that the velocity of light is about ten thousand (more exactly 10,089) times that of the earth in its orbit, which we know to be very nearly 19 miles (18·923) per second, which gives 190,860 miles per second for the velocity of light.

Two different experimental processes for measuring this velocity have been devised and executed—the one by M. Fizeau, of the Parisian Academy of Sciences; the other by M. Léon Foucault, recently and most deservedly elected into the same illustrious body, the inventor of that elegant instrument, the Gyroscope. Both depend on the principle that the impression left on the eye by any luminous object persists for a sensible, though very minute, time (about the tenth of a second); so that an object presented to the sight by successive glimpses only, following each other more frequently than ten times in a second, is seen continuously. If only just so frequent, a fluttering is perceived; but this diminishes as the rapidity of presentation is increased: and when much more frequent, distinct and perfectly uninterrupted vision is produced. In M. Fizeau's experiment (which is the simplest in its conception and explanation), these glimpses are obtained by looking through an opening in a screen corresponding exactly in size and shape to one of the intervals between the teeth of a metallic wheel which is made to revolve before the opening, so that as the teeth pass in succession, they intercept the light so long as they cover it; but allow it to pass when, in place of a tooth, an interval is presented before the eye. Imagine such a wheel, screen, and opening, the wheel being at rest in the last-described situation; and through another such an opening in the same screen, corresponding exactly in size, shape, and situation to another of the intervals between the teeth, let a sunbeam be directed outwards, in a direction parallel to the axis of the wheel, by a highly-polished reflector, so as to strike upon another such reflector so placed, at some considerable *and measured* distance from the wheel, that the light shall be reflected back again by this second mirror. By slightly inclining and properly adjusting this it may be made to return, not to the orifice from which it issued, but to the other behind which the eye of the observer is placed. In this state of things, when all is at rest, he will see the reflected light; but if the wheel be turned slowly round, a tooth will come before the first reflector in place of an opening, and intercept the light—then another opening, another tooth, and so on, producing successive glimpses of light separated by dark intervals.

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* See GOOD WORDS, for 1863, p. 275.

† This is the equatorial diameter. That stated in GOOD WORDS, for 1864, p. 493, is the polar.

If the motion of the wheel be gradually accelerated, so that more than ten teeth pass before the orifice in a second of time, these glimpses run together into continuous vision; and if considerably more numerous (suppose fifty or sixty per second), the light is perceived steadily as if the wheel were at perfect rest—only, however (if the intervals between the teeth be exactly equal to the breadths of the latter), of half the brilliancy, seeing that only half the quantity of light will have entered the eye in the same time. The motion of the wheel still continuing to be accelerated, however, when it has attained a certain very great rapidity the light is gradually perceived to grow feebler and at length altogether disappears. This happens when the velocity of rotation is such as to bring a tooth of the wheel precisely to cover the whole of the orifice in the screen into which the returning beam should be delivered at the very moment of its arrival, so closing it up altogether; that is to say, when the rotation is just so rapid as to carry each tooth over its own breadth during the time taken by the light to go and return. When this happens, suppose the *acceleration* of the wheel to cease, and its motion to be maintained uniform. Then by counting the turns made per minute by the driving-handle of the train of wheel-work, or otherwise registering its speed, and knowing (from the construction of the train) how many turns of the wheel correspond to one of the driver, as also how many teeth it carries, the exact duration of this interval, no matter how minute, can be exactly computed, so that the time and the space run over by the light in that time both become known.

If the rotation be now still further accelerated, the light begins to reappear, and gradually increases to its former brightness, in which state of things the obstructing *tooth* has been carried, in that same interval of time, quite clear of the opening, and the next *notch* brought exactly opposite to it. With yet increased speed, the light again vanishes, again reappears, and so on alternately, as the second, third, or fourth tooth or notch is successively brought before the opening; and on comparing the velocities of rotation corresponding, they are found to increase in arithmetical progression; which obviously ought to be the case. In M. Fizeau's experiments,* the distance between the reflector and the revolving wheel was about 8600 metres, thus giving for the whole distance travelled over by the light going and returning 17,200 metres, or about 10¾ miles; and for the time occupied in its journey, hardly more than the 18,000th part of a second. A velocity of 196,000 miles per second was assigned by him as their final result, exceeding by about one-sixtieth part that resulting from the astronomical observations.

The experiments of M. Foucault, however, leave no doubt that this last result is too great. In these experiments, instead of measuring these minute intervals of time by the rotation of a toothed wheel, a revolving reflector was employed in pursuance of an idea suggested by Mr. Wheatstone, and applied by him to measure the velocity of electricity. Without figures, and without much more verbal detail than would be compatible with our limits, it would be impossible to give a clear conception of the conduct of this delicate and refined experiment. Suffice it to state, as its ultimate result, a velocity of 185,172 miles per second.† As there are other and independent reasons for believing that the sun's distance has been over-rated by about one-thirtieth in our estimate of 12,000 diameters of the earth, and that, in consequence, the velocity of light deduced from the phenomenon of aberration ought to be diminished in the same proportion, (which would reduce it to 186,300 miles per second,) we are authorized to conclude that in estimating this velocity at 186,000 miles we are within a thousand miles of the truth.

The form of experiment proposed and executed by M. Foucault has this great advantage over the other,—that it can be carried out within much smaller limits of distance. A few yards of travel suffices for the determination of this enormous speed. And this makes it possible to compare the velocity of light in its passage through air and water, and other transparent liquids—*with this remarkable result, that the rate is found to be slower in the denser medium*; a result of the utmost importance, as we shall presently see, as a *crucial fact* in deciding between the claims of the two great rival theories of light to be received as valid.

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* The actual details of this experiment, as executed by M. Fizeau, were somewhat more complicated. Telescopes were used, &c. For clearness of explanation, we have reduced the whole process to its simplest form of expression.

† 298 millions of metres. See *Comptes Rendus de l'Institut*, Sept. 22, 1860.

Before we can give any intelligible account of these theories, however, it is necessary to enter a little more particularly into the modes by which a *ray* of light may be deflected from its rectilinear *path*, and the laws of such deflection. By this expression we understand nothing more than that the *line of communication* between the illuminating and illuminated object is, in some way or other, *rendered circuitous.* It is so natural to speak of light as *a thing*, and of its line of communication as the *path* along which that thing, be it what it may, *travels*, that we are apt to forget that (except on one hypothesis as to its nature, viz., that it is, actually, a *material substance, bodily transported from place to place*) this form of expression is purely metaphorical, and that by *a ray* nothing more is meant than the mathematical line, be it straight or bent, between two *points*, standing to each other in the relations of illuminat*ing* and illuminat*ed*, along which the communication is kept up—the test being, that an opake body being placed anywhere in that line, the illumination ceases. Such a circuitous line of communication may be established, independent of and in addition to the direct rectilinear one, by placing anywhere in space any material object whatever, provided there be no opake body interposed between it and either of the two points; and this in two different modes. In the one the whole path of the ray, both before and after its deflection, is *outside* of the deflecting body. In this case the light is said to be "*reflected*:" if at a smooth and polished surface, *regularly*, if at a rough one, irregularly; in which case the light is said to be "*scattered.*" In the other mode the path of the ray, subsequent to the point where it first encounters the deflecting body, is wholly or partly *within* it, and the light is said to be "refracted," or "transmitted."

The first law observed in every case, whether of direct or circuitous illumination, is gathered from ordinary and universal experience. The illuminating and illuminated points are mutually interchangeable. By whatever path, however circuitous, light is conveyed from A to B, by the same it can be conveyed from B to A. This condition alone suffices to determine the path, and to fix the situation of the point at which its flexure takes place *by reflexion*, when the light is "incident" on any polished surface, whether plane or curved. That point (P) must be so situated *on the surface*, that the two lines joining it and the illuminating and illuminated points (A, B) shall there make equal angles with the surface, the three points (A,B,P) all lying in one plane with a perpendicular to the surface. For, 1st, except the *angles* were equal, the two directions (PB, PA) would not be *similarly* related to the surface at the point of incidence; so that in reversing the path of the ray, the physical condition which determined the obliquity of the incident ray to the surface in proceeding from A to B, to be greater or less than that of the reflected, would have to be reversed in the passage of light from B to A. And similarly, if the reflected ray lay in a plane to the right or left of that in which the perpendicular and the incident one were contained, the physical condition which determined it to deviate to the one side or to the other of that plane, would in like manner have to be reversed on interchanging the illuminating and illuminated points. On neither supposition could the same *intrinsic* law of communication carry the ray from A through P, to B, and from B, through P, to A. This, then, is the law of regular reflexion, commonly expressed by saying that *the angle of incidence is equal to that of reflexion and lies in the same plane with it.*

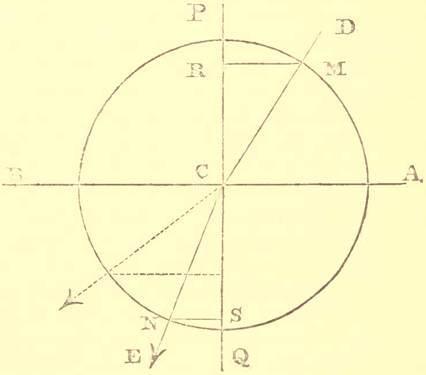
If the reflecting surface be a plane, there will be only one point in it which fulfils these conditions. Thus a perfectly polished flat surface of silver, free from scratches, or that of still water, sends no light to the eye from a candle, and is in fact invisible, except at this one point so determined whence the light is reflected to the eye, and in the direction of which from the eye the reflected candle is seen. With curved surfaces, as well as with those we designate as "rough" or "unpolished," the case is different. In all surfaces of this last-mentioned description the microscope reveals to us such irregularities, such innumerable and abruptly broken facets, protuberances and hollows, as to satisfy us that in every, the most minute, visible portion of such a surface, places must occur in which the condition of equal inclination of the two lines in question to the actual surface, *as it exists in those places*, is satisfied—so that a ray there reflected may reach an eye however situated. By such rays, and by others which have entered into the substance of the object and been there internally reflected or otherwise bent, in a manner presently to be explained, all surfaces not self-luminous become *visible* as *objects*, being seen by rays "scattered" from them in every possible direction.

It is to this power of "scattering" the incident light in all directions, then, that surfaces owe their visibility, and that by its aid we are enabled to trace the course of a ray of light itself *as if* it were a visible thing. Thus a sunbeam passing through a small hole and received on smoke is *seen*, and on a white screen moved rapidly to and fro behind it, appears as a straight luminous line or beam, by the momentary persistence of the sensation caused in the eye at every successive point of its motion; and so, after reflexion or refraction, may its subsequent course be rendered matter of ocular inspection. A pleasing and elegant experiment is to hold a common reading-glass (or even a spectacle-glass) in the sun, and to move rapidly to and fro behind it a white paper, when the course of the refracted light, *converging* from all parts of the glass to the "focus," will be seen in the air as a solid luminous cone, having the glass for its base and the focus for its apex.

The reflexion of light, whether "regular" or "scattered," is, except under very peculiar circumstances to be presently noticed, only partial; so that the reflected image of an object is seen fainter and less luminous than the object itself directly viewed. This is perceptible in an ordinary looking-glass; yet more so when the reflecting surface is still water, or unsilvered glass. The *most reflective* substances are the white metals—such as silver, speculum-metal, steel, or quicksilver: transparent or semi-transparent bodies being much inferior in respect of this quality. If the substance on which the light falls be of the kind called opake, the reflected is the only portion which can be rendered sensible to sight or otherwise traced. But if transparent, a very remarkable phenomenon occurs. The incident ray is, as it were, split or subdivided at the point where it meets the surface of the body, one portion pursuing its subsequent course outside of it, as a reflected ray, in the manner above described; the other within it, undergoing what is called "*refraction*," being bent aside from its former direction at its point of entry, after which it pursues a straight course within the substance or "medium."

If the "refracting medium" be a liquid, a glass, a jelly, or any substance in which no indications of inequality of internal texture can be discovered—no signs of lamination or "grain" shown by a greater tendency to split or "cleave" in one direction more than another, this intromitted portion is *single*. The whole of the refracted light pursues its course from the point of its entry as one ray. The same is also the case when the refracting medium belongs to the class of bodies called "crystallized," or which present a definite "cleavage;" provided the "primitive form" of their crystals be either a cube, a regular octohedron, or a rhomboidal dodecahedron, such as rock-salt, alum, or garnet. In all other transparent crystals the intromitted portion of the light divides itself from the moment of its entry into two distinct rays, pursuing different courses, and presenting the phenomenon known under the name of "double refraction," such substances being called "doubly-refractive media," of which the substance called Iceland Spar, or crystallized carbonate of lime, offers a beautiful example. And here we may pause for a moment to observe that at this point we already find ourselves introduced to an assemblage of relations between light and material objects, which divide the whole universe of such objects, infinite as they are in variety, into *classes*, characterized by their habitudes with respect to light in its reflection from and passage through them. The importance of this remark will grow upon us as we advance further into the subject, and come to perceive that the classification of bodies according to their "optical properties" stands in direct connection with their most intimate peculiarities of mechanical structure and chemical constitution; and brings us, so to speak, into contact with all those more recondite properties and reactions of the ultimate particles of bodies which constitute the domain of molecular physics.

Confining ourselves now to the case where the refraction is single, the rule which determines the course of the refracted ray is as follows. Suppose at the "point of incidence" (*i.e.*, where the ray first enters the medium) a line be drawn perpendicular to the surface. Then, first, the refracted ray will lie in the same plane which contains both the incident ray and this perpendicular; and, secondly, the ray will be so bent at that point that the exterior and interior portions shall make with the perpendicular, not equal angles as would be the case were there no flexure, but angles so related that their *sines* (not the angles) shall bear to each other a certain invariable proportion, whatever be the angles themselves, or whatever be the obliquity of the incident ray to the surface. As it is quite essential to the understanding of what follows that this, "the law of ordinary refraction," should be clearly apprehended, we will illustrate it by a figure. Let A C B be a section of the surface by the plane in which the ray D C, incident at C, and P C Q the line perpendicular to the surface at C, both lie, and C E the refracted ray. Taking C for a centre, with any radius, C M, describe a circle cutting the incident and refracted rays in M and N, from which points draw M R, N S perpendicular to P C Q. Then will these two lines be to each other, in one and the same invariable proportion, whatever be the inclination of the original ray D C to the surface, or to the perpendicular C P. This latter inclination is what is understood by the "*angle of incidence*," and the corresponding inclination (to the perpendicular Q C P) of the refracted ray, by "*the angle of refraction*."



(*To be continued.*)

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

IV.—THE REV. HENRY MARTYN.

On the seventh day of February, in the year 1811, in one of the monasteries of Goa, the capital of Portuguese India, a slight, thin-faced man, about thirty years of age, with a hectic flush on his cheek, stood before the tomb of Francis Xavier. Not that the great apostle of the Jesuites had died there, for he had endured his last earthly pangs far away on the Island of Sancian, at the mouth of the Canton river; but that an admiring people had raised there a monument to his memory, richly ornamented, and surrounded with pictures and bronzes the produce of Italian art. The visitor, who stood at that shrine, and listened to the words of the friar who acted as its custodian, was a priest of the English Church, then on his way from Calcutta to Bombay. An enthusiast himself, he could not think without emotion of the grand enthusiasm of the Christian knight who, more than two centuries and a half before, had left the world behind him and abandoned all things for the love of God. With all the outward grandeur of the Romish Church before him, still, rejoicing in his purer faith, he thought humbly and reproachfully of the little that he had done, measured against the great deeds of that Romish giant. And yet was Henry Martyn, for all his feebleness of frame, cast in the same heroic mould as Francis Xavier.

It is altogether a trite remark, that the world has seen many heroes who have never girded on a sword or listened to the roar of the battle. A truth so accepted needs no demonstrations. Little need is there to show how the courage, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the grand sense of duty which make the heroic character, are found beneath the coif of the Priest as beneath the helm of the Warrior. It is given to some to do; to others only to bear: to some, to strike for the right; to others, to witness to the truth. "Never," it has been said, "did the polytheism of ancient or of modern Rome assign a seat among the demigods to a hero of nobler mould or of more exalted magnanimity than Francis Xavier." And again the same writer: "Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England, her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is, in fact, the one heroic name which adorns her annals, from the days of Elizabeth to our own."* Fitly, then, in itself, is this "one heroic name" in the annals of the Anglican Church placed at the head of this chapter, and more fitly than any other, because it helps at this early stage to illustrate the many-sidedness of the English heroism which has flowered beneath the Indian sun.

Henry Martyn came of an humble stock. In that rich ore country about Truro and Redruth, his father once toiled as a simple miner; but raising himself above the level, by his industry and intelligence, he obtained a seat in a merchant's office, and, appreciating at its true worth the value of that which had done so much for him, he determined to give to his children in early youth that which he had acquired so painfully in adult life; and, by good thrift, provided the means of bestowing upon them the blessings of a good education. But it pleased God, who gave him many children, that there should not be many spared for whom to make this provision. There was a constitutional weakness in the family, and Death laid its hands upon the childhood of the brothers and sisters of Henry Martyn, so that four only of the flock ever lived to see man's estate. And Henry himself was but a weakly, delicate nursling, whose little life needed much care to save it from flickering out in the morning of its existence. But he struggled through infancy and childhood, and went to the Truro Grammar School; and for nine years, under the tutorial care of Dr. Cardew, he gathered up the by no means contemptible stock of learning which was accessible to the students in that provincial institution.

The school-days of Henry Martyn were not happy. He was not, indeed, born for happiness. He lacked the puerile robustness and the effervescent animal spirits which make the season of school-life a season of carelessness and joy. There is more or less of tyranny in every school; and Henry Martyn, being of feeble frame and of somewhat petulant temper, was bullied by his stronger schoolfellows. It would have fared still worse with him, but for the generous protection of one of the bigger boys, who helped him with his lessons, and fought his battles for him, and often rescued him from the grasp of his juvenile oppressors.

It is recorded that he was docile and quick to learn; but he acquired no very remarkable scholastic reputation. His father, however—a shrewd and discerning man—had always great hopes of him. It was the cherished wish of the elder Martyn's heart that his son should have a college education. So, in the autumn of 1795, when scarcely fifteen years old, he sent Henry to Oxford to try for a Corpus scholarship. Bearing a single letter of introduction to one of the tutors of the University, he set out alone on what was then a long and wearisome and, for one of his weakness and susceptibility, a somewhat formidable journey. But there was in young Henry Martyn even then a remarkable sense of self-reliance—a remarkable power of self-support. In his quiet undemonstrative way, he had an immense capacity for going through with anything that he undertook. Thus thrown upon his own resources whilst yet a boy, he acquired confidence in his own strength. Obtaining a set of rooms in Exeter College, without entering as an undergraduate, he prepared himself for the competition; but although he passed an excellent examination, and was much commended, he did not obtain the scholarship. So he went back to Truro, carrying with him his first great disappointment.

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* Sir James Stephen.

But how many of us in after life have the privilege of feeling that, by God's good Providence, our first great disappointment has been our first great blessing. Thankfully did Henry Martyn acknowledge this from the very depths of his heart. "Had I remained (at Oxford)," he wrote, "and become a member of the University at that time, as I should have done in case of success, the profligate acquaintances I had there would have introduced me to scenes of debauchery in which I must in all probability, from my extreme youth, have sunk for ever." But even if he had not sunk into this deep mire, he would never have formed those associations which made him what he was: he would never, as far as we can in our weakness discern the ways of God to man, have been an apostle and a hero.

Cambridge made him what he was. After another year or two at the Truro Grammar School, Henry Martyn entered at St. John's College, and took up his residence there in October, 1797. He went to this sister university with a considerably larger store of classical learning than he had carried with him to Oxford; but with small knowledge of mathematics. He had never much addicted himself to the exact sciences; and even after this Cambridge career had been marked out for him, he spent, according to his own account, more time in shooting birds and reading amusing books than in studying algebra and geometry. It is worthy of notice, for the very grotesqueness of the contrast it suggests, that the book which young Henry Martyn on the threshold of his university life studied most intently, was "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son."

The commencement of his Cambridge career was not promising. What conceivable hope is there of an undergraduate who gets up his mathematics by endeavouring to commit the problems of Euclid to memory? But such was Henry Martyn's commencement. How at last the power of demonstration entered into his mind, and took such fast hold of it, that he whose notion of the exact sciences was of something to be learnt by rote, at last eventuated as Senior Wrangler of his year, is a chapter of the secret history of the human understanding that will never be revealed to man. All that we know distinctly about it is, that this young Cornish undergraduate took to the study of Newton's "Principia," liking it much better than the study of the Bible; and that in time he came to take delight in what had before been utterly distasteful to him. Then it dawned upon him that he might take honours; and to that end he began to study with all his might.

It was a happy circumstance, and one not to be omitted from the scantiest record of Henry Martyn's life, that at Cambridge he renewed his acquaintance with his old champion of the Truro Grammar School. The big boy who had fought his battles for him was now a steady young man, with plenty of good advice for his little friend, and what was better, a good example. He kept Martyn out of the way of wickedness, and told him that he ought to read hard, "not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God." "This seemed strange," wrote Martyn, some time afterwards, "but reasonable. I resolved, therefore, to maintain this opinion thenceforth; but never designed, that I remember, that it should affect my conduct." But such is the inscrutable perverseness of memoir-writers, that the identity of this excellent friend, who did so much to save Martyn's life at school, and to save his soul at college, is shrouded from the world in the obscurity of the letter K.

Of the undergraduate life of Henry Martyn not much has been recorded or can now be ascertained. One noticeable incident, however, did occur, which wellnigh brought his academical career to a disastrous close. He was constitutionally petulant and irritable; and was sometimes wrought even by little things into such a state of excitement as to be scarcely master of himself. One day, from some cause or other not chronicled, the vehemence of his anger rose to such a height, that he flung a knife with all his force at a friend who had said or done something to cross him. In the blindness of his fury he missed his mark, and the knife entered the opposite wall, where it remained trembling with the violence of the concussion. The friend who so narrowly escaped, was Mr. Cotterill, afterwards minister of St. Paul's, Sheffield.

In this painfully excitable state, it does not seem that even the repose of the vacation, the solace of home, and the kindness of his family, did anything to soothe his troubled spirit. During the long vacation of 1799, according to his own statement, his temper was more unbearable than ever. "The consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of my mind," he wrote at a later period, "were displayed in rage, malice, and envy; in pride and vainglory, and contempt of all; in the harshest language to my sisters, and even to my father, if he happened to differ from my wish and will. O, what an example of patience and mildness was he!" One of his sisters, too, was a young woman of signal piety; but her admonitions were lost upon him. "The sound of the Gospel, conveyed in the admonition of a sister," was, he said, "grating to his ears." He promised her, however, that he would read the Bible; but when he returned to college, "Newton engaged all his thoughts."

And, academically, he worked to good purpose. At the Christmas examination of 1799, he was first of his year. The news delighted his father; but it was the last earthly solace that he was ever to derive from that source. The new year had scarcely dawned when the good old man was stricken down and laid in his grave. The blow fell heavily on his son—more heavily for the thought that he had sometimes failed in filial duty and respect. The terrible sense of the irremediable sorely troubled him; and in his trouble he sought a present help which Newton could not extend to his pupil—the one mighty hand and stretched-out arm which alone could lift him out of the deep waters in which he was struggling. "As at this time," he recorded at a later period, "I had no taste for my usual studies, I took up my Bible, thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable to this solemn time." To this he was exhorted by the good humane friend who had protected him in the Truro Grammar School and guarded the first footsteps of his University career. So the beginning was made—a faltering, stumbling start in the dark—for he did not take up the Scriptures without some distaste, and he "began with the Acts, as being the most amusing." Little by little the light of truth streamed into the obscure tenement of his soul, until he stood in the full broad sunshine of a saving knowledge of the great scheme of redemption. At first he seems to have been disposed to rejoice in the exceeding goodness of God in sending Christ into the world; but this time of rejoicing soon passed away. There came upon him an overwhelming sense of his own unworthiness; and it may be doubted whether from that time he ever had a day of perfect happiness and peace. His good old friend, who rejoiced as a Christian in the exceeding goodness of God, and delighted to see others happy, endeavoured to persuade him that his despondency was not right. It would seem also that his sister did the same. But Henry Martyn was determined not only to enter in at the strait gate, but never to emerge into the broad outer-courts of cheerfulness, and serenity, and fear-expelling love.

Whilst this great change was taking place in his heart, his brain was actively employed mastering the exact sciences, the study of which had now become an engrossing pursuit. It appeared to be peculiarly his lot to illustrate by his own personal experiences, the extraordinary changes and transitions to which by God's providence the human mind, both in its moral and intellectual aspects, may be subjected. That he who had begun the study of God's word by selecting for perusal the most amusing chapters of the Bible, should in so short a time have developed into a ripe Christian, with convictions deeply rooted in the true faith, is not more strange than that one who, under a mortifying sense of his incapacity to understand them, had committed the problems of Euclid to memory, should, at his final examination, have been declared the first mathematician of his year. But so it was. The great annual contest over, Henry Martyn found himself Senior Wrangler. He had gained the highest object of academical ambition. But it afforded him little gratification. It enhanced the bitterness of the regret with which he dwelt upon the great loss that he had sustained; and it made him more than ever suspicious of himself—fearful of stumbling into the pitfalls of human pride. "I obtained my highest wishes," he said, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow."

It was in the summer of this year, 1801, that Henry Martyn, having returned to Cambridge during the vacation, made the acquaintance, and soon gained the true heart's-friendship, of one who was ordained to exercise a remarkable influence over all the future current of his life. Among the fellows of King's College, was one whose inestimable privilege it was, during a long course of years, not only to set his mark upon the religious mind of the University, but to make his presence felt in the remotest regions of the earth. The warmth and earnestness of Mr. Simeon's preaching had made a great impression on Henry Martyn's mind; and when the time came, he rejoiced with an exceeding great joy to be admitted to his College Rooms, and there to enjoy the unspeakable benefits of his conversation and advice.

Then there grew up between them a warmth of affection never chilled to the last day of their lives. Mr. Simeon delighted in the "wonderful genius" of his young friend, and took the tenderest interest in the growth of his religious convictions. To what grand ministerial purposes might not his fine mind and the earnestness of his nature be turned under good guidance! Henry Martyn had determined to devote himself to the ministry, and Mr. Simeon was eager to have him as a fellow-labourer with him in his own church. Diligently, conscientiously, with a high sense of the responsibility of the holy office, and a profound conviction of his own unworthiness, he prepared himself throughout the year 1802 and the early part of 1803 for holy orders. At this time Martyn was a fellow of St. John's; and he took pupils; but the employment did not much please him, and it may be doubted whether, notwithstanding his eminent abilities, he was well qualified for the work of tuition. What his state of mind was at this time, may be gathered from his letters and journals which have been given to the world:—"Feb. 2, 1803.—In a poor and lukewarm state this morning. Resolved to send away two of my pupils, as I found so much of my time taken up by them of late, instead of being devoted to reading the Scriptures." "Feb. 4.—But talk upon what I will, or with whom I will, conversation leaves me ruffled and discomposed. From what does this arise? From a want of the sense of God's presence, when I am with others." A few days later he records that he is, "through mere habit, disposed to a cynic flippancy. Not quite pleased with the respect and attention shown me by my friends." Then, some ten days afterwards, he says: "Found myself sarcastic—though without any particular sensation of pride and bitterness in my heart;" and a little later: "Much harassed with evil tempers, levity and distraction of mind." Throughout the greater part of March he was "in general dejected." On the 22nd of April, he records: "Was ashamed to confess to —— that I was to be Mr. Simeon's curate—a despicable fear of man, from which I vainly thought myself free;" and again, on the 9th of May: "On Saturday, felt great fear of man, and yet was determined to let slip no proper occasion of speaking out." Then he sets down that he was "Quite fatigued with being so long with ——." A friend wisely suggested that this might arise rather from feelings than from principle; on which Martyn remarks, "and this witness is true, for though I could perceive them to be in the gall of bitterness, I felt little of pity." In July and September there are these entries: "Felt the passion of envy rankle in my bosom on a certain occasion." Sept. 22.—"Two men from Clare Hall breakfasted with me. A fear of man, which prevented me from saying grace before breakfast, brought me into inexpressible confusion of conscience. Recovered a little by saying it after." "In a gloomy temper, from being vainly concerned about the appearance of my body." "Hezekiah's sin was vanity. How many times have I fallen into this sin!"

It may be gathered from these passages, which might be multiplied tenfold, that at that time Henry Martyn was in no sense in a happy state of mind. Irritable, vain, censorious, exacting, intolerant, aggressive, he was so eager to do his duty to God, that he often forgot his duty to his neighbour. If he is to be fairly judged by his journals, he was much wanting in human love—in charity, in kindness, and in courtesy. But it must not be forgotten that Henry Martyn at no time possessed the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Much that appears to be unlovely in his character must be attributed to constitutional infirmity. It was this that jaundiced all the aspects of human life, and at one time stirred up within him such ungovernable fits of passion. But it was his glory to wrestle manfully against these infirmities. The picture of the conflict is before the world—and what a strange picture it is! I do not know another instance of a man at once so self-asserting and so self-denying. There was a sort of sacrificial egotism in his nature, which had more of the sublime than the beautiful about it. He was continually watching himself, as though he were eager to catch himself tripping; he was continually in an attitude of offence against himself even more than against others. Within were conflicts: without were strifes. He trode down with a remorseless heel all the flowers of this world, lest by cherishing them he should unfit himself for the world to come. The reader of his journals, believing that they fairly represent all the varying moods of his mind, may lament that the sunshine so seldom entered that godly shrine. He desired, above all things, to be of the number of the elect. Yet he did not take to his heart those "Good Words":—"Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on Charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful."

On the 23rd of October, 1803, Henry Martyn was ordained a deacon of the Church of England. It had been arranged that he should assist Mr. Simeon in the duties both of the church of the Holy Trinity and in the neighbouring parish of Lolworth; and he entered upon these duties with a solemn sense of the responsibilities he had undertaken, and a stedfast determination to do his work in the true spirit of the Apostles, without a fear of the reproach or the ridicule of man. We must go back half-a-century or more in imagination to appreciate the force of these last words. At the present time they have little special significance. But in 1803, the University was but just beginning to tolerate the evangelical earnestness of Mr. Simeon. Only a few years before he had been hooted and howled down, and his ministrations had been interrupted by outrages of the most violent and indecent character. It demanded some courage in a young man to stand forth as Mr. Simeon's associate; and Martyn at one time had been assailed by doubts and anxieties very distressing to his carnal nature. But he fought them down manfully, and he soon began to take a lively pleasure in his ministerial work. He had not, however, devoted himself long to the parochial duties of the ministry, when thoughts of a far different career began to take shape in his mind. He had some time before dimly discerned in the distance a hand beckoning to him to enter upon the glorious fields of missionary adventure. The perusal of the "Life of David Brainerd" had excited within him a desire to go forth and do likewise. This desire was subsequently strengthened by a sermon, in which Mr. Simeon had earnestly discoursed upon the immensity of good that might be done by a single labourer in the vineyard—the illustration being derived from the career which the Baptist apostle, Dr. Carey, had commenced in Bengal. This story fired the enthusiasm of Henry Martyn. Ever intent upon the thought of some heroic abnegation of self, he sprang up open-armed to embrace this grand idea of a missionary sacrifice. But at this time a misfortune befell him which caused him to consider whether it were not his duty to repress these inclinations and to remain in England. The little property amassed by the industry and intelligence of his father was lost to his family, and his sisters therefore became dependent on his exertions. To become a missionary was to become a pauper, and to lose the means of assisting others. So Henry Martyn began to think that it might not be his duty to go forth to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

But from these doubts and anxieties there came deliverance from an unexpected quarter. Among the many good men with whom Mr. Simeon was in affectionate correspondence were William Wilberforce and Charles Grant. Both were members of the House of Commons; and the latter was a member also of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. They were men of influence—but of influence derived only in part from their position; for they were men, also, of large intelligence, unwearying industry, and of an earnest, many-sided humanity that never rested for a moment. There could be no pleasanter history to write than that which should describe all the great schemes by which they sought to benefit the human race, and for the promotion of which, with Messrs. Babington, Stephen, Henry Thornton, and sometimes Lord Teignmouth and Mr. Venn, they held a little parliament of their own, always carrying out its enactments with remarkable promptitude and vigour. To emancipate the enslaved of every kind and degree, whether from the material shackles of the slave-dealer or from the bondage of ignorance and superstition, was the main object of their endeavours. In the conversion of the natives of India to Christianity, Mr. Grant, from the nature of his own personal experiences and associations, had an especial interest. Those were times when there were great impediments in the way of direct missionary action in the Company's territories in India; but the Company required chaplains to minister to their servants; and it was thought that if the English clergymen, who were sent out from time to time in this capacity, were wisely chosen, much good directly and indirectly might be done by them for the promotion of Christ's kingdom upon earth. Upon this subject, Mr. Simeon and Mr. Grant were continually in correspondence; for whilst the latter had the power of providing chaplaincies, the former had the means of supplying from among the more promising young men of the University the right persons to fill them. And among these young men who so fit as Henry Martyn? It was soon settled, therefore, that the first Indian chaplaincy at the disposal of Mr. Grant should be bestowed upon Mr. Simeon's curate. So Henry Martyn went up to town; visited Charles Grant at the India House; was invited to dine with his benefactor at Clapham; and introduced to Mr. Wilberforce. They saw at once that the true spirit of the Apostle was animating the delicate frame of the young minister, and they had great hope of the good to be done by his ministrations.

But the arrangements for his departure were not completed before the summer of 1805. It was necessary that he should be ordained priest; and he could not be ordained until he had completed his twenty-fourth year. Moreover, there was some little uncertainty with respect to the actual issue of the chaplaincy. But, this being removed, Henry Martyn went up to London, and in the chapel of St. James's was admitted a Presbyter of the English Church. He then returned to Cambridge, bade farewell to his congregations, and afterwards took up his abode in London to mature his preparations and to await the sailing of the fleet.

In London he made the acquaintance of those eminent Christians, Mr. Cecil and Mr. Newton, and he had sometimes the privilege of occupying the pulpit of the former in the well-known chapel in John Street, Bedford Row, the ministry of which at a later period was so long held by Mr. Baptist Noel. During this residence in the metropolis, the emotional parts of his nature appear to have been in a state of continual activity. He was one day elevated, another depressed. Any trifling circumstance caused him to burst into sudden tears. He was moved by a divine compassion for the souls of men, to go forth to preach the Gospel in a heathen land; but there was something ever tugging at his heart-strings, and imploring him to remain at home. "Shed tears to-night," he wrote in his journal, "at the thought of my departure. I thought of the roaring seas which would soon be rolling between me and all that is dear to me on earth."

Three weeks after this he started for Portsmouth, there to join the vessel, "The Union," which was to convey him to his new field of labour. It was a two days' journey for him; and it is recorded that at the inn at which he spent the intermediate night, he had a fit of convulsions which greatly alarmed the friends who accompanied him. He continued his journey in a very depressed state, from which he was somewhat roused by finding at Portsmouth Mr. Simeon and other friends, who had come to bid him farewell.* On the 17th, the fleet sailed from Portsmouth—"Though it was what I had actually been looking forward to so long," wrote Henry Martyn to Mr. Simeon, "yet the consideration of being parted for ever from my friends almost overcame me, my feelings were those of a man who should be suddenly told that every friend he had in the world was dead. It was only by prayers for them that I could be comforted; and this was indeed a refreshment to my soul, because by meeting them at the Throne of Grace, I seemed to be again in their society."

It happened that the fleet anchored off Falmouth. The "singularity of the providence of God" thus "led him once more into the bosom of his friends." He thought he had seen the last of all whom he most loved; but now an unforeseen circumstance enabled him again to renew his intercourse with one whom he loved most of all. In the neighbourhood of St. Michael's Mount dwelt a family named Grenfell. To Lydia Grenfell, a daughter of the house, Henry Martyn had given the fondest affections of his heart. The temptation thus presented to him was not to be resisted. So he landed at Falmouth, made his way to Marazion, and passed some days of mingled pleasure and pain in the dear companionship of his beloved. His suit does not seem to have prospered. She had a lingering affection for another man, who appears to have deserted her; and the result of her last meeting with Henry Martyn was that they parted without a betrothal.

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* Mr. Sargent—his biographer—was one of the party assembled at Portsmouth. He has given an interesting account of the parting.

Off the Irish coast, he wrote to Mr. Grant, saying, "I cannot leave Europe without assuring you that I bid adieu to it with cheerfulness and joy. The prevalence of bile in my constitution, which I feel particularly oppressive in this month, is the only thing that damps my expectations. According to some persons in the ship, the climate in the course of a few years will render me incapable of active exertion. My anxiety does not arise from the fear of an early grave, for many good ends might be answered by such an event, but from a dread lest my present excessive languor should become listlessness and indolence in India. With the apprehension of these things in my mind, I would humbly and earnestly request your prayers for me, and beg that you would occasionally send me such plain admonitions on the subject, that I may be in no danger of being deceived by the bad example of others, or the fancied debility of my own frame. My situation on board is as agreeable as it can be in a ship. I see little reason to prefer my college room to my cabin, except that the former stands still. My sickness, however, has upon the whole been of service to me. . . . The whole fleet is now under weigh. I therefore bid you adieu. May God bless you, my dear sir, and all your family. This is the sincere wish and earnest prayer of one who honours and loves you in the Lord."

The voyage to India tried the courage of Henry Martyn. He was on board a troop-ship; and the troop-ship was what troop-ships commonly were sixty years ago. To preach Christ Crucified to such a congregation was to bring down much hatred and contempt upon himself—to endure hardness of every kind. He found it up-hill work; but he toiled upwards manfully; never turning or looking back. There could scarcely have been a better apprenticeship to the business of that most unpopular evangelical ministry to which he was speeding across the ocean.

In the middle of March, 1806, Henry Martyn arrived at Calcutta. Lord Wellesley had left India; Lord Cornwallis was expected; and Sir George Barlow, a Company's civilian of high character, was invested with the powers of the Governor-General. The mutations of the temporal government were not a matter of much concern to Mr. Martyn, any further than that one ruler might be better disposed than another to give a permissive sanction to missionary efforts, and to afford an example in his own person of piety and godly living and respect for the ordinances of religion. As for himself, he had gone out to India to be a chaplain on the Company's establishment, for the performance of the duties of which office he was to receive a thousand a-year. He had nothing of the missionary about him except the true missionary spirit. He was not his own master; he could not choose the place of his ministrations; he was under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief; and was answerable for all his acts to the temporal authorities, as much as if he had been a lieutenant or an assistant-surgeon. There was much, doubtless, in this irksome to a man of his eager and enthusiastic nature. The chains must have pressed heavily upon one who had set David Brainerd before him as his great exemplar, and who had longed to go forth and do likewise. But the position had its compensations too; and chief among them was this: that there had been no greater obstacle to the diffusion of Christianity among the heathens than the ungodly lives which were commonly led by professing Christians. It was no small thing, then, to be allowed to convert his own countrymen. He had gone out to preach, not to the black man, but to the white; and he saw plainly that if he could but touch the hearts and reform the lives of the English settlers, he would make a grand first step towards the propagation of the Gospel in the East. On board "The Union" he had had some practice in this good work; he knew how painful it was, but he was prepared to endure hardness, and he would not shrink from an encounter with scoffers, let them scoff ever so bitterly at him. It is nothing now to preach evangelical truth from a Calcutta pulpit; but the reader who is acquainted with the state of Anglo-Indian society sixty years ago, knows that at that time it demanded no mean courage to teach as Simeon taught at Cambridge, or Cecil in Bedford Row.

But he had some support from his fellow-labourers of the English Church, though not much. As "The Union" was beating up the Hooghly river to Calcutta, another vessel was beating down the river seawards; and that vessel carried Claudius Buchanan to the southern coast. This was great loss to him; but the venerable David Brown remained to welcome the young priest; to be a father and a friend to him; to provide him with a home, and to sustain him in all his trials. Mr. Brown resided some fifteen miles from Calcutta, at a place on the opposite bank of the river, named Aldeen, not far from the Danish settlement of Serampore, where the Baptist missionaries Carey and Ward lived and laboured. In the grounds attached to this Aldeen house was a deserted idol-temple, upon the margin of the river, the picturesque aspect of which, as it stands out a broad mass of purple shadow against the setting sun, has been noted by thousands of Englishmen passing to and from the great military station of Barrackpore, ignorant of the historical associations which surrounded it. This pagoda had been fitted up as a dwelling-place—one of those convenient guest-houses which, in the old days of Indian hospitality, English residents delighted to have in their gardens for the reception of their friends. This building was now assigned to Henry Martyn, who took up his abode there, with an imagination inflamed by the traditions of the place. He "felt something like superstitious dread at being in a place once inhabited as it were by devils; but yet felt disposed to be triumphantly joyful that the temple where they were worshipped, was become Christ's oratory."

What his ministerial duties were at this time, and what the hostility to which they exposed him, may be gathered from the following extract from an unpublished letter to his friend and benefactor Mr. Grant, which gives a lively picture of the state of society, in its religious or irreligious aspects, at the commencement of the present century. "The ministerial work assigned me here," he wrote in September, 1806, "is to preach every Sabbath evening at the mission church, and every third Sunday at the other. With the former I am delighted; the congregation is numerous and attentive, and, as I have heard, there are encouraging appearances of a work of grace among them. At the New Church I am as a wonder unto many. Whether it is they judge of me relatively with the other clergymen who cannot boast of much *physical* strength, or whether I have really recovered from that insipidity so much complained of at St. John's Chapel, by having exercised my lungs so many months on the quarter-deck, I am called a son of thunder in this place. The Sunday after my first sermon at the New Church, Dr. Ward preached vehemently on the opposite side. I was not present at the time, being laid up with a bilious fever, but heard that it was against evangelical persons and things in general. After describing the rise and progress of the sect of evangelical clergymen in the Church, he proceeded to deny one by one all the leading doctrines of the Gospel. The personal abuse of me which his sermon contained gave such offence that he found it necessary to let it be read, since which many have thought better of it. After the second which I preached, Limerick attacked me. He too was very personal, and gravely and distinctly denied all the doctrines of the Gospel. As I knew how much carnal people would enjoy a controversy between their teachers, and so elude the force of what was intended for their consciences, I declined making the smallest allusion to what had been said. Notwithstanding this, many stay away from church because they say *parties are running so high* among the clergymen. Jefferies unites himself with us, and has preached the pure truth. Stacey will not enter the church till it is purified from our errors. We anxiously await the arrival of Corrie and Parson, whom we expect in the next fleet. When I can see Mr. Brown supplied with coadjutors in Mr. Buchanan's absence, I shall proceed to my proper work with double pleasure. I rejoice in the dispensation of God in sending me to this country more than ever. Through His mercy I enjoy excellent health; and I feel little doubt of seeing some of these poor people turning to God from idols, which hope is the health of my soul."

Such was the outer life of Henry Martyn at this time. His inner life is revealed to us with equal distinctness. There was ever going on within him a conflict in which warm human love was contending on one side and a morbid spiritualism on the other. He could never altogether rid himself of the thought that the love of the creature must be antagonistic to the love of the Creator. Mr. Cecil had told him that it was clearly his duty to marry. Mr. Simeon and other friends had been of the same opinion; and just before he sailed finally for India, he had, it has been seen, encouraged by the sight of the beloved object, given way to the natural inclinations of his heart. But on his voyage he seems to have cast out all hope, and indeed all desire, and to have reconciled himself to the thought of a solitary life. On his arrival in India, he "saw no reasons at first for supposing that marriage was desirable for a missionary;" but after a while his "opinions began to change," and his hopes began to revive, and he sate down to write a letter to Miss Grenfell, inviting her to join him in India. No surprise can be felt by anyone who reads this letter, that it utterly failed to accomplish the desired object. "From the account," he wrote, "which Mr. Simeon received of you from Mr. Thomason, he seemed in his letter to me to regret that he had so strongly dissuaded me from thinking about you at the time of my leaving England. Colonel Sandys spoke in such terms of you, and of the advantages to result from your presence in this country, that Mr. B[rown] became very earnest for me to endeavour to prevail upon you. Your letter to me perfectly delighted him, and induced him to say that you would be the greatest aid to the Mission I could possibly meet with. I knew my own heart too well not to be distrustful of it, especially as my affections were again awakened, and accordingly all my labours and prayers have been directed to check their influence, that I might see clearly the path of duty. Though I dare not say that I am under no bias, yet from every view of the subject I have been able to take, after balancing the advantages and disadvantages that may ensue to the cause in which I am engaged, always in prayer for God's direction, my reason is fully convinced of the expediency, I had almost said the necessity, of having you with me. It is possible that my reason may still be obscured by passion; let it suffice, however, to say that now with a safe conscience and the enjoyment of the Divine presence, I calmly and deliberately make the proposal to you." Perhaps a little less calmness and deliberation, a little less reason and a little more love, a little less talk about the advice of his friends and a little more about his own longing desires, might have been more successful in the pleading of his cause. Even the best of women do not like to be reasoned over and weighed in the scales after this fashion.

The letter to Miss Grenfell which I have quoted above, was written on the 30th of July, 1806. At what date it reached Cornwall is not quite clear; but Miss Grenfell replied to it on the 5th of March following, and it would seem that in April the subject of it was still under discussion at Marazion, where Mr. Simeon visited the Grenfells, and took an opportunity to talk over "Mr. Martyn's affair" with the young lady. He found her not much, and her mother not at all, disposed to favour the proposal for her departure to India. All the young lady's arguments might have been summed up in the one cardinal objection, that she did not love Martyn well enough. Formally, a sort of promise was given, that if the mother withdrew her objections, the daughter would go out to India; but Miss Grenfell made this conditional promise to Mr. Simeon, knowing that the conditions would never be fulfilled. The letter which she wrote to Mr. Martyn was an unqualified refusal.

It cut him to the heart. He had been endeavouring to persuade himself that it would be better for him to remain single—that living in a state of continual self-denial and mortification, he would be better able to fulfil his duty to his God. But the passions of humanity were not to be preached down in this way; and when the day of trial came, he was as little able to withstand the shock as any worldling of six-and-twenty. On the 24th of October the letter arrived—"An unhappy day," he wrote in his journal. "Received at last a letter from Lydia, in which she refuses to come, because her mother will not consent to it. Grief and disappointment threw my soul into confusion at first; but gradually, as my disorder subsided, my eyes were opened, and reason resumed its office. I could not but agree with her that it would not be for the glory of God, nor could we expect His blessing, if she acted in disobedience to her mother. As she has said, 'They that walk in crooked paths shall not find peace;' and if she were to come with an uneasy conscience what happiness could either of us expect?"—On the same day, he sat down and wrote to her a long letter, only a portion of which can be given here:—"Alas, my rebellious heart," he wrote, after saying that he did not still surrender all hope, "what a tempest agitates me! I knew not that I had made so little progress in a spirit of resignation to the Divine will. I am in my chastisement like the bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, like a wild bull in the net, full of the fury of the Lord, the rebuke of my God. The death of my late most beloved sister almost broke my heart; but I hoped it had softened me, and made me willing to suffer. But now my heart is as though destitute of the grace of God, full of misanthropic disgust with the world, sometimes feeling resentment against yourself and Emma, and Mr. Simeon, and, in short, all whom I love and honour most. Sometimes in pride and anger, resolving to write neither to you nor to anyone else again. These are the motions of sin. My love and my better reason draw me to you again."

This letter was written from Dinapore, where Martyn was then stationed. He was very busy with the translation of the Scriptures, and in the season of his disappointment he fell back upon his work as a stimulant and a solace. All things, he knew, were working together for good, and this affliction might yet be a blessing to himself and others. In making the word of God accessible to Heathen and Mahomedan races, surely he was doing grand missionary work, though he might sit all day in his bungalow with his books and papers before him. The entries which he made in his journal, and the letters which he wrote to his friends in the following years (1807 to 1809), show how he was employed. He was continually toiling; continually stumbling; now hoping that he had really done something; now finding to his bitter disappointment, that his translations were inaccurate, and that he must spend more time in correcting them than it would take to commence the work *de novo* again. As he became better acquainted with the languages, he began to make a small commencement of preaching to the natives. In 1810, he records in his journal, "Nothing has occurred this last year, but my removal to Cawnpore, and the commencement of my ministry, as I hope it may be called, among the Gentiles. This, with my endeavours to instruct the servants, has been blessed by the Lord to the improvement of my temper and behaviour towards them." His ministry among the Gentiles was little more than an occasional address, from the verandah of his house, to a crowd of beggars, who were attracted by the alms that he gave, not by the Gospel that he preached. But he thought that some of the seed he scattered might fall upon good ground.

But a change was now about to take place in his way of life. At Cawnpore he had some good Christian friends in whose companionship he delighted. Conspicuous among these were the Sherwoods. They had for some time painfully observed that as he grew in grace, he had waxed more and more feeble in his physical health. The ravages of his old family disorder were visible upon a form which had never indicated strength, and there were those who thought that the approach of death was discernible "in the fine fading of his delicate face." If Martyn did not see this, he felt it; and on the 19th of April, 1810, he wrote to Lydia Grenfell this touching account of himself:—"I begin my correspondence with my beloved Lydia, not without a fear of its being soon to end. Shall I venture to tell you that our family complaint has again made its appearance in me, with more unpleasant symptoms than it has ever yet done? However, God, who two years ago redeemed my life from destruction, may again, for His church's sake, interpose for my deliverance. Though, alas! what am I, that my place should not instantly be supplied with far more efficient instruments? The symptoms I mentioned are chiefly a pain in the chest, occasioned, I suppose, by over-exertion the two last Sundays, and incapacitating me at present from all public duty, and even from conversation. You were mistaken in supposing that my former illness originated from study. Study never makes me ill—scarcely ever fatigues me: but my lungs—death is seated there; it is speaking that kills me. May it give others life. 'Death worketh in us, but life in you.' Nature intended me, as I should judge from the structure of my frame, for chamber counsel, not for a pleader at the bar. But the call of Jesus Christ bids me call aloud. I spare not. As His minister, I am a debtor both to the Greek and to the Barbarian. How can I be silent when I have both ever before me, and my debt not paid?"

From this time a beautiful resignation appears to have descended upon him, and he grew outwardly more cheerful in his manners. Most true is it that "one fire burns out another's burning." A deep-seated affection of the lungs was destroying Henry Martyn, and the biliary disorder which had rendered him so irritable and so desponding, seems to have been burnt out by the tubercular disease. But although sober biography is bound to take account of this, we may believe that this increase of cheerfulness was in part the growth of a sustaining sense of his good work, and the comforting reflection that it would soon be said to him—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into thy rest." He had not altogether given up the thought of doing real missionary work in the apostolic or sent-forth sense of the word. But he wrote to a friend, saying:—"To the hardships of missionaries we are strangers; yet not averse, I trust, to encounter them when we are called. My work at present is evidently to translate; hereafter I may itinerate."

And indeed the time had come for him to "itinerate"; but not in the sense here recognised. It was plain that to remain at Cawnpore, would be to die at his post. So after much reflection and much prayer, he determined that, with the permission of the temporal authorities, and with the approval of the recognised "Patriarch" of the English Church, David Brown, he would fulfil his long-cherished project of journeying to Persia, there to improve his knowledge of its language, to obtain assistance in the translation of the Scriptures, and to dispute with the Moollahs. So he went down to Calcutta, and "after consulting with the Patriarch," saw the Governor-General, Lord Minto, and the Adjutant-General of the army, and obtained their sanction to his departure on sick leave. "So it strikes me," he said in a letter to Mr. Corrie, "a way is opened and an intimation given of the will of God: may my journey be for the prosperity of Zion. My ship has dropped down (the river)."

I have already narrated, in a previous memoir, how Henry Martyn sailed to Bombay with Mountstuart Elphinstone, and how at that presidency he became acquainted with Sir James Mackintosh and Sir John Malcolm. He appears to have made a different impression on the minds of these two men; which may partly be accounted for by the characteristic variableness of Martyn's own temperament, and partly by a consideration of the different temperaments of the lawyer and the soldier. At all events, Martyn appeared to Malcolm an exceedingly cheerful person. Of the latter, it is most true that "a merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth," was seldom seen; and it would have been difficult to be otherwise than cheerful under the genial influence of his sunny nature. Be that as it may, he gave the young priest a letter of introduction to the British Minister in Persia (Sir Gore Ouseley), in which he said that Martyn was "altogether a very learned and cheerful man, but a great enthusiast in his holy calling." "I am satisfied," he added, "that if you ever see him, you will be pleased with him. He will give you grace before and after dinner, and admonish such of your party as take the Lord's name in vain; but his good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party." Although most men were cheerful in Malcolm's presence, I am inclined to think that causes already stated had done much to increase the habitual cheerfulness of Martyn's temperament.

So, cheerfully, he went about his work, and passed from India to the Persian Gulf. From Muscat he wrote, on the 23rd of April, 1811:—"I left India on Lady-day, looked at Persia on Easter Sunday, and seven days after found myself in Arabia Felix. In a small cove, surrounded by bare rocks, heated through, out of the reach of air as well as wind, lies the good ship 'Benares,' in the great cabin of which, stretched on a couch, lie I. But though weak, I am well—relaxed, but not disordered. Praise to His grace who fulfils to me a promise, which I have scarcely a right to claim—'I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.'"

On the 30th of May, having obtained the means of attiring himself in full Persian costume, and having suffered his beard and moustache to grow, he started for Shiraz. The heat was intolerable, and the hardships of the journey almost killed him. On the 9th of June he reached his destination, and a few days afterwards, he was in the midst of theological discussions with the Moollahs and other learned people of the place. But he did not make much progress, and he wrote on the 12th of September to his friend Daniel Corrie:—"I do not find myself improving in Persian; indeed, I take no pains to speak it well, not perceiving it to be much consequence. India is the land where we can act at present with most effect. It is true that the Persians are more susceptible, but the terrors of an inquisition are always hanging over them. I can now conceive no greater happiness than to be settled for life in India, superintending national schools, as we did at Patna and Chunar. To preach so as to be readily understood by the poor, is a difficulty that appears to me almost insuperable." To the same old and beloved friend he wrote again in December, saying that he had excited some Mahomedan indignation and that he had been stoned. "They continued," he said, "throwing stones at me every day, till happening one day to tell Jaffier Ali Khan, my host, how one as big as my fist had hit me in the back, he wrote to the Governor, who sent an order to all the gates, that if any one insulted me he should be bastinadoed; and the next day came himself in state to pay me a visit. These measures have had the desired effect; they now call me the Feringhee Nabob, and very civilly offer me the Calean; but indeed the Persian commonalty are very brutes; the Soofies declare themselves unable to account for the fierceness of their countrymen, except it be from the influence of Islam."

All through the first half of the year 1812, he went on in the same way, now translating, now studying, now disputing with the Moollahs, now taking sweet counsel with his distant friends. But all this time his disorder was increasing upon him, and it was plain that the hardships he was enduring would speedily destroy him. So, reluctantly, at last he made up his mind to proceed to England, and in May he left Shiraz. But first of all he was eager to present his translation of the Bible to the King of Persia, and he strove mightily to this end; but official obstructions in the first instance, and afterwards utter prostration from illness, baffled his endeavours, and he was obliged to content himself with presenting it to the Ambassador. On the 9th of July, he wrote from Tabriz:—"My fever never ceased to rage till the 21st, during all which time every effort was made to subdue it, till I had lost all my strength, and almost all my reason. They now administer bark, and it may please God to bless the tonics, but I seem too far gone; I can only say, 'having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'" Three days after he wrote to Lydia Grenfell:—"I have applied for leave to come on furlough to England. Perhaps you will be gratified by this intelligence; but oh, my dear Lydia, I must faithfully tell you that the probability of my reaching England alive is but small."

On the 2nd of September, all things being ready, Henry Martyn set out on his journey to England, carrying letters from Sir Gore Ouseley and others, to the chief people on his road. On the morning of the 10th he arrived at Erivan, but he grew weaker and weaker as he went. The fatigues of the journey were more than he could bear. He was dying fast. It had come, indeed, to be only a question of days. On the 5th of October, he wrote in his journal:—"Preserving mercy made me see the light of another morning. The sleep had refreshed me, but I was feeble and shaken, yet the merciless Hassan hurried me off. The munzil, however, not being distant, I reached it without much difficulty. I was pretty well lodged, and felt tolerably well till a little after sunset, when the ague came on with a violence I had never before experienced; I felt as if in a palsy; my teeth chattering, and my whole frame violently shaken. The cold fit, after continuing two or three hours, was followed by a fever, which lasted the whole night, and prevented sleep." On the following day he wrote:—"No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God; in solitude, my companion, my friend and comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity? when shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There, there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth: none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts,—none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

These were the last words that he ever wrote. Whether he sunk under the disorder against which he had so long been painfully contending, or whether the Plague, which was then raging, seized his shattered frame, and tore out the little life that was left, must ever be uncertain. But ten days afterwards, at Tocat, Henry Martyn entered into his rest.

By those who judge all things in accordance with the measure of success apparent on the surface, it may be said that the life of Henry Martyn was a failure. But there are some defeats grander than any victories. And if such a life were truly a failure, assuredly it was a heroic one. To what extent his good work fructified—whether the souls which he saved, either by his preachings or his translations, were many or few, or none—is known only to the Infinite Wisdom. But he has left behind him an example of Christian courage, patience, and self-sacrifice, the beauty and the freshness of which long years have in nowise dimmed; an example which Protestant Christians of all denominations admire and love; for it is the likeness of one in whom nothing earthly could quench the spirit of the Apostle and the Martyr.

⁎⁎⁎ This slight sketch of Henry Martyn's career has been written partly from unpublished correspondence, but mainly from materials afforded by Sargent's "Life of Martyn"—a new edition of which was published in 1862—and by Wilberforce's collection of the "Journals and Letters," which contains much that is not included in the former work.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW EARL TOSTI GODWINSSON CAME TO ST. OMER.

The winter passed in sweet madness; and for the first time in her life, Torfrida regretted the lengthening of the days, and the flowering of the primroses, and the return of the now needless wryneck; for they warned her that Hereward must forth again, to the wars in Scaldmariland, which had broken out again, as was to be expected, as soon as Count Robert and his bride had turned their backs.

And Hereward, likewise, for the first time in his life, was loth to go to war. He was, doubtless, rich enough in this world's goods. Torfrida herself was rich, and seems to have had the disposal of her own property, for her mother is not mentioned in connection therewith. Hereward seems to have dwelt in her house at St. Omer as long as he remained in Flanders. He had probably amassed some treasure of his own by the simple, but then most aristocratic, method of plunder. He had, too, probably, grants of land in Holland from the Frison, the rents whereof were not paid as regularly as might be. Moreover, as "*Magister Militum*," "Master of the Knights," he had, it is likely, pay as well as honour. And he approved himself worthy of his good fortune. He kept forty gallant housecarles in his hall all the winter, and Torfrida and her lasses made and mended their clothes. He gave large gifts to the Abbey of St. Bertin; and had masses sung for the souls of all whom he had slain, according to a rough list which he furnished,—bidding the monks not to be chary of two or three masses extra at times, as his memory was short, and he might have sent more souls to purgatory than he had recollected. He gave great alms at his door to all the poor. He befriended, especially, all shipwrecked and needy mariners, feeding and clothing them, and begging their freedom as a gift from Baldwin. He feasted the knights of the neighbourhood, who since his Baresark campaign, had all vowed him the most gallant of warriors, and since his accession of wealth, the most courteous of gentlemen; and so all went merrily, as it is written, "As long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak well of thee."

So he would have fain stayed at home at St. Omer: but he was Robert's man, and his good friend likewise; and to the wars he must go forth once more; and for eight or nine weary months Torfrida was alone: but very happy, for a certain reason of her own.

At last the short November days came round; and a joyful woman was fair Torfrida, when Martin Lightfoot ran into the hall, and throwing himself down on the rushes like a dog, announced that Hereward and his men would be home before noon, and then fell fast asleep.

There was bustling to and fro of her and her maids; decking of the hall in the best hangings; strewing of fresh rushes, to the dislodgment of Martin; setting out of square tables, and stoops and mugs thereon; cooking of victuals, broaching of casks; and, above all, for Hereward's self, heating of much water, and setting out, in the inner chamber, of the great bath-tub and bath-sheet, which was the special delight of a hero fresh from the war.

And by mid-day the streets of St. Omer rang with clank, and tramp, and trumpet-blare, and in marched Hereward and all his men, and swung round through the gateway into the court, where Torfrida stood to welcome them, as fair as day, a silver stirrup-cup in her hand. And while the men were taking off their harness and dressing their horses, she and Hereward went in together, and either took such joy of the other, that a year's parting was forgot in a minute's meeting.

"Now!" cried she, in a tone half of triumph, half of tenderness; "look there!"

"A cradle? And a baby?"

"Your baby."

"Is it a boy?" asked Hereward, who saw in his mind's eye a thing which would grow and broaden at his knee year by year, and learn from him to ride, to shoot, to fight. "Happy for him if he does not learn worse from me," thought Hereward, with a sudden movement of humility and contrition, which was surely marked in heaven; for Torfrida marked it on earth.

But she mistook its meaning.

"Do not be vexed. It is a girl."

"Never mind!" as if it was a calamity over which he was bound to comfort the mother. "If she is half as beautiful as you look at this moment, what splintering of lances there will be about her! How jolly, to see the lads hewing at each other, while our daughter sits in the pavilion, as Queen of Love!"

Torfrida laughed. "You think of nothing but fighting, bear of the North Seas."

"Every one to his trade. Well, yes, I am glad that it is a girl."

"I thought you seemed vexed. Why did you cross yourself?"

"Because I thought to myself, how unfit I was to bring up a boy to be such a knight as—as you would have him;—how likely I was, ere all was over, to make him as great a ruffian as myself."

"Hereward! Hereward!" and she threw her arms round his neck for the tenth time. "Blessed be you for those words! Those are the fears which never come true, for they bring down from heaven the grace of God, to guard the humble and contrite heart from that which it fears."

"Ah, Torfrida. I wish I were as good as you!"

"Now—my joy and my life, my hero and my scald—I have great news for you, as well as a little baby. News from England."

"You, and a baby over and above, are worth all England to me."

"But listen. Edward the king is dead."

"Then there is one fool less on earth; and one saint more, I suppose, in heaven."

"And Harold Godwinsson is king in his stead. And he has married your niece Aldytha, and sworn friendship with her brothers."

"I expected no less. Well, every dog has his day."

"And his will be a short one. William of Normandy has sworn to drive him out."

"Then he will do it. And so the poor little Swan-neck is packed into a convent, that the houses of Godwin and Leofric may rush into each other's arms, and perish together! Fools, fools, fools! I will hear no more of such a mad world. My queen, tell me about your sweet self. What is all this to me? Am I not a wolf's head, and a landless man?"

"Oh, my king, have not the stars told me that you will be an earl and a ruler of men, when all your foes are wolves' heads as you are now? And the weird is coming true already. Tosti Godwinsson is in the town at this moment, an outlaw and a wolf's head himself."

Hereward laughed a great laugh.

"Aha! Every man to his right place at last. Tell me about that, for it will amuse me. I have heard nought of him since he sent the king his Hereford thralls' arms and legs in the pickle-barrels; to show him, he said, that there was plenty of cold meat on his royal demesnes."

"You have not heard, then, how he murdered in his own chamber at York, Gamel Ormsson and Ulf Dolfinsson?"

"That poor little lad? Well, a gracious youth was Tosti, ever since he went to kill his brother Harold with teeth and claws, like a wolf; and as he grows in years, he grows in grace. But what said Ulf's father and the Gospatrics?"

"Dolfin and young Gospatric were I know not where. But old Gospatric came down to Westminster, to demand law for his grandnephew's blood."

"A silly thing of the old Thane, to walk into the wolf's den."

"And so he found. He was stabbed there, three days after Christmas-tide, and men say that Queen Edith did it, for love of Tosti, her brother. Then Dolfin and young Gospatric took to the sea, and away to Scotland; and so Tosti rid himself of all the good blood in the North, except young Waltheof Siwardsson, whose turn, I fear, will come next."

"How comes he here, then?"

"The Northern men rose at that, killed his servant at York, took all his treasures, and marched down to Northampton, plundering and burning. They would have marched on London town, if Harold had not met them there from the king. There they cried out against Tosti, and all his taxes, and his murders, and his changing Canute's laws, and would have young Morcar for their earl. A tyrant they would not endure. Free they were born and bred, they said, and free they would live and die. Harold must needs do justice, even on his own brother."

"Especially when he knows that that brother is his worst foe."

"Harold is a better man than you take him for, my Hereward. But be that as it may, Morcar is earl, and Tosti outlawed, and here in St. Omer, with wife and child."

"My nephew Earl of Northumbria! As I might have been, if I had been a wiser man."

"If you had, you would never have found me."

"True, my queen! They say heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; but it tempers it too, sometimes, to the hobbled ass; and so it has done by me. And so the rogues have fallen out, and honest men may come by their own. For, as the Northern men have done by one brother, so will the Eastern men do by the other. Let Harold see how many of those fat Lincolnshire manors, which he has seized into his own hands, he holds by this day twelve months. But what is all this to me, my queen, while you and I can kiss, and laugh the world to scorn?"

"This to you, beloved, that, great as you are, Torfrida must have you greater still; and out of all this coil and confusion, you may win something, if you be wise."

"Sweet lips, be still, and let us love instead of plotting."

"And this, too—you shall not stop my mouth—that Harold Godwinsson has sent a letter to you."

"Harold Godwinsson is my very good lord," sneered Hereward.

"And this it said, with such praises and courtesies concerning you, as made thy wife's heart beat high with pride—'If Hereward Leofricsson will come home to England, he shall have his rights in law again, and his manors in Lincolnshire, and a thaneship in East Anglia, and manors for his men-at-arms; and if that be not enough, he shall have an earldom, as soon as there is one to give.'"

"And what says to that, Torfrida, Hereward's queen?"

"You will not be angry if I answered the letter for you?"

"If you answered it one way—no. If another—yes."

Torfrida trembled. Then she looked Hereward full in the face with her keen clear eyes.

"Now shall I see whether I have given myself to Hereward in vain, body and soul, or whether I have trained him to be my true and perfect knight."

"You answered, then," said Hereward, "thus—"

"Say on," said she, turning her face away again.

"Hereward Leofricsson tells Harold Godwinsson that he is his equal, and not his man; and that he will never put his hands between the hands of a son of Godwin. An Etheling born, a king of the house of Cerdic, outlawed him from his right, and none but an Etheling born shall give him his right again."

"I said it, I said it. Those were my very words!" and Torfrida burst into tears, while Hereward kissed her, almost fawned upon her, calling her his queen, his saga-wife, his guardian angel.

"I was sorely tempted," sobbed she. "Sorely. To see you rich and proud upon your own lands, an earl, may be—may be, I thought at whiles, a king. But it could not be. It did not stand with honour, my hero—not with honour."

"Not with honour. Get me gay garments out of the chest, and let us go in royally, and royally feast my jolly riders."

"Stay awhile," said she, kissing his head as she combed and curled his long golden locks, and her own raven ones, hardly more beautiful, fell over them and mingled with them. "Stay awhile, my pride. There is another spell in the wind, stirred up by devil or witch-wife, and it comes from Tosti Godwinsson."

"Tosti, the cold-meat butcher? What has he to say to me?"

"This—'If Hereward will come with me to William of Normandy, and help us against Harold the perjured, then will William do for him all that Harold would have done, and more beside.'"

"And what answered Torfrida?"

"It was not so said to me that I could answer. I had it by a side wind, through the Countess Judith."*

"And she had it from her sister Matilda."

"And she, of course, from Duke William himself."

"And what would you have answered, if you had answered, pretty one?"

"Nay, I know not. I cannot be always queen. You must be king sometimes."

Torfrida did not say that this latter offer had been a much sorer temptation than the former.

"And has not the base-born Frenchman enough knights of his own, that he needs the help of an outlaw like me?"

"He asks for help from all the ends of the earth. He has sent that Lanfranc to the Pope; and there is talk of a sacred banner, and a crusade against England."

"The monks are with him, then?" said Hereward. "That is one more count in their score. But I am no monk. I have shorn many a crown, but I have kept my own hair as yet, you see."

"I do see," said she, playing with his locks. "But—but he wants you. He has sent for Angevins, Poitevins, Bretons, Flemings—promising lands, rank, money, what not. Tosti is recruiting for him here in Flanders now. He will soon be off to the Orkneys, I suspect, or to Sweyn in Denmark, after Vikings."

"Here? Has Baldwin promised him men?"

"What could the good old man do? He could not refuse his own son-in-law. This, at least, I know, that a messenger has gone off to Scotland, to Gilbert of Ghent, to bring or send any bold Flemings who may prefer fat England to lean Scotland."

"Lands, rank, money, eh? So he intends that the war should pay itself—out of English purses. What answer would you have me make to that, wife mine?"

"The Duke is a terrible man. What if he conquers? And conquer he will."

"Is that written in your stars?"

"It is, I fear. And if he have the Pope's blessing, and the Pope's banner—— Dare we resist the Holy Father?"

"Holy stepfather, you mean; for a stepfather he seems to prove to merry England. But do you really believe that an old man down in Italy can make a bit of rag conquer by saying a few prayers at it? If I am to believe in a magic flag, give me Harold Hardraade's Landeyda, at least, with Harold and his Norsemen behind it."

"William's French are as good as those Norsemen, man for man; and horsed withal, Hereward."

"That may be," said he, half testily, with a curse on the tanner's grandson and his French popinjays, "and our Englishmen are as good as any two Norsemen, as the Norse themselves say." He could not divine, and Torfrida hardly liked to explain to him the glamour which the Duke of Normandy had cast over her, as the representative of chivalry, learning, civilisation, a new and nobler life for men than the world had yet seen; one which seemed to connect the young races of Europe with the wisdom of the ancients and the magic glories of old Imperial Rome.

"You are not fair to that man," said she, after awhile. "Hereward, Hereward, have I not told you how, though body be strong, mind is stronger? That is what that man knows; and therefore he has prospered. Therefore his realms are full of wise scholars, and thriving schools, and fair minsters, and his men are sober, and wise, and learned like clerks——"

"And false like clerks, as he is himself. Schoolcraft and honesty never went yet together, Torfrida——"

"Not in me?"

"You are not a clerk, you are a woman, and more, you are an elf, a goddess; there is none like you. But hearken to me. This man is false. All the world knows it."

"He promises, they say, to govern England justly as King Edward's heir, according to the old laws and liberties of the realm."

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* Tosti's wife, Earl Baldwin's daughter, sister of Matilda, William the Conqueror's wife.

"Of course. If he does not come as the old monk's heir, how does he come at all? If he does not promise our—their, I mean, for I am no Englishman—laws and liberties, who will join him? But his riders and hirelings will not fight for nothing. They must be paid with English land, and English land they will have, for they will be his men, whoever else are not. They will be his darlings, his housecarles, his hawks to sit on his fist and fly at his game; and English bones will be picked clean to feed them. And you would have me help to do that, Torfrida? Is that the honour of which you spoke so boldly to Harold Godwinsson?"

Torfrida was silent. To have brought Hereward under the influence of William was an old dream of hers. And yet she was proud at the dream being broken thus. And so she said—

"You are right. It is better for you—it is better than to be William's darling, and the greatest earl in his court—to feel that you are still an Englishman. Promise me but one thing, that you will make no fierce or desperate answer to the Duke."

"And why not answer the tanner as he deserves?"

"Because my art, and my heart too, tells me that your fortunes and his are linked together. I have studied my tables, but they would not answer. Then I cast lots in Virgilius——"

"And what found you there?" asked he, anxiously.

"I opened at the lines—

> "Pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis
> Oratis? Equidem et vivis concedere vellem."

"And what means that?"

"That you may have to pray him to pity the slain; and have for answer, that their lands may be yours if you will but make peace with him. At least, do not break hopelessly with that man. Above all, never use that word concerning him which you used just now; the word which he never forgives. Remember what he did to them of Alençon, when they hung raw hides over the wall, and cried, 'Plenty of work for the tanner!'"

"Let him pick out the prisoners' eyes, and chop off their hands, and shoot them into the town from mangonels,—he must go far and thrive well ere I give him a chance of doing that by me."

"Hereward, Hereward, my own! Boast not, but fear God. Who knows, in such a world as this, to what end we may come? Night after night I am haunted with spectres, eyeless, handless——"

"This is cold comfort for a man just out of hard fighting in the ague-fens!"

She threw her arms round him, and held him as if she would never let him go.

"When you die, I die. And you will not die: you will be great and glorious, and your name will be sung by scald and minstrel through many a land, far and wide. Only, be not rash. Be not high-minded. Promise me to answer this man wisely. The more crafty he is, the more crafty must you be likewise."

"Let us tell this mighty hero then," said Hereward, trying to laugh away her fears—and perhaps his own, "that while he has the Holy Father on his side, he can need no help from a poor sinful worm like me."

"Hereward, Hereward!"

"Why, is there aught about hides in that?"

"I want—I want an answer which may not cut off all hope in case of the worst."

"Then let us say boldly, 'On the day that William is King of all England, Hereward will come and put his hands between his, and be his man.'"

That message was sent to William at Rouen. He laughed—

"It is a fair challenge from a valiant man. The day shall come when I will claim it."

Tosti and Hereward passed that winter in St. Omer, living in the same street, passing each other day by day, and never spoke a word one to the other.

Robert the Frison heard of it, and tried to persuade Hereward.

"Let him purge himself of the murder of Ulf the boy, son of my friend Dolfin; and after that of Gamel, son of Orm; and after that again of Gospatric, my father's friend, whom his sister slew for his sake; and then an honest man may talk with him. Were he not my good lord's brother-in-law, as he is, more's the pity, I would challenge him to fight *à l'outrance*, with any weapons he might choose."

"Heaven protect him in that case," quoth Robert the Frison.

"As it is, I will keep the peace. And I will see that my men keep the peace, though there are Scarborough and Bamborough lads among them, who long to cut his throat upon the streets. But more I will not do."

So Tosti sulked through the winter at St. Omer, and then went off to get help from Sweyn of Denmark, and failing that, from Harold Hardraade of Norway. But how he sped there, must be read in the words of a cunninger saga-man than this chronicler, even in those of the "Icelandic Homer," Snorro Sturleson.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW HEREWARD WAS ASKED TO SLAY AN OLD COMRADE.

In those days Hereward went into Bruges, to Marquis Baldwin, about his business. And as he walked in Bruges street, he met an old friend, Gilbert of Ghent.

He had grown somewhat stouter, and somewhat greyer, in the last ten years: but he was as hearty as ever, and as honest, according to his own notions of honesty.

He shook Hereward by both hands, clapt him on the back, swore with many oaths, that he had heard of his fame in all lands, that he always said that he would turn out a champion, and a gallant knight, and had said it long before he killed the bear. As for killing it, it was no more than he expected, and nothing to what Hereward had done since, and would do yet.

Wherefrom Hereward opined that Gilbert had need of him.

They chatted on: Hereward asking after old friends, and sometimes after old foes, whom he had long since forgiven; for though he always avenged an injury, he never bore malice for one: a distinction less common now than then, when a man's honour, as well as his safety, depended on his striking again, when he was struck.

"And how is little Alftruda?—Big she must be now?" asked he at last.

"The fiend fly away with her—or rather, would that he had flown away with her, before ever I saw the troublesome little jade. Big? She is grown into the most beautiful lass that ever was seen—which is, what a young fellow, like you, cares for; and more trouble to me than all my money, which is what an old fellow, like me, cares for. It is partly about her that I am over here now. Fool that I was, ever to let an Etheliza* into my house;" and Gilbert swore a great deal.

"How was she an Etheliza?" asked Hereward, who cared nothing about the matter. "And how came she into your house? I never could understand that, any more than how the bear came there."

"Ah! As to the bear, I have my secrets, which I tell no one. He is dead and buried, thanks to you."

"And I sleep on his skin every night."

"You do, my little Champion? Well—warm is the bed that is well earned. But as for her;—see here, and I'll tell you. She was Gospatric's ward, and kinswoman—how, I do not rightly know. But this I know, that she comes from Uchtred, the earl whom Canute slew, and that she is heir to great estates in Northumberland.

"Gospatric, that fought at Dunsinane?"

"Yes, not the old Thane, his uncle, whom Tosti has murdered: but Gospatric, King Malcolm's cousin, Dolfin's father. Well, she was his ward. He gave me her to keep, for he wanted her out of harm's way—the lass having a bonny dower, lands and money—till he could marry her up to one of his sons. I took her; of course I was not going to do other men's work for nought; so I would have married her up to my poor boy, if he had but lived. But he would not live, as you know. Then I would have married her to you, and made you my heir, I tell you honestly, if you had not flown off, like a hot-headed young springald, as you were then."

"You were very kind. But how is she an Etheliza?"

"Etheliza? Twice over. Her father was of high blood among those Saxons; and if not, are not all the Gospatrics Ethelings? Their grandmother, Uchtred's wife, was Ethelred Evil-Counsel's daughter, King Edward of London's sister; and I have heard that this girl's grandfather was their son—but died young—or was killed with his father. Who cares?"

"Not I," quoth Hereward.

"Well—he wants to marry her to Dolfin, his eldest son."

"Why, Dolfin had a wife when I was at Dunsinane."

"But she is dead since, and young Ulf, her son, murdered by Tosti last winter."

"I know."

"Whereon Gospatric sends to me for the girl and her dowry. What was I to do? Give her up? Little it is, lad, that I ever gave up, after I had it once in my grip, or I should be a poorer man than I am now. Have and hold, is my rule. What should I do? What I did. I was coming hither on business of my own, so I put her on board ship, and half her dower—where the other half is, I know; and man must draw me with wild horses, before he finds out:—and came here to my kinsman, Baldwin, to see if he had any proper young fellow to whom we might marry the lass, and so go shares in her money and the family connection. Could a man do more wisely?"

"Impossible," quoth Hereward.

"But see how a wise man is lost by fortune. When I come here, whom should I find but Dolfin himself? The dog had scent of my plan, all the way from Dolfinston there, by Peebles. He hunts me out, the hungry Scotch wolf; rides for Leith, takes ship, and is here to meet me, having accused me before Baldwin as a robber and ravisher, and offers to prove his right to the jade on my body in single combat."

"The villain!" quoth Hereward. "There is no modesty left on earth, nor prudence either. To come here, where he might have stumbled on Tosti, who murdered his son, and I would surely do the like by him, himself. Lucky for him that Tosti is off to Norway on his own errand."

"Modesty and prudence? None nowadays, young sire; nor justice either, I think; for when Baldwin hears us both—and I told my story as cannily as I could—he tells me that he is very sorry for an old vassal and kinsman, and so forth,—but I must either disgorge or fight."

"Then fight," quoth Hereward.

"Per se aut per campionem,—that's the old law, you know."

"Not a doubt of it."

"Look you, Hereward. I am no coward, nor a clumsy man of my hands."

"He is either fool or liar who says so."

"But see. I find it hard work to hold my own in Scotland now. Folks don't like me, or trust me; I can't say why."

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* A princess of the royal blood of Cerdic, and therefore of Edward the Confessor.

"How unreasonable!" quoth Hereward.

"And if I kill this youth, and so have a blood-feud with Gospatric, I have a hornet's nest about my ears. Not only he and his sons—who are masters of Scotch Northumberland*—but all his cousins; King Malcolm, and Donaldbain, and, for aught I know, Harold and the Godwinssons, if he bid them take up the quarrel. And beside, that Dolfin is a big man. If you cross Scot and Saxon, you breed a very big man. If you cross again with a Dane or a Norseman, you breed a giant. His grandfather was a Scots prince, his grandmother an English Etheliza, his mother a Norse Princess, as you know—and how big he is, you should remember. He weighs half as much again as I, and twice as much as you."

"Butchers count by weight, and knights by courage," quoth Hereward.

"Very well for you, who are young and active: but I take him to be a better man than that Ogre of Cornwall, whom they say you killed."

"What care I? Let him be twice as good, I'd try him."

"Ah! I knew you were the old Hereward still. Now hearken to me. Be my champion. You owe me a service, lad. Fight that man, challenge him in open field. Kill him, as you are sure to do. Claim the lass, and win her—and then we will part her dower. And (though it is little that I care for young lasses' fancies), to tell you truth, she never favoured any man but you."

Hereward started at the snare which had been laid for him; and then fell into a very great laughter.

"My most dear and generous host: you are the wiser, the older you grow. A plan worthy of Solomon! You are rid of Sieur Dolfin without any blame to yourself."

"Just so."

"While I win the lass, and, living here in Flanders, am tolerably safe from any blood-feud of the Gospatrics."

"Just so."

"Perfect: but there is only one small hindrance to the plan; and that is——that I am married already."

Gilbert stopped short, and swore a great oath.

"But," he said after a while, "does that matter so much after all?"

"Very little, indeed, as all the world knows, if one has money enough, and power enough."

"And you have both," they say.

"But, still more unhappily, my money is my wife's."

"Peste!"

"And more unhappily still, I am so foolishly fond of her, that I would sooner have her in her smock, than any other woman with half England for a dower."

"Then I suppose I must look out for another champion."

"Or save yourself the trouble, by being—just as a change—an honest man."

"I believe you are right," said Gilbert, laughing; "but it is hard to begin so late in life."

"And after one has had so little practice."

"Aha! Thou art the same merry dog of a Hereward. Come along. But could we not poison this Dolfin, after all?"

To which proposal Hereward gave no encouragement.

"And now, my très beau sire, may I ask you, in return, what business brings you to Flanders?"

"Have I not told you?"

"No, but I have guessed. Gilbert of Ghent is on his way to William of Normandy."

"Well. Why not?"

"Why not?—certainly. And has brought out of Scotland a few gallant gentlemen, and stout house-carles of my acquaintance."

Gilbert laughed.

"You may well say that. To tell you the truth, we have flitted, bag and baggage. I don't believe that we have left a dog behind."

"So you intend to 'colonise' in England, as the learned clerks would call it? To settle; to own land; and enter, like the Jews of old, into goodly houses which you builded not, farms which you tilled not, wells which you digged not, and orchards which you planted not?"

"Why, what a clerk you are! That sounds like Scripture."

"And so it is. I heard it in a French priest's sermon, which he preached here in St. Omer a Sunday or two back, exhorting all good Catholics, in the Pope's name, to enter upon the barbarous land of England, tainted with the sin of Simon Magus, and expel thence the heretical priests, and so forth, promising them that they should have free leave to cut long thongs out of other men's hides."

Gilbert chuckled.

"You laugh. The priest did not; for after sermon I went up to him, and told him how I was an Englishman, and an outlaw, and a desperate man, who feared neither saint nor devil; and if I heard such talk as that again in St. Omer, I would so shave the speaker's crown that he should never need razor to his dying day."

"And what is that to me?" said Gilbert, in an uneasy, half-defiant tone; for Hereward's tone had been more than half-defiant.

"This. That there are certain broad lands in England, which were my father's, and are now my nephews' and my mother's, and some which should by right be mine. And I advise you, as a friend, not to make entry on those lands, lest Hereward in turn make entry on you. And who is he that will deliver you out of my hand?"

"God and his Saints alone, thou fiend out of the pit," quoth Gilbert, laughing. But he was growing warm, and began to tutoyer Hereward.

"I am in earnest, Gilbert of Ghent, my good friend of old time."

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* Between Tweed and Forth.

"I know thee well enough, man. Why, in the name of all glory and plunder, art thou not coming with us? They say William has offered thee the earldom of Northumberland."

"He has not. And if he has, it is not his to give. And if it were, it is by right neither mine, nor my nephews', but Waltheof Siwardsson's. Now hearken unto me; and settle it in your mind, thou and William both, that your quarrel is against none but Harold and the Godwinssons, and their men of Wessex: but that if you go to cross the Watling street, and meddle with the free Danes, who are none of Harold's men——"

"Stay. Harold has large manors in Lincolnshire, and so has Edith his sister, and what of them, Sir Hereward?"

"That the man who touches them, even though the men on them may fight on Harold's side, had better have put his head into a hornet's nest. Unjustly were they seized from their true owners by Harold and his fathers; and the holders of them will owe no service to him a day longer than they can help: but will, if he fall, demand an Earl of their own race, or fight to the death."

"Best make young Waltheof Earl, then."

"Best keep thy foot out of them, and the foot of any man for whom thou carest. Now good-bye. Friends we are, and friends let us be."

"Ah, that thou wert coming to England!"

"I bide my time. Come I may, when I see fit. But whether I come as friend or foe, depends on that of which I have given thee fair warning."

So they parted for the time.

It will be seen hereafter, how Gilbert took his own advice about young Waltheof: but did not take Hereward's advice about the Lincoln manors.

In Baldwin's hall that day, Hereward met Dolfin; and when the magnificent young Scot sprang to him, embraced him, talked over old passages, complimented him on his fame, lamented that he himself had won no such honours in the field, Hereward felt much more inclined to fight for him than against him.

Presently the ladies entered from the bower inside the hall. A buzz of expectation rose from all the knights, and Alftruda's name was whispered round.

She came in, and Hereward saw at the first glance, that Gilbert had for once in his life spoken truth. So beautiful a girl he had never beheld; and as she swept down toward him, he for one moment forgot Torfrida, and stood spell-bound like the rest.

Her eye caught his. If his face showed recognition, hers showed none. The remembrance of their early friendship, of her deliverance from the monster, had plainly passed away.

"Fickle, ungrateful things, these women," thought Hereward.

She passed him close. And as she did so, she turned her head, and looked him full in the face one moment, haughty and cold.

"So you could not wait for me?" said she, in a quiet whisper, and went on straight to Dolfin, who stood trembling with expectation and delight.

She put her hand into his.

"Here stands my champion," said she.

"Say, here kneels your slave," cried the Scot, dropping to the pavement a true Highland knee. Whereon forth shrieked a bagpipe, and Dolfin's minstrel sang, in most melodious Gaelic—

"Strong as a horse's hock, shaggy as a stag's brisket,
  Is the knee of the young torrent-leaper, the pride of
    the house of Crinan.
  It bent not to Macbeth the accursed, it bends not
    even to Malcolm the Anointed,
  But it bends like a harebell—who shall blame it?—
    before the breath of beauty."

Which magnificent effusion being interpreted by Hereward for the instruction of the ladies, procured for the red-headed bard more than one handsome gift.

A sturdy voice arose out of the crowd.

"The fair lady, my Lord Count, and knights all, will need no champion as far as I am concerned. When one sees so fair a pair together, what can a knight say, in the name of all knighthood, but that the heavens have made them for each other, and that it were sin and shame to sunder them?"

The voice was that of Gilbert of Ghent, who, making a virtue of necessity, walked up to the pair, his weatherbeaten countenance wreathed into what were meant for paternal smiles.

"Why did you not say as much in Scotland, and save me all this trouble?" pertinently asked the plain-spoken Scot.

"My Lord Prince, you owe me a debt for my caution. Without it, the poor lady had never known the whole fervency of your love; or these noble knights and yourself the whole evenness of Count Baldwin's justice."

Alftruda turned her head away half contemptuously; and as she did so, she let her hand drop listlessly from Dolfin's grasp, and drew back to the other ladies.

A suspicion crossed Hereward's mind. Did she really love the Prince? Did those strange words of hers mean that she had not yet forgotten Hereward himself?

However, he said to himself that it was no concern of his, as it certainly was not: went home to Torfrida, told her everything that had happened, laughed over it with her, and then forgot Alftruda, Dolfin, and Gilbert, in the prospect of a great campaign in Holland.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW HEREWARD TOOK THE NEWS FROM STANFORD-BRIGG AND HASTINGS.

After that, news came thick and fast.

News of all the fowl of heaven flocking to the feast of the great God, that they might eat the flesh of kings, and captains, and mighty men, and horses, and them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both bond and free.

News from Rome, how England, when conquered, was to be held as a fief of St. Peter, and spiritually, as well as temporarily, enslaved. News how the Gonfanon of St. Peter, and a ring with a bit of St. Peter himself enclosed therein, had come to Rouen, to go before the Norman host, as the Ark went before that of Israel.

Then news from the North. How Tosti had been to Sweyn, and bid him come back and win the country again, as Canute his uncle had done; and how the cautious Dane had answered that he was a much smaller man than Canute, and had enough to hold his own against the Norsemen, and could not afford to throw for such high stakes as his mighty uncle.

Then how Tosti had been to Norway, to Harold Hardraade, and asked him why he had been fighting fifteen years for Denmark, when England lay open to him. And how Harold of Norway had agreed to come; and how he had levied one-half of the able-bodied men in Norway; and how he was gathering a mighty fleet at Solundir, in the mouth of the Sogne Fiord. Of all this Hereward was well informed; for Tosti came back again to St. Omer, and talked big. But Hereward and he had no dealings with each other. But at last, when Tosti tried to entice some of Hereward's men to sail with him, Hereward sent him word that if he met him, he would kill him in the streets.

Then Tosti, who (though he wanted not for courage) knew that he was no match for Hereward, went off to Bruges, leaving his wife and family behind, gathered sixty ships at Ostend, went off to the Isle of Wight, and forced the landsfolk to give him money and food. And then Harold of England's fleet, which was watching the coast against the Normans, drove him away; and he sailed off north, full of black rage against his brother Harold and all Englishmen, and burned, plundered, and murdered, along the coast of Lincolnshire, out of brute spite to the Danes who had expelled him.

Then came news how he had got into the Humber; how Earl Edwin and his Northumbrians had driven him out; and how he went off to Scotland to meet Harold of Norway; and how he had put his hands between Harold's, and become his man.

And all the while the Norman camp at St. Pierre-sur-Dive grew and grew; and all was ready, if the wind would but change.

And so Hereward looked on, helpless, and saw these two great storm-clouds growing—one from north, and one from south—to burst upon his native land.

Two invasions at the same moment of time; and these no mere Viking raids for plunder, but deliberate attempts at conquest and colonisation, by the two most famous captains of the age. What if both succeeded? What if the two storm-clouds swept across England, each on its own path, and met in the midst, to hurl their lightnings into each other? A fight between William of Normandy and Harold of Norway, on some moorland in Mercia—it would be a battle of giants; a sight at which Odin and the Gods of Valhalla would rise from their seats, and throw away the mead-horn, to stare down on the deeds of heroes scarcely less mighty than themselves. Would that neither might win! Would that they would destroy and devour, till there was none left of Frenchmen or of Norwegians!

So sung Hereward, after his heathen fashion: and his housecarles applauded the song. But Torfrida shuddered.

"And what will become of the poor English in the meantime?"

"They have brought it on themselves," said Hereward, bitterly. "Instead of giving the crown to the man who should have had it—to Sweyn of Denmark—they let Godwin put it on the head of a drivelling monk: and as they sowed, so will they reap."

But Hereward's own soul was black within him. To see these mighty events passing, as it were, within reach of his hand—and he unable to take his share in them—For what share could he take? That of Tosti Godwinsson against his own nephews? That of Harold Godwinsson, the usurper? That of the tanner's grandson against any man? Ah, that he had been in England! Ah, that he had been, where he might have been, where he ought to have been, but for his own folly—high in power in his native land; perhaps a great earl; perhaps commander of all the armies of the Danelagh. And bitterly he cursed his youthful sins, as he rode to and fro almost daily to the port of Calais, asking for news, and getting often only too much.

For now came news that the Norsemen had landed in Humber; that Edwin and Morcar were beaten at York; that Hardraade and Tosti were masters of the North.

And with that, news that by the virtue of the relics of St. Valery, which had been brought out of their shrine to frighten the demons of the storm, and by the intercession of the blessed St. Michael, patron of Normandy, the winds had changed, and William's whole armament had crossed the Channel, landed upon an undefended shore, and fortified themselves at Pevensey and Hastings.

And then followed a fortnight of silence and torturing suspense.

Hereward could hardly eat, drink, sleep, or speak. He answered Torfrida's consolations curtly and angrily, till she betook herself to silent caresses, as to a sick animal. But she loved him all the better for his sullenness; for it showed that his English heart was wakening again, sound and strong.

At last news came. He was down, as usual, at the port. A ship had just come in from the northward. A man just landed stood on the beach, gesticulating, and calling in an unknown tongue to the bystanders, who laughed at him, and seemed inclined to misuse him.

Hereward galloped down the beach.

"Out of the way, villains! Why man, you are a Norseman!"

"Norseman am I, Earl, Thord Gunlaugsson is my name, and news I bring for the Countess Judith (as the French call her) that shall turn her golden hair to snow:—yea, and all fair lasses' hair from Lindesness to Loffoden!"

"Is the Earl dead?"

"And Harold Sigurdsson!"

Hereward sat silent, appalled. For Tosti, he cared not. But Harold Sigurdsson, Harold Hardraade, Harold the Viking, Harold the Varanger, Harold the Lionslayer, Harold of Constantinople, the bravest among champions, the wisest among kings, the cunningest among minstrels, the darling of the Vikings of the north; the one man whom Hereward had taken for his pattern and his ideal, the one man under whose banner he would have been proud to fight—the earth seemed empty, if Harold Hardraade were gone.

"Thord Gunlaugsson," cried he, at last, "or whatever be thy name, if thou hast lied to me, I will draw thee with wild horses."

"Would God that I did lie! I saw him fall with an arrow through his throat. Then Jarl Tosti took the Land-ravager and held it up till he died. Then Eystein Orre took it, coming up hot from the ships. And then he died likewise. Then they all died. We would take no quarter. We threw off our mail, and fought baresark, till all were dead together."*

"How camest thou, then, hither?"

"Styrkar the marshal escaped in the night, and I with him, and a few more. And Styrkar bade me bring the news to Flanders, to the Countess, while he took it to Olaf Haroldsson, who lay off in the ships."

"And thou shalt take it. Martin! get this man a horse. A horse, ye villains, and a good one, on your lives!"

"And Tosti is dead?"

"Dead like a hero. Harold offered him quarter—offered him his earldom, they say: even in the midst of battle: but he would not take it. He said he was the Sigurdsson's man now, and true man he would be!"

"Harold offered him—what art babbling about? Who fought you?"

"Harold Godwinsson, the king."

"Where?"

"At Stanford Brigg, by York Town."

"Harold Godwinsson slew Harold Sigurdsson? After this wolves may eat lions!"

"The Godwinsson is a gallant fighter, and a wise general, or I had not been here now."

"Get on thy horse, man!" said he, scornfully and impatiently, "and gallop, if thou canst."

"I have ridden many a mile in Ireland, Earl, and have not forgotten my seat."

"Thou hast, hast thou?" said Martin; "thou art Thord Gunlaugsson of Waterford."

"That am I. How knowest thou me, man?"

"I am of Waterford. Thou hadst a slave lass once, I think; Mew: they called her Mew, her skin it was so white."

"What's that to thee?" asked Thord, turning on him savagely.

"Why, I meant no harm. I saw her at Waterford when I was a boy, and thought her a fair lass enough, that is all."

And Martin dropped into the rear. By this time they were at the gates of St. Omer.

As they rode side by side, Hereward got more details of the fight.

"I knew it would fall out so. I foretold it!" said Thord. "I had a dream. I saw us come to English land, and fight; and I saw the banners floating. And before the English army was a great witchwife, and rode upon a wolf, and he had a corpse in his bloody jaws. And when he had eaten one up, she threw him another, till he had swallowed all."

"Did she throw him thine?" asked Martin, who ran holding by the stirrup.

"That did she, and eaten I saw myself. Yet here I am alive."

"Then thy dreams were naught."

"I do not know that. The wolf may have me yet."

"I fear thou art fey."*

"What the devil is it to thee if I be?"

"Naught. But be comforted. I am a necromancer; and this I know by my art, that the weapon that will slay thee was never forged in Flanders here."

"There was another man had a dream," said Thord, turning from Martin angrily. "He was standing in the king's ship, and he saw a great witchwife with a fork and a trough stand on the island. And he saw a fowl on every ship's stem, a raven, or else an eagle, and he heard the witchwife sing an evil song."

By this time they were in St. Omer.

Hereward rode straight to the Countess Judith's house. He never had entered it yet, and was likely to be attacked if he entered it now. But when the door was opened, he thrust in with so earnest and sad a face that the servants let him pass, but not without growling and motions as of getting their weapons.

"I come in peace, my men, I come in peace: this is no time for brawls. Where is the steward, or one of the countess's ladies?—Tell her, madam, that Hereward waits her commands, and entreats her, in the name of St. Mary and all Saints, to vouchsafe him one word in private."

The lady hurried into the bower. The next moment Judith hurried out into the hall, her fair face blanched, her fair eyes wide with terror.

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* For the details of this battle, see Skorro Sturleson, or the admirable description in Bulwer's "Harold."

* Prophesying his own death.

Hereward fell on his knee.

"What is this? It must be bad news if you bring it."

"Madam, the grave covers all feuds. Earl Tosti was a very valiant hero; and would to God that we had been friends!"

She did not hear the end of the sentence: but fell back with a shriek into the women's arms.

Hereward told them all that they needed to know of that fratricidal strife; and then to Thord Gunlaugsson—

"Have you any token that this is true. Mind what I warned you, if you lied!"

"This have I, Earl and ladies," and he drew from his bosom a reliquary. "Ulf the marshal took this off his neck, and bade me give it to none but his lady. Therefore, with your pardon, Sir Earl, I did not tell you that I had it, not knowing whether you were an honest man."

"Thou hast done well, and an honest man thou shalt find me. Come home, and I will feed thee at my own table; for I have been a sea-rover and a Viking myself."

They left the reliquary with the ladies, and went.

"See to this good man, Martin."

"That will I, as the apple of my eye."

And Hereward went into Torfrida's room.

"I have news, news!"

"So have I."

"Harold Hardraade is slain, and Tosti too!"

"Where? how?"

"Harold Godwinsson slew them by York."

"Brother has slain brother? O God that died on cross!" murmured Torfrida, "when will men look to thee, and have mercy on their own souls? But Hereward—I have news—news more terrible by far. It came an hour ago. I have been dreading your coming back."

"Say on. If Harold Hardraade is dead, no worse can happen."

"But Harold Godwinsson is dead!"

"Dead! Who next? William of Normandy? The world seems coming to an end, as the monks say it will soon." *

"A great battle has been fought at a place they call Heathfield."

"Close by Hastings? Close to the landing-place? Harold must have flown thither back from York. What a captain the man is, after all."

"Was. He is dead, and all the Godwinssons, and England lost."

If Torfrida had feared the effect of her news, her heart was lightened at once as Hereward answered haughtily—

"England lost? Sussex is not England, nor Wessex either, any more than Harold was king thereof. England lost? Let the tanner try to cross the Watling street, and he will find out that he has another stamp of Englishman to deal with."

"Hereward, Hereward, do not be unjust to the dead. Men say—the Normans say—that they fought like heroes."

"I never doubted that: but it makes me mad—as it does all Eastern and Northern men—to hear these Wessex churls and Godwinssons calling themselves all England."

Torfrida shook her head. To her, as to most foreigners, Wessex and the south-east counties were England; the most civilised; the most Norman; the seat of royalty; having all the prestige of law, and order, and wealth. And she was shrewd enough to see, that as it was the part of England which had most sympathy with Norman civilisation, it was the very part where the Norman could most easily gain and keep his hold. The event proved that Torfrida was right: but all she said was, "It is dangerously near to France, at least."

"It is that. I would sooner see 100,000 French north of the Humber, than 10,000 in Kent and Sussex, where he can hurry over supplies and men every week. It is the starting-point for him, if he means to conquer England piece-meal."

"And he does."

"And he shall not!" and Hereward started up, and walked to and fro. "If all the Godwinssons be dead, there are Leofricssons left, I trust, and Siward's kin, and the Gospatrics in Northumbria. Ah? Where were my nephews in the battle? Not killed too, I trust?"

"They were not in the battle."

"Not with their new brother-in-law? Much he has gained by throwing away the Swan-neck, like a base hound as he was, and marrying my pretty niece. But where were they?"

"No man knows clearly. They followed him down as far as London, and then lingered about the city, meaning no man can tell what: but we shall hear—and I fear hear too much—before a week is over."

"Heavens! this is madness, indeed. This is the way to be eaten up one by one! Neither to do the thing, nor leave it alone. If I had been there! If I had been there——"

"You would have saved England, my hero!" and Torfrida believed her own words.

"I don't say that. Besides, I say that England is not lost. But there were but two things to do: either to have sent to William at once, and offered him the crown, if he would but guarantee the Danish laws and liberties to all north of the Watling street; and if he would, fall on the Godwinssons themselves, by fair means or foul, and send their heads to William."

"Or what?"

"Or have marched down after him, with every man they could muster, and thrown themselves on the Frenchman's flank in the battle—or between him and the sea, cutting him off from France—or

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* There was a general rumour abroad that the end of the world was at hand, that the "one thousand years" of prophecy had expired.

Morcar held large lands round Bourne, and throughout the south of Lincolnshire, besides calling himself the Earl of Northumbria. The young men seemed the darlings of the half Danish northmen. Chester, Coventry, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Stamford, a chain of fortified towns stretching across England, were at their command; Blethyn, prince of North Wales, was their nephew.

Northumbria, likewise, was not yet in William's hands. Indeed it was in no man's hands, since the free Danes north of the Humber had expelled Tosti, Harold's brother, putting Morcar in his place, and helped that brother to slay him at Stanford Brigg. Morcar, instead of residing in his earldom of Northumbria, had made one Oswulf his deputy: but he had rivals enough. There was Gospatric, claiming through his grandfather Uchtred, and strong in the protection of his cousin Malcolm king of Scotland; there was young Waltheof "the forest thief," who had been born to Siward Biorn in his old age, just after the battle of Dunsinane; a fine and gallant young man, destined to a swift and sad end.

William sent to the Northumbrians one Copsi, a thane of mark and worth, as his procurator, to expel Oswulf. Oswulf and the land folk answered by killing Copsi, and doing every man that which was right in his own eyes.

William determined to propitiate the young earls. Perhaps he intended to govern the centre and north of England through them, as feudal vassals, and hoped meanwhile to pay his Norman conquerors sufficiently out of the forfeited lands of Harold, and those who had fought by his side at Hastings. It was not his policy to make himself, much less to call himself, the conqueror of England. He claimed to be its legitimate sovereign, deriving from his cousin Edward the Confessor; and whosoever would acknowledge him as such, had neither right or cause to fear. Therefore he sent for the young earls. He courted Waltheof, and more, really loved him. He promised Edwin his daughter in marriage. Some say it was Constance, afterwards married to Alan Fergant of Brittany: but it may also have been the beautiful Adelaide, who, none knew why, early gave up the world, and died in a convent. Be that as it may, the two young people saw each, and loved each other at Rouen, whither William took Waltheof, Edwin, and his brother; as honoured guests in name in reality, as hostages likewise.

With the same rational and prudent policy, William respected the fallen royal families, both of Harold and of Edward; at least, he warred not against women; and the wealth and influence of the great English ladies was enormous. Edith, sister of Harold, and widow of the Confessor, lived in wealth and honour at Winchester. Gyda, Harold's mother, retained Exeter and her land. Aldytha,* or Elfgiva, sister of Edwin and Morcar, niece of Hereward, and widow, first of Griffin of Wales, and then of Harold, lived rich and safe in Chester. Godiva the Countess owned, so antiquarians say, manors from Cheshire to Lincolnshire, which would be now yearly worth the income of a great duke. Agatha the Hungarian, widow of Edmund the outlaw, dwelt at Romsey in Hampshire, under William's care. Her son Edward Etheling, the rightful heir of England, was treated by William not only with courtesy, but with affection; and allowed to rebel, when he did rebel, with impunity. For the descendant of Rollo, the heathen Viking, had become a civilised chivalrous Christian knight. His mighty forefather would have split the Etheling's skull with his own axe. A Frank king would have shaved the young man's head, and immersed him in a monastery. An eastern sultan would have thrust out his eyes, or strangled him at once. But William, however cruel, however unscrupulous, had a knightly heart, and somewhat of a Christian conscience; and his conduct to his only lawful rival is a noble trait amid many sins.

So far all went well, till William went back to France; to be likened, not as his ancestors, to the gods of Valhalla, or the barbarous and destroying Viking of mythic ages, but to Cæsar, Pompey, Vespasian, and the civilised and civilising heroes of classic Rome.

But while he sat at the Easter feast at Fécamp, displaying to Franks, Flemings, and Bretons, as well as to his own Normans, the treasures of Edward's palace at Westminster, and more English wealth than could be found in the whole estate of Gaul; while he sat there in his glory, with his young dupes, Edwin, Morcar, and Waltheof, by his side; having sent Harold's banner in triumph to the Pope, as a token that he had conquered the church as well as the nation of England, and having founded abbeys as thank-offerings to Him who had seemed to prosper him in his great crime: at that very hour the handwriting was on the wall, unseen by man: and he, and his policy, and his race, were weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

For now broke out in England that wrong-doing which endured as long as she was a mere appanage and foreign farm of Norman kings, whose hearts and homes were across the seas in France. Fitz-Osbern, and Odo the warrior-prelate, William's half-brother, had been left as his regents in England. Little do they seem to have cared for William's promise to the English people that they were to be ruled still by the laws of Edward the Confessor, and that where a grant of land was made to a Norman he was to hold it as the Englishman had done before him, with no heavier burdens on himself, but with no heavier burdens on the poor folk who tilled the land for him. Oppression began, lawlessness, and violence; men were ill-treated on the highways; and women—what was worse—in their own homes; and the regents abetted the ill-doers.

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* See her history, told, as none other can tell it, in Bulwer's "Harold."

"It seems," says a most impartial historian,* "as if the Normans, released from all authority, all restraint, all fear of retaliation, determined to reduce the English nation to servitude, and drive them to despair."

In the latter attempt they succeeded but too soon; in the former, they succeeded at last: but they paid dearly for their success.

Hot young Englishmen began to emigrate. Some went to the court of Constantinople, to join the Varanger guard, and have their chance of a Polotaswarf like Harold Hardraade. Some went to Scotland to Malcolm Canmore, and brooded over return and revenge. But Harold's sons went to their father's cousin; to Sweyn—Swend—Sweno Ulfsson, and called on him to come and reconquer England in the name of his uncle Canute the Great; and many an Englishman went with them.

These things Gospatric watched, as earl (so far as he could make any one obey him in the utter subversion of all order) of the lands between Forth and Tyne. And he determined to flee, ere evil befel him, to his cousin Malcolm Canmore, taking with him Marlesweyn of Lincolnshire, who had fought, it is said, by Harold's side at Hastings, and young Waltheof of York. But, moreover, having a head, and being indeed, as his final success showed, a man of ability and courage, he determined on a stroke of policy, which had incalculable after-effects on the history of Scotland. He persuaded Agatha the Hungarian, Margaret and Christina her daughters, and Edgar the Etheling himself, to flee with him to Scotland. How he contrived to send them messages to Romsey, far south in Hampshire; how they contrived to escape to the Humber, and thence up to the Forth; this is a romance in itself, of which the chroniclers have left hardly a hint. But the thing was done; and at St. Margaret's Hope, as tradition tells, the Scottish king met, and claimed as his unwilling bride, that fair and holy maiden who was destined to soften his fierce passions, to civilise and purify his people, and to become—if all had their just dues—the true patron saint of Scotland.

Malcolm Canmore promised a mighty army; Sweyn a mighty fleet. And meanwhile, Eustace of Boulogne, the Confessor's brother-in-law, himself a Norman, rebelled at the head of the down-trodden men of Kent; and the Welshmen were harrying Herefordshire with fire and sword, in revenge for Norman ravages.

But as yet the storm did not burst. William returned, and with him something like order. He conquered Exeter; he destroyed churches and towns to make his New Forest. He brought over his Queen Matilda with pomp and great glory; and with her, the Bayeux tapestry which she had wrought with her own hands; and meanwhile Sweyn Ulfsson was too busy threatening Olaf Haroldsson, the new king of Norway, to sail for England; and the sons of King Harold of England had to seek help from the Irish Danes, and ravaging the country round Bristol, be beaten off by the valiant burghers with heavy loss.

So the storm did not burst; and need not have burst, it may be, at all, had William kept his plighted word. But he would not give his fair daughter to Edwin. His Norman nobles, doubtless, looked upon such an alliance as debasing to a civilised lady. In their eyes, the Englishman was a barbarian; and though the Norman might well marry the Englishwoman, if she had beauty or wealth, it was a dangerous precedent to allow the Englishman to marry the Norman woman, and that woman a princess. Beside, there were those who coveted Edwin's broad lands; Roger de Montgomery, who already (it is probable) held part of them as Earl of Shrewsbury, had no wish to see Edwin the son-in-law of his sovereign. Be the cause what it may, William faltered, and refused; and Edwin and Morcar left the Court of Westminster in wrath. Waltheof followed them, having discovered—what he was weak enough continually to forget again—the treachery of the Norman. The young earls went off, one midlandward, one northward. The people saw their wrongs in those of their earls, and the rebellion burst forth at once, the Welsh under Blethyn, and the Cumbrians under Malcolm and Donaldbain, giving their help in the struggle.

It was the year 1069. A more evil year for England than even the year of Hastings.

The rebellion was crushed in a few months. The great general marched steadily north, taking the boroughs one by one, storming, massacring young and old, burning, sometimes, whole towns, and leaving, as he went on, a new portent, a Norman donjon—till then all but unseen in England—as a place of safety for his garrisons. At Oxford (sacked horribly, and all but destroyed), at Warwick (destroyed utterly), at Nottingham, at Stafford, at Shrewsbury, at Cambridge, on the huge barrow which overhangs the fen; and at York itself, which had opened its gates, trembling, to the great Norman strategist; at each doomed free borough, rose a castle, with its tall square tower within, its bailey around, and all the appliances of that ancient Roman science of fortification, of which the Danes, as well as the Saxons, knew nothing. Their struggle had only helped to tighten their bonds; and what wonder? There was among them neither unity, nor plan, nor governing mind and will. Hereward's words had come true. The only man, save Gospatric, who had a head in England, was Harold Godwinsson: and he lay in Waltham Abbey, while the monks sang masses for his soul.

Edwin, Morcar, and Waltheof trembled before a genius superior to their own—a genius, indeed, which had not its equal then in Christendom. They came in, and begged grace of the king. They got it. But Edwin's earldom was forfeited, and he and his brother became, from thenceforth, desperate men.

Malcolm of Scotland trembled likewise, and asked for peace. The clans, it is said, rejoiced thereat, having no wish for a war which could buy them neither spoil nor land. Malcolm sent ambassadors to William, and took that oath of fealty to the "Basileus of Britain," which more than one Scottish king and kinglet had taken before—with the secret proviso (which, during the middle ages, seems to have been thoroughly understood in such cases by both parties), that he should be William's man just as long as William could compel him to be so, and no longer.

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* The late Sir F. Palgrave.

Then came cruel and unjust confiscations. Ednoth the standard-bearer had fallen at Bristol, fighting for William against the Haroldssons, yet all his lands were given away to Normans. Edwin and Morcar's lands were parted likewise; and—to specify cases which bear especially on the history of Hereward—Oger the Briton got many of Morcar's manors round Bourne, and Gilbert of Ghent many belonging to Marlesweyn about Lincoln city. And so did that valiant and crafty knight find his legs once more on other men's ground, and reappears in monkish story as "the most devout, and pious earl, Gilbert of Ghent."

What followed, Hereward heard not from flying rumours; but from one who had seen, and known, and judged of all.*

For one day, about this time, Hereward was riding out of the gate of St. Omer, when the porter appealed to him. Begging for admittance were some twenty women, and a clerk or two; and they must needs see the châtelain. The châtelain was away. What should he do?

Hereward looked at the party, and saw, to his surprise, that they were Englishwomen, and two of them women of rank, to judge from the rich materials of their travel-stained and tattered garments. The ladies rode on sorry country garrons, plainly hired from the peasants who drove them. The rest of the women had walked; and weary, and footsore enough they were.

"You are surely Englishwomen?" asked he of the foremost, as he lifted his cap.

The lady bowed assent, beneath a heavy veil.

"Then you are my guests. Let them pass in." And Hereward threw himself off his horse, and took the lady's bridle.

"Stay," she said, with an accent half Wessex, half Danish. "I seek the Countess Judith, if it will please you to tell me where she lives?"

"The Countess Judith, lady, lives no longer in St. Omer. Since her husband's death, she lives with her mother at Bruges."

The lady made a gesture of disappointment.

"It were best for you, therefore, to accept my hospitality, till such time as I can send you and your ladies on to Bruges."

"I must first know who it is who offers me hospitality?"

This was said so proudly, that Hereward answered proudly enough in return—

"I am Hereward Leofricsson, whom his foes call Hereward the outlaw; and his friends, Hereward the master of knights."

She started, and threw her veil back, looking intently at him. He, for his part, gave but one glance: and then cried,

"Mother of Heaven! You are the great Countess!"

"Yes, I was that woman once, if all be not a dream. I am now I know not what, seeking hospitality—if I can believe my eyes and ears—of Godiva's son."

"And from Godiva's son you shall have it, as though you were Godiva's self. God so deal with my mother, madam, as I will deal with you."

"His father's wit, and his mother's beauty!" said the great Countess, looking upon him. "Too, too like my own lost Harold!"

"Not so, my lady. I am a dwarf compared to him." And Hereward led the garron on by the bridle, keeping his cap in hand, while all wondered who the dame could be, before whom Hereward the champion would so abase himself.

"Leofric's son does me too much honour. He has forgotten, in his chivalry, that I am Godwin's widow."

"I have not forgotten that you are Sprakaleg's daughter, and niece of Canute, king of kings. Neither have I forgotten that you are an English lady, in times in which all English folk are one, and all old English feuds are wiped away."

"In English blood. Ah! if these last words of yours were true, as you, perhaps, might make them true, England might be saved even yet."

"Saved?"

"If there were one man in it, who cared for aught but himself."

Hereward was silent and thoughtful.

He had sent Martin back to his house, to tell Torfrida to prepare bath and food; for the Countess Gyda, with all her train, was coming to be her guest. And when they entered the court, Torfrida stood ready.

"Is this your lady?" asked Gyda, as Hereward lifted her from her horse.

"I am his lady, and your servant," said Torfrida, bowing.

"Child! child! Bow not to me. Talk not of servants to a wretched slave, who only longs to crawl into some hole and die, forgetting all she was, and all she had."

And the great Countess reeled with weariness and woe, and fell upon Torfrida's neck.

A tall veiled lady next her helped to support her; and between them they almost carried her through the hall, and into Torfrida's best guest-chamber.

And there they gave her wine, and comforted her, and let her weep awhile in peace.

The second lady had unveiled herself, displaying a beauty which was still brilliant, in spite of sorrow, hunger, the stains of travel, and more than forty years of life.

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* For Gyda's coming to St. Omer that year, see Ordericus Vitalis.

"She must be Gunhilda," guessed Torfrida to herself, and not amiss.

She offered Gyda a bath, which she accepted eagerly, like a true Dane.

"I have not washed for weeks. Not since we sat starving on the Flat-Holme there, in the Severn sea. I have become as foul as my own fortunes: and why not? It is all of a piece. Why should not beggars beg unwashed?"

But when Torfrida offered Gunhilda the bath, she declined.

"I have done, lady, with such carnal vanities. What use in cleansing that body which is itself unclean, and whitening the outside of this sepulchre? If I can but cleanse my soul fit for my heavenly Bridegroom, the body may become—as it must at last—food for worms."

"She will needs enter religion, poor child," said Gyda; "and what wonder?"

"I have chosen the better part, and it shall not be taken from me."

"Taken! Taken! Hark to her. She means to mock me, the proud nun, with that same 'taken.'"

"God forbid, mother!"

"Then why say taken, to me from whom all is taken?—Husband, sons, wealth, land, renown, power—power which I loved, wretch that I was, as well as husband and as sons. Ah God! the girl is right. Better to rot in the convent, than writhe in the world. Better never to have had, than to have had and lost."

"Amen!" said Gunhilda. "'Blessed are the barren, and they that never gave suck,' saith the Lord."

"No! Not so!" cried Torfrida. "Better, Countess, to have had and lost, than never to have had at all. The glutton was right, swine as he was, when he said that not even heaven could take from him the dinners he had eaten. How much more we, if we say, not even heaven can take from us the love wherewith we have loved. Will not our souls be richer thereby, through all eternity?"

"In Purgatory?" asked Gunhilda.

"In Purgatory, or where else you will. I love my love; and though my love prove false, he has been true; though he trample me under foot, he has held me in his bosom; though he kill me, he has lived for me. What I have had will still be mine, when that which I have shall fail me."

"And you would buy short joy with lasting woe?"

"That would I, like a brave man's child. I say—The present is mine, and I will enjoy it, as greedily as a child. Let the morrow take thought for the things of itself.—Countess, your bath is ready."

Nineteen years after, when the great conqueror lay, tossing with agony and remorse, upon his dying bed, haunted by the ghosts of his victims, the clerks of St. Saviour's in Bruges' city were putting up a leaden tablet (which remains, they say, unto this very day) to the memory of one whose gentle soul had gently passed away. "Charitable to the poor, kind and agreeable to her attendants, courteous to strangers, and only severe to herself," Gunhilda had lingered on in a world of war and crime; and had gone, it may be, to meet Torfrida beyond the grave, and there finish their doubtful argument.

The Countess was served with food in Torfrida's chamber. Hereward and his wife refused to sit, and waited on her standing.

"I wish to show these saucy Flemings," said he, "that an English princess is a princess still in the eyes of one more nobly born than any of them."

But after she had eaten, she made Torfrida sit before her on the bed, and Hereward likewise; and began to talk; eagerly, as one who had not unburdened her mind for many weeks; and eloquently too, as became Sprakaleg's daughter, and Godwin's wife.

She told them how she had fled from the storm of Exeter, with a troop of women, who dreaded the brutalities of the Normans.* How they had wandered up through Devon, found fishers' boats at Watchet in Somersetshire, and gone off to the little desert island of the Flat-Holme, in hopes of there meeting with the Irish fleet, which her sons, Edmund and Godwin, were bringing against the West of England. How the fleet had never come, and they had starved for many days; and how she had bribed a passing merchantman to take her and her wretched train to the land of Baldwin the Débonnaire, who might have pity on her for the sake of his daughter Judith, and Tosti her husband who died in his sins.

And at his name, her tears began to flow afresh: fallen in his overweening pride,—like Sweyn, like Harold, like herself——

"The time was, when I would not weep. If I could, I would not. For a year, lady, after Senlac, I sat like a stone. I hardened my heart like a wall of brass, against God and man. Then, there upon the Flat-Holme, feeding on shell-fish, listening to the wail of the sea-fowl, looking outside the wan water for the sails which never came, my heart broke down a moment. And I heard a voice crying, 'There is no help in man, go thou to God.' And I answered—That were a beggar's trick, to go to God in need, when I went not to Him in plenty. No. Without God I planned, and without Him I must fail. Without Him I went into the battle, and without Him I must bide the brunt. And at best—Can He give me back my sons? And I hardened my heart again like a stone, and shed no tear till I saw your fair face this day."

"And now!" she said, turning sharply on

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* To do William justice, he would not allow his men to enter the city while they were bloodhot; and so prevented, as far as he could, the excesses which Gyda had feared.

Hereward. "What do you do here? Do you not know that your nephews' lands are parted between grooms from Angers, and scullions from Normandy?"

"So much the worse for both them and the grooms."

"Sir?"

"You forget, lady, that I am an outlaw."

"But do you not know that your mother's lands are seized likewise?"

"She will take refuge with her grandsons, who are, as I hear, again on good terms with their new master, showing thereby a most laudable and Christian spirit of forgiveness."

"On good terms? Do you not know, then, that they are fighting again, outlaws, and desperate at the Frenchman's treachery? Do you not know that they have been driven out of York, after defending the city street by street, house by house? Do you not know that there is not an old man or a child in arms left in York; and that your nephews, and the few fighting men who were left, went down the Humber in boats, and north to Scotland, to Gospatric and Waltheof? Do you not know that your mother is left alone—at Bourne, or God knows where—to endure at the hands of Norman ruffians what thousands more endure?"

Hereward made no answer, but played with his dagger.

"And do you not know that England is ready to burst into a blaze, if there be one man wise enough to put the live coal into the right place? That Sweyn Ulffson, his kinsman, or Osbern, his brother, will surely land there within the year with a mighty host? And that if there be one man in England of wit enough, and knowledge enough of war, to lead the armies of England, the Frenchman may be driven into the sea——Is there any here who understands English?"

"None but ourselves."

"And Canute's nephew sit on Canute's throne?"

Hereward still played with his dagger.

"Not the sons of Harold, then?" asked he, after a while.

"Never! I promise you that—I, Countess Gyda, their grandmother."

"Why promise me, of all men, O great lady?"

"Because—I will tell you after. But this I say, my curse on the grandson of mine who shall try to seize that fatal crown, which cost the life of my fairest, my noblest, my wisest, my bravest!"

Hereward bowed his head, as if consenting to the praise of Harold. But he knew who spoke; and he was thinking within himself: "Her curse may be on him who shall seize, and yet not on him to whom it is given."

"All that they, young and unskilful lads, have a right to ask is, their father's earldoms and their father's lands. Edwin and Morcar would keep their earldoms as of right. It is a pity, that there is no lady of the house of Godwin, whom we could honour by offering her to one of your nephews, in return for their nobleness in giving Aldytha to my Harold. But this foolish girl here, refuses to wed——"

"And is past forty," thought Hereward to himself.

"However, some plan to join the families more closely together might be thought of. One of the young earls might marry Judith here.* Waltheof would have Northumbria, in right of his father, and ought to be well content—for although she is somewhat older than he, she is peerlessly beautiful—to marry your niece Aldytha." †

"And Gospatric?"

"Gospatric," she said, with a half-sneer, "will be as sure, as he is able, to get something worth having for himself out of any medley. Let him have Scotch Northumbria, if he claim it. He is a Dane, and our work will be to make a Danish England once and for ever."

"But what of Sweyn's gallant holders and housecarles, who are to help to do this mighty deed?"

"Senlac left gaps enough among the noblemen of the South, which they can fill up, in the place of the French scum who now riot over Wessex. And if that should not suffice, what higher honour for me, or for my daughter the Queen-Dowager, than to devote our lands to the heroes who have won them back for us?"

Hereward hoped inwardly that Gyda would be as good as her word; for her greedy grasp had gathered to itself, before the Battle of Hastings, no less than six-and-thirty thousand acres of good English soil.

"I have always heard," said he, bowing, "that if the Lady Gyda had been born a man, England would have had another all-seeing and all-daring statesman, and Earl Godwin a rival, instead of a helpmate. Now I believe what I have heard."

But Torfrida looked sadly at the Countess. There was something pitiable in the sight of a woman ruined, bereaved, seemingly hopeless, portioning out the very land from which she was a fugitive; unable to restrain the passion for intrigue, which had been the toil and the bane of her sad and splendid life.

"And now," she went on, "surely some kind saint brought me, even on my first landing, to you of all living men."

"Doubtless the blessed St. Bertin, beneath whose shadow we repose here in peace," said Hereward, somewhat drily.

"I will go barefoot to his altar to-morrow, and offer my last jewel," said Gunhilda.

"You," said Gyda, without noticing her daughter, "are, above all men, the man who is needed." And she began praising Hereward's valour, his fame, his eloquence, his skill as a general and engineer; and when he suggested, smiling, that he was an exile and an outlaw, she insisted that he was all the fitter from that very fact. He had no enemies among the nobles. He had been mixed up in none of the civil wars and blood feuds of the last fifteen years. He was known only as that which he was, the ablest captain of his day—the only man who could cope with William, the only man whom all parties in England would alike obey.

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* Tosti's widow, daughter of Baldwin of Flanders.
† Harold's widow.

And so, with flattery as well as with truth, she persuaded, if not Hereward, at least Torfrida, that he was the man destined to free England once more; and that an earldom—anything which he chose to ask—would be the sure reward of his assistance.

"Torfrida," said Hereward that night, "kiss me well; for you will not kiss me again for awhile."

"What?"

"I am going to England to-morrow."

"Alone?"

"Alone. I and Martin to spy out the land; and a dozen or so of housecarles to take care of the ship in harbour."

"But you have promised to fight the Viscount of Pinkney."

"I will be back again in time for him. Not a word—I must go to England, or go mad."

"But Countess Gyda? Who will squire her to Bruges?"

"You, and the rest of my men. You must tell her all. She has a woman's heart, and will understand. And tell Baldwin I shall be back within the month, if I am alive on land or water."

"Hereward, Hereward, the French will kill you!"

"Not while I have your armour on. Peace, little fool! Are you actually afraid for Hereward at last?"

"Oh, heavens! when am I not afraid for you!" and she cried herself to sleep upon his bosom. But she knew that it was the right, and knightly, and Christian thing to do.

Two days after, a long ship ran out of Calais, and sailed away north and east.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

V.—A MAN OF SORROWS.

"A man of sorrows."—Isaiah liii. 3.

THIS was one of the marks by which Israel was to know his Christ.

On the whole, no mark was so distinctly foretold. Visions, indeed, of triumph and empire floated here and there before the prophet's soul: visions of a conquering Chief and a sovereign people.

But one thing was plain: that in some marvellous way "He that should come" would combine humility with exaltation, suffering with majesty, shame with glory, and death with life.

The jealous preservation of this chapter by the Jews themselves among the writings of Divine Inspiration, is one of the most extraordinary proofs of the special Providence of God in giving and preserving to our use the sacred deposit of his revealed truth. Every line of it condemns them: and yet they have been made to keep it for us. "Unto them were entrusted," for everlasting preservation, "the oracles of God."

The promised Saviour was to be

A MAN OF SORROWS.

That was to be his characteristic. Though mingling freely in the homes and amidst the enjoyments of others, He was not to give the impression of a joyous person. Humanly speaking—yea, more than humanly speaking—his strength was to lie elsewhere. The power by which He was to draw men to Himself, the charm by which He was to keep men near Himself, was not to be the attraction of cheerfulness, not the pleasantness of his speech or the gladness of his character: it was to be just the opposite of this: it was to be his acquaintance with grief: it was to be his insight into and sympathy with the sufferings of his creatures: those who were to see any beauty in Him that they should desire Him—and the prophet hints that while He was upon earth they would not be many—must see that beauty in this; that He was "a Man of Sorrows."

How this was fulfilled in our Lord Jesus Christ, I need not remind you. But it is good for us to dwell upon it, though we know it.

I. His own personal life was a sorrowful one.

He was away from home; from his Father's presence.

He was a stranger—and made continually to feel it—in a strange land.

From his childhood He was full of thoughts which He could not utter; because, if uttered, they were not understood.

He was a lonely Man. Those who loved Him knew Him not. They were constantly misreading his intentions, thwarting his purposes, and suggesting a line of action which was not his own.

While they were faithful to Him, they could not understand Him. It was a constant struggle for Him to convey spiritual thoughts to the carnal, and heavenly ideas to the earthly-minded.

At last they deserted Him: all forsook Him and fled.

Joyless his life was at all times; unquiet, laborious, homeless: He "had not where to lay his head:"

"there were many coming and going, and He had no leisure so much as to eat." Prayer, his one solace, was often interrupted by new demands: and, when He was at work, his own friends said that He was beside Himself.

His sympathy with others by no means implied their sympathy with Him. In general, the sympathy was all on one side. He had cause indeed to say—well was it for Him that He could say it—"It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

II. But his sorrows, like his labours, were for others. It is in this aspect chiefly that we would now regard Him as the Man of Sorrows.

1. Jesus Christ sorrowed over bodily suffering.

No doubt, his miracles were wrought in attestation of his Messiahship. But how did they attest his Messiahship? Would they have done so if they had been wrought in cold, sullen, scornful indifference? as by One who was performing a necessary task, and that for his own sake; to bear witness to Himself? What made the miracles a sign of the Messiahship, was the whole thing together: the power, doubtless, in part; but not less, the tenderness, and the gentleness, and the sympathy, and the love, which prompted in each case the beneficent act.

It was a great thing that He fed the five thousand in the wilderness with a few loaves and a few small fishes. But was it not almost a greater thing, that He who had the power to do this should have felt that yearning compassion, of which the Evangelists tell, in the sight of that hungry, homeless, needy crowd? "Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and," because He was the Man of Sorrows, and not a being of some different mould from that of suffering humanity, therefore He "was moved with compassion toward them," and in that warm, kind, generous pity first taught and then fed them.

How beautiful, in that connection, becomes the miracle, recorded by St. Mark only, of the healing of the deaf and stammering man by the sea of Galilee; when He, who had the power, and knew that He had the power, to remove the malady, yet, in the very act of doing so, "looked up to heaven and sighed" as He said the all-powerful "Ephphatha" which bade the deaf ear be opened! That sigh fulfilled the sign given in prophecy of Him that should come. It showed Him, not only as the Almighty One, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; but also as that All-pitying One, in whom dwelt all the fulness of humanity too; as the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief.

2. He sorrowed too over mental suffering.

When He met that funeral procession coming forth from the gate of Nain, with the widowed and now orphaned mother following behind, it was not that He hailed this as an opportunity of "manifesting forth his glory;" it was not that He coldly or roughly restored the breath to the closed lips, or the warmth to the frozen limbs, or the colour to the pallid cheek and brow of death, as One who would say, Receive the credentials of my Messiahship, and accept me by this sign as your Lord and King: no, a human compassion wrought with the Divine power, and marked the Redeemer not only as the mighty God, but also as the Man of Sorrows, bearing our griefs. "When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her:" and when He had bidden the young man to arise, it was "to his mother" that He "delivered him."

Even so was it in the more detailed narrative of the raising of Lazarus. Although He thought it needful for God's glory that the death should not be prevented but suffered, and allowed therefore the sisters to think for two days that He was wanting in his care for them, yet how tender was the feeling shown at each step of that wonderful history; from the first mention of the "sleep" of his friend to his disciples at a distance, to the grief shown in the meeting and the tears shed at the grave! That briefest of all sentences, "Jesus wept," how does it carry with it, to all mourners, the assurance of his tender concern for them, who is Himself the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief!

3. He sorrowed too over spiritual suffering.

Wherever He saw anxiety and distress for sin, there, more than elsewhere, was his sympathy shown.

The publican standing afar off, in shame and penitence, in the Temple courts; able only to smite upon his breast, and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" whether his case was one actually seen, or only given by the All-wise Teacher as the sample and specimen of many; with what strong respect and deep sympathy does He speak of him! "I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." As though He would say, I know the thousand times ten thousand hearts in which that Parable will in all ages be fulfilled: I know, and I feel for, and I love them; and here I place on record for all time the assurance of my tenderness and of my sympathy towards the self-accusing and the sin-laden.

And then the "woman which was a sinner;" who came to Him, unbidden and unwelcome and despised of others, as He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house; stood at his feet behind Him weeping, washing his feet with her tears, and anointing them with precious ointment; till at last He uttered those life-giving words, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much:" and again, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

It was but one example, out of many, of the sympathy of Christ with spiritual suffering. How was it with the fallen disciple, with St. Peter, in his sin and in his repentance? Wonderful is the record of that "look" which his Master, then on his trial—wearied, insulted, and outraged Himself, and not least by his own—found time and heart to bestow upon him, as though at once to bring him to himself, and also to assure him that he was not forgotten! Marvellous, too, the tenderness of that thrice-repeated question, after His resurrection, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" as if He would give him the desired opportunity of a threefold recantation of his threefold denial; and then of that solemn and touching re-investiture with the apostolical office, in the charge thrice repeated, "Feed my lambs"—"feed my sheep"—"feed my sheep." Surely there is no one who may not bring to Christ, with all humility, yet with all confidence too, the confession of his sins and shortcomings, his unfaithfulnesses and backslidings!

III. And yet we have scarcely touched upon the keenest of Christ's sorrows.

That sorrow which consists in sympathy with sorrow, carries its balm with it. Two hearts feeling together—and that is sympathy—half console each other. Sympathy is sweet, however bitter the grief which it shares. That person does not know the worst of all sorrow, who knows only a fellow-sorrow; a grief which he is helping to bear, or a grief which another bears with him. If Christ had had no sorrows but those of sympathy with a malady which He could heal, with a bereavement which He could repair, or with a penitence which He could bless with his forgiveness, the words of the text had not been verified in Him to the full.

He was a Man of Sorrows also, and chiefly, in relation to sin.

1. He had to *see* sin.

All around Him there was sin.

(1) Many vices were doubtless practised there, in the Holy Land; making homes wretched, and doing dishonour to God. The common sins of a fallen nature were daily committed, no doubt, if not in his sight, yet at least in the full view of his Omniscient intuition. These things caused Him sorrow.

(2) It was perhaps worse still to see religion itself with its very heart eaten out of it in those who professed to be its disciples and even its teachers. It is quite plain that the formalism, the false sanctimoniousness, the utter and absolute hypocrisy, of the Scribes and Pharisees, was the thing which caused our Saviour on earth the greatest concern as well as the greatest displeasure. It met Him everywhere. He could not go into the Temple, without seeing some sign of it. Perhaps there was a Pharisee saying his prayers; for a pretence making long prayers, full of boasting and self-parade; and then going away to devour a widow's substance. Perhaps there was a Scribe teaching the people; laying down the law, professing (unhappily) to lay down *God's* law, to the ignorant but respectful knot of men, women, and children around him: and in all that he taught them there was not one word of truth, not one word of reality, not one idea communicated by which the soul could be nourished. Perhaps, when Christ was teaching, or when He was in the very act of healing, He saw before Him—it happened constantly—some suspicious countenance, some "evil eye," watching his work and lying in wait to accuse. Often the same spirit broke out in open blasphemy. "This Man is in concert with the devil. The devil lets Him cast him out, that he may be the gainer." The finished work of such men was his betrayal and murder: but the work, in its beginning and in its progress, was harder still for Him to bear; thwarting his gracious designs, and giving at each turn that most painful impression, of being in a hostile presence and watched by a hostile eye.

(3) Sin came nearer to Him even than this. The very lists of the Apostles bear witness to it. "And Judas Iscariot, which also was the traitor." Most wonderful indeed is the record of that Divine forbearance, which treated the traitor Apostle, through three long years, on terms of friendship, confidence, and sympathy. All the miracles were wrought, all the discourses of Christ were uttered, with Judas Iscariot standing in the inner circle. And "Jesus knew from the beginning who should betray Him." Can we think of a trial, of a sorrow, heavier than this? to have in your own household, at your own table, admitted to your confidence, possessed of your secrets, one who is hardening more and more into hostility, and whom you know to be marked out as your eventual betrayer? This sorrow was Christ's all along. He had a traitor in his camp, an enemy in his bosom.

2. But all this stops short of making Christ the Man of Sorrows.

He had also to *bear* sin.

To see sin was sorrow to the Holy One. To see sin ruining men's lives, teaching in God's name, present daily with Him in disguise, was enough to sadden Him. But He was to come closer even than this to it. "He bare," this chapter says, "the sin of many."

We do not desire to speak, where God has not spoken, on a subject the most difficult and the most mysterious of all. But when the Word of God says—and it is only one passage out of many—"God made Him, who knew no sin, sin for us," we see that there must be something intended, of a taking upon Him of human sin, which goes far beyond the mere seeing and hearing, the mere feeling and grieving for, that which is evil; something best expressed, to our imperfect comprehension, by the words offering and sacrifice, atonement and propitiation; insomuch that the sins of each one of us were laid upon Christ to be borne and done away; the justice of God made consistent with his mercy in forgiving and blotting out transgression; and all for the sake of the merits and death of his Son Jesus Christ, who is the one immaculate Lamb given to take away the sin of the world.

It is probably in reference to this, above all else, that Christ is here called a Man of Sorrows. If we wish to see Him in his sorrow, we must go with Him to Gethsemane and Calvary. It was in Gethsemane that the confession fell from Him, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." It was on Calvary that the cry was wrung from his lips, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Surely it was neither the fear of death nor the presence of death which constituted the point and sting of that grief. It was no mere remembrance of what He had seen of sin upon earth, no mere anticipation of what sin might yet be in its misery and in its consequences, which expressed itself in those bitter words of anguish. Sin was nearer to Him even than the memory or the foreknowledge. It was then lying upon Him: He was bearing it—bearing it for us—tasting death, not for Himself, but (by the grace of God) for every man. The crowning point of the sorrows was the conscious incorporation with the sin. He had grieved over it in the spectacle of hardened hearts and seared consciences: He had wept over it in the contemplation of a doomed city, and in the prospect of a ruined and desolated country: now He bore it upon his soul, and, in pouring out that soul unto death, knew and felt that He was not only numbered with the transgressors, but making his soul (as it is written) an offering for sin. The Man of Sorrows is perfected, in that character, as the sin-bearer and the sin-offering.

IV. The subject is full of interest, and full of instruction.

1. If it is as a Man of Sorrows that Jesus Christ comes to us, it must be, first of all, as a memento of the fitness of sorrow to our condition as sinful men.

The great desire and yearning of our nature is for happiness. It is so, and it must be. A man who does not wish to be happy is a man with a deformed and distorted mind. By nature we all desire it; and God implanted that desire in us for our good.

The fault is not in the desire for happiness; but in our mistakes as to its nature.

Many of us mistake carelessness for happiness. This is, in other words, to mistake security for safety, forgetfulness of danger for freedom from danger.

If there is one word of truth in the Bible, we are all in great danger; danger of utter ruin and of final misery. If this be true, it can be no happiness to forget it. We all pity a person whom we see rushing on unawares to a desperate collision or a frightful fall. His ignorance of the danger is what we most commiserate. We do not say, He has been spared a few moments of fear: we rather say, If he had only foreseen he might have prevented the crash. Is it not so with the soul? If each one of us is in danger, it is wretched that we should be triflers. If not the danger only but also a way of escape is made known to us, then seriousness is the first condition of happiness, and carelessness is not only unbecoming, it is fatal too.

Now I say that the thought of our Saviour as a Man of Sorrows should show us the suitableness of seriousness, and even of sadness, to our condition as fallen and sinful beings.

A Christian ought to be happy: but who that is capable of judging will deny this, that one ingredient in true happiness is sorrow? Sorrow for the sufferings of others—sorrow for the sins of others—sorrow for our own sins, first and most of all—is that a bar to peace? In the happiest persons whom we have known there has been a vein of sadness: they were happier in proportion as they had this: for it made their happiness truer, it made it safer, and it made it more Christ-like. A person who is all smiles and jests is not a happy man: because his whole happiness rests upon a lie: he is trying to represent the world to himself as what it is not, as what a fallen and sinful world cannot be: and he is trying to represent his own state to himself as what it is not; for he who is fighting his way through snares and temptations, through infirmities and sins, into a life in which God is all, has other things to do than to picture scenes of flowers and sunshine, of relaxation and repose.

For all men seriousness, for most men sadness, is the expression of the truth. All are in danger: most men are not even in the way out of it.

With a Man of Sorrows for our Saviour, we are reminded of this first truth.

2. Again, only a Man of Sorrows could be a Saviour for all men, and for the whole of life.

We dare not say in what proportion—but certainly in a very large proportion—sorrow is mixed up in the experience of human life.

For one man entirely at ease, in mind, body, and estate, how many, shall we say, are in a condition of discomfort, of conscious disquietude, in one of these respects or in all? Of the readers of these pages, who is there without some definite drawback to entire satisfaction? The health, or the income—the business, or the family—the affections, or the conscience—the past, or the future—I do not suppose there are ten persons amongst them all who could honestly say that in all these things they are entirely and absolutely happy. Now just in proportion as there is a drawback to happiness, there is what we may call a natural affinity and attraction to Christ. Slow as we are to turn to Him in affliction, we are slower still to turn to Him in prosperity. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Not until the lights of earth are dimmed, do men commonly look out for the great, central, all-quickening light of heaven. "When He slew them, they sought Him." And then the thing which most touches them is the thought that the Saviour was a suffering Man below; that He tasted not of human joy, but drank to the dregs the cup of human grief; that He was despised and rejected of men, bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, was Himself (in every sense) a Man of Sorrows, and profoundly acquainted with grief. It is this which makes Him a Saviour for all men and for the whole of life: for the sad as well as the joyful, for hours of gloom as well as moments of gladness.

3. It seems to follow from these things—and it is always worth dwelling upon—that sorrow, however deep, has its solaces and its compensations.

(1) Whatever it be, it is of the nature of sorrow to bring a man nearer to truth, nearer to reality,

nearer therefore to hope. A man in sorrow is all the nearer to the Man of Sorrows. I know too well that he may be in sorrow and yet miss Him. Sorrow of itself brings no man to Christ. There is a "sorrow of the world," St. Paul says, which "worketh death," as well as a "godly sorrow" which "worketh repentance unto salvation." Still, in itself, sorrow is a favourable condition for the soul's health. A man who turns not to Christ in sorrow, would still less turn to Christ in gladness. He is the nearer to Christ for it, though he may not—if he will not—reach Christ through it. One great and chief obstacle is removed: it is his to arise and go to Him.

(2) And sorrow makes a man more useful. It gives him a new experience and a new sympathy. Like his Master, he can now go with acceptance to the suffering. He finds in himself a new power of entering into their sorrows; and if he be a Christian indeed, he is able to "comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith he himself has first been comforted of God." This, in the Christian estimate, is no light matter. He can now do Christ's own work—as he could not before—of ministering to the distressed and sorrow-laden. They will trust him now. They will find in him a response which they seek in vain, or probably seek not, in the prosperous. Let him draw out of the wells of salvation a supply both for himself and them!

4. One thing remains; the most important of all: the question, namely, how we stand, we ourselves, in reference to this Saviour.

If He is a Man of Sorrows, it is in order that He may minister to our sorrows. It is that He may draw us to Him by the assurance of his sympathy, and keep us near Him by the experience of his tenderness.

(1) There are some few persons amongst us, who could not truly describe themselves as being in sorrow. Life has dealt gently with them thus far: the rough hand of pain and loss has not yet been laid upon them: they imagine that it will be so with them, or not far otherwise, even to the end. In the meantime they let well alone, and take that which comes.

And is this all? Is there to be no provision made against change, against misfortune, against sorrow, against death?

To you Christ speaks as the Man of Sorrows, just because you want the contrast between what He is and what you are; want it for sobering, want it for awakening, want it for admonition and instruction in righteousness. He would say to you, There are realities which you scarcely dream of, around, above, and before you: if you think not of them, you are lost: come unto me, and I will teach you: I will open the closed eye, and give understanding to the sealed heart: I will make happiness safe for you, make it true, and make it eternal. There cannot be happiness where there is not truth: I will set your feet on the rock, and then you shall never be moved.

(2) Others are at this time in great sorrow: lonely, desolate, friendless, disconsolate. And yet even they do not quite see how and where they are to find Christ. They have a general trust in his mercy, in his tenderness, in his sympathy: but if they are to say that they find rest in Him, find comfort, find love, they cannot. The world is dark to them, and yet heaven is not bright. My friends, He is nearer to you than you think. You must not expect, still less wait for, visible or audible tokens of his presence. He is everywhere, and therefore here: "He that made the eye, does He not see? He that made the ear, shall He not hear?" Yes, He sees your want, in its hidden source and spring: He sees, and He regards it. The heart's desire is the prayer He looks for: deal with Him as if He heard, as if He cared for you; and be assured that it is so. "We shall know," says the Prophet, "if only we will follow on to know the Lord."

(3) The chief trouble of others is about their sins. They are disheartened, they are discouraged, they are half in despair. This sin which has long beset them, this sin which they have prayed against, which they once thought they had half vanquished, is again upon them: again they are entangled, again overcome. Who shall deliver them from the body of this death?

You have seen, my friends, once again now, what Christ is towards sin: how He came, and lived, and suffered, and died, a Man of Sorrows, chiefly because of it: it caused Him his chief anguish: it cost Him his life; twice over; a dying life by reason of sin, and then at last a cruel and desolate death. Therefore be assured that He knows all its malignity, and is ready to give all his compassion and all his strength for its overthrow and for its extirpation. Think of Him in his sorrows; in that predominant sadness from which He took his name: and depend upon his sympathy and upon his help in yours. Doubt not the steadfastness of his purpose, whether on earth or in heaven, "to deliver man." For this He submitted to be born of a woman; for this He placed Himself under the Law of God; for this He taught and laboured, spake words such as man never spake, and went about doing good; for this He at last bore shame and desertion, insult and anguish, the hiding of his Father's countenance, and a death uncheered by one ray of comfort; for this He rose again, and ascended; for this He ever liveth to make intercession. Trust Him humbly, trust Him wholly; trust Him when you see Him not; and when He seems to be silent to you, trust Him still! Soon shall you find yourself a little cheered, and a little aided: now and then a victory will be vouchsafed, when it is safe for you; now and then even from defeat you shall arise strengthened for warfare: at last, all shall be peace; you shall be found to have withstood in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. You shall hear from your Lord the glad "Well done;" and to him that hath overcome He will give the crown of life.

ON LIGHT.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.

PART I.

REFLEXION.—REFRACTION.—DISPERSION.—COLOUR.—ABSORPTION.

(*Continued from page 326.*)

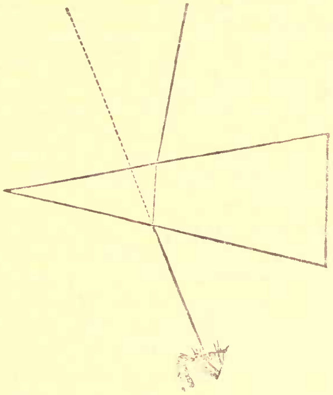
It is evident from what we said in the concluding paragraph on p. 326, that according to the greater or less disproportion between the lines M R, N S, on the diagram there given, or the sines of the two angles of incidence and refraction, the greater or less will be the amount of bending (or *angle of deviation*, as it is called) of the ray at its point of transmission, for one and the same degree of obliquity—as also that for one and the same medium, the *deviation* increases *with* the angle of incidence (though not *proportionally to* it), being *nil* when the ray enters perpendicularly, and a maximum when just grazing the surface. If in any case M R be greater than N S, or the "ratio of the sines" be one of "greater inequality," the bending will be *towards* the perpendicular; if less, or if that ratio be one "of less inequality," *from* it; as indicated by the course of the dotted ray in the figure. If the former be the case in any instance, as in that where a ray passes out of air into water, the latter will happen in the reverse case, as where it passes out of water into air: that is to say, in optical language, "out of a denser medium into a rarer." This follows, from the general fact that the illuminating and illuminated points are convertible, or that a ray can always return by the path of its arrival, so that the refraction of a ray out of any medium into air is performed according to the same rule of the sines, only reversing the terms of the proportion; or in other words, regarding what was the angle of incidence in the one case as that of refraction in the other and *vice versâ*. Numerically expressed, this reversal of the terms of a proportion, or ratio, is equivalent to inverting the numerator and denominator of the fraction expressing it, so that, for instance in the passage of light out of water into air, the "law of the sines" is expressed in the same general terms, but the "refractive index" (by which is meant the *number* expressing the proportion in question) has to be changed into its numerical reciprocal. In the case supposed, when light passes out of air into water, the proportion of the sines is that of 1336 to 1000, or almost exactly 4 to 3; and the "refractive index" is accordingly expressed by the fraction $\frac{4}{3}$, or the almost exactly equivalent decimal 1·336. In the reversed case, then, when the transmission is out of water into air, it will be $\frac{3}{4}=0·75$, or more precisely 0·749.

As a matter of experiment, it is found that between transparent media, or substances capable of being traversed by light, there exists a very wide diversity in this ratio of the sines of the two angles in question, or in the numerical values of the "refractive indices." Thus when light passes out of air into the less refractive species of plate-glass, the index instead of $\frac{4}{3}$ is $\frac{3}{2}$ or 1·5; into sulphur (which in its crystalline form is transparent), 2·0; and into diamond, or the mineral called octohedride, 2·5. In fact each particular transparent substance, solid, liquid, *or gaseous*, has its own peculiar, and, so to speak, *characteristic* index of refraction, which is found to stand in relation to its physical habitudes in many other respects, especially with its chemical composition, and its state of aggregation and density.

Even common air, in respect of a vacuum, has its refractive index—viz.: 1·0003—the effect of which is perceived in the phenomenon of astronomical refraction, by which the sun or moon is rendered visible when actually sunk below the level of the true horizon.

From what is above stated, it is easy to see that when a ray is transmitted through a sheet or plate of any substance (as a window-glass) with parallel surfaces, its course after emergence will be parallel to its original direction, so that though displaced laterally, its direction in space is unchanged, which is the reason we see objects in their proper directions through a window. If the surface at which it emerges be not parallel to that through which it enters, this exact restoration of the original direction will not take place; and as we judge of the situation of an object only by the direction in which its light ultimately enters the eye, anything seen through a transparent substance whose surfaces are so inclined, will appear shifted in angular position. Any transparent substance so formed of polished plane surfaces inclined to each other, is called in optics "*a prism;*" and the angle at which the two planes in question meet, or would meet if extended, its "refractive angle." If such a prism—of glass, for instance—be held before the eye with its refractive angle vertical, and to the left, an object seen through it will appear deviated or shifted to the left of its true situation, the ray (as a slight consideration will show) being bent *towards the* thicker part of the prism; *thus* (see fig. on next page). And thus by a very simple calculation, with which we shall not trouble our readers, from the angular amount of deviation caused by a prism of any medium whose refracting angle is measured, can the "refractive index" of that medium be ascertained.

When refraction takes place out of *any one* transparent medium into *any other* in close and perfect contact with it—such contact as exists, for instance, between a fluid and a solid *that it wets*, or between two fluids of different specific gravities, which do not mix, resting the one on the other—experiment shows that, so far as *the mere direction* of the refracted ray is concerned, it is the same as if the two media were separated by an exceedingly thin film of air. In that case, the same perpendicular being common to both surfaces at the point of contact, the angle of refraction out of the first medium is the same with that of incidence on the second. And from this it results that the proportion of the sine of internal incidence on the surface of the first to that of internal refraction at that of the second, or the "relative index of refraction," is constant for the same media, and is equal to the quotient of their respective *absolute* refractive indices. Thus, if the first medium be water, and the second be plate-glass, whose respective absolute indices are $\frac{4}{3}$ and $\frac{3}{2}$, the relative index, or that out of water into glass, will be $\frac{3}{2}$ divided by $\frac{4}{3}$ or $\frac{9}{8}=1·125$.



A very curious result follows from what has been said—viz: that though light can pass out of a rarer medium into a denser, whatever be the obliquity of incidence, even when the incident ray but just as it were grazes the surface, yet the converse is not the case. For every denser medium, there is a limit of obliquity beyond which transmission into a rarer, cannot take place. The ray is *wholly reflected* without undergoing any diminution of brightness whatever; observing the same law of equality between the angles of incidence and reflexion, as in the case of ordinary reflexion on a mirror. The brightness of the reflexion, however, far surpasses anything that can be obtained from the most brilliant looking-glass or metallic mirror, being equal to that of the object directly seen. The effect is very striking, and is easily seen by immersing a small rod obliquely in a glass tumbler of water, and viewing the *under* surface of the water from below upwards at a moderate obliquity. The reflexion of the rod is seen without the smallest diminution of brightness. It is thus that fishes see the bottom of their pond reduplicated by internal reflexion on the distant parts of its surface. The *rationale* is simple enough. If two angles always have their sines in a fixed proportion, the greater may increase up to a right angle, but the less cannot; since the contrary would require the sine of the greater to exceed the radius of the circle.

Within this limit, when the angle of incidence is such as to admit of the transmission of the ray, the reflexion is less than total. The incident beam is subdivided; a part only is transmitted, the rest undergoes reflexion. The total amount of incident light is divided between them, but very unequally, and *the more* so *the less* the difference between the refractive indices of the media; or in optical language, between their "refractive densities." Thus, when light passes at a perpendicular incidence out of air into water, only 2 per cent. of the whole incident beam is reflected; when into plate-glass, about 4 per cent., but when out of water into such glass, the amount of reflected light is less than $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. At oblique incidences, the reflexion is more copious, increasing in intensity as the obliquity increases, until the incident light but just grazes the surface.

The laws of reflexion and refraction being known, it is the part of geometry to follow them out in the several cases where light is incident on plane, spherical, or any other curved surfaces, reflecting or refracting, and thus to deduce the various theorems and propositions which the practical optician has need of for the construction of his mirrors, lenses, prisms, telescopes and microscopes. All these, as beside our present purpose, we pretermit, confining ourselves entirely to the physical properties of light, and the theories which have been advanced for their explanation. This need not prevent us, however, from appealing to the effects produced by such instruments, especially such as are in most common use, and as can hardly be other than familiar to most of our readers, such as magnifying glasses (or lenses), telescopes, &c. It requires no knowledge of geometry, for instance, or any acquaintance with its application to theoretical optics, to enable any one to form a perfectly just conception of the mode in which the eye enables him to see, when his attention is called to a photographic picture, and he sees it impressed on its ground by the rays of light collected and brought to a focus by that assemblage of convex and concave lenses in a *camera obscura* which the photographer uses for the purpose. The dissection of an eye shows it *to be* such an assemblage, and the picture it produces may be actually seen at the back of the eye of an animal recently killed, by removing the opake leathery coat which envelopes it, and disclosing the retina. How the nerves of that tissue indeed convey to the mind *the perception* of colour and form, is, and will probably ever remain, a mystery; but is no more so in the case of vision than of any other of the senses, from which vision differs only in its transcendent refinement and the elaborate structure of that most wonderful of all optical instruments by which *form*, as well as colour and brightness, is brought within its range.

The latter qualities are probably *perceived* by animals unprovided with eyes, such as the *proteus anguinus*, which inhabits dark caves, and whose delicate skin is evidently and painfully affected by the light; but to convey the perception of form, a picture must be produced, and in its own peculiar manner.

We are now prepared to understand the mode in which colour originates. This, to the ancients was always a mystery. The light of the sun, and of ordinary daylight, which is only that of the sun dispersed and reflected backwards and forwards among the clouds, is white, or nearly so. Nevertheless, when we look through a red glass, or view a green leaf, it conveys to the mind the perception of those colours. How is this? If it be by light only that we see, and if that light convey to us *absolutely none* of the material elements of the bodies from which we receive it, how comes it that it excites in us such various and perfectly distinct sensations? The light itself must have either acquired or parted with something in its passage through or reflexion from the coloured body. Supposing, for instance, light to be a substance; it may have taken up some excessively minute portion of the object and introduced it to the direct contact of our nerves. In that case the sense of colour would be assimilated to those of taste or smell. Or it may have undergone *analysis*, and colour would then arise from a *deficiency* of something existing in the sun's light, and the *relative redundancy* of some other portion. In this view, light would be regarded, not as a simple, but a compound substance, or a mixture of so many simple ones as would suffice to explain all the observed differences of tint. On the other hand, if light be a movement, or an influence, we must admit in that movement or influence a similar capacity for analysis or composition, or else have recourse to some unknown modification of the one or the other, leaving the phænomenon as unexplained as before. There may, for instance, be a great variety of such movements, all *luminiferous*, but not all *alike;* and some may be destroyed, or some exaggerated, in the act of reflexion or transmission.

The key to this mystery, up to a certain point, was furnished by Newton, in his analysis of white light by prismatic refraction. A full account of the manner in which that analysis is performed, of the phænomena it presents, and of the nature and subdivisions of the "Prismatic spectrum," is given in our article on "The Sun" in GOOD WORDS for 1863, pp. 278, 279, to which, to avoid repetition, we refer our readers. Let us, however, consider what kind of general theoretical interpretation we are entitled to put on this analysis. Now, the first and most obvious conclusion is, that the phænomenon we have to deal with, is not what in the accuracy of modern scientific language is understood by the term "analysis." It is the separation and redistribution *(according to degrees* of a certain quality common to all its elements—viz., that of REFRANGIBILITY) of a *mixture*, rather than the *dialysis* of a true *compound*. The simile by which we there illustrated it is so far exact. A glacier moraine might be redistributed by tidal action over the floor of the Ocean; the great blocks left *in situ*, or little moved—the smaller forming shingle, gravel beds, sandstones, or incoherent muddy deposits, with every possible intermediate gradation of size. But if in all this series any particular size were found entirely and universally deficient, throughout the whole series of formations traceable to that source, we should conclude, not that a mass of that size is an impossibility *in rerum naturâ*, but that owing to some unknown cause in the nature of a previous sifting, every pebble or grain of that size had been already separated, or otherwise arrested *in limine*, and might expect elsewhere to find it in the case of some other series of geological formations. So it is with the sun's light. Certain definite and marked degrees of *refrangibility* are wanting in its spectrum, indicated by the dark lines which cross it. But if absent in solar light, they exist in the light of flames, and of other luminous sources, which in their turn are again deficient in other degrees which yet abound in the solar rays. Refrangibility, then, taken as a property of light generally, is a quality susceptible of indefinite *gradation*, from the one extreme of the spectrum to the other.

If we limit our consideration to some one medium—glass, for instance,—we find each particular degree of refrangibility associated, first, with a determinate and invariable index of refraction, which determines its place in the spectrum by determining the amount of deflexion it shall undergo in passing through the prism; and secondly, with an equally determinate and invariable tint in the scale of "prismatic colour," the red corresponding to the least and the violet to the greatest refractive index. The truth of these propositions is easily tested on any one ray of the spectrum insulated from the rest by intercepting all the others. The ray so insulated, whatever its tint, is no longer separated or "dispersed" by subsequent refraction into a new spectrum. It preserves its tint unaltered, and conforms to the "rule of the sines" in its flexure, as if no other colour or refrangibility existed. Hence we might be led to conclude, as Newton himself did, that between these two qualities,—refrangibility and colour,—an absolute and invariable connection exists. This, however, is not the case. The propositions in question cannot be generalized. When different media are examined, we find that not only does the same colour correspond to different degrees of refrangibility, or to different *absolute* values of the refractive index in each, but that the same *change* of colour does not correspond in different media to the same *proportionate* change of the refractive index; and that, in short, taking the "scale of colour" in all its gradations, from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo, to the last perceptible violet, and that feeble tint beyond the violet which can hardly be called a colour, but which is most nearly expressed by the term *lavender*, as a guide,—each particular medium distributes these rays through its spectrum, though always in the same *order* of succession, yet in other respects according to a law peculiar to itself: thus indicating both a total amount of *dispersion* and a *scale of action* dependent on the physical properties of the medium, and in some sort as it were personal to each. This power which a transparent medium has of separating the differently coloured rays and spreading them over an angular space greater or less in proportion to the total deviation of some one ray, taken as a standard, from its former course, is called in optics the "dispersive power" of the medium. It differs very widely in different media, and in consequence, the lengths of the spectra which they produce, corresponding to one and the same mean or average refraction, differ accordingly. Thus, for example, the total lengths of the spectra produced by prisms of fluorspar, water, diamond, flint glass, and oil of cassia (the mean refractions being the same), are to each other in the proportions of the numbers 22, 35, 38, 48, and 139.

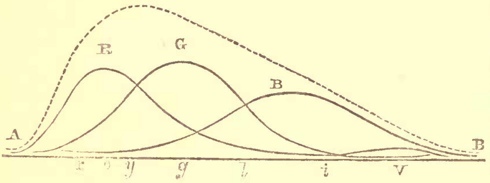
This quality of dispersion stands in very distinct relation to the chemical constitution of the refracting medium. Thus it is found that all the compounds of lead, whether in liquid solution, natural or artificial crystals, or glasses into which that metal enters largely, possess very high dispersive powers; while those into which strontia enters exhibit remarkably low ones. It is on this property of lead that the formation of highly dispersive glasses, to imitate the brilliant colours of gems, and to give the vivid prismatic colours of the pendants of chandeliers by candle-light, depends, as well as that far more important application which, by the combination of two glasses of different dispersive powers, the one containing lead, the other none, enables the optician to effect refraction without producing colour, and so to construct that admirable instrument, *the achromatic telescope*.

Not only are the *total lengths* of the spectra produced by different media different for the same mean amount of refraction, but within those lengths the distribution of the several colours differs, the spaces occupied by the several tints differing very considerably in proportion to each other and to the whole. Thus, in the spectrum formed by flint glass, and most other of the highly dispersive media, the green is situated nearer to the red than to the violet end of the spectrum, while in that formed by muriatic ("hydrochloric") acid the reverse is the case.

By the reunion of all the coloured prismatic rays (which may be effected by an equal and contrary refraction of the whole spectrum through a prism of the same material reversely placed), white light is reproduced. And hence we conclude that *colour is not a superinduced but an inherent quality of the luminous rays*. Again, if we exclude from this reunion any portion of the spectrum, the reconstituted beam is coloured, and if the rays so excluded be not *extinguished*, but diverted aside, and themselves collected and reunited into another and separate beam (which may easily be effected, with a little management, by one skilled in experimental optics), this will also be coloured, but with a tint *complementary* to that of the first. Between the tints so arising is always found to prevail that beautiful and, so to speak, *harmonious contrast* which is so effective in the ornamental arts, where one colour is said to *set-off* another, or show it to the greatest advantage. Thus crimson or pink is complementary to green, scarlet or orange to blue, yellow to purple, &c. The relation to each other of these complementary colours is curiously and strikingly illustrated by the spontaneous production within the eye itself of the tint complementary to any vivid colour which takes place when, after gazing stedfastly on an area so coloured, on a white ground, and strongly illuminated, the gaze is suddenly transferred to a uniformly white surface. There is seen on it, though only for a few moments, a picture or optical image of an area similar in form and size, but tinted with the complementary hue, which fades quickly away. This curious and beautiful experiment, which requires no apparatus to exhibit, and which any one may try in a moment, is exceedingly illustrative of the mode in which the *sensation* of colour is produced. It proves that in the nervous tissue which receives and feels the picture within the eye, there are nerves individually and exclusively sensitive to each of the coloured rays, or at all events to each of those primary colours (if such there be) by whose mixture all colours are compounded. When white light falls on a portion of the retina wholly or partially deadened or fatigued by the excitement of the nerves appropriate to one set of rays, the sensibility of the others being left unexhausted, that other portion will be for a time proportionably more sensitive to the remaining rays; so that under the stimulus of white light an undue preponderance is temporarily given to their influence, and the sensation of the complementary tint is conveyed to the mind. This is only one of innumerable instances of the wonderful adaptation of that most astonishing organ to the performance of its office of conveying to us information not only of the forms and situations of objects, but of all that multitude of their physical properties which stand in relation to colour, both those which ordinary experience teaches and which science reveals.

Lastly, by thus reuniting into one beam those going to form distant portions of the spectrum, and excluding the rest, we find that it is possible to produce a compound beam which shall excite directly in the eye, or illuminate a screen with, any one of the innumerable varieties of tint which we observe in nature; and what is especially remarkable, the same tint, or one undistinguishable from it *to ordinary eyes*, is producible by very different combinations of the prismatic rays; while yet there exist individuals, and these not unfrequent, who are perfectly capable of discriminating (in many cases) between such compound tints, and who even declare them to be widely different. To such cases of what is called, though improperly, "colour-blindness," we shall presently have occasion to recur.

The consideration of these facts has given rise to a speculation which, if not demonstrable, has at least a high degree of plausibility, and which at all events has never yet been *dis*proved—viz., that there is no real connexion between COLOUR and REFRANGIBILITY, but that there exist three inherently distinct *species of light*, each competent *per se* to excite the sensation of one of three PRIMARY COLOURS, by whose mixture all compound tints are produced, white consisting of their totality, and black being the exponent of their entire absence. That, moreover, each of them has a spectrum of its own, over the whole length of which it is distributed according to its own peculiar *law of intensity*, and from whose superposition on the same ground results the *prismatic* spectrum, coloured as we see it. The annexed figure will convey a better conception of this than any lengthened description, where A B represents the length of the total spectrum wherewith each of the three is coextensive, and where the curved lines marked R, G, B, severally express, by the height to which they rise on any one point in A B, the intensity in its own spectrum of each of the primary colours; while the dotted curve, whose *ordinate* or height corresponding to any point is the sum of those of the other curves, will of course express the joint intensity or degree of illumination in the visible spectrum.



In this view of the subject, the prismatic colours, with the exception of the extreme red, are all more or less mixed tints, and this agrees well with its general aspect, in which the red and indigo-blue are the only full and pure tints, the green being by no means a *saturated* or full green, and the violet having a strong dash of purplish red in it.

The three primary colours assumed in the above figure are red, green, and blue, each in its highest degree of purity and *undilution*, for it will be readily apprehended that while the admixture of any one, in however small a proportion, will produce a rich though a mixed tint, that of *both* the others tends to dilution. The only three colours which answer all the experimental conditions, are these three. This may seem contrary to the experience of the artist, who from his habitual practice in mixing the colours he uses (all of them without exception compound tints), would name yellow, in place of green, as the intermediate primary. The reason is obvious. In all the yellows which he uses there is a large admixture of red with green, and in all his blues more or less green. When mixed, then, there is sure to be a preponderance of green, while the red goes to neutralize a portion of the other two, and so to dilute the outstanding green. On the other hand, *the direct mixture of the prismatic yellow and blue, in whatever proportions, can nohow be made to produce green*, as Professor Maxwell's, M. Helmholz's, and my own experiments have distinctly proved, while that of the prismatic green and red *does* produce yellow.* This will be better understood when we come to speak of the *absorption* of coloured light.

Since at each point of a compound spectrum so constituted, all the three primary elements, in whatever proportion mixed, have one and the same degree of refrangibility, it is evident that the compound tint arising from their mixture cannot be separated by any subsequent refraction into its components.

In persons who are what is called "colour-blind," the eye is sensible to all the rays of the prismatic spectrum *as light*, though even in that respect the red rays appear comparatively *deficient in power* to stimulate the nerves of vision, so that all colours into which a large proportional admixture of primary red enters are described by them as sombre tints. But besides this, two of the primary coloured rays, the red and the green, appear to excite in their nerves sensations of *colour* nearly or exactly similar. Their vision is therefore, in fact, *dichromic*; all their compound colours are resolvable into two elements only instead of three. Red they do not distinguish from green. The scarlet coat of the soldier and the turf on which he is exercised—the ripe cherries and the green leaves among which they hang, are to them undistinguishable by colour, though from constantly hearing them so spoken of, they habitually speak of the fruit as red and the leaves as green. Their sensation of blue is *probably* the same as in normal vision, though whether that excited by their other colour be such as a normal-eyed person would call red, yellow, green, or something quite different from either, we have no means of ascertaining, nor can they give us any information. The face of nature must appear, however, to them far inferior in splendour and variety to that which we behold; and if there be, as is asserted, here and there an individual totally destitute of the sensation of difference of colour, it must present to his eyes what we should be disposed to call a hideous monotony—light and shade only revealing the forms of objects as in an engraving. Yet what we never knew we never miss. There may, and not improbably do, exist beings in other spheres, if not here on earth, whose vision is sensitive to those rays of the spectrum which extend far beyond the violet or its *lavender* prolongation, and which we know at present only by their powerful photographic activity, and by their agency in producing that singular species of phosphorescence in certain media to which Professor Stokes has given the name of Fluorescence. By these properties, the solar spectrum is proved to be prolonged far beyond its visible limits at its most refracted extremity; as it is by *other invisible rays* OF HEAT, which have been traced up to nearly an equal distance beyond the extreme red in the opposite direction.* All, however, whether of heat or chemical influence, conform each for itself, and according to its own special "refractive index," to the same general *law of the sines*, as well as to every other of those singular and complicated relations of the luminous rays, we shall hereafter have to describe, and both the one and the other extending into and thinning out as it were in the luminous region, just as we have described the spectra of the primary colours into those of each other. Such, and so wondrously complex a compound is a sunbeam!

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* See "Notices of the Royal Society," vol. x. p. 52.

The analysis into its prismatic elements of the colour of any natural object, is readily performed by examining through the refracting angle of a prism of perfectly colourless glass a rectilinear band or strip of the colour to be analysed, so narrow as to have scarcely any apparent breadth, and to appear as little more than a coloured line. Placing this on a perfectly black ground, parallel to the refracting edge of the prism, and illuminating it as strongly as possible, it will be seen dilated into a broad riband of colour or spectrum, exhibiting of course those coloured rays only which belong to the composition of the tint examined. An exceedingly convenient arrangement for this purpose is to fasten across one end of a hollow square tube of metal or pasteboard blackened within, of about an inch square and twelve or fourteen inches long, a metal plate having in it a very narrow slit parallel to one side, quite straight, and very cleanly and sharply cut. At the other end within the tube is to be fixed a small prism of highly dispersive colourless flint glass, having its refracting angle parallel to the slit, and so placed that when the tube is directed to the sky, or rather to a white cloud, the slit shall be seen dilated into a clear and distinct prismatic spectrum. In this, of course all the prismatic colours will be seen in their due order. But if, instead of this, any coloured object,—as the leaf of a flower, for instance, or a coloured paper, strongly illuminated by direct sunshine (if necessary, concentred on it by a lens, so, however, as not to *scorch* the object by the heat of its focus),—be placed so near to the slit as completely to occupy its whole area and suffer no ray to enter it which does not come from some part of the coloured surface; the spectrum will be seen deficient in all those rays which the object does not reflect, and which belong to its complementary colour. The use of this little instrument, at once simple, portable, and inexpensive, will be found to afford an inexhaustible source of amusement and interest. To the florist, on a bright sunny morning, the analysis of the tints of flowers and leaves, or the hues of a butterfly's wing, and of every variety of coloured object;—to the water-colour painter, the study of the prismatic composition of his (so fancied) simple washes of colour and the effects of their mixture and superposition;—to the oil painter, that of the various brilliantly coloured powders which mixed with oil form the material of his artistic creations, are all replete with interest and instruction.

If instead of a reflected colour we would examine a transmitted one, as in the case of a coloured glass, or some natural transparent coloured product,—if in the form of a plate or lamina, it may be laid over the slit, and when directed to any bright white light (as that of a white cloud), its spectrum will be exhibited—if a coloured flame, the slit may be placed close to it, but if a liquid, it will be preferable to make it its own prism by inclosing it in a hollow prism formed of plates of glass cemented together, when the differences arising from difference of the thickness of the medium traversed by the refracted rays will be more easily studied.

The colours of transparent media—such as coloured glasses, crystals, resins and liquids—depend upon the greater or less facility with which the several coloured rays are transmitted through their substance. There is no medium known, not even air or the purest water, which allows all the coloured rays to pass through it with equal facility. Independent of the partial reflexion which takes place at the surfaces of entry and emergence, a portion greater or less according to the nature of the medium, is always stifled, or as it is called in optical language, "*absorbed:*" and this absorptive action is exerted unequally on the differently refrangible rays; so that when a beam of white light is incident on any such medium, it will be found at its emergence deficient in some one or more of the elements of colour, and will therefore have a tint complementary to that of the absorbed portion. Supposing, as is most probable in itself, and agrees with the general tenor of the facts, that an *equal per-centage* of the light of any specified colour which arrives at any depth within the medium is absorbed in traversing an equal *additional* thickness of it, the intensity of the coloured ray so circumstanced would diminish in geometrical, as the thickness traversed increases in arithmetical progression. The more absorbable any prismatic colour, then, the more quickly will it become so much reduced in proportion to the rest as to exercise no perceptible colorific action on the eye. And thus it is found that in looking through different thicknesses of one and the same coloured glass or liquid, the tint does not merely become *deeper and fuller*, but changes its character. Thus a solution of sap-green, or of muriate of chromium, in small thicknesses is green—in great ones red; tincture of violets, and that species of rich blue glass which is coloured with cobalt, in like manner are red when we look through a great thickness, but beautifully blue when thin; and so in a multitude of other cases. Those who paint in water colours are well aware of what importance it is to effect the tint they aim at by a single wash of their colour. A second application of the very same liquid, after allowing the first to dry, does not simply heighten the colour, *but changes the tint*, a circumstance which those who practise that fascinating art will do well to bear in mind.

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* See my paper in the Phil. Trans. R. S. 1842, "On the Action of the Solar Rays on Vegetable Colours."

When white light is transmitted successively through two or more coloured media whose scales of absorption differ materially, the residual beam, or that which struggles through after passing their successive ordeal, will consist of those rays only whose transmission is favoured by all the media. Hence it will follow, first, that the final *tint*, or that of the beam ultimately emergent, will most probably be very different not only from that exhibited by either of them separately, but from that which *might be expected to arise* from a union or blending of their tints, and which *would arise* were we to *unite together* distinct luminous beams having those tints; and, secondly, that all such successive transmissions tend to produce sombre tints, and ultimately complete blackness, inasmuch as each successive transmission destroys (or absorbs) a greater or less proportion of the total illuminating power of the original beam. Thus when colour is produced on white paper by the laying on of successive washes of *different* transparent colours, the tendency is to produce, first, a tint very remote from that *expected* to result from their union, and secondly, becoming more and more muddy and sombre, the greater the number of such heterogeneous layers of colour. Hence the maxim in water-colour painting, to secure brilliancy by using only a single wash of colour if possible to produce the required effect. The painter should never forget that his notion of colour (as compared with that of the photologist) is *a negative one*. He operates solely by the *destruction* of light, and his aim should always be to destroy as little as possible. His direct action (unknown to himself) is upon the tint complementary to that which he aims at producing.

Each particular coloured medium has its own peculiar and specific scale of absorptive action, differing *inter se* in the most singular and capricious manner. In many, indeed in most cases, the spectrum viewed through such a thickness as to give a strong colour to common daylight, in place of being seen as a continuous band of graduating colour, is broken up into distinct coloured spaces more or less intense, and more or less well defined, separated by dark intervals. This is particularly the case with coloured gases or vapours. Thus the red vapour of nitrous gas, especially when its absorptive action is intensified by heat, breaks up the spectrum into a succession of narrow spaces, alternately dark and bright, from one end to the other.

When coloured flames are examined with such a "spectroscope" as above described, the phænomena are no less varied, and in the highest degree characteristic. The presence in the flame of *each particular chemical element* determines the presence in its light of some one or more coloured rays of *definite* refrangibility and colour, producing often in its spectrum the appearance of a definite line of coloured light out of all proportion brighter than the rest. Thus the presence of soda in any flaming body is characterized by a narrow and exceedingly vivid line of yellow light. So completely characteristic are these lines of the chemical elements to which they bear relation, that no less than three new metals, Thallium, Rubidium, and Cæsium, owe their first discovery to the observation of definite spectral lines of their appropriate colour, produced by their presence in quantities too minute to be rendered sensible in any other manner.*

It is impossible in the compass of an article like the present, to do more than notice with extreme brevity these remarkable classes of phænomena, and that only as bearing upon the general object we have in view. They prove in the most convincing manner the close and intimate relation in which LIGHT stands to MATTER. It enters into the interior of the hardest and least penetrable bodies, and thereout brings us information of an almost infinite variety of particulars as to their intimate nature and constitution (and, as we shall see further on, of their internal structure, and the mechanism by which they are held together as bodies), which by no other means we can obtain: information which at present we are only imperfectly able to interpret, but whose import, from year to year, and almost from week to week, is becoming better understood. Its language in this respect bears no distant similitude to that of a series of ancient inscriptions in some unknown tongue and character. A single sentence once developed by some happy and unmistakeable concurrence of evidence, affords a clue to others, which in their turn become the stepping-stones of further progress. By the one are revealed the histories of ages long buried in oblivion, and of the phases of human thought and action under circumstances bearing little analogy to anything we now see around us: by the other we are admitted a step nearer to the perception of the intimate working of those powers which maintain the material universe as it stands, and the laws they observe.

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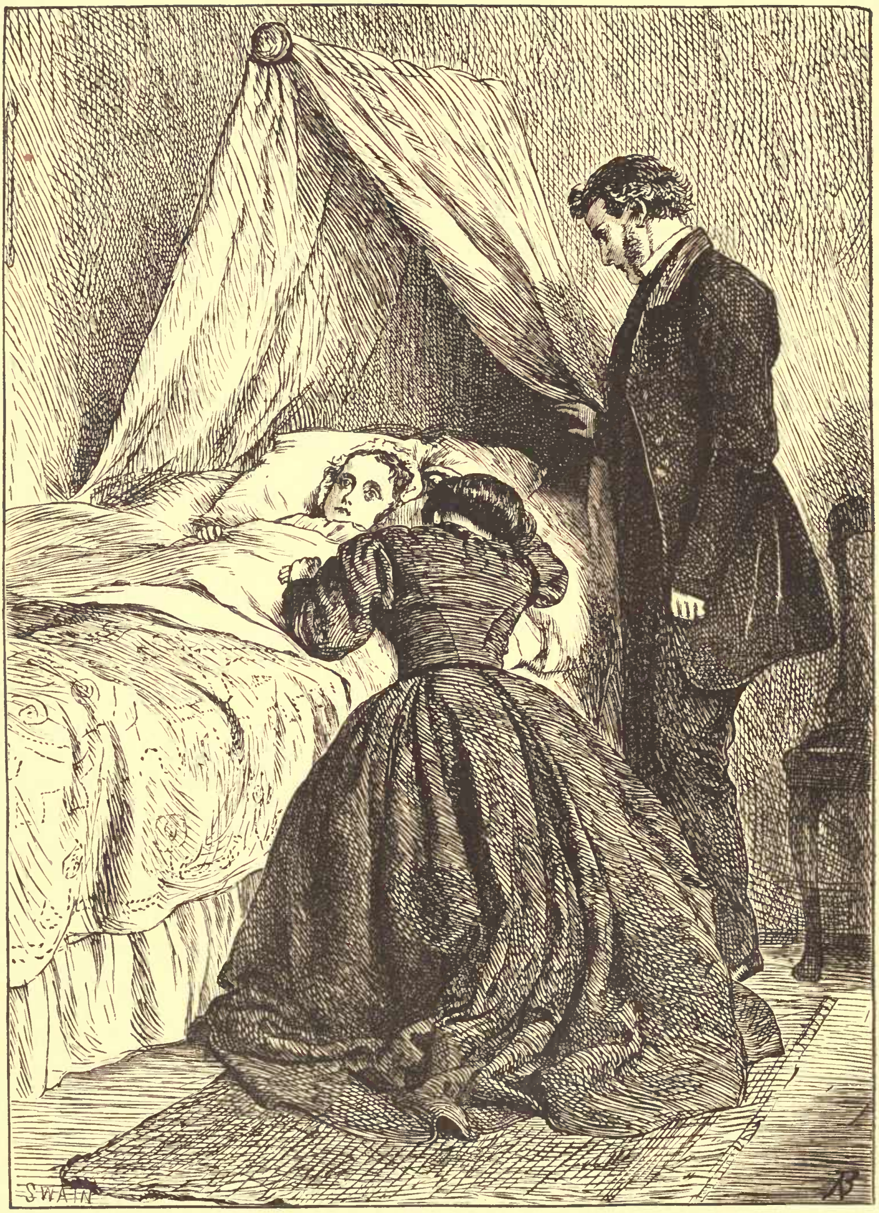
* In reference to what is now called "Spectrum-Analysis" in a chemical point of view, I may be here allowed to call attention to a passage in my "Treatise on Light," published in 1827 (Encyc. Metrop., vol. iv.): "The colours thus communicated by the different bases to flame, afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them. But this rather belongs to chemistry than to our present subject."—(Article, "Light," § 524.)



"AT THE WORD 'HEAVEN,' MRS. HAGART PRESSED HER FACE DOWN UPON THE BED-CLOTHES."

Page 365.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

Whether Hagart's scheme of establishing a connection with the celebrated Parisian pattern-designers, and of redacting their works to suit the Greysleyan artisans, was likely to succeed, there could be no manner of doubt that employment at the rate of four guineas per week, with no anxiety, with no weary trudges to Spiggleton and back with a sore heart and an empty pocket, was a comfortable thing. So he felt at least, on the first Saturday afternoon after his engagement with the Wedderburn Brothers, as he walked home with that sum in notes and silver safely deposited in his breeches pocket. He felt that he had secured for himself a quiet haven, and he looked back on his past life as the passenger in port looks back upon his recent tossings on a stormy sea. He hoped that he would not be forced to leave the haven, and go out on the rough water for yet awhile. He shuddered at the weary tugging at the hopeless oar; he felicitated himself on present quiet and comfort, and he would have been entirely happy were it not for anxiety on his daughter's account. For Katy was not recovering—in truth, and this he could no longer conceal from himself, she was fast losing strength, and had for the last day or two been appreciably worse. Dr. Crooks's prescriptions had failed entirely of effect, and Dr. Crooks, he could see, began to consider the crisis a grave one.

The forces of the household being much engaged, as household forces are sure to be in times of sickness, Hagart, before he went out, had undertaken to perform certain little offices in Greysley, and to deliver messages to grocer, butcher, and baker. When he reached home, somewhat late on Saturday afternoon, he found his wife crying, and Jack dispatched to summon Dr. Crooks. An hour or two previously, Mrs. Hagart, being in attendance at Katy's bedside, had asked a question, and in reply, the child had begun to babble in an incoherent fashion, about the canal banks, and the beautiful birds, that flew about and fed on the scarlet hips and haws in the hedges; about the wonderful bridge across the river, and the red castle against the sky with birds flying above and over it, and the gray horse, Smiler, and the long passage-boat, and all the other incidents of the wonderful journey. At this patch-work prattle, the uneasy mind playing with vivid images, Mrs. Hagart had become seriously alarmed, and sent off Jack to bring Dr. Crooks with him at once if he was disengaged, and if engaged to wait for him.

The doctor was out—was in point of fact occupied in bringing a little Greysleyan stranger into the world, but was expected home every minute. So Jack was popped into the library, where he sat and stared at the stucco busts painted a drab colour, which were standing on the top of the bookcase, much considering whom they might represent, and thinking that the originals must have been extremely ill-favoured; and at the rows on rows of books, and puzzling himself whether the doctor had read through the whole of them, and if he had, where in the world he could stow away all the learning and wisdom; and then all of a sudden, his thoughts would fly off at a tangent to the little face in the little white bed at home, and then something rose in his throat, and the ugly drab busts and the wonderful rows of books would all disappear in a mist, through which they slowly glimmered back in a minute or so. Meanwhile Hagart had come, and had gone in with his wife to see Katy. The child lay on her back, her eyes open, and her fingers twitching at the bed-clothes at intervals. As he entered she turned slightly round, steadied on him her wandering eyes, but in them there was no look of pleased recognition.

"Don't you know papa?" he asked softly, while bending over her.

And then the strangest smile crept into the little peaked face, lighting it up, but if possible, with its unfamiliarness, making it sadder than before. "Why do you wear that funny bonnet, and that great white tippet? and what a number of rings you have." Then out of the face the smile slowly died, and a sort of cloudy recognition took its place: "And yet you are not like Aunt Kate I saw at the station house!"

"I am not Aunt Kate," said poor Hagart, "I am your own papa!"

"Papa has gone to Spiggleton, and will have to walk home all the way again. Isn't it hard? Here is the sixpence you gave me on the chain! I wear it always under my dress when I go to school. You kissed me, and said I was your namesake."

"Papa has come back from Spiggleton; he is at your side."

"Don't speak, don't! See the robin! How pretty it is. Don't frighten away the robin!" And then recognition came back fully. "Mamma," said Katy, wearily, "Where am I? what have I been saying? who has been here?"

"No one, save papa and mamma, darling, and you are in your own bed at home," said the mother, kneeling down by the bed-side, and tenderly putting aside a wisp of auburn hair which had strayed from under the white cap on to her forehead.

"I thought Aunt Kate was here—surely she has been here! You have been crying, mamma! Were you crying because the pretty birds were frightened away? Don't cry! Will there be birds in heaven, mamma?"

And at the word "heaven," Mrs. Hagart pressed her face down upon the bed-clothes.

"I am tired with my long walk, and wish to sleep. Jack will show me the old pit some other Saturday. Kiss me, mamma. Good-night."

And Katy turned wearily round, and fell on slumber, and the bed-clothes were tenderly tucked in around her shoulders, and the twain looked in one another's faces silently.

Dr. Crooks came home at length, and found Jack waiting for him. It was Saturday night, and the worthy man would gladly have rested from his week's labour, have had a little supper, a quiet chat with his maiden sister who kept house for him, or have accompanied her piano with his flute, or lost all weariness and care for an hour or two in a pleasant book before he went to bed. He had been thinking of these mild pleasures before he came in, and it was with a smothered sigh he beheld the boy. He heard the message, asked one or two questions about Katy, and went into the lobby to procure a heavier stick and a warmer coat, for the late autumn evenings had become chill. He then took Jack's hand in his own, and chatting at intervals they proceeded through the streets, which, being Saturday night, were more crowded than usual. Shop windows were in a blaze of light; butter, hams, and eggs, were seen for a moment in the provision-merchant's; bonnet-frames, pink and white ribbons, and festoons of many-coloured gloves, in the mercer's. All kinds of humble marketings were going on—housewives with baskets on their arms, and accompanied by their husbands, were laying in weekly stores, and a special luxury for to-morrow's dinner when they returned from church. Now a crowd gathered round a hoarse ballad-singer, blocking up the way; now a tipsy operative lurched across the pavement, bringing himself up sharp on the kerbstone—a policeman on the other side of the street eyeing him suspiciously, not yet finding cause to interfere, but expecting cause every moment. Holding still the doctor's hand, Jack threaded his way through all this, and still chatting, they got out of the lights and bustle of the streets, and pacing along the bank they heard the dull thunder of the river as it tumbled over the rocks. At last they reached the upper road which ran along the front of the distilleries—great masses of gloom now against the light gray sky, with a stray light or two twinkling in the windows. By this time, probably from having exhausted all the topics which he fancied would interest a boy, perhaps from immersion in thoughts appertaining to the errand on which he was engaged, the doctor became quite silent—and so still held by the hand, Jack trudged on in considerable awe. When they reached the gate and had rung the bell, the doctor turned his back on the house, inspected the light gray sky, over which the tender light of the moon was spreading, and hummed absently one of the tunes which his sister played on the old-fashioned piano of an evening—when he was disengaged, and in loose coat and slippers—and which he delighted to accompany on the flute. From this conduct on the doctor's part, Jack was drawing his own conclusions—consolatory for the most part as regarded his sister—when Martha opened the door. The doctor immediately dropped his tune, withdrew his eyes from the sky, entered at once without asking a question, opened the door of the room in which the invalid lay, where Hagart and his wife were and, indeed, had been all the evening, and closed it softly behind him. Jack went into the kitchen and sat down on his accustomed seat. Martha's face he noticed was serious, and by her violent absorption in scrubbing it was evident that she did not care for conversation. For conversation Jack himself had not sufficient spirits, and so he sat before the fire silently leaning his face on his hands. Everything was quiet in Katy's room, he would have given worlds to have known what was going on within, but there was no sound, no one came out, message of no kind reached the kitchen. He had sat beside the fire for half an hour; everything was strangely quiet, and in the strange quiet of the house, he began to fear and be pained by the monotonous ticking of the clock which stood at the head of the lobby, at the back of the kitchen door—like a spy or a robber, Jack thought to-night.

An hour passed, the silence began to be intolerable, and the slow regular tick of the clock to rule despotically over everything, and to beat like hammers on his excited nerves. From the room in which his sister lay there had come no sound, once only the door softly opened, and he heard a low murmur of voices, and then it softly closed. He waited and waited staring into the fire. He would have crept to the door and listened, but he was afraid he would thereby acquire some terrible knowledge, and perhaps in coming out Dr. Crooks would find him playing the eavesdropper. At last he thought he would go to bed—perhaps he would be able to sleep—at all events he would escape the horrible tyranny of the clock. He took off his shoes and went quietly. The room was full of warm brown light from the fire which had been kindled some time before, and which had burned down now. He curiously noted chair and table, his little white bed with the clothes partly turned down, and his nightgown on the pillow. He undressed slowly and mechanically, his mind wandering into the strangest places and among the strangest objects—places and objects with which at the moment he had not the slightest concern. He got his clothes off, was dressed in his white nightgown, and was buttoning the wristband, when the door of the room opened. A light came in, and Jack saw his shadow run up the wall, hit the ceiling, and disappear. Then the door closed, his father came forward, put the candle on the little table and sat down on the chair beside the bed. Jack noticed that his father's face was grave, and that there was a solemnity in his manner which he had never witnessed before. Hagart drew the boy to his knee and put his arm tenderly round him.

"You love your sister very much, John?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"You must be very brave. She is going to leave us—you won't go to school with her, or play with her any more."

"What is it? I don't understand you! Say it again!" cried the boy, in whose ears the words had made but a confused ringing and murmuring, like water in the ears of a drowning man.

"She is going away from us. Dr. Crooks says there is no hope—she is dying, John."

This time the words delivered their meaning, but not in sharp outlines, only in a bewildering way. Some deadly stupor had got into his brain. He stared at the candle which his father had brought and laid on the table, and noticed that in the flame a tall pillar of a wick was standing like a black martyr.

"The doctor says she is dying. She is to be prayed for in the church to-morrow."

Jack, staring still at the candle, noticed that the wick had split in the centre, and was overlapping and hanging over, and that one of the overlapping portions had become red; and then he noticed that the red portion dropped off, and fell down on the tallow at the foot of the flame, and that the melted tallow had begun to run down on a great smear on the candlestick.

"God is going to take her to Himself, and we must be resigned. Pray for her to-night, John, and for yourself, and your mother, and me—that we may all be good, and that when we come to die, we may all meet her in heaven."

"Yes," said Jack, taking involuntary note that the fallen portion of the wick had become black, and that the tallow had ceased to melt and run.

"My boy," cried Hagart impetuously, and clutching Jack to his breast, "if Katy dies, you are the only thing left to us," and then Jack felt big tears dropping upon his face.

"Go to bed now, John," he said after a while, and in a low voice, "go to bed, and don't forget to say your prayers—don't forget to-night, nor any other night."

Jack said he would not forget, and standing in the same place, he saw his father take out the light with him, and his shadow come across the ceiling and down the wall to him, and then the door closed, and he was standing again in the warm brown light of the sinking fire.

What was it he had heard? The words lingered in his ears, he knew their meaning perfectly, but he was in sore stupor and bewilderment. He was told that Katy was dying, but somehow the knowledge did not frighten him, did not even vex him. He had shrieked out, he remembered, when he saw Katy once cut her finger, and now, when he was told that she was dying, that his only sister and playfellow and closest companion was to be taken away for ever, he was conscious only of unnatural calmness. He could not make it out. It was like being struck, and feeling no pain. He had no sharp sense of sorrow. He was astonished that he did not break out crying. And standing in his white nightgown beside the dying fire, he heard the outer door close. That is Dr. Crooks going home, he thought.

Then he went to the window and looked out. The night was calm, and right above him in a great field of blue-gray sky a crescent moon and star were reposing peacefully,—like celestial ewe and lamb. Underneath he saw a tree or two, and bulks of darkness, which he knew to be outhouses. The star, and the pure silver of the thin slip of moon, had for him, at the moment, a wonderful fascination; and thinking of their distance, their silence, their solitude, suddenly, as if some sluice had been opened, some obstruction had been taken away, the pent-up tears and sorrow came at length. "Katy, Katy! don't leave me!" he cried out, wringing his hands, and throwing himself down on the rug before the fire, and then he thought how hard it was that he could not die also, and go with her, it would be so much easier, he thought, to die with her, than to live without her; and after a while, his weeping took away the sharp edges of his sorrow, and a calmness came back, like the calmness after the thunder-shower has fallen, and with this serenity there became gradually mixed an inexpressible sweetness and balm, and he fell asleep on the rug, and Katy and he were wandering, hand in hand, along the canal bank, and around them were hopping, and feeding, and singing, a multitude of birds—more beautiful than any that Jack had ever seen before.

Next day was Sunday, and in the morning Dr. Crooks called, and found his patient in the same condition, weak, sleepy, uncomplaining, and muttering incoherent sentences at intervals. He spoke what words of comfort he could, but held out no hopes of recovery. Mrs. Hagart was in constant attendance, Alfred would not leave her, and consequently, Jack was deputed to represent the family at the afternoon service in church. He walked into Greysley, while bells were ringing, and well-dressed people were flocking to their places of worship; he took his place in the pew, he heard the psalmody, and the prayer, and the sermon, with a mind pre-occupied; and when, just before the concluding prayer, the precentor drawled out, "The prayers of this congregation are requested for a child apparently near death," and when the good clergyman prayed that the child's life might be spared, if in accordance with the Divine will; if not, that she might pass into the presence of the Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and that the bruised hearts of the parents might be bound up, and comforted—when he heard all this, and, remembering that it was Katy at home who was thus mentioned, his sister, his playfellow, his companion, Jack pressed his face down on the book-board before him, and sobbed aloud.

Service was over, and Jack had hardly got himself free from the stream of worshippers, when the little schoolmaster who was walking on the other side of the street, recognised him, and came across to make inquiries. He liked the boy, and was sincerely sorry when he heard that Katy—of whose prolonged absence from school he was of course cognisant—was seriously ill. The schoolmaster listened to Jack's relation with a serious face. "Poor child," he said, "I am deeply grieved. So young too, and so gentle. Give my sympathy to your father and mother—although *that* won't do much good. Good-bye, John." And he shook his pupil's hand, thinking of all the boys and girls who had gone silently out of his little flock—of that other school of his that made no sound—of their other schoolmaster. Jack had not left the schoolmaster long, when he was picked up by Mrs. Graves on *her* way from church, and in company with that notable lady he was forced to march. To her, he had to tell, over again, the whole story of Katy's illness, and her pertinacious questioning—for she was anxious to obtain the best information—was to him sheer pain, like the rough and unskilful handling of bruised limbs. Still, to do the lady justice, her intention was kind, and she was as little rudely inquisitive as it was in her nature and the circumstances of the case to be. When she reached her own door, she shook hands with him formally, desired to be remembered to his dear mother, wished that Dr. Bowdler had been called in, or one of Dr. Macnamara's prescriptions had been tried, and regarded him with eyes of authentic concern. Jack went home conscious, that both by Mrs. Graves and his schoolmaster he had been treated with a respect and consideration of which he had hitherto no experience, and he was at no loss to discover whence that strange new respect and consideration arose.

He got home from church, but there was no change when he entered Katy's room. Mrs. Hagart was sitting by the bed-side, and Hagart, who was standing with his face to the window, turned round. Jack went up to the bed, the eyes wandered to his face and stayed there, and were then withdrawn. Mr. Hagart asked if Katy had been prayed for, and when Jack answered in the affirmative, there was silence, and Hagart turned to the window again. Jack then slipped into the kitchen, where, at Martha's request, he read aloud those chapters of St. John relating to the sisters at Bethany, and how Christ wept at the grave of Lazarus, and brought him—the secret of the other world in his eyes—to them from the grave.

That night in dream the boy's brain wove the strangest fantasies. He had lost Katy; she had gone away from him utterly: she was dead, and yet he felt no sorrow. He knew that she was gone away, separated from him by immeasurable spaces. His voice could not reach hers, between them there could be no message, and no messenger. And then there came upon him supernatural power of volition, and he thought he would go to her. He thought he had himself died, and that he was standing in an immense solitude; in an instant father and mother, school companions, and all the items which had hitherto composed his life, were left behind—distant as by thousands of miles, distant as by hundreds of years. And without fear or any trembling, but filled with a solemn expectancy, filled with the sense of an unimagined and inconceivable something about to break upon him, he was wandering over a land in which there was no land-mark, covered with the twilight of Eternity, opaque, black, formless as a midnight moor. And the land rose up before him to a black level line, and above that black level line, there lay a bar of livid dawn, such as we see on earth, when the June midnight has just turned and before a bird has twittered; and above that black level line of land, underneath that livid bar of dawn, lay the inconceivable secret that might in a moment leap upon him. And he stood gazing straight before him, marvelling into *what* the solemn images would resolve themselves. He knew that Katy was somewhere and would come—but how? And suddenly, behind him, in that immense solitude, in that land of death, where never was known sound of human voice, or fall of human footstep, he heard a stealthy rustling, and out of the darkness he felt that a hand was stretched out over him, and the awe instantly flew into the sharpest terror, and with a cry he awoke——

It was morning, and his father was standing by his bed-side. "You have been dreaming, John," he said.

In a moment the dream fell in ruins around him, but he had not yet escaped from its influence. He saw his father standing by. "What is it?" he asked.

"Put on your clothes," said Hagart in a voice which was almost a whisper, and Jack noticed now that his eyes were strange, "and come into Katy's room—that you may see her once again."

Jack was on the floor in an instant; he dressed hastily and followed. When he entered the room his mother was sitting by the bed-side with Katy's hand in hers, while Martha was standing back with her apron to her eyes. Hagart led the boy to the bed-side.

"Bid her farewell," said he, and Jack went close up.

Katy was yet conscious. She turned her head, and recognised him, life's last sunbeam playing on her lips. "Jack, Jack, poor Jack!" she said, and the sunbeam vanished.

"Oh Alfred, pray for her, pray for her!"

And with the exception of Mrs. Hagart, who still held Katy's hand, they all knelt down, and with a feeling of awe almost as great as the awe in his dream, Jack heard his father pray. Not that it was the first time he had heard him so engaged; but on occasions of family worship—and in the household such occasions occurred every Sunday morning and evening—Hagart was wont to read from a book of prayers prepared by some pious divine, and the matter and manner were as a consequence comparatively commonplace. But this morning Hagart prayed from his own heart and used his own language, and the boy was struck and subdued. The room was still, there was nothing heard but Hagart's voice and a sob at intervals from Martha.

"Alfred!" cried Mrs. Hagart, suddenly, as she rose from her seat and leaned over her daughter.

They all came forward: a shadow fell over Katy's face, the tiny grasp relaxed in Mrs. Hagart's hand, and the eyes glazed. The sufferer had passed.

"Rin roon to Mrs. Graves an' tell her to come," whispered Martha; "yer mother canna be left to hersel' the noo."

Jack slipped out, but the houses, and the road, and the barge passing along the canal, were strange and foreign-looking. He stared on them as if to assure himself that he was not walking in a dream. Up till this time he had shed no tear, but before he had reached Mrs. Graves's house his sorrow had found its natural outlet.

CHAPTER XII.

An unwonted silence settled down on the Hagart household now. In a room, the white curtain of which was always down, Katy lay in her white garments, and the silence of *that* room crept into parlour and kitchen. Mrs. Hagart was always low-toned and quiet, but now her step was almost unheard, and her voice hardly rose above a whisper. Martha would sing at her work at times, and go through with it after a somewhat noisy fashion, scrubbing the dresser impetuously in her own proper sphere, making the fire-irons clash in the sitting-room; but now her voice was silent and her duties were accomplished without any noise. Hagart carried the silence of the dwelling with him into Greysley when he went to labour for the behoof of the Wedderburn Brothers, and he brought it back with him from the Wedderburn Brothers' in the evening. Jack, usually noisy as a summer beck, became silent as a winter one which the frost has locked up. Into the prosaic household Death had come, like an angel beautiful and terrible, making changes; and the changes he had made were yet visible, and the members of the household were still with the remembrance. In the hearts of all there was sharp grief—grief which found plenteous vent in solitude and out-of-the-way corners; but the unwonted silence of the dwelling did not spring so much from grief, as from an obscure sense of sacredness and awe. It issued as from a fountain from the still face in the room in which the blind was constantly down. With *that* in the house there could be no uttered impatience, no sharp retort, no unmeaning speeches, no ungentleness, no pride. Something of a Sabbath-day had flowed over into the week, something of the sacredness of Sabbath psalms, something of the hush that follows Sabbath prayers. And if Death is always painful, it solemnises even the wildest, and that solemnisation—refined or rude—we all need at times. Were it not for Death we should become hard, self-sufficient, sensual, prosaic. Death makes life dearer by a sense of insecurity. It comes to us immersed in our twopenny ambitions, and in its chilly spiritual radiance we see how poor the wealth is, or the place, or the reputation which we strive after. It takes away from this world and gives to the other, and year by year this world darkens and the other brightens. Death is a greater Poet far than Love; and but for Death, Love would lose its beauty, its eternal youthfulness, and that ineffable something which never can be fully known, and become familiar, full-fleshed, pursy, and wear in due time crow's feet about the eyes.

But even with the dearest person dead in the house it would never do to devote oneself entirely to grief. In a household made suddenly unprosaic, there are a hundred prosaic things to be attended to. Let people grieve ever so much, they must eat, have their boots brushed, have shaving-water brought them of a morning. Martha had to perform her household duties just the same—and it was better for her, poor girl, that it was so. Mrs. Hagart had a black dress to procure: and, smitten to the heart as she was, she could yet, in the mercer's shop in High-street, choose one dark fabric out from a dozen others, think of cost, of becoming trimmings even; and, when the dressmaker came to the house of mourning to work, she was able to assist, to glance with moist eyes in the looking-glass, and to suggest a change here, the addition of a plait there, to make it sit all the more becomingly. As for Hagart himself, he was busy enough; he had his Parisian patterns to redact, to make arrangements for the interment, to provide a resting-place for Katy in the cemetery which stood high above the town, and looked out on the great valley, through which the river from Hawkhead flowed—a sheltered place, which the winds would not visit roughly, where trees in Summer would fling cool shadows, and keep up a constant murmur, and where the Spring flowers would come earliest and linger latest. Of all the household, Katy's death told most on Jack—not that he loved her more than the others, but simply because he had nothing to do, that foreign matters did not come betwixt him and the great impression: and so the strangeness and wonder of it had time to sink deep into his imagination, and to make an abiding home there. At this present writing, Jack has become John Hagart, Esq.—a personage of some importance in his own and others' eyes; he has children around his knees, has lost one or two; but although these losses are, by comparison, recent, he cannot recall the circumstances of their illnesses and deaths—perhaps not even their features—so vividly as he can the circumstances of the illness and death of his little sister thirty years ago. This he has told me himself: and we have talked the whole matter over, in serious mood, twice or thrice by dying Autumn fires.

When, on Monday morning, Jack, at Martha's instigation, came crying to Mrs. Graves's door, with the request that she should go to his mother in her extremity, that lady lost no time in sallying forth. The duty before her was one for which she had a liking. Her nature was neither fine nor delicate, but the occasion was one to draw out whatever she possessed of sympathy and womanliness. She was profuse of consolation. She proffered scraps of comfort. So far as her lights went she made herself useful. Left to herself, Mrs. Hagart would never have sent for her; but, having come, her presence and companionship did actually soothe in the first bitter rush of feeling. Of the two, Mrs. Graves was much the more noisy in grief, much the more plenteous in tears. At first, Mrs. Hagart was touched and grateful, but unhappily her visitor did not know when to draw rein. Remembering she was a McQuarrie, Mrs. Hagart did not much care to receive Mrs. Graves on the ground of mere acquaintanceship, and when that lady's sympathy became officious, when she intruded herself on the new sorrow, made a sort of common property of it, Mrs. Hagart chilled at once. "I have just come to sit with you, to talk to you, and be a comfort to you," said Mrs. Graves, as next day she entered the sitting-room in which Mrs. Hagart was sewing.

Mrs. Hagart looked up quickly with a troubled face. "Oh, don't! I really don't wish—you will pardon me, I am sure—but I would rather be left alone. I appreciate your kindness, but I would rather see no one just at present."

This rebuff was unprecedented in Mrs. Graves's experience. It was utterly and entirely unexpected. A whole world of consolation and death-bed experience was trembling on her tongue, but at the hearing, her mouth closed suddenly with a snap—like a miser's purse against the pleading of a poor relation. Mrs. Hagart noticed the change.

"I am sure you will understand me," she said. "I am in great distress, and with that a stranger cannot intermeddle. I am really unable to endure company. I don't wish to be rude, but——"

"And I certainly don't wish in the least to intrude," said the other, in considerable dudgeon. "My visit, I assure you, was meant in the purest kindness."

"I know that," said Mrs. Hagart, placing her hand on the handle of the door, to which her visitor had withdrawn. "I am certain you meant kindly, but I really wish to be left alone," and, after the ordinary parting civilities, the discomfited Mrs. Graves sailed off.

It was arranged that as few people as possible should be asked to the funeral. Letters of invitation were sent to Mr. Stavert, the elder Wedderburn Brother—Hagart thought that if there was anything to choose *he* was the more amiable, and he had a family of his own besides—Dr. Crooks, and the clergyman; and all immediate neighbours were excluded. And this resolution gave rise to much heart-burning and ill-natured remark. In the little clump of suburban houses in which the Hagarts lived, in which every one knew the other, this exclusiveness was taken in bad part. In that clump of houses the Hagarts—Mrs. Hagart more especially—were not popular. Her neighbours she seldom or never visited; she had resisted all temptations to be coaxed out to tea; she gave no quiet parties in the little sitting-room. She was considered proud in consequence; her airs were voted perfectly insulting and unendurable. And this unpopularity was increased by Mrs. Graves going the round of the neighbourhood—with all the families of which she was on intimate terms—and relating how uncivilly she had that morning been treated by Mrs. Hagart. "Just think, my dear Mrs. Bounderby! turned out of her door, actually turned out, and after I had been sent for, too, on the former day when she was in her distress!" And Mrs. Bounderby thought such conduct atrocious, and that Mrs. Graves was the worst-used woman in the world. "Actually snubbed, Mrs. Hislop," said Mrs. Graves in that lady's sitting-room, and before her grown-up daughters, who opened round eyes of horror at the relation; "told I wasn't wanted! that I could not intermeddle with her distress—I who have buried so many darlings!" And Mrs. Hislop and the Misses Hislop expressed their decided opinions that Mrs. Hagart was the rudest, most hard-hearted, most inhuman of her sex. In the parlour indignation was expressed, and, as is always the case, the indignation found its way to the kitchen. This indignation burst on Martha in a meeting with Mrs. Bounderby's maid-of-all-work, who had a hard time of it with cooking, brushing boots, mending clothes, and washing the faces of a thriving family of six.

"An' so yer gaun to hae a gran' fun'ral," said this Abigail, as she encountered Martha.

"Just a few frien's—frien's o' the fam'ly," said Martha.

"I suppose there's naebody about here guid eneuch to be asked! Yer mistress is a gey prood madam, an' we're a' dirt aneath her feet."

At this the faithful Martha fired, as she was clearly in duty bound to do. "If my mistress is prood, she's a guid richt to be. It's mair than——"

"Hoity toity!" cried the other, with a scornful toss of the head. "My maister could buy and sell yours ony day, an' we'll maybe hae a fun'ral o' oor ain or lang, and then ye'll see wha'll be asked. We'll be upsides wi' you then, I'm thinkin'." And with this little combat in behalf of their respective households the Abigails separated. Not in Verona alone, it would seem, do the dependents of Montague and Capulet take the wall, bite thumbs, and draw rapiers on each other!

No black-bordered, black-sealed epistle was sent to Miss McQuarrie, for the reason that she already knew what had occurred. And her knowledge came about in this wise. Mrs. Graves had hardly retired when the front-door bell rang, and on Martha's going out she found the gray-haired serving-man, with whom she had some little conversation on a former occasion, standing at the gate with a small basket in his hand. The girl went up to him with a tremor. "Miss McQuarrie sends her compliments," he said, "and desires to know how Miss Katy is;" then he put the basket in Martha's hand, saying that it had been sent by Miss McQuarrie from Hurlford, had been packed by her own hands, and that it contained certain delicacies for the use of the invalid—delicacies which it was thought would be acceptable and would tempt appetite. Martha took the basket mechanically, stared at the man in a pained bewildered way for a moment or so, and then burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" said the man, unable to comprehend the cause of Martha's sudden emotion.

"Yer ower late, sir. Miss Katy has nae need o' onything noo. She dee'd yesterday mornin'."

"Died!" said the man, looking grave all of a sudden. "Miss McQuarrie will be very sorry."

"She dee'd yesterday mornin' at nine, an' her mother's like to gang distracted. O man! couldna ye hae come sooner! Couldna Miss McQuarrie hae thocht—? An' what am I to dae wi' this?" she continued, looking at the basket in a despairing manner. "It's kindly meant, but it'll jist mak' matters waur—jist rip up wounds again. Sendin' jellies and comforts for them that's deid an' streekit! O man, couldna ye hae come sooner, or no come at a'!"

The man looked puzzled. "I was to leave the basket," he said "and there is no use in taking it back. Miss McQuarrie told me to leave it here, and she mustn't be disobeyed. Perhaps," continued he after a pause, "you had better take it in, and as I am going back to Hurlford at once, your mistress may like to send a message or letter by me. I would rather the news went in a letter than have to carry it myself."

"What will my mistress say?" cried Martha, ruefully. "It'll clean break her heart! Couldna ye hae come two days sooner. But I'll tak' it in. Jist wait there a wee, and I'll see if my mistress has a letter to send or onything."

Martha went in and the man waited at the gate. He leaned for awhile with his back to the railings, his white gloved hands folded before him, thinking of the child who had died so unexpectedly, and of the too tardy basket he had brought. His meditations on this subject were broken by a string of drays laden with empty barrels passing in to the distilleries. Then he saw a man ride past rapidly, and following with his eye he took notes of the nag's condition. Then he whistled right through a tune. Then he wondered what they were about inside. Then he thought waiting was weary work, and began to pine for release. No wonder he pined, he had been waiting for nearly an hour, and had gone through all the postures of which the human frame is capable, and found that, after a time, one was as tiresome as the other.

Had the waiting serving-man been able to have looked into the house he would have seen two women crying over some oranges, a pot or two of preserves, and a bunch of grapes, Martha telling her story between whiles. The things were carefully put away at last, and then Mrs. Hagart went into the still room for a little, and when she came out she sat down to her writing desk in the parlour, laying a tiny tress of brown hair down on the table beside her. She wrote a note to her sister, plenteous tears falling on the page as she did so. When done she folded it up and enclosed the tress of hair.

The serving-man was nursing his knee when the door opened, and Mrs. Hagart came towards him with the letter in her hand. He gave but one glance at her face and his head was uncovered in a moment.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," said she. "You will give this letter to my sister—to Miss McQuarrie I mean. Take care of it—it is very precious."

The man took the letter. "Miss McQuarrie will be shocked to hear of this," he said respectfully, and still standing uncovered. "I am very sorry myself, ma'am."

Into Mrs. Hagart's eyes the tears again started, a stranger's commiseration could even touch her. "It will be sad news for her, indeed. But take care of the letter. Have you children of your own?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And lost any?"

"Ah, yes, ma'am. Two fine boys as ever——"

"Then you will understand, and take care of the letter. It contains a lock of my daughter's hair."

"You may depend on me, ma'am! Good afternoon, ma'am," and putting his hat on his head the gray-haired serving-man went on his way.

GRATITUDE.

O Thou that rul'st the storm, and wisely rein'st
The war-steed Desolation, rescuing
From his raised hoof the poor;
Who marked with life our door,
And saved us,—God of every good!
Let us before Thee pour our gratitude.

Forgive, O God, the discontent which rose
Within our sinking hearts when we had seen
The idle plough fast bound
In the snow-mantled ground,
From weary week to week, and saw
No sign which told us of the coming thaw.

Forgive our lack of faith—the thoughts which, oft,
In murmuring speech expressed, told all who heard,
That we had ceased to see
Omniscience in Thee,
And dared to turn our eyes above,
Doubting Thy goodness and preserving love.

We saw a happier race speed daily forth
To pleasure on the lakes—returning thence
The evening to prolong
With feasting, cups, and song:—
That made our little nothing less,
But all our thoughts were thoughts of bitterness.

We saw no beauty in the snow-robed hills,
Nor in the curvèd wreath, and when the moon
Down on the white earth shone,
And, like the starry zone,
The crusted snow was sparkling, we
Saw in Thy handiwork no trace of Thee.

The robin sat upon our sill, and sang
Like one that hoped though hungry; but in us
His heaven-taught melody
No hope inspired, for we,
The while we listened to his strain,
Thought of our wants, and of the snow-hid drain.

But suddenly Thou bad'st the warm winds blow,
And down the flood came sweeping. Tiny streams
The storm-chained plough unbound;
And coltsfoot flowers were found;
And larks the showery morning hailed;
And all the hills appeared again unveiled;

And the green fields were softened; and our spades
Were labour-polished; glowed our hands with toil;
And plenteous, though poor,
The morning meal was sure;—
Our children answered to our call,
A little thinner each, but living all.

DAVID WINGATE.

SOME THOUGHTS ON STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS.

By J. M. LUDLOW.

Thanks in great measure to the good sense of both masters and men in the North of England, by the time these pages will appear, England will, no doubt, have witnessed the close (and Scotland, I trust, will not have seen the resumption) of one of the most gigantic struggles which have yet convulsed our labour-market—the lock-out in the iron trade, arising out of the North Staffordshire strike. According to the *Times* (March 22), 33,730 workers must have been thereby thrown out of employ in Staffordshire and East Worcestershire alone, representing a population of 133,000; 14,782 hands, representing 59,128, in the North of England. The estimate does not apparently include one or two smaller locked-out districts; and if the lock-out had extended, as originally threatened, to the whole trade, or had been universal in the districts where it existed, there can be no doubt that the figures put forth by the *Beehive* newspaper of 70,000 as the number of men virtually involved in it, would have been under the mark; so that, by a stroke far more sudden than that of the stoppage of the American cotton trade, more than a quarter of a million of men, women and children would have been deprived of their livelihood.

Did this event stand alone in our contemporary history, it would deserve to fix the attention of all of us who are not absolutely callous to the well-being of their fellow-countrymen. But it is only the other day that the building trade in the Midland Counties was paralysed by a similar contest. A very few years separate this latter from the London building strike of 1859-60. The coal strike and lock-out of 1858 is still fresh in West Yorkshire memories; the Preston strike of 1853 in those of Lancashire. The lock-out of engineers in 1851-2 is remembered as the first instance of a hostile stoppage of works throughout the country. Disputes formerly confined to a single town now spread over whole districts, or cover the whole country. The persons engaged in them have risen in number, as we see by the last instance, to tens of thousands; their immediate victims, to hundreds of thousands. There is a system in them. The men strike against a single master or in a single district, by way of testing their strength, with the view of carrying out the process in other cases if they succeed. The masters seek to anticipate their tactics by a general lock-out. And although I am perfectly satisfied, as every one must be who looks into the facts, that trade disputes are far less mixed up with violence than formerly, so that it is only in a few localities, and almost exclusively in a few of the lowest and worst-paid trades, that outrages formerly common in all may be still expected, still I am bound to say that in my opinion the frequency and magnitude of these disputes have not yet reached their *maximum*, but we are likely to see hereafter strikes and lock-outs of a more gigantic character, and more fruitful in suffering, than any we have seen hitherto.

It would indeed be easy, but too long for me here, to show in detail that the growth of these crises of the labour-market is in part only apparent; and again, that so far as it is real, it is in great measure owing to our social progress itself: just as the increased destructiveness to life and property of a railway accident, compared with a coach accident, is in great measure owing to the same cause.

To say nothing yet of changes in the law, the railroad, the penny post, the electric telegraph, the enlargement and multiplication of newspapers, the general cheapening of the press, the spread of education, amongst other influences, have brought us closer together, enabled us—nay, compelled us to see and know more of each other; and this material approximation between man and man has been accompanied with and promoted by, whilst it has in turn favoured, the growth of larger and more varied sympathies. Compare any number of the *Times* in 1865 with any newspaper whatever of the last century, and however offensive may still be the temper of the "leaders" in the former, yet the very size of the two sheets, still more their contents, will prove that—putting aside all foreign and colonial questions—the various parts of these British Isles care and want to learn much more about each other than they did then; that Manchester and Glasgow, Leeds and Dublin, have much more hold upon the thoughts and feelings of London than they had. And this increase of knowledge and mutual sympathy has not been only superficial: it has grown in depth as well as in breadth. The general public hear more about trade disputes, because they care more about both classes involved in them.

Again, the progress of population, the accumulation of capital, the development of mechanical invention, have enormously multiplied the number of workers in almost any given trade, and in almost any given establishment, so that the cessation of labour in any single workshop, still more in any single trade, throws ever-increasing numbers of workers out of employment. And as each portion of our country becomes less and less a little realm of its own, differing in customs, prices, speech, feelings from all others, the labour market for each calling tends more and more to become that of the whole country. When thousands of men can be transferred from London to Leeds or Manchester in a few hours at a trifling cost, any cessation of trade in one labour mart affects every other far more vitally than when the same number must have taken days and even weeks to perform the journey at a greater expense. This again tends necessarily to draw both the employers and the employed respectively into closer relations among themselves; to enlarge their respective combinations, to give intensity to their disputes.

But because strikes and lock-outs have grown with the growth of society, does it follow that they are to be looked upon as its necessary products? that we are to stand tamely by and let them work havoc at their will? You might as well say that railway accidents must be accepted as the necessary consequence of the railway system, and railway companies be allowed to smash trains and passengers as they please.

The parallel, of course, is not exact. It is true as to third parties—workmen in connected trades, shopkeepers who supply the wants of the combatants, &c.—victims of the contest, as helpless and as innocent as any passengers whom a railway accident knocks to pieces. It is not sufficient as to the parties actually engaged. For indeed there is this difference between the cases, that rail and wheel here have in a manner wills of their own; and third parties are smashed because the rail won't carry the wheel, or the wheel won't run on the rail. A struggle of will with will lies always at the bottom of all the ruin—a struggle which now-a-days assumes all the proportions of a social war, and thus, to be fairly judged and adequately dealt with, I believe strikes and lock-outs require always to be considered alternately in their two-fold aspect—first, that of a social warfare between class and class; second, that of a destructive interruption of the commercial welfare of the country. The distinction must be kept clear, between the rights of the parties engaged in the contest as towards each other, and those of its victims as towards both.

Now, so long as we do not go the full length of absolute non-resistance as a policy of practical and present application, I have no hesitation in saying that, as between the parties, a strike or a lock-out appears to me justifiable precisely to the same extent as any other war; that is to say, it may be carried on for a just cause, and where no other means are available for attaining its ends.

Into the ethics of the question generally I have no space here to enter; but one or two points connected with the late struggle I may venture to touch upon. I must say at once that—quite admitting that a lock-out stands, in principle, on the same footing as a strike—it appears to me always to demand stricter investigation, a fuller justification. The employer almost invariably claims to be superior, not only in wealth, position, and credit, but in intelligence and education, to his work-people. In his relations to other classes he has almost invariably in his favour the *primâ facie* arguments of a good coat, a clean face, and very generally also of grammatical speech and an intelligible handwriting. All these are advantages of which he must bear the responsibilities. He really claims to be in the position of a more highly civilised nation opposed to a less civilised one. Surely he is bound to be all the more judicious, magnanimous, and patient. Nor can we forget, that when the workman ventures upon a strike, whatever may be the consequences to others, he begins himself by staking generally his all; whereas, when the employer locks out, he seldom risks much more than the temporary profits on his capital, which never can be very high at the time. And when he stops work altogether, on account of a dispute with only one set of workers employed by him, he is really carrying on the social war like a general who should expel all the inhabitants of a friendly city, in driving out a party of the enemy.

Still worse is it, I must say, when the masters close their doors upon thousands of men, all working at the wages and under the conditions of labour which their employers themselves had fixed, because those men, and even only a comparative few of them, are subscribing out of their wages for the support of a strike elsewhere, even though it should be with a view of repeating the same process, if successful, on the spot. Surely the employer can have no right to fix the way in which his workmen lay out their wages? To do so is to assume, no longer commercial authority, but political power. It is to imitate and justify the example of the Emperor of the French, or the Emperor of Russia, when they forbid subscriptions in favour of some political champion or victim. Suppose the case reversed. Suppose the men to strike against their masters when giving them their own rate of wages, because these chose to support certain other masters struck against elsewhere, and what an outcry would arise throughout the country! Yet the two cases are exactly parallel. And if I am told that there is no other way than such lock-outs of preventing the employers from being worsted in detail, I will answer that such a fact would amount to a sad confession of moral weakness on their behalf; for it would simply show that they cannot stand by one another as their men. If their longer purses were as free to their brethren as the men's shorter ones to theirs, it is impossible that any partial strike should succeed.

I must go further, and say that a lock-out to put down a trade-society, either directly, or by means of a "declaration" such as that imposed by the master engineers in 1852, and by the Leeds and Low Moor Ironmasters last year, appears to me always unjustifiable. It cannot be too often repeated that the combination of numbers amongst the men is but the counterpoise and parallel to the accumulation of capital in the hands of the employers; since every large employer is in fact as many employers in one as he can employ men, with a unity of direction which the combination of the latter can never possess, and resources to back him which they very seldom enjoy. Moreover, the employers' attempt to put down such combinations never in fact succeeds. When a "declaration" is imposed, the usual result is that the most conscientious society-men leave the district or the country, the remainder sign the declaration, as they deem it, under compulsion, either violating their engagement while they take it, or meaning to do so the next day. And the employers know this, as the conduct of the iron-masters in the late dispute well shows. As I have heard it well observed, they required last year the men engaged in the Low Moor Strike to pledge themselves against their union. This year they punish the union for not being strong enough. For what else was the threat to keep up the lock-out until the North Staffordshire men went in, but an attempt to force the men into doing, by some organisation of their own, that which the employers themselves were powerless to do?

Injudicious strikes have often destroyed trade-societies. A lock-out, I believe, never has. And it requires but common sense to see that it cannot, especially when attempted, as in the case of the iron-trades, in a business employing many other classes of workers than those in dispute with the employer. For whether a society's purse be long or short, it is always seen, when work is stopped, to be better than none; the unionists must fare better than the non-unionists. Hence the natural effect of a lock-out, or even of a tolerably well-conducted strike, is to create new trade-societies, and to strengthen old ones, very often now-a-days by amalgamation between trade and trade. The master engineers' declaration hangs up still, I believe, in some workshops; but the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, which they thought to have defeated, had a balance of £67,000 in January, 1864, in place of the £22,000 with which it met the lock-out. The iron-masters will have, I believe, to take credit for themselves for the rise of several labourers' unions through their late proceedings. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, a five-year-old bantling, so far from having been ruined by the London Building Strike of 1861-2, has now a balance in hand of upwards of £4,000. I know very well that in many instances trade-societies are becoming more and more exacting. I can fully sympathise with employers smarting under their interference. I am quite ready to believe that the puddlers (men, be it observed, not only generally very ill-educated, but who fill, in fact, the place of small masters, and not of the mildest, to their under-hands and boys) have been often especially tyrannical. But it is idle for the employers to suppose that they can simply beat down trade-societies by any organisation of their own. The employers in any given trade may be stronger than the workmen in that trade, but not than in all trades. The more extensive their lock-outs, the wider will be the combinations among working men which they will evoke.*

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* I must add, moreover, as an outsider, that the working-men's present policy of partial strikes, repeated if need be, appears to me far less objectionable from a public point of view, not only than the general strikes of old, but than the employers' retort of a general lock-out. The

I have the less hesitation in speaking as I have done of the late lock-out, as from the first I suspected, and am now pretty well convinced, that the North Staffordshire men who struck were in the wrong all through; that—although there may possibly be some difference in the nature of the material they have to work up—they have established no sufficient case for the difference in wages claimed by them over their fellow-workers in other districts, many of whom (in South Wales and Scotland, for instance) have, I fear, to labour under much worse disadvantages, that of "truck," for one. Few strikes, I believe, have ever aroused less sympathy in trades more immediately connected with them. The "Millmen's Association" has openly condemned it; the Staffordshire miners, and the Amalgamated Engineers, have shown it no favour. And even if the men had been originally justified in claiming an enhanced rate of wages, it seems to me that, from the working man's own point of view, the North Staffordshire men grievously sinned against their fellows by persisting in subjecting them to all the hardships of a lock-out for the sake of their own paltry bit of coin, and in setting at defiance the authority of their own trade-society—a conduct which, they may rest assured, has inflicted a worse blow on trade-societies generally than any conceivable number of lock-outs. And lastly, by their refusal of a fair proposal of arbitration when accepted by their masters, they seem to me to have shown their own consciousness of the badness of their case.

Now whence do strikes and lock-outs proceed? Like all other quarrels, from either ignorance or selfishness. Those which flow from the former source may be put a stop to, for all ignorance may be cured by knowledge. But we must distinguish between that ignorance which arises from imperfect education of the man, and that which arises from the imperfect knowledge of the facts of labour and trade. I will not dwell on the former kind of ignorance, which concerns the rest of the community as well as the employers and the employed, and which tends to disappear through the spread of education. But ignorance of the facts of labour and trade, *i.e.*, of the true conditions under which a given labour or trade can for the time being be carried on, may consist with a large amount of general knowledge. This ignorance is often mutual. Under that divorce in ownership between capital and labour which is characteristic of our social state, each party is trained to look only to its own interests, and thereby naturally to exaggerate the inconveniences under which it may suffer, without often considering that those which it imposes on the other may be greater still, at least in the estimation of that other party. This kind of ignorance can only be remedied by a better understanding and a friendly frankness between both parties. It is not for me to say how far an employer is to disclose his business and position to his work-people; but I feel certain, first, that workmen invariably know far more about their employers than the latter are aware; secondly, that this partial knowledge, being pieced out by surmises, leads, I believe, to many difficulties and disputes which a frank statement of the truth would avoid. Nor must it be forgotten that when ignorance is coupled with suspicion, as it unfortunately is in most cases between employer and employed, the dispelling of it may depend in great measure not only on a knowledge of the truth, but on the manner of telling it. "The Millmen's Association," in an address issued by them in reference to the late disputes in the iron trades, I believe most truly tells us that strikes "could ofttimes be avoided, were the employers a little more to unbend themselves, and the men to be more susceptible to reason in such cases. Were the employers and the employed, through their representatives, to meet and discuss questions of this nature, with absence of hauteur on the one hand, and frankness and willingness to hear and to learn on the other, we think ere long such things would belong to the past."

But although the establishment of mutual confidence and friendly relations between employers and employed will always prevent many a trade-dispute, such relations, unfortunately, become more and more difficult, in proportion to the scale on which manufacturing operations are carried on, and to the enlargement of the sphere of trade questions. The same facts cannot often be published to the many, which could be safely trusted to the few. For the employer of half a thousand men to be really on friendly terms with all, implies peculiar gifts, considerable exertion, the sacrifice, it may be said, of all his leisure. And the man who conquers this difficulty will probably be the very one who on the occurrence of a collective trade-dispute, will be apt to look at any strange workman, representative of a men's union, as a born enemy. Conversely, workmen who may have the utmost confidence in their immediate employer, will often look at the masters' association to which he belongs as the incarnation of all evil. And there is an ever increasing number of cases in which the employer himself is a collective entity, leaving the employed in personal contact only with hired managers. I fear the mutual confidence and friendly personal relations between masters and men, however efficacious where available, especially in individual cases, are but a broken reed to trust to in these large differences which involve the well-being of a whole trade.

Moreover, if a quarrel once breaks out, even though through simple mutual ignorance, the parties to it are often not the most likely to come

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former tends to minimise, the latter to maximise the mischiefs of a dispute; since, at the worst, partial and successive stoppages convulse a trade far less than a general one; whilst, if one or two partial contests are accepted as decisive, an economic problem—to use a friend's words—has been solved in a really scientific manner by experiments on a small scale.

to a direct understanding. The intervention of a third party, impartial between if not friendly towards both, may often help much to this effect. To yield to his judgment, instead of to an opponent, saves the self-love even of a disputant dimly conscious of being in the wrong. His mere mediation—like that of Lord Lichfield between the Staffordshire disputants—may help to calm down passions, even when not at once successful. Hence the swelling cry for arbitration in trade-disputes, practically justified in several instances already. Arbitration stopped, some years ago, the strike of the Leeds stone-masons. It stopped last year the strike in the Manchester building-trades. Proposals for arbitration, in one shape or other, were bandied about like shuttlecocks in the late dispute in the iron-trades. The addresses to the employers, both of the "National Association of Ironworkers," and of the "Millmen's Association," urge it. The former hopes "that you will consider the advisability of laying down some plan, so that all disputes may be settled by arbitration." The latter cautiously says: "Arbitration, we think, would have a tendency to almost, if not quite abolish strikes."

But here we must distinguish between two things, often confounded in the cry; voluntary, and legal arbitration. Very seldom, I think, will employers be found to go beyond the former; to accept the idea of being bound by an arbiter's sentence in the conduct of their business. Looking on themselves as independent potentates, they are willing to accept arbitration so far, and so far only, as it is at present available between nation and nation, *i.e.*, as a mere declaratory sentence, sanctioned by no penalty, without other efficacy than that which the honour of the parties in difference allows to it. Grant, however, that voluntary arbitration might well terminate such trade disputes as arise from the source hitherto considered, ignorance. Of what avail will it be against those which arise from that other source which I have not yet dwelt on, selfishness,—the desire of either party to pursue its own advantage, regardless of the other's rights and welfare? Of as much avail as a wisp of straw to bind a tiger. There is no use in dwelling here upon this class of trade-disputes. As between the contending parties, they have no solution but to be fought out "to the bitter end." And when we consider how many trade-contests do and must spring from this source, I fear we must come to the conclusion that there is no hope of seeing them extinguished, so long as they are dealt with only from the point of view of the disputants.

But now let us take up the other point of view, that of the bystander, the victim. It is no question for him whether a quarrel arise out of ignorance or out of selfishness, which party is in the right, which in the wrong. His right is not to have his head broken, his windows smashed by either. *They* may only claim a ring—a fair field and no favour. What *he* needs is the police. They may have their respective rights, and so much the better for them. But they have no right, according to the old legal adage, to use that which is their own so as to injure another. His title to earn his living undisturbed cannot be affected by their quarrels. The only question for him is, how these quarrels are to be put down or prevented.

A firm of iron-merchants writing to the *Times* some time ago, and looking only to the fact that trade-disputes now-a-days are carried on by large organised bodies, proposed for simple remedy the putting down all such associations of masters and men alike. They might as well have proposed that rivers should run up to their source. *That* policy was honestly practised by this country for centuries, from the reign of Edward III., at least, to that of George IV.—and with what result? That trade societies, however illegal, multiplied as secret unions, wielding in some cases a power to which the great amalgamated societies of the present afford no parallel, as when the Liverpool shipwrights, although combined nominally as a mere friendly society, not only held in their hands the patronage of one of the seats for the borough, but were able on one occasion to carry their candidate against those of both contending political parties; that strikes were habitually carried on with an amount of intimidation and outrage, only exceptional at the present day, and that finally, after passing an infinite number of acts in the direction of repression, Parliament, upon the report of two committees in 1824 and 1825, swept away the whole mass of the combination laws, by the 5 Geo. IV., c. 95. If any one wishes to see a *bonâ fide* revolution in this country, let him do his best to restore them.

But we must make a great distinction between the putting down of trade combinations, which every man acquainted with the past history and the present social condition of our country must deem impossible, and the putting down of strikes and lock-outs, which, although they owe their importance to such combinations, yet exist in principle quite apart from them, since, in their essence, they are nothing but a simple refusal to sell or to buy a given commodity. The trade-society is no doubt the machinery used to carry on the strike or resist the lock out. But so far from the strike being the normal object and purpose of the trade-society, it will generally be found that the older and more prosperous a trade-society becomes, the fewer strikes it is found engaged in. And conversely, the more strikes a trade-society encourages, the sooner it comes to grief. Sometimes indeed Jeshurun waxes fat and kicks; large accumulated funds, coming into the hands of a new executive, like a rich inheritance to a young spendthrift, may tempt it to a conflict. But the reverse is usually the case, the possession of property brings with it as a rule prudence to trade-societies as well as to other people; witness, for instance, the line taken up by the wealthy Amalgamated Society of Engineers in the iron trades' dispute, in opposition to Mr. George Potter.

For myself, I have no hesitation in saying that strikes and lock-outs will, in my opinion, have to be put down sooner or later, just as private wars had to be put down, then street-fights between noblemen's retainers,—just as faction fights and Irish rows have to be put down nowadays,—by the law. But neither private wars nor any other shape of open conflict can ever be so put down, until the law shows itself capable of grappling with whatever title or pretext of right lies at the bottom of them; nor can it ever put down strikes or lock-outs, until it has devised means of taking cognisance of the subjects of trade disputes, and created tribunals for deciding them.

What means? The usual suggestion is still, Arbitration; but arbitration in a very different sense from that in which we viewed it before; legal arbitration, compulsory arbitration, not voluntary. Within certain narrow limits, indeed, it is too much forgotten that, since the beginning of this century at least, the law of England has been ineffectually endeavouring to apply this very remedy. By an Act of 1800 (39 & 40 Geo. III., c. 90), "for settling disputes that may arise between masters and workmen, engaged in the cotton manufacture in that part of Great Britain called England," a system of arbitration was sought to be introduced in the cotton trade. In another Act of the same year and session (c. 106), is contained a section (18) enacting general provisions to the same effect. Besides various intermediate statutes (1801, 1803, 1804, 1813), the 5 Geo. IV., c. 96, which repealed all previous Acts, and is still in force, has for title "an Act to consolidate and amend the laws relative to the arbitration of disputes between masters and workmen." How far such statutes may have been found available in individual cases, I cannot say; how little they have effected in putting an end to trade disputes, the enormous strikes and lock-outs of our day sufficiently show. Something more then is evidently needed. This something has been thought to be found in the creation of regular courts of arbitration, elected by masters and men, more or less after the type of the French "Conseils de Prudhommes."

These latter, I cannot doubt, have saved many a strike to France. Although they can only deal with individual cases, they are thus able, at least, to dispose of those numerous instances (as that of the London building strike), in which a quarrel between a single master and one or two of his men spreads first to the whole workshop, then to the whole trade. But the "Conseils de Prudhommes" have not suppressed strikes in France. The Parisian working men delegates to the Great Exhibition, in that remarkable series of reports, of which I have ere this spoken in Good Words,* mention strikes repeatedly; sometimes declare that only by means of them have they been able to improve their condition hitherto; and tell of a Parisian carpenters' strike in particular (spring of 1862), in which more than 2000 workmen were arrested.

I should be the last person to decry courts of arbitration for trade disputes, seeing that I have advocated them in print for the last thirteen years. I greatly regret that Mr. Mackinnon should this year abstain from bringing forward his bill for the purpose. But the more I reflect upon the subject, the more satisfied I am that to make such courts, or any arbitration of trade disputes, really efficacious, the first thing required is to legalise trade organisations, both of masters and men. At present, be it observed, these bodies, though not illegal, are yet practically shut out from taking any legal binding form. Until this is given to them the law cannot face, cannot grapple with, the practical conditions of trade-disputes. They are almost invariably carried on by societies. It is these which the law must get into its grip, so as to be able to use their machinery, to lay hold of their funds for the ends of justice. It is too often supposed that legalisation is only claimed for them as a boon. No doubt it would be an advantage to them to obtain a legal control over their members, to be able to enforce payment of subscriptions (protection against embezzlement they may have already, under a special clause of the Friendly Societies Act); but such a measure would be, above all, a guarantee to the public. Nothing is more dangerous than the existence of huge organisations of thousands of men, of which the law takes no account—than their being able to reckon balances by the 10,000*l.*, of which the law cannot touch a penny. What is needed to make the arbitration of trade disputes a reality, in cases of collective strikes and lock-outs, is to bring trade societies as such before the arbitrator, and enable his award to be enforced, with costs if need be, against their corporate funds, through the medium, if need be, of their corporate powers.

Yet when all is said and done, I should be very sorry if either employers or employed, or the bystanding public, were to run away with the notion that arbitration alone, even if backed by the most stringent legal remedies, can be a panacea for strikes and lock-outs. Arbitration is no doubt a very wise, judicious, excellent thing; but its very adoption implies a certain amount of wisdom and judgment in those who adopt it; requires a still larger amount of both in those who submit to it when applied. A contested arbitration, as any lawyer knows, is more tedious and expensive often than a lawsuit. Of all legal documents an award is often the most difficult to draw, so that it shall really "hold water." In practice, perhaps the greater number of arbitrations which take place are imposed by courts of justice. A very considerable amount of legislation has taken place to render both submissions to arbitration and awards binding and enforceable. And yet any one may see that arbitration has not suppressed hostile litigation;

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* See Good Words for 1864, pp. 728, 874.

that more quarrels perhaps are fought out in all manner of ways than are settled by a third party.

Excellent, therefore, as is the idea of settling trade disputes by arbitration—certain as it is to bear fruit in many instances—it is idle to suppose either that it can be realised generally without considerable difficulty, or that it will, as a rule, fulfil its purpose. But the legalisation of trade organisations would bring with it consequences of its own. In giving responsibility towards the arbitrator it would give it towards the world.

Considerable steadiness might be added to the labour market through agreements by the trade society, enforceable at least in damages, that work should be carried on for a given time under certain conditions; by its guaranteeing in like manner, for certain periods, the contracts for labour of particular workmen; perhaps by its contracting itself for a supply of labour. Virtually, indeed, in all trades where strongly-organised trade societies exist, this takes place already. Though the employer may choose absolutely to ignore the society, it is really this which, through the medium of individuals, agrees to let him have his labour, at a certain price and under certain conditions; and he would enjoy far greater security if he could treat with it openly for the purpose, as with a legally responsible party. Again, let the rules of a trade society forbid strikes, those of an employers' society lock-outs (none should be allowed which at least make provision for such purposes), and any application of their funds to the forbidden purpose would give grounds for a suit in equity against the peccant executive. Nay, I believe it would not be impossible to devise some legal remedy for outsiders aggrieved by trade disputes, analogous to compensation for accidental injuries. If iron-masters and their men, by mismanaging their trade, choose to ruin a coal owner and his workmen, there seems no reason why they should not be as responsible to their victims as any Jehu who, by furious or careless driving, runs over a fellow-creature. The injury done to a non-society man kept a given number of weeks out of work by a society's strike, in which he had no part, is as measurable in damages as if he had been laid up by a broken leg.

I have only had space here to glance at one condition of the legal settlement of trade disputes, viz., the providing effectual means of reaching the parties. I am of course not ignorant that many persons hold almost as a tenet of faith, that the questions in dispute themselves are incapable of legal decision. I have given reasons elsewhere (see *Macmillan's Magazine* for March 1861, pp. 367, ff.), from a purely scientific point of view, for holding this view erroneous, even as respects wages. I will only insist here that a rate of wages is merely the price of labour, and that the prices of all manner of things are continually determined through the agency of courts of justice,—by juries, by judges, by masters, or other officers of the courts, by arbitrators under their sanction,—and that I know of no other instance in which a question of price would be allowed, as this one is, to convulse society without legal intervention. Suppose, for instance, that all the railways of England were carried on under a system of divided ownership, similar to that which obtains in trade, so that all the permanent ways should be in one set of companies, and all the rolling stock in another; would it be tolerated that the whole traffic between London and Liverpool, or even between Glasgow and Edinburgh, should be stopped for as long a time as the permanent way company and the rolling stock company chose to remain quarrelling as to the terms of carrying on the line and sharing the receipts? Would not means be very soon applied or devised for compelling them to come to an agreement, for determining somehow the figure in dispute? Yet such a case would be almost exactly analogous to that of any ordinary trade contest. And if I am told that when a question of price comes to be judicially determined it is very often very badly decided, my answer is that this is rather an advantage, as leading to more settlements of the question out of court,—the bad judicial determination acting as a penalty upon obstinacy, and with the deterrent effect of any other penalty.

Not arbitration merely, therefore, but the means of legally enforcing responsibility for trade disputes against those who carry them on, is what is wanted; to subjugate those disputes, in short, like every other kind of civil difference, thoroughly and absolutely to the law. And I have seen no reason for varying the opinion, which I expressed in print some years ago, that competent tribunals can be devised for the settlement of trade disputes, and that when this takes place, the public will be entitled to insist on measures of penal legislation against strikes and lock-outs as social nuisances—making them perhaps indictable, like other nuisances, at the common law.

But is coercion then the be-all and end-all of such questions? Coercion, which is seldom a cure, but only a punishment? Surely what is needed in mischiefs of this kind, as in all others, is, beyond punishment, cure where practicable—but above all and in all things, prevention. Now the only social prevention I know against strikes and lock-outs lies in combining the characters, and thereby identifying the interests, of the employer and the employed, either by admission of the latter to profits, with a right of account at least, if not with some share in the management, or by their finding themselves the capital for carrying on the business; in other words, by the application to production of the co-operative principle, so successfully applied already in this country to consumption.

Nothing seems to me more singular than the fact that such combination of the two characters should seem to many new and strange, to some still dangerous and revolutionary. All production starts from it. The first workman in any given trade must always have been his own master. The second, whom he taught, no doubt became such as soon as he had learnt his trade. There were no strikes or lock-outs then, for men do not strike against or lock-out themselves. To the present day, the individual worker who is his own capitalist offers peculiar guarantees to a customer. A cab-driver who owns his cab is always a more responsible man than he of the "next cab" who does not. The most satisfactory work in any handicraft is to be looked for from a good workman working on his own account; the next, from a shop where the master takes himself a hand in the work. Thus, in the most ordinary cases, the more closely the two characters of employer and employed are combined in production, the more orderly and satisfactory is the result; and the only question is really as to the best means of combining them on a large scale. I must say, indeed, that although I believe the true principle of co-operation in production—viz., that of attributing profits to labour as such—has been discovered, it is quite possible, notwithstanding the success of a few co-operative productive associations, that the true form of applying that principle has not yet been worked out. And I am glad, therefore, of any efforts in this direction, whether in the shape of mere joint-stock companies, in which the workpeople of the establishment take shares, or of mere distribution of profits beyond a given amount among the workers. Believing as I do that the work of production will become more and more difficult, until it reverts to what I deem its normal condition, combining the characters of capitalist and worker, I know well the difficulties of the attempt. The admission of the worker to a participation in profits retains in presence two classes, the one accustomed to rule, the other too often grudgingly and distrustfully to obey, and both of which carry into their new relation their old jarring habits of thought and action, their old mutual prejudices and misunderstandings. Co-operation amongst workers alone involves the effort, enormous to men of any class, still more so to the comparatively uneducated, of taking up the place of another class, and that one to which they have been habitually opposed, and taking it up under difficulties still comparatively unknown to the very class which they replace, viz., those of a numerous proprietary.

Participation in profits, or co-operation, can thus be but slow remedies for trade disputes such as now convulse society. Still, the latter especially must be an effectual one; and both have this further advantage, that their preventive effects are not confined to those of successful experiments. The most miserable failure of a co-operative workshop, by placing the wages-receiver for a time in the position of a profit-receiver, compelling the most ignorant and wrong-headed trades-unionist of the old school for a time to realise in his own person the puzzles and responsibilities of an employer, may do more in the long run to avert strikes and lock-outs than the most affectionate self-devotion of a particular employer to the interests of his workpeople. The one must make the worker more of a man; the other may end by making him little more than a happy child. And valuable as must be even co-operative failure, co-operative success must be far more so. For a flourishing co-operative establishment in any given trade must, over and above the comfort and means of self-improvement which it supplies to individuals, tend to give steadiness to the whole trade, by affording a standard of wages. The worker-capitalists, whom no class interest can induce to exaggerate the margin of profit, will be sure not to lower their own wages, whilst they can afford to keep them up; nor to keep them up when they cannot afford to do so.

But before the devising and carrying out of co-operative production on any general scale, years and generations may go by. In the meanwhile, let this at least be borne in mind, by employers,—by us all. Within a very few years, with the close of the American contest,—when the Southern States have at last, in fact for the first time, to be really settled and civilised,—a drain of labour, both skilled and unskilled, will surely commence from the Old World to the New, such as has never been seen yet in history. If between this and then really satisfactory relations cannot grow up between employers and employed—if the condition of our working man does not become in his own eyes a more than tolerable one, both economically and morally, employers may some day find themselves compelled to yield to the least efficient and least worthy of their workpeople that which now they often refuse to the best and worthiest. Already the trade-societies of the English-speaking race have far outstripped the dreams of politicians. Whilst these are timidly conceiving the possibility of an imperial federation between Great Britain and her dependencies, our trade-societies have actually restored England's union with her great lost empire of the West. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers has its branches in the United States, as well as in Malta, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. The Executives of the National Society of Ironworkers, the other day, warned their masters that Pittsburgh was in union with Gateshead and Brierley Hill.

The present is surely a most favourable time for considering this momentous question. Strikes are denounced by the very bodies which have to carry them on. The address issued to the masters in the course of the late dispute in the iron-trades, by the Joint Executives of the "National Association of Ironworkers," declares: "We shall do all in our power to hasten the time when strikes and lock-outs will be abandoned." That of the "Millmen's Association" speaks more strongly still: "Our views in regard to strikes are, that they are one of the abominable things which we hate, and ought never to be attempted except in extreme cases." Surely it is worth while to take these men at their own words, even if they are not sincere—as I believe they are.

ESSAYS, THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

V.—REASONS FOR *SCEPTICISM* AS TO CERTAIN SPECULATIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE: ADDRESSED TO A *BELIEVER*.

(*Continued from page 303.*)

To M. D.—IV. I said in my last communication that I should endeavour to show that you are hasty in concluding from the recent discoveries the immense antiquity of man; that is, I added, of the "*genus Homo* to which you and I belong." I made use of that expression because I by no means deny that there *may* have been, (for aught you and I know,) and it may be hereafter proved that there *was*, a species of animal amidst the numberless varieties that have appeared, still more like man than any of the existing ape tribes; more like him in general organisation, and with keener instincts and more intelligence than any of those tribes now possess; and yet not *man*,—having none of man's higher intellectual nor a vestige of his distinctive moral endowments. Such a discovery, if it were made, certainly need not very much surprise us; nor is there a word in Scripture (which is silent on all such Pre-Adamite matters) against it.

In demanding my assent to the doctrine of the unlimited antiquity of our race, you require me, on a very hasty summons, to abandon a conclusion which *seemed* to be established by a great convergence of evidence; and amongst other evidence, by the decided opinion of many of the greatest zoologists and geologists, both of the last and the present generation, that man is of comparatively recent appearance on our globe. You call upon me to do this principally on the strength of the renowned flint instruments, bearing a resemblance (though often rude enough) to spear-heads, arrow-heads, knives or axes. These have been found in certain localities in which it is presumed the strata have been undisturbed for periods long anterior to all trace of authentic history. In one or two cases also, a few remains of those who have been *presumed* to be the accomplished artificers of these not very artificial instruments have been supposed to be discovered. But as some of these last seem to prove the ingenuity of the moderns in providing the scientific world with such evidence, far more conclusively than the instruments do the skill of the Pre-Adamites in making them; and as in other cases they merely indicate juxtaposition, and not contemporaneousness, of the flints and the human relics, this momentous point is still *sub judice.*—But the flint instruments are supposed to be conclusive; they are as old, you say, as the drifts in which they are found. Now, in these drifts are also found, it seems, the remains of some species of animals now and long since extinct. There is no proof, you argue, that this drift has been disturbed within historic times; therefore, man is of unlimited antiquity, perhaps lived hundreds of thousands of years ago!

I am far from saying that the scientific men who have expounded this argument have pledged themselves for its absolute validity, or that they would affirm that it is more than probable; though I think they may be justly charged with favouring it on too slender grounds, certainly with considering too exclusively the arguments on one side only; and that they would have done better to wait for further light.

But in this, as in other cases, multitudes, (especially of the young,) who would fain find the doctrine true and feel the influence of that rather prevalent *idolum tribus* by which "the wish is father to the thought," have accepted it without hesitation, as if it were already demonstrated, and raised their pæan over the prostrate and utterly futile Mosaic history and chronology. Not a few of these assume all the airs of infallible knowledge, express mingled pity and contempt for those purblind and prejudiced souls who still profess to doubt, and attribute it to the usual bigotry of theology, and a determination *not* to see! Yet let us calmly consider, without at all pronouncing on the ultimate issues of the controversy, how many alternatives the advocate of such a theory is bound to set aside, and how many objections he may fairly be called upon to meet and remove, before he can logically call on any sober man to acquiesce in his conclusions.

Of course I lay no stress on what has been sometimes said, that it is a matter of doubt whether fancy may not have played false with the admirers of those rude instruments, and in many instances given to man what is due to the freaks of nature; or, in a far greater number of instances, given to *Pre-Adamite* men what is too surely due to the astute modern *manufacturer* of these same antiquities. Cases of the former kind *may* have occurred: an immense number of the latter we know have occurred. Flint instruments of *truly* fabulous antiquity have followed the too modern law of "demand and supply:" so extensively indeed as to have covered the whole subject in the minds of many with undeserved suspicion. But I concede at once that many of these flint implements are genuine, and the work, if not of human, yet of *some* intelligence: though here I cannot but pause for a moment just to express admiration at the sudden quickness in seizing "proofs of design" which some of you evince, who, being thorough disciples of M. Comte, laugh at the idea of "design" when the term is applied to the works of God! You can see nothing *there*—nothing in the exquisite harmonies and homologies with which heaven and earth are filled; nothing in the exquisite construction of plants and animals, or in that of an eye or a hand; nothing in any of these, or in the relations which bind them all into a permanent system; you can see nothing, I say, in all these that indicates *design*: no: they are mere "adaptations" of one thing to another, though no Mind "adapted" them! But no sooner do you see one of these clumsy flint implements, though the by-standers are ready to swear that, if a work of art at all, it would disgrace anybody but a Troglodyte to have turned out such an implement, than you at once pronounce that it is not only clearly a work of art, but distinctly and exclusively of *human* art. However, I grant for argument's sake, that many of these flint implements are genuine, and ancient, and works of art, whether that art be human or not. Still, as an advocate for the theory of the immense antiquity of man, deduced from thence, you have fairly to get rid of the following alternatives:—

1. The localities being rare in which these relics are found under *such* conditions as fairly suggest your argument, you are bound to prove that the drifts which contain them have never, owing to local causes, been disturbed; that the flints and the animal remains are not only in juxtaposition, but were contemporaneously deposited there; and that both have been as they are, even from those remote periods to which you refer them: a conclusion in which some eminent geologists are by no means as yet prepared to acquiesce.

2. On the supposition that this is got over, and that these relics are really to be referred to *some* intelligence that existed in those remote ages in which also existed those now extinct animals, the remains of which are found with them, you are bound to prove that *that* intelligence was *human*. To myself, I confess, it would not be at all surprising to find that among the other strange animals, (now extinct,) which the vast geological periods reveal; among those varied forms of life, which on *any* theory pass by such gradual and scarcely perceptible differences into one another, there had existed a species of animal still nearer the human type, than any of the existing species of the ape; and who, without man's reason or conscience, might have had intelligence enough (it does not seem to require much) to form these uncouth flint weapons, by which they might be the better enabled to take their prey, or defend themselves from those huge and formidable animals by which, in the Pre-Adamite world, they may be supposed to have been surrounded. Indeed, it is somewhat hard to imagine that beings who could only do the feats of skill, which these implements reveal, and who left in *them* the sole memorials of their art, could be (without far other proof) allied to the race who, during the brief historic period, have filled the earth with the monuments of their versatile ingenuity. While I (though of course asserting nothing) have no difficulty in a supposition of this kind, acknowledging, as I must, by how fine a gradation the various classes of animated beings pass into one another; sure I am, that you, as an advocate of the theory of "the transmutation of species," ought not only to admit the plausibility of such a solution, but to welcome it as a valuable auxiliary; since it would afford a fragment of evidence of a kind very much in request by you. You contend that in "the struggle for life," which has led to the existing species, innumerable varieties have perished; and though you acknowledge that you do not find their fossil remains, you also confess, that you *ought* by rights to do so. It is a trivial difficulty, which I think would stagger a less docile faith than yours. But now, on the supposition of some creature more than ape, but less than man, there would be a case of "variety" made to your hands! If you will have a simious progenitor, here would be one who could make flint implements at least. Meantime, that there might have been such a creature is equally possible on your theory or on any other.

3. But again; you are bound to produce not only these sparse and equivocal traces of a Pre-Adamite humanity, but the very fossil remains of those who are supposed to have manufactured and made use of these implements; just as you *can* produce the remains of the animals, (of species now extinct,) with which they are supposed to have been contemporaneous. It was the very want of this evidence which made the illustrious Cuvier speak so confidently of the comparatively recent appearance of man upon the earth; and until the argument can be shown to be fallacious by discovering the fossil *human* remains, and that as plentifully (at all events as generally) as of the other animals, that argument can hardly be thought refuted. As Cuvier justly observed, there is no reason why men's remains should have all perished while the remains of other animals have been preserved. It is very suspicious, surely, that there should be such multitudinous flint implements (such a profusion in so small a space, as the gravels of Acheul and Hoxne), and nobody to use them. The whole race seems to have manufactured little else, and then vanished, body and soul together! In the present lack of proof you content yourself, I see, with the strong consolation that these human remains will be found. And if you are as confident that they will be found, as some of you are that the stone-hatchets and arrow-heads you have bought are all genuine, and are willing to give as good a price for them, I have no doubt they *will* be found after some fashion or other. But whether, in undoubted genuineness or in quantity, they will satisfy the keen eyes of scientific criticism, is yet to be seen.

4. Meantime if these fossil remains were "as

plentiful as blackberries," another alternative is yet to be set aside. Many geologists, and those too of large knowledge, experience, and just reputation for both, affirm that it is not so clear that the extinct animals with whose remains these relics of man's supposed skill have so long slumbered, (even supposing that the juxtaposition is not accidental,) have been extinct so long as has been hastily imagined. They think that mammoths and other extinct mammalia may have survived for very many ages later than commonly supposed, and may have existed far into historic times. With regard to the mammoth in particular, they appeal to an instance of one discovered in the last century in Siberia, so well preserved in ice that its very flesh and hair were in perfect preservation; the dogs fed upon it, and if those who found it had happened to be fond of mammoth flesh, they would in all probability have eaten it too, perhaps only finding it (as some geologist says) "rather high." At all events, it is hard to suppose that it belonged to some extremely remote epoch in the pre-historic period.

This view is taken by many geologists of eminence. Instead of carrying man indefinitely far back, these geologists would bring the mammoth and other animals proportionably forward. And if this be the true view, the phenomena may be equally accounted for without ascribing to man an unlimited antiquity.

5. And in addition to showing that none of these alternatives can be taken, you are bound to give some plausible answer to the *objections* which have been hitherto thought (pretty reasonably) opposed to the idea of man's indefinite antiquity. Among them, is the immense duration of that low condition of barbarism in which all these poor monuments of his skill reveal him. Tell us how it is that man—such as we know his nature to be—who, in these few thousands of years, during which he has had a history, has filled the earth with the trophies of his power and intelligence, should have existed for scores of thousands, perhaps for hundreds of thousands of years, and yet done nothing but make these wretched Troglodyte instruments! How is it he did not strike a little more light out of his flint, with which he seems to have been so everlastingly busy? For those of us indeed who cherish the views of God which are disclosed to us in Genesis—who believe that He originally created man for a happier destiny than that of living, perhaps for a thousand centuries of years, in the condition of the lowest savage—it would be very hard by any means to reconcile ourselves to the conclusion to which your hypothesis drives us; namely, that not only did man enter the world as a very inferior sort of beast—not having been provided for as well as other beasts, having neither wings, feathers, talons, nor a natural suit of clothes to his back—but that he actually passed through a 100,000 years' curriculum or so, and then only graduated into a savage who could chip flints! But,—not to look at it as a *moral* question,—I certainly think it requires at least to be explained how man, having within him the capacities which he now has, came to be no more, and to do no more, and to leave no more behind him, than these wretched specimens of Pre-Adamite art evince. If it be objected that barbarous nations *now* pass many generations without any great progress in art, the answer is, *first*, that in the present case the whole race is supposed to have done so; and, *secondly*, not for a few generations, but for an immense duration; whereas in that short period which we call historic, and during the whole of that period, so far as we have any records, we find populous nations in possession of all the arts of prime importance. How is it that many nations should have done a thousand times more in 5000 years, than the whole of the race before in the unlimited past of their duration? Nor would it be easy to match, even in the monuments of our rudest tribes, such specimens as comprise the whole civilisation of this exquisite race of Pre-Adamites!

And yet to complete the paradox, it is supposed—as one of our *savans* expressly affirms—that each of these immemorially barbarous tribes had performed the most difficult task of all—that of *inventing* a language for itself! If so, one would think it might have invented anything.

But if man did exist for unnumbered centuries without emerging from the pleasant aboriginal condition in which this hypothesis places him, and then in 5000 years has filled the world with the proofs of his power and sagacity; has invented and lost, and invented again many of the arts, blossomed into high civilisation in many different nations, (on this theory spontaneously,) scanned and measured the heavens, and run round the whole circle of science, I think you must acknowledge that, whether there have been "convulsions" in the physical world or not, the revolutions in the intellectual condition of mankind have certainly exhibited the most startling suddenness, and the most determined breaches of the "law of continuity."

It has been well said by an able critic, "What must we think of the *human* animal who, in nine times ten thousand years, left no better monuments of his ingenuity? This immensity of time, with nothing to show for it, is a heavy incumbrance on the hypothesis."*

Nor is it unworthy of remark, that whereas during the whole historic period we find great nations of the earth in possession of those arts of civilisation which bespeak an advanced race, we then come suddenly, as it were, on a dead wall, and can follow no further. We plunge at once from light into utter darkness. Though man had existed for so long a period, even its traditions had perished!

Never was an immense duration, of which you are so lavish, of so little worth. An unlimited time is demanded in which to do nothing. It is the old fig-seller at Constantinople come again,—"In the name of the Prophet, figs!"

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* "Quarterly Review," vol. cxiv., p. 117.

6. I think you are bound, before you so confidently affirm the immense antiquity of man, to answer the objections which used to be directed against the old-fashioned Atheists, who maintained that man had not only been for an *unlimited* time on the earth, but from all eternity! It was answered, that if so, then, according to the law of increase of population, the world ought long since to have been over-peopled. It seems to me that, on similar grounds, one may reasonably doubt whether man has been an inhabitant of the earth for anything like the duration you would assign, or even beyond the 6000 or 7000 years to which the Mosaic chronology (however liberally interpreted) restricts us. Of course it is impossible to obtain more than a rude approximation to the rate at which, on an average, the whole race may have increased; but that there has been a perpetual progress, we have every reason to infer from the intensity with which the law of increase acts, from the known facts of history, and from the recent statistical results of investigation as to the rate of increase exhibited by many most variously conditioned nations. Imperfect though these be, we see that we are brought face to face with a law as stable and constant in its operation, (though its activity may not be uniform,) as any of those which geologists are busy in investigating. The abstract intensity of the law of increase is such, that if it operated unchecked, it would double population in the course of every twenty-five years; and though, of course, nothing like this rate, except for short periods, and limited and very exceptionally favoured nations, is maintained, (otherwise the earth would have been over-peopled long ago,) yet the rapidity with which expansion takes place the moment any temporary checks are removed, the ease with which the sudden wastes of war, pestilence, and emigration are repaired; the steady increase which many nations (our own, for example) have made, though at varying rates, for nearly a thousand years together, and that in spite of checks of the most formidable kind, prove the intense pressure of the law in question. It is impossible, as I have said, to give anything more than an approximate solution of the question,—How long a time, on an average, does it require to double the race? but this, I think, may be said—that let that limit be much wider than that to which any rational induction from all the *facts we know* would restrict us, it will be still such as to give a very moderate duration for men on earth, compared with your calculations of "thousands of centuries at least." It may however be conjectured, on not unplausible grounds, and from some rather large calculations as to particular nations, traced through their whole history, that this doubling in general may have taken place somewhere between 180 and 230 years. This last-named rate is, on an *average*, about that of our own country, dating from the Norman Conquest, if we may depend at all on the calculated population at that period. According to Sharon Turner, and other learned investigators, the population of our own island at the date in question was probably about 1,700,000. Now our country has not been less subject to disturbing causes and all the ordinary checks than most others; it has had plenty of wars, domestic and foreign; pestilence, the "black death," famine, extensive emigrations, not less than the generality of other countries, ancient and modern.

In the later and more civilised periods, of course, the increase has been more rapid: the population rather more than doubled between 1700 and 1811: but also doubled between 1740 and 1821, and is now doubling at a still more rapid rate. France, since 1700, has, in spite of all her wars and revolutions, been increasing in about the ratio of $\frac{1}{200}$ annually: being 20,000,000 in 1700, and 35,000,000 in 1850. Russia, (in which, if the checks have been very great, her conquests have probably compensated them,) is computed to be doubling at the present period at the rate of about 115 years. Of course the recent rate of increase, in all these cases would, for obvious reasons, be greater than in the less civilised periods and nations; but assuming, for a moment, that the average rate of doubling would be anywhere between 180 and 230 years, it is clear that we should soon get to an end of the problem; in fact, beginning with such a term as Noah's family, consisting "of eight souls," they would, if doubled every 180 years, amount in 5000 years to nearly the present population of the globe, or about 1,000,000,000.

Of course the more rapid the period of doubling, the stronger is my argument.

But it may be admitted that in relation to most of these nations, for the last century at all events, in spite of wars, pestilence and famine, the conditions have been more favourable to fecundity than in more remote ages.*

Of course I do not mean to affirm that the doubling of the race has gone on at the actual rate of 180 or 230 years continuously, or even at any such *precise rate* on an average. If I did I should subject myself to the rebuke which (as I observed in my last paper) some geologists have incurred for inferring that because a deposit has increased so many inches in 10 years, so it may have increased at the same rate for 100,000; namely, that it is much as if they had inferred that, because a man six feet high has grown half an inch in the last year, therefore he must be 144 years old! My argument depends on no such chronometric accuracy. I merely affirm that if there be any period of doubling fixed upon, at all approximating to any rational interpretation of *the facts we know;* if any limit be assigned that is in the smallest degree probable from those *facts;* then there is no reason to believe that man has existed on the earth during the enormous periods demanded by your recent geological speculators. If the law of increase has been perpetually in operation in any measure approaching the above ratios, then, take what limit you will that is at all rationally presumable from the data, and you will see that man cannot have been on the earth for anything like the 1000 centuries which you modestly assume as your minimum. Take if you will not 250 years for the time of doubling, but 300, or even 500, and the duration of man on the earth will still have been but moderate.

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* I perceive by a note in Dr. Pusey's recent able work on Daniel, that an argument somewhat similar to the above has been put forth by Moigno in "Les Mondes." This paper I have not seen, nor had Dr. Pusey; but it is to be hoped that some of our journals will give us an account of it. The rate of annual increase is assumed in that paper to be $\frac{1}{227}$.

Nor is it any answer to say, that in many mountainous and barren regions, the population will be sparse, and may be nearly stationary for ages. For the tendency of that mighty law above-mentioned, impels man to occupy by preference the regions which oppose no such restrictions; and the stationary population of such districts being sparse, can, for that very reason, but little affect the general problem. The great masses of the earth's population will, in virtue of the great law of increase, be found elsewhere. Nor is it any satisfactory argument to say that barbarous and poverty-stricken nations may have been for many ages stationary; it is by no means always so; the population of some poor countries, if they be but ordinarily fertile, (as Ireland, for example,) will often be more dense than that of far more favoured countries.

And although Hume and Gibbon have long since shown that many of the statements of the populousness of the nations of antiquity are greatly exaggerated, yet certainly the tribes that overran the Roman Empire, and subdued all Europe, must have maintained the full average of human fecundity.

We shall doubtless know more of this by means of statistics by-and-by: meantime, you are certainly bound to wait the course of these investigations, and to remember that you are in face of a law as imperious and as stable as any other. As a recent writer in the *Quarterly Review* well observes: "If indeed we were to admit and confide in any such computation," (speaking of certain geological conjectures,) "how could we refuse to credit the deduction from *another* law, which has at least a more plausible foundation, the law of augmenting population? For by an easy computation it is possible to show that from a single pair, the population of the globe, increasing by only $\frac{1}{200}$, or even $\frac{1}{300}$ every year, which has been taken as a fair average, would reach its actual amount of more than 1000 millions in less than 5000 years."*

V. I cannot but smile at the high-handed way in which (in common with many a writer of our day) you endeavour to settle the question of miracles. You lay it down, as an *axiom*, a thing not to be disputed, but simply to be taken for granted, that the *supernatural* never did occur in the history of the universe, and never will; and you consequently make it a fundamental position of historical criticism, that any relation of that kind in any documents whatever,—no matter what the strength of testimony which sustains it,—is at once to be rejected as *per se* incredible! Strauss and Renan both avow this as the foundation-stone of their criticism of the Gospels; and by this, and the kindred principle, that all prophecy is, for similar reasons, incredible, make short and easy work of the claims of Christianity to be considered a divine revelation. One (so-called) philosopher in France has even gone the length of saying, that so plain is it that a miracle is utterly incredible, that he will not consent even to argue the point with any one who contends for the opposite hypothesis: that he regards any such person as one not to be reasoned with! I fancy most of his opponents would feel justified in returning the compliment, and think themselves well rid of the necessity of debating any matter whatever with a disputant who begins by saying that he will take for granted the whole matter in debate; and that, too, a matter in which the bulk of mankind in all past ages, and the bulk of them at this very moment, (including so many of the most illustrious names in philosophy and science, as well as in theology,) are arrayed against him.

But why this violent prepossession against all miracles, so that it shall pass as nothing less than a fundamental principle of all historic criticism, not only that a miracle is not to be seen now, (on which philosophers and theologians are pretty well agreed,) but that there has never been, or will be, such a thing? It cannot be said that we see it from the essential relations of "cause and effect," or from the connection of antecedents and consequents, that such a thing is impossible; for it is an axiom of modern philosophy, and not least among those who contend against the credibility of a miracle, that we know nothing at all of the *nexus* between antecedent and consequent in any two events; nay, many of you contend that the whole controversy about "cause and effect" is unprofitable rubbish? It cannot be because we see by the light of an innate or intuitive principle of belief, that a miracle is impossible; for though one gentleman, not much famed for metaphysical acumen, appears almost to hint at some such thing, it would be an "*intuition*" unluckily contradicted by the immediate consciousness of the great majority of mankind, who have notoriously had no difficulty in believing miracles, and indeed have believed them only too greedily!

It cannot be because we see, by direct consciousness, that all control, by the exercise of *will*, of any of the ordinary laws of nature is impossible *per se;* for, as has been well said by Dr. Mansel in one of the essays entitled "Aids to Faith," we can, to a certain extent, do this very feat ourselves; it is done in effect when any voluntary act of *mind* controls, modifies, arrests, contradicts the ordinary course of the laws of *matter*. The phenomenon, of course, is not a miracle; but it is at least sufficiently analogous, both in the mode and in the result, to make any assertion of the incredibility of a miracle on *such a ground*, utterly unreasonable. As regards the *mode*, the influence by which mind acts upon matter, is perfectly inscrutable; as inscrutable as any miracle can possibly be: and the *fact* is equally indisputable,—that the ordinary course of the laws of the material world is altered, suspended, contradicted, modified, violated by such acts: as when we arrest, by an act of will, a stone which would otherwise fall, or take the life which would otherwise be prolonged; a sort of violation of the laws of nature, to which unhappily man in all ages has been only too prone. If it be said that these arrests of the material laws, though contradictory to those laws, are yet also according to law, it may be replied, "No otherwise than the miracles by which God may suspend or violate *His* laws will also be according to law;" that is, that if He work them, there will be good reason for so doing; and that His intervention, like that of a wise man, when *he* intercepts the ordinary course of the laws of matter, will be a *wise* intervention. If man, by his feeble mind, can do thus much by merely willing it, then, *à priori*, there would seem no sufficient reason for any peremptory decision of modern rationalism about the incredibility and impossibility of miracles on *this* ground. If human will can do thus much among the phenomena of matter, it certainly seems hard to deny that the Divine Will can easily do much more.

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* "Quarterly Review," 1863, p. 383.

What then is it, I inquire again, which makes you so confident of the absolute truth of this principle, or rather, I should say, has suggested this obstinate "turn of thought,"—that a miracle is impossible, either *per se*, or because it is *certain* God has never wrought one, and never will? I apprehend that the reason, and the sole reason, when matters are searched to the very bottom, is just the reason given by Hume, and by all the Deists of the last century; namely,—that *we* have not witnessed any such event; that it is contrary to *experience*, that is, is contrary to *our* experience. In our little day, and in our little sphere, (it is freely admitted,) such phenomena have not been presented to us.

This, I say, in spite of the attempts to evade the refutation of Hume's principle, by stating it in other forms, is the ground of the presumption; that is, it is a pure assumption founded on the contracted views which man gains from his present experience, and which, as usual, he is inclined "to make the measure of all things." In other words, it is an *idolum tribus*—the prejudice of a particular class of minds, and of the habits engendered by their pursuits.

But since the principle, as nakedly stated by Hume, has been so often refuted, no wonder that strenuous attempts are made to get rid of the difficulties with which its reception is embarrassed. For if, in reply to the assertion, that a miracle is "contradictory to experience," it is asked, What is meant by that "experience?" the fallacy is at once detected. If we ask the objectors, "Whose experience do you mean? is it that of yourselves? that of the generality of men? that of all mankind?" then, whichever answer be returned, (and one of them must,) the reply is equally conclusive. If the objector says he means his *own* experience, the answer is, "Did we ever say that *you* had seen a miracle? We neither thought nor said that your experience ever had any contact with the miraculous, any more than we suspected you of 'setting the Thames on fire:' so far from being at issue with you, we agree with you." If he answer, "I mean the experience of the *generality* of mankind in all times," still the answer must be, "We quite agree with you. By the very definition of a miracle, it *must* be a rare event; if common, it were none. It will therefore *not* be consonant with the general experience of mankind." If the objector says, lastly, "I mean the experience of every man that ever was or will be born into the world," then the simple answer is, "That is plainly begging the question. Neither you, nor we, can answer for the experience of every man that has been born into the world. That is clearly to make your 'experience the measure of all things.'"

But supposing the objector be permitted to say that a miracle is incredible, because *uniform* and *universal experience* pronounces against it: still, he is completely refuted if he be only allowed to have his own way. For all that it is needful to say is: "Stick to that then; declare that the world never had a beginning, and will never have an end; that the time never was when our globe did not exhibit that same aspect—that same series of antecedents and consequents—which it does at this hour; that there was no *first* man; that man has been an eternal series." But *that*, with the facts of modern science before him, or even the fancies of modern science,—with the truths of geology, or the errors of the Transmutationists,—he cannot and dare not say. Then what can prevent his admitting that which, by his own definition, is tantamount to miracle? Why, he begins to endeavour to show that though the world has existed in *totally different* states from the present, though totally different species of animals from those now seen have lived and have passed away, yet all this is by a gradual law of natural development, by slow secular changes which are *analogous* to changes going on now! And thus it is that a late writer thinks it would have been much better if Hume had used the word "*analogy*" instead of "*experience*." But where is the "analogy" any more than the "experience?" If there ever was an *origin* of the universe; or if your three or four "primordial forms" ever *began to be*; if they have been the humble larvæ out of which the infinite varieties of animated beings have been evolved; if in accordance with that theory man was first developed out of a monkey, and perhaps may in due time be developed into a winged animal with ten senses and a head on each shoulder, what have we seen in *analogy*, any more than in *experience*, consonant with all this? If all our experience may be thus turned upside-down; if anything may become anything; if fishes may become birds, and birds monkeys, and monkeys men; in a word, if by any change, however small at each step, and through whatsoever length of time, a revolution ten times more wonderful than anything Ovid's Metamorphoses describe may really have taken place in the world; if all this may be according to law, and because according to law, *not* contradictory to experience, or (if you will) to analogy; then, as before, it is hard to say what *is* contradictory to experience or analogy, and why we may not believe a miracle to be not contrary to experience or analogy, as well as anything else. It is in vain to attempt to refine, as many have done, about the term "law." A law which thus admits of all sorts of unknown consequents from all sorts of unknown antecedents, is surely rather the absence of all law; and an experience which supposes all our *present* experience to be nullified or reversed, is not the same as, but the contrary of, our experience.

If the origination of all things, or the transmutation of species, be consonant to experience or analogy, what miracle can possibly violate them?

It is impossible to deny that the phenomena in which you yet profess to believe, as completely set at defiance all the uniformities of experience or analogy, as any miracle in the world. It is in vain to say, as you do, "Oh! these changes were wrought by infinitesimal steps through millions of millions of years." Not to repeat what I have just said, that your antecedents and consequents are as completely antipodal to all the "uniformities" we observe, as it is possible to imagine in the case of any miracle in the world; not to mention that the postulate by which it is sought to give some plausibility to these assumptions,—namely, that millions of ages have perhaps been employed in effecting the results, and that each step has been infinitesimal and the whole course continuous,—is a pure imagination, and a flagrant departure from the sobriety of the inductive philosophy; not to urge that it is just saying, "I believe this, not from observed facts or experience, but because I do not know but such things might be effected by unknown causes operating through indefinite duration;" not to insist on all this, I would particularly urge on your attention that this question of the *time* required for these wondrous changes has really nothing to do with the nature and character of the events themselves; the real, the vital question is, whether the events do not altogether transcend the sphere of all known "uniformities" and the entire range of the present laws of nature, as known to observation and experience. *That* is the real question; and as to *that*, I presume that the metamorphose of a tadpole into a man, whether it be ten years or a thousand or a million in being brought about, is quite as transcendental to all experience as any miracle of the New Testament. It is in this incompatibility with experience that the supposed incredibility of a miracle consists; and if it be incredible, then I contend that the phenomena in question are incredible also. Yet you believe them *credible*. Then you do in fact believe that which is of the essence of a miracle, as much as I do.

It is futile to say that the edge of this is taken off by the very *gradual* operation of laws,—by the supposition of their working through unnumbered ages; for, according to that, the miracle of Lazarus might be supposed credible, if our Saviour had only been ten thousand years about it! If it be said, that in the former case certain unknown intermediate changes may be supposed to have been wrought in that long succession of time, I reply, "And for anything you know, some unknown intermediate changes might be wrought by Omnipotence in an indefinitely brief time in the case of a miracle." In either case, we suppose unknown forces producing effects which transcend all experience; which stand opposed to all the uniformities of present observation: only in the one case, these forces operate more quickly, in the other more slowly; but both phenomena are alike beyond the sphere of our experience. It is the *character* of the event that constitutes the miracle, and not the time occupied in producing it."

I observe that, in common with many writers of the present day, you speak of Time as if it were some efficient cause, or agent, in producing any change. It is merely one of the conditions of it, and will be longer or shorter, where the change is just the same, according to the variation of the force. A flower may slowly expand in the open air, or unfold in half the time in a hothouse: it is not the time, but something else that makes the difference.

I observe that you naturally fight shy of the idea of the *origin* of the universe, and strive to get rid of the question by saying it is a transcendental notion, — as undoubtedly it is; or by hiding it away in such exceedingly remote abysses of time, that the imagination as well as the reason shall be deterred from going in search of it! But it will not do. However transcendental the idea of origination may be, (as I freely acknowledge it is,) still I apprehend your "primordial forms" must bring you to it at last. And if the universe ever began, then though it may have been enclosed in a germ no bigger than the millionth part of a pin's head, and all the plants and animals may have grown out of it by the efficacy of the "invariable cosmical" laws, still I suppose that the *origination* of the first living organism, with all these possibilities of infinite results enclosed in it, was something as wonderful as any miracle can be. It cannot be called, indeed, a violation or suspension of the laws of nature, because there happened to be no laws of nature to suspend; but it would be hard to say that the origination of all such laws was less contradictory to, or incompatible with, all experience and analogy than the suspension or violation of any one of them.

In a word, it is utterly vain for you (turn and twist and wind as you will) to say, that creation or origination, or those stupendous transmutations just alluded to, (though antipodal to all experience,) are "not the same as miracles." Both the one and the other are (and this is the real point in the argument) directly transcendental to all our experience; and by Hume's definition therefore must be equally *incredible*, whether you choose to call them "miraculous" or not. And if you admit the *former*, I may well ask with Paul—"*Why* should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

When I come, therefore, to analyse the reasons for this extraordinary assertion of yourself and so many others, that a miracle is *per se* utterly incredible, I find it possible to account for it only by saying that it is the "turn of thought," derived from that *present* experience, which we are disposed to make the measure of all things; a prejudice of philosophy, but not the less unreasonable for all that, and really as shallow as any prejudice of the vulgar.

VI. Another singular article in your scientific creed, as in that of many others in these times, is an anticipation, not merely of the indefinite progress of man in the knowledge of the physical world, but that he is destined to know all its mysteries; to penetrate every secret, and account for every phenomenon, however subtle or complex; analyse every compound, ascertain every law and all combinations of laws; and arriving at last at the knowledge of the necessary and inevitable relations of all antecedents and consequents, predict the future, as well as record the past; and so pretty nearly regulate for himself a world of which perfect science will have then given him the mastery. Some few indeed have even gone so far as to say, that there being no presiding Deity at present, this is the way in which the world will at last be provided with one: that a God is gradually a-making, and will in *time* (of which, as we have seen, our scientific speculators are so lavish) vindicate his title to be considered such, in virtue of his unlimited knowledge of the universe, and his power over it. And even if there are few who go this length, yet many confidently believe from the progress of modern discovery, that, to adopt the words of one of them, "Everything will at last be found out;" or as another says, "Everything will be known."

Now, in the name of common sense, what is there in the history of the past, or the condition of the present, to sanction such a notion, except an *idolum tribus* of a doting philosophy? I believe with you that man's knowledge (if he but pursue it in the modes, and within the limits which his Creator has prescribed) will be indefinite; but I see no proof whatever that he will ever exhaust the field of physical science any more than any other; or that there are not limits here as in every other department, though we cannot so easily assign them. Assuredly everything in experience and analogy point to this conclusion.

First, the strict limits within which most of these very speculators would confine even the *possibilities* of knowledge; the number of subjects on which they say it is in vain for man to speculate at all; the large domains in which they themselves say science can never set a foot, (though it is precisely in these, by the way, that man has been most prone to speculate in all ages, and in which he chiefly desires to know,) ought to suggest a different lesson. Granting the absolute impossibility, as you affirm, of knowing anything of "causes," or of "essences," the utter vanity of all speculation and discussion touching the constitution of matter or of mind, or the relations of cause and effect; granting the impossibility of attaining certitude on these and kindred subjects, and that these are "tabooed" to the whole race, should it not suggest the probable fallacy of these predictions of man's ultimate perfect knowledge of all the mysteries of physical nature? Surely it would seem more natural, reasoning from analogy, to expect there are limits here also.

Again: this would seem not unlikely, if we consider the limitations of our senses and our faculties of all kinds;—that they limit us in the field of physical investigation, as in every other. In every other direction, man soon reaches the tether of his powers and faculties; why should you suppose that there is no limit here? Go in what direction he will, man soon finds himself reminded,—if he be not lost, as he is too apt to be, in self-adoration,—that he is shut up in impassable barriers, and by adamantine bars. As his strength is absolute weakness, confronted with the mighty forces of nature; why should he imagine his intellect in any greater ratio to the mysteries which lie enshrouded in her depths? or his knowledge of the secrets he has penetrated more than infinitesimal compared with his ignorance of the mysteries she conceals? Nor is the consideration of his physical limits without instruction on this very point. Even if he had intellectual powers equal to the task you propose, his physical nature soon imposes an effectual limit on his knowledge. He cannot descend into the depths of the earth or the ocean, nor soar into the heavens; he can but guess at the mysteries of the subterranean world, and would be shrivelled up like a leaf if he could only descend a few miles from the surface; he can guess still more feebly at the mysteries of the myriads of shining worlds that surround him. It is doubtful whether he will ever be able *absolutely* to decide the question, recently so strongly debated, whether the planets be inhabited or not; still less, by what beings, and on what conditions. If it be said that these are vast and distant fields, and it is their vastness and distance that seclude them from man's knowledge, this is true; but still they are among the mysteries of the physical universe. But, in point of fact, we have similar limits in the minute as in the vast. We stand, as Pascal says, between the two infinitudes,—the infinitely great, and the infinitely little; and the telescope and the microscope alike reveal to us a series of wonders, of which, whether we take the ascending or the descending scale, we see no prospect of coming to the end.

When we get beyond a certain degree, whether of subtlety or complexity or rapidity of movement in the phenomena, the power of our senses, of our observation, of all our faculties, and of every appliance by which we can aid them, desert us: and we are just as completely baffled as we are in other departments. Subtlety and complexity in the phenomena as effectually restrict us here, as in other departments the inscrutable *nature* or the inaccessible remoteness of the phenomena. Thus, for example, if we are asked, whether matter is indefinitely divisible, or if not, what is the ultimate configuration of its particles, or what the constitution of matter itself (strictly, not metaphysical, but purely physical problems,) no one would pretend that he has any ground to hope that the time will come when we shall be able to give the answer. Similarly, however far science may analyse the composite, it does not know when it has reached the limit: and what at last seems absolutely simple, may be but a more subtle compound that evades all our research and escapes us in forms of still greater tenuity. Similarly, in the structure of living organisms there are a thousand mysteries which we in vain attempt to explain, and many of which palpably lie beyond us. The natural sciences seem only too certain to overload all memory by their accumulations before a thousandth part of their realms is fully explored.

From all that man does know, we can only infer that all his discoveries but open fresh mysteries to be explored. Continual enlargement of his knowledge is attended with a proportionate enlargement of the knowledge of his remaining ignorance. Nothing yields any sign or suspicion that we are coming to the end of all that is *knowable* in this or any other domain.

In a word, if we compare the position and faculties of man with the boundless fields of God's universe, we shall no longer wonder at the simplicity of Newton's beautiful confession, so worthy of the humility as well as aspirations of true science,—"I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself with finding now and then a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me;"—a speech conceived in the spirit of the still sublimer language of the Patriarch, who after his magnificent eulogium of some of the chief wonders of God's handiwork, adds—"These are but a whisper of his ways; but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

The faculties of man are exquisitely adapted to his position, and consequently to his well-being; and they provide no doubt for his indefinite progress in knowledge; but they evidently have no proportion or relation to his absolute mastery of nature. Well says Pascal; "Manque d'avoir contemplé ces infinis, les hommes se sont portés témérairement à la recherche de la nature, comme s'ils avaient quelque proportion avec elle."

And again: "Notre intelligence tient dans l'ordre des choses intelligibles le même rang que notre corps dans l'étendue de la nature."

While you are anticipating that science will master all the secrets of the universe, and imagining that you are only indulging a vision authorised by the bold language of Bacon, it would be well to reflect on what that same great genius, equally daring and cautious, also admits; that whatever the triumphs which may be anticipated for man, "the subtlety of Nature far transcends the subtlety of either sense or intellect."

PETERMANN'S LAND.

A.D. 1870.

["Dr. Petermann believes that an isolated Norse population will be found at the Pole."]

INTERPRETER.

HUNGER hath wasted them and they are few,
They say, because of strife among their gods—
Ghosts of the old Norse, fighting, drinking crew,
One groans, another nods.

EXPLORER.

All things are ghostlike in this ghostly land—
A land of silence and the shades of death:
In presence of a spectral race we stand,
And speak beneath our breath.

Out of the darkness ice-built cities rise,
And glow and sparkle in unearthly light;
Veil'd stars, in these phantasmagorean skies,
Gleam through a rosy night.

And the long twilight passes like a dream,
A dream of many days that dimly change,
In which the things, the most familiar, seem
Through muffled senses strange.

White is each ghostly thing that runs or flies;
The white bear steals; the white hare's shadow fleets;
The owls that flit, and stare with hollow eyes,
Are white as winding-sheets.

The sun comes up o'er the horizon's rim,
Shorn of his rays, and red, and round and blear'd;
And in his dotage bald and old and dim
Apollo seems unsphered.

Still at his touch, on sudden, the dumb show
Stirs, wakes, and lives; snows melt; the valleys green;
The birds begin to build; the springs to flow;
The deer with young are seen.

CAPTAIN.

I'd rather hear the icebergs splitting crack
(So they kept clearish of my good ship's side),
Or grinding thunder of the breaking pack,
Than round these dead shores glide.

INTERPRETER.

They hold traditions of descent from Heaven:
From out another Eden, long since lost,
Their heroes, by the adverse gods, were driven,
Who broke the bridge they cross'd.

CAPTAIN.

Come let us take the poor souls with us back
To England—there's an Eden to my mind!—

EXPLORER.

Tell them beyond that southward shining track
Their Eden they will find.

INTERPRETER.

This from of old was held by all their race—
Whose souls in passing made the water burn—
And many have gone forth to find the place,
But none, they say, return.

EXPLORER.

From thence are we: tell them of flower and tree,
Of lands of summer, and of corn and vine.

INTERPRETER.

How shall I paint for eyes that cannot see—
They have no word for wine.

EXPLORER.

Tell them with us the sun shines every day,
And like a brother goes with us to sleep.

INTERPRETER.

The dread of darkness in their souls alway,
They ask if watch we keep.

EXPLORER.

None die of cold or hunger in our land—
May God forgive the lie—at least none need.

INTERPRETER.

With wistful eyes, they say they understand,
But all in vain I plead.

EXPLORER.

Then ere we leave them in this land of night,
Which Christian feet may never tread again;
Let us impart to them the living light
We hold as Christian men.

Tell them the Father made the things we see,
Though Him we see not; that the living Son
Was seen of men, and died that we might be,
Like Him, with God at one;

And that the Spirit, guiding us alway,
Hath sent us here—yea—this we must believe.

INTERPRETER.

I say the words as simply as I may,
And they the words receive.

And lo! they will leave all with us to fare
Through fire and ice, the dark and the abyss;
That they the guiding Spirit too may share—
They will brave death for this.

EXPLORER.

God help them! if we reach our promised land
(What of the much required where all is given?)
How shall we teach these souls to understand,
That they must wait for Heaven?

ISA CRAIG.

EASTWARD.

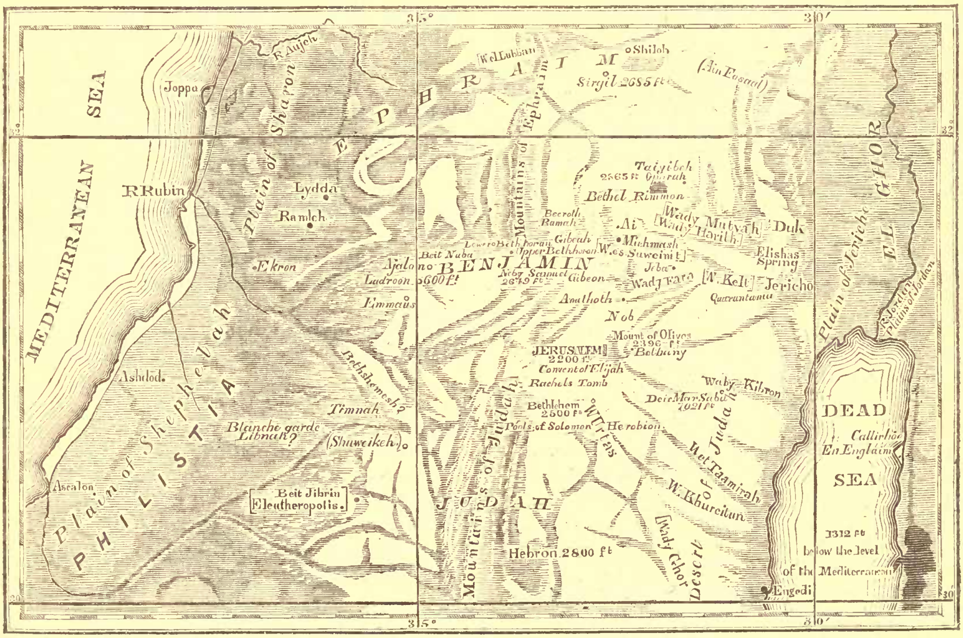
By THE EDITOR.

V.—NEBY SAMWIL.

I HAVE already stated that there are two great thoroughfares from Jaffa to Jerusalem—the one by Ramleh, and the other by the Beth-horons and Gibeon—and that we chose the latter. We did so that we might traverse the scene of Joshua's great battle with the "five kings," and also obtain our first general view of Palestine, including Jerusalem, from Neby Samwil.

But before bringing the reader to this famous spot, and picturing to him, as best we can, what we saw from it, we must begin, like most gossips, at the beginning, which in this case is our early start from the tent, when there is a scene common to all mornings in a Palestine tour.

The tents and baggage precede the travellers, in order that everything may be ready on their arrival at the end of the day's journey, which implies the tents pitched, the luggage arranged, the candles lighted, and the dinner ready. "Where shall we encamp?" is therefore the first question for the day which must be discussed with the dragoman. It is is one not always easy of solution; for various matters must be taken into account—such as the distance to be travelled, the probability of pitching among civil neighbours, or of finding a Sheik who may be known to the dragoman; the supply of water, good shelter, and the chance of procuring provisions. The camping-ground being settled, preparations are made for the start. It is obviously most conducive to comfort to "break the back of the day" in the cool of the morning and before noon. It is therefore in vain that a lazy or sleepy man wishes to enjoy "a little more sleep and a little more slumber;" in vain may he, in the weakness of the flesh and for the credit of his conscience, assert, half asleep, half awake, that he had a restless night, for his companions testify to a continued snore from him like the burst of waves on a stony beach. Of course their testimony he indignantly rejects as incompetent,—still he *must* rise! At such moments—I write feelingly—the most sacred memories of holy places, the most eager desire to acquire knowledge, the poetry of Palestine travel, "Robinson," "Stanley," and "Eothen," lose their power to rouse. The whole being seems concentrated into a jelly, like the blood of St. Januarius.


35°
30′
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MEDITERRANEAN
SEA
Joppa
R. Aujeh
Plain of Sharon
E P H R A I M
W. el Lubban
Shiloh
Sirjil 2685 ft
(Ain Fasael)
R. Rubin
Lydda
Ramleh
Ekron
Ajalon
Ladroon
Emmaus
Beit Nuba
600 ft
B E N J A M I N
Lower Bethhoran
Upper Bethhoran
Beeroth
Ramah
Gibeah
Neby Samuel 2649 ft
Gibeon
Mountains of Ephraim
Taiyibeh
2565 ft Ophrah
Bethel
Rimmon
Ai
Michmash
W. es Suweinit
Wady Mutyah
Wady Harith
Duk
Jeba
Wady Fara
W. Kelt
Elishas Spring
Jericho
Quarantania
Anathoth
Nob
Mount of Olives 2396 ft
Bethany
JERUSALEM 2200 ft
Convent of Elijah
Rachels Tomb
Bethlehem 2500 ft
Pools of Solomon
Herobion
W. Urtas
Wady Kidron
Deir Mar Saba 1021 ft
W. et Taamirah
W. Khureitun
Wady Ghor
Desert of Judah
Mountains of Judah
J U D A H
Hebron 2800 ft
Ashdod
Bethshemesh?
Timnah
Blanche garde Libnah?
(Shuweikeh)
Beit Jibrin
Eleutheropolis
Ascalon
Plain of Shephelah
P H I L I S T I A
Plain of Philistia
Plain of Jericho
EL GHOR
R. Jordan
Plains of Jordan
DEAD SEA
Callirhoe
En Eglaim
1312 ft below the level of the Mediterranean
Engedi

South of Palestine. (From Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," by permission of the Publisher.)

But in the meantime the pins of the tent are being pulled up. The ropes slacken, the tent-pole quivers, and to your horror you discover that your canvass dwelling is being taken down, and that in a few minutes, unless you start up and get dressed, you will be exposed in bed in open daylight, to the gaze of a crowd of grinning Arabs with piercing eyes and white teeth, who are watching for you as the tag-rag of a town for the removal of the canvass which conceals the wild beasts at a show. Move you must, therefore move you do. Very soon thereafter the beds are rolled up, the baggage packed, and everything stowed away on horse or mule's back, except the breakfast-table and camp-stools around it, where the moveable feast is served up. But that packing! It was always a study to us, and never failed to excite remark and laughter. On such an occasion Meeki, the master of the horse, came out in the full strength of his power and passion. He reigned triumphant. His spirit seemed to inspire all the muleteers and the Arabs who assisted him, so that a common hysterical vehemence seized the whole group. They shouted, screeched, yelled, without a moment's pause. All seemed to be in a towering passion at every person and everything, and to be hoarse with rage and guttural vociferation. Every parcel was strapped with a force and rapidity as if life depended on it. The heavy packages were lifted with starting eyeballs and foaming lips on to the backs of the mules. One heard ever and anon a despairing cry as if from a throat clutched by a garotter, "Had—ji A—li!" which after a while drew forth the Chief with a calm and placid smile to decide the question in dispute. As the dread turmoil drew to a conclusion, the cook, the packing of whose utensils our breakfast necessarily retarded, became the great object of attention, and "Mo—ham—med!" was syllabled with intense vehemence by the impetuous Meeki or one of his aids, whose pride and dignity prompted a careful imitation of the master. At last the long line of our baggage animals moved, with trunks of crockery, rolls of bedding, and piles of portmanteaus and bags. Off the loaded animals went at a trot, with the bells tingling round their necks, the muleteers following on foot, and driving them along the rough path at a far more rapid pace than we could follow. Meeki then took off his turban, dried his head, lighted his narghilé, sat sideways on his dot of an ass, and brought up the rear of our cavalcade with a calmness and peace which had no traces of even the heavy swell that generally follows a hurricane by sea or land. Foaming and raging seemed to be the stereotyped way of doing business here, just as it is sometimes with preachers, who appear to think that vehemence, even in commonplace, is necessary as a guarantee of earnestness.

One or two other characteristics of every spring morning in Palestine may be here mentioned. Nothing can exceed the buoyant, exhilarating atmosphere. The dews of night, which are so heavy that any garments left out become saturated with moisture as if soaked in a tub of water, seem to invigorate the air as well as the vegetation. There is consequently a youth, life, and fragrance in these mornings which cannot be surpassed even in the higher valleys of Switzerland, where the air is such that one can breathe it as a positive luxury. It is at these times, when the grass is heavy with dew, and the flowers give out their odour, and the air is cool and clear as crystal, and the body is refreshed with sleep—and, let us add, with breakfast—and the mind is on the *qui vive* for sights, and the memory full of the past, and our horse up to the mark, and the path tolerable, and the whole party well, hearty, and agreeable—it is at these times that one most rejoices in existence, feels it to be all "May from crown to heel," and blesses Providence for the great mercy of being in the Holy Land. As the day advances, and the sun begins to pour down his heat, and the flesh becomes weak, the tents somehow appear to be too far off.

The cavalcade generally rides along in single file. There is seldom a path, or a bit of meadow, which permits of two jogging on together. But there is, after all, no great disadvantage in this limitation of riding space or of social conference, as there is no country in which silent thought and observation during a journey are more congenial than in Palestine.

The deliberate choosing of a Scripture scene for a place for lunch, at first sounded as if it were an irreverence. Hadji rides up and inquires—"Where shall we *lonch*, Hakeem Basha?" adding with a humble smile: "Where *you* please! All same to me." Where shall it be? At Bethlehem? Bethel? Shiloh? Nain? is discussed by the party. At first thought, it seems out of place to propose such a carnal thing as lunching on hard eggs and cold lamb at such places. Yet at these places one lunches or dines, as the Patriarchs did before them.

The path by which we ascended the Judean hills from the plain to the ridge at Gibeon is not, I believe, so rugged as the other leading from Jaffa to Jerusalem by Ramleh, but it is nevertheless one of the worst traversed by us in Palestine. With few exceptions, indeed—as when crossing a plain, or some rare bit of tolerably level country—the so-called roads are as rough as the bridle-paths across the Swiss or Highland hills. They are either covered with loose stones, which act as hollows for the horses' feet; or are worn down, by the travelling over them since the days of the Canaanites, into narrow ditches cut deep into the living rock; or they go across slippery limestone ledges; or over a series of big stones with deep holes between; or are the channels of streams, which have the one advantage of being supplied with water to cool the hoofs of the floundering quadrupeds. But the horses are remarkably sure-footed, and the only danger arises from their riders checking them with the bridle, rather than letting them take their own way, and step with judicious thoughtfulness, as it often seemed to us, from stone to stone, picking their way with marvellous sagacity. Their pace is very slow. Not but that a rider with a "noble Arab steed" can manage to dash along and make "the stony pebbles fly" behind him; but this requires a good horse familiar with the ground, and a good rider as thoroughly acquainted with his horse. Ordinary mortals who like safety, not to speak of ease, take it quietly at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The length of the day's journey varies; but it is seldom under seven, and hardly ever above ten hours, including the time consumed at lunch and rest in the heat of the day (which is generally more than an hour), and in examining objects of interest *en route*.

We paced slowly upwards over polished limestone or marble rocks, in some places actually up artificial steps. One hour from Jimsû brought us to the lower Beth-horon, now called Beitur El Talita; another hour to the upper Beth-horon, or Beitur El Foca.* In two hours more we reached the upland plateau, and after crossing the ridge saw Gibeon (El Jib) before us. Passing it on its eastern side, near which our tents were pitched, we ascended Neby Samwil.

I shall return to some features of the ascent, and the story of this famous road, but must in the meantime ask the reader to accompany me, with open eyes and heart, not forgetting fancy, to the height which we have reached in our journey Eastward.

There is not, I venture to affirm, in all Palestine, nor, if historical associations be taken into account, in the whole world, such a view as that seen from Neby Samwil. This is not because of its height (2650 feet)—though it is the highest point in Palestine, Hebron excepted—but from its position in relation to surrounding objects. This makes it a sort of centre, commanding such views of the most illustrious spots on earth, as no other place affords.

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* The view from the roof of the Sheik's house at the *upper* Beth-horon should be seen by every traveller.

It was from this summit—so at least it is said—that Richard Cœur de Lion first beheld Jerusalem, and exclaimed, as he covered his face: "Ah! Lord God, I pray that I may never see thy Holy City, if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of thine enemies." From hence also the great mediæval poet Juda Halevi is supposed to have first beheld the sacred city, and to have had those glowing memories and passionate sorrows awakened which he has embodied in a poem yet famous among his people, and which pours forth a wailing lament that finds an echo in the heart of all the outcast children of Israel. I know it only through a German translation read to me nearly twenty years ago by my very learned friend Dr. Biesenthal, of Berlin, himself of the seed of Abraham. The sentiment in one of the verses has clung to me. The poet as he gazes at Jerusalem cries out of a depth of sorrow which is "past feeling," and turns the heart into stone. He wishes to feel and consciously to realise the misery which the spectacle of his "mother, dear Jerusalem," and the triumph of the heathen over her, ought to inspire. And so he sings to this effect:—

O God! my cup of sorrow is too full!
I cannot feel the grief I wish to feel.
Take from it one drop—another—yet another—
Then shall I drink it to the very dregs!

I mention these associations, for they were those that came to me at the time, with many others, like tumultuous waves from the past, mingled too with much that was painfully trivial:—the common effect of that strange reaction from the tension of the mind, experienced on such occasions as the present, when approaching a moment in life that is to divide for ever what has been longed for from what is to be realised, and become henceforward only a memory. We have all experienced at such times the choking at the heart, the suppressed emotion, as the dream of years is about to become a reality. In a few minutes, when that height is gained, we shall have seen Jerusalem! So I felt, but in a less degree, when approaching Niagara, and when I was led blindfolded to the edge of the Table-rock, in order that the whole glory of the ocean of water pouring into the seething abyss might at once be revealed. But what was any scene on earth in comparison with the one which we were about to gaze on!

The summit was reached in solemn silence. There was no need of a guide to tell us what to look at first. Every face was turned towards Jerusalem. The eye and heart caught it at once, as they would a parent's bier in the empty chamber of death. The round hill dotted with trees, the dome beneath, the few minarets near it,—there were Olivet and Jerusalem! No words were spoken, no exclamations heard; nor are any explanations needed to enable the reader to understand our feelings when seeing, for the first time, the city of the Great King.

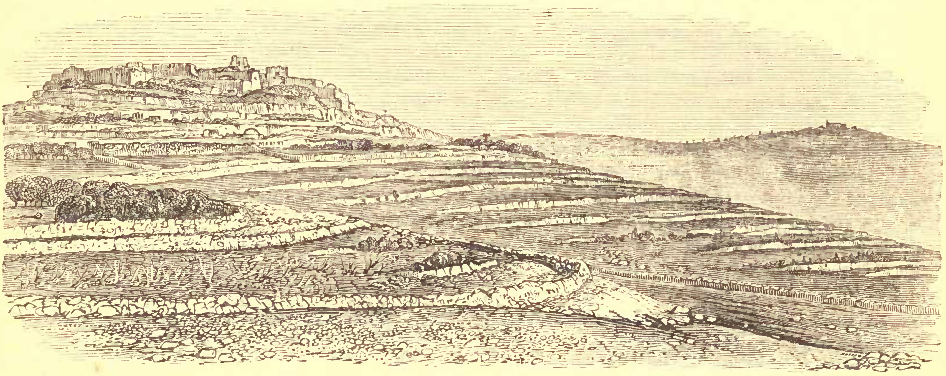
After a time we began with suppressed eagerness to search out other objects in the landscape, and the curiosity became intense to identify its several features; and then we heard words breathed quietly into our ears, as an arm was stretched out directing us to several famous spots whose names were holy, and which summoned up the most illustrious persons and events in the memory of the Christian. But I must patiently consider the panorama more in detail, that we may learn something from it, for we cannot stand on any spot in Palestine from which we can see or learn more.

After Jerusalem, the first object that arrested me was the range of the hills of Moab. There are many places in Palestine that when first seen are to us as old friends. Previous reading, and illustrations, have made them familiar. But though I was in some degree prepared to recognise the range of Moab as a remarkable feature in the landscape, and as *telling* on the scenery of "the land"—yet somehow the reality far surpassed my expectation. These mountains reared themselves like a straight unbroken wall, not one peak or point breaking the even line along the eastern sky from north to south. They were not higher above the level of the sea than the place on which we stood; yet they seemed to form a gigantic barrier between us and the almost unknown country beyond, and their effect on the character of the landscape was decided. They were a frame—or setting—to it, giving it a dignity, elevation, strength, and majesty, without which it would have been flat, tame, and comparatively uninteresting. No doubt we saw the range in the most advantageous circumstances. It was towards evening. The setting sun fell upon it, and upon the wild eastern shores of the Dead Sea at its base, the sea itself being hidden in its deep hollow grave. The light was reflected from every scaur and precipice, with such a flush of purple, mingled with delicate hues of amethyst and ruby, as produced a glory not exaggerated in Holman Hunt's picture of "The Scape Goat." The atmosphere, too, was so transparent, that we distinctly saw beyond the Dead Sea what appeared to us a white building, situated on a point, in a straight line, over or near Jerusalem. Was this Kerak? There are no other human habitations in that direction.

The next thing that impressed me standing here, was the smallness of the land. We saw across it. On one side was the great sea, on which sails were visible; on the other the range of Moab, which is beyond the eastern boundary of Palestine. To the south we saw within a few miles of Hebron; while to the north we discovered the steep promontory of Carmel plunging its beak into the sea. It is difficult to conceive that the Palestine of the Patriarchs—that is, the country from the inhabited "south" to the great plain of Esdraelon, which like a green strait sweeps past Carmel to the steeps above the Jordan, and separates the old historical land of

Canaan from Galilee—does not extend further than the distance between Glasgow and Perth, and could be traversed by an express train in two or three hours. But so it is. The whole land, even from Dan to Beersheba, is not larger than Wales. We saw not only the entire breadth but almost the entire length of the Palestine of the Patriarchs from the height of Neby Samwil.

To some extent the general structure of the country was also visible. We had to the west the dead flat Philistine plain skirting the Mediterranean, and spreading itself about ten miles inland, where it, like a sea, formed green bays at the foot of the Judean hills. We were standing on one of the rugged sides of that central mountain ridge of Palestine, which, like a capsized flat-bottomed boat of corrugated iron, lay between the sea and the Jordan. We were looking down from the keel of this boat, a few hundred feet above the undulating, rough tableland with its small hills, which, to carry out the rude simile, were stuck, like huge limpets, over the boat's bottom. The other side of the gunwale, rolled over out of sight, and rested on the plain of the Jordan, which rushed along its outer edge, while the wall of Moab rose beyond. One end of this same capsized boat descended to the plain of Esdraelon, the other to the desert beyond Hebron. Its corrugated sides are the Wadies that cut deep towards the Philistine plain on the west, and the plain of the Jordan on the east.



El-Jib (Gibeon), with Neby Samwil in the distance.

And how did the land look? Was it picturesque? Had it that romantic beauty of hill and dale, that look of a second Paradise which one has sometimes heard in descriptions of it from the pulpit? Well, it did not give me this impression,—but what then? What if it is not to be compared with a thousand spots in our own island—which by the way includes within its rocky shores more scenes of varied beauty than any other portion of the earth;—what if Westmoreland and Wales, not to speak of the Scotch Highlands, contain landscapes far more lovely than are to be found in Palestine? Still Palestine stands alone;—alone in its boundaries of seas and sandy deserts and snow-clad mountains; and alone in the variety of its soil, climate, and productions. I do not claim for it either beauty or grandeur—which may be found in almost every region of the globe—but I claim for it peculiarities and contrasts to which no other region can afford a parallel. Grant its present poor condition, its rocks without a covering, its streams dried up, its tillage neglected, its statuesque scenery unsubdued by the mellowed and softening influences of a moist atmosphere, its roads rough, its hills bare, and its limestone rocks unprotected by soil, its villages wretched hovels, its towns extinct, its peasantry slaves or robbers—what then? Is there no poetry in this desolation which, if it does not represent the past, is yet the picture which flashed before the spiritual eye of the mourning prophets? Is there no poetry either in the harmony between the rocky sternness of the land and the men of moral thews and sinews which it produced; or in the contrast between its nothingness as a land of physical greatness and glory, and the greatness and glory of the persons and events which were cradled in its little Wadies and its small rocky eminences? Is there no poetry, nothing affecting to the imagination, in the physical structure of a country which is without a parallel on earth? For within a space so small that the eye can take it in from more than one point, there are heights, like Hermon, covered with eternal snow, and depths like the Jordan valley with a heat exceeding that of the tropics; there is on one side the sea, and on the other a lake whose surface is 1300 feet lower down, with soundings as deep again. Where is there such a river as the Jordan, whose turbulent waters never gladdened a human habitation, nor ever irrigated a green field,—which pursues its continuous course for 200 miles within a space easily visible, and ends at last in the sea of death never to reappear? Where on earth is there such a variety of vegetation, from the palm on the sultry plain to the lichen beside the glacier?—

where such howling wildernesses, such dreary and utterly desolate wastes, with such luxuriant plains, fertile valleys, pasture lands, vineyards, and corn-fields?—where such a climate, varying through every degree of temperature and of moisture?

Of a truth the beautiful is not necessarily associated with what stirs the human mind to wonder and admiration. Who thinks of the beautiful when visiting a church-yard, where the great and good lie interred; or a battle-field, where courage and self-sacrifice have won the liberties of the world; or a spot like the bare rough rock of the Areopagus on which stood the lowly, unknown, despised Jew revealing truths to Athens such as Plato the heavenly and Socrates the God-fearing had never discovered? Or who thinks of the beautiful in thinking about Paul himself, "whose bodily presence was weak," although he was the greatest man as a teacher that ever lived?

Not for one moment then did I feel disappointed with Palestine. It was the greatest poem I ever read, full of tragic grandeur and sweetest hymns. I did not look for beauty, and therefore was not surprised at its absence; but I did look for the battle scenes—for the Marathon and Thermopylæ—of the world's civilisation, and for the earthly stage on which real men of flesh and blood, but full of the spirit of the living God, played out their grand parts, and sung their immortal songs, which have revolutionised the world, and I found it no other than I looked for, to my ceaseless joy and thanksgiving.

Excuse, good reader, these digressions; and let us once more attend to the details of the landscape.

Look with me towards the west. Our backs are consequently to the hills of Moab, and our faces towards the "great sea," which stretches as an immense blue plain, ending in the horizon, or rather in a drapery of luminous cloud no one can exactly say where. The shore you see is a straight line running north and south; and we can distinguish at this distance of, say twenty miles, the long sandy downs that separate the blue sea from the green sea of plain. Look southward along the shore—that protruding point of the Judean hills conceals Askelon from us, that confused looking mound on the plain, marks the site of Ashdod: another smaller Tel, scarcely visible, a little to the left of Ramleh, is Ekron. We are already acquainted with Ramleh and Lydda, so distinctly seen beneath us on the plain. Beyond them is Jaffa, our old friend, like a grey turban on its hill. Now, carrying the eye along the sea from Jaffa northward, you perceive, over the low spurs of the hills which conceal the rest of the sea-shore, that headland—it is Carmel!

This view gives us an excellent idea of the relationship between the uplands of Judea, on which we stand, and the alluvial plain of Philistia and Sharon, whose rich soil, rich pastures, and rich corn-fields, its harbours and access to the sea, and its adaptedness to war chariots, accounts to us for the numbers and power of its bold and unscrupulous inhabitants.

Now let us turn in the opposite direction, from the sea to the west, with the range of Moab along the skyline opposite to us, and the table-land of Judea, a few miles broad, at our feet. Looking to the right, southward, we see the undulating hills around and beyond Bethlehem, which is itself unseen, being nestled lower down. That marked summit rising beyond Bethlehem, like a mound between us and the golden hills of Moab, is Jebel Fureidís, where Herod lies buried. Nearer, but in the same direction, and about six miles off, are Jerusalem and Olivet. Right under us, the eye slowly passing northward, we see the conical hill of Jebel Ful, or Gibeah of Saul: onwards, to the north, on our left is the country round Bethel, with El-Ram, Geba, and Micmash: while further beyond, the mountains of Ephraim cluster on the horizon, and shut in our view. Beside us is Gibeon, and the scene of the great battle of Beth-horon, which completes our circle and carries us back to the point from which we started.

The slightest idea of this panorama, the faintest impression which words (assisted by the map) can convey, will suggest to the reader what we realised in gazing upon it—that, on the whole, it is the most interesting view in the world.

But we are not yet done with Neby Samwil, if our readers will have patience and tolerate us and our geography a little longer. The hill is a great teacher—a comment on Scripture—a light to its sacred pages—a photographer of its stories. For the history of Palestine cannot be separated from its geography. What a confused idea of the history of Great Britain, for instance, would a man have, if to him Edinburgh was at Land's End, and London near Aberdeen; the Highland hills in Hampshire, or the midland counties in Skye or Caithness? What would be the history of modern Europe to him, if his Waterloo was in the Danubian Provinces, and Moscow at Inverness? Yet such an arrangement of places is not more incongruous than are the ideas of many tolerably intelligent people whom I have met, with regard to the geography of Palestine.

Now we see "with our own eyes," from Neby Samwil, the scenes, as I have said, of several Scripture narratives.

As we look down on the maritime plain, we see Azotus (Ashdod), where Philip was found, and follow his track along the sea-shore as he passed northward to Cæsarea.* In Ashdod and Ekron, both visible, abode the ark of God for seven months. We see Lydda, where Paul healed Eneas; Joppa, from which they sent for him when Dorcas died, and from which he afterwards journeyed to meet Cornelius, also at Cæsarea.† Here we trace for the first time the footsteps of St. Paul, for down this path by the Beth-horons he probably descended twice from Jerusalem to Cæsarea—in both cases to save his life.*

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* "But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cæsarea."

† "And it came to pass, as Peter passed through all

Standing here, we understand also the great battle which Joshua waged against the petty, yet, in their own place and amongst their own numerous tribes, powerful chiefs of the heathen people of the land. For at our feet is the hill on which the village of El-Jib is now built, but which, as I have said, represents the old city of Gibeon, the capital of a numerous though not very valiant clan, and which commanded this great pass from the plain to the Jordan. From this spot went those cunning diplomatists, the Gibeonites, to deceive Joshua, their want of truth all the while arising from a practical faith in Joshua as a great general and a veritable conqueror of the land. And out of those as yet to us unseen depths which plunge from the table-land of Judea towards the Jordan, Joshua and his host made that wonderful march by night up 3000 feet and for about twenty miles, until he reached Gibeon, his army in the morning rising like the sudden flood of a stormy sea, column after column pouring over the ridge into the upland plain round El-Jib, on which the heathen host were encamped, then dashing among them, and sweeping them over the western ridge down the wild steeps that lead to the Philistian plain. The battle-field explained the battle. The rout must have been terrible! I have visited many battle-fields, but except those where Suwarrow fought in the high Alps, or those in the Pyrenees where Wellington encountered Soult, I never saw any so wild as this. From the dip of the strata, rocks clothe the sides of the hills like the scales of a huge monster, overlapping each other, yet leaving deep interstices between. Steep gorges and narrow valleys cleave the hills as with deep gashes on every side of the road. After riding up the ascent to the plain of Gibeon, we understood how a demoralised army would in flight become utterly powerless, and, if panic-stricken, be hurled over each succeeding range of rocks.†

Down beneath us was a green bay running from Philistia into the bosom of the hills. It was Ajalon! The Arabs call it *Yalo*.

But it is time to withdraw our gaze from the distant landscape, and our thoughts from what it suggests, and come back once more to Neby Samwil. The spot itself calls up many memories of the past. Here probably was the famous "High Place" of Gibeon, where the tabernacle constructed by Moses, and which had been the moveable temple throughout the wilderness journey, was pitched, after many wanderings, until Solomon's Temple was built at Jerusalem.* Here public worship was conducted, by a staff of priests appointed by David, around the brazen altar of Moses;—for "he left there before the ark of the covenant of the Lord Asaph and his brethren, to minister before the ark continually, as every day's work required: and Obed-edom with their brethren, threescore and eight; Obed-edom also the son of Jeduthun and Hosah to be porters: and Zadok the priest, and his brethren the priests, before the tabernacle of the Lord in the high place that was at Gibeon, to offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord upon the altar of the burnt-offering continually morning and evening, and to do according to all that is written in the law of the Lord, which he commanded Israel; and with them Heman and Jeduthun, and the rest that were chosen, who were expressed by name, to give thanks to the Lord, because his mercy endureth for ever; and with them Heman and Jeduthun with trumpets and cymbals for those that should make a sound, and with musical instruments of God. And the sons of Jeduthun were porters. And all the people departed every man to his house: and David returned to bless his house." It was the scene, too, of one of the most imposing pageants ever witnessed in Judea, when Solomon, with all that show, splendour, and magnificence which are associated with his name, "went to Gibeon to sacrifice there, for that was the great high place; a thousand burnt-offerings did Solomon offer on that altar." Here, too, "in Gibeon, the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and God said, Ask what I shall give to thee?" and he asked wisdom, and got it.

I left the top of Neby Samwil with devoutest thanksgiving, feeling that, if I saw no more, but were obliged to return next day to Europe, my journey would have been well repaid. As the sun set, we descended the steep and rugged hill to our tents. We fully enjoyed the comfort and repose which they afforded. Nubi was busy with

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quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. . . . And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord. . . . And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them."

* "And he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians: but they went about to slay him. Which when the brethren knew, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus."

"And when it was day, certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. . . . And he called unto him two centurions, saying, Make ready two hundred soldiers to go to Cæsarea, and horsemen threescore and ten, and spearmen two hundred, at the third hour of the night. . . . And provide them beasts, that they may set Paul on, and bring him safe unto Felix the governor."

† See Note at end of article.

* It is, I think, extremely unlikely that the lower hill of Gibeon, on the northern portion of which El-Jib is built, and which is almost concealed in an upland flat fenced off by an encircling ridge, should, as some suppose, have been the high place of Gibeon, instead of Neby Samwil, which stands up like a high altar, visible from the surrounding country. I agree with Dr. Stanley in believing that neither was Mizpeh the high place. The mere fact of the stones of Ramah having been brought to Mizpeh makes it, to say the least of it, extremely improbable that they were carried to this high place. Scopus meets the whole requirements of the case.

the dinner; Meeki was enjoying his narghilé, while all around were kneeling camels, belonging to some travelling Arabs, chewing their evening meal of chopped straw, in which the horses and mules of our cavalcade heartily joined them. "With one stride came the dark"—yet a dark illumined by those clear stars which we never grew weary of looking at in this glorious sky. By-and-by the chatter of the Arabs from Gibeon grew less, and the crowd dispersed. Even Meeki seemed to be dozing. The camel-drivers wrapped themselves in their cloaks and lay curled up on the ground, like brown snails, beside their meek-eyed beasts. The quadrupeds, too, after paying off a few private grievances with sundry kicks and sharp cries, sank into silence: at least I supposed they did so, for I, with my companions, soon fell into deep sleep on ground where Hivite and Perizzite had slept before me, and which had thundered to their tread as they rushed along before the storm of Joshua's fierce attack.

Next morning we visited Gibeon (El-Jib) and its immediate neighbourhood. The view of it from the plain to the west which accompanies this paper will give an idea of its limestone ledges and general appearance.* The most remarkable thing about it belonging to the past is a spring in a large cave, to which worn steps cut out of the rock descend. Near this is a large pool, as large as that of Hebron, but dried up. It was most probably the scene of the battle *à l'outrance* between the men of Judah and Benjamin.† Here, too, Johanan fought the traitor Ishmael.‡

As we descended from Gibeon, we saw the top of the hill of Gibeah of Saul, rising over the low eastern ridge. If the sons of the miserable, broken-hearted, but loving mother Rizpah, were hung up for months on the top of Gibeah, they could be seen from Gibeon by those who had demanded their cruel execution—a horrid sight between them and the eastern sky!

When but a few minutes on our journey, and as we passed round the plain by the road which leads to Jerusalem, we were attracted by a huge stone lying horizontally among others in a low rocky ridge close to the path on the left. Was this the "great stone of Gibeon?"* We could not decide whether it was *in situ* or placed there by the hands of man—or, even if it was *in situ*, whether it was *the* stone. There ever and anon occur in Bible history notices of great stones, rocks, caves, wells, &c. --permanent objects in nature—which, if travellers had only time and patience to examine, would be to a large extent discoverable.

We descended to the tableland of Judah before noon, and entered upon a broad, rough, stony path, the great northern road from Jerusalem to Galilee. We knew now that we were, for the first time, on the highway along which priests and kings, prophets and apostles, the holy men of old, and the One above all, had passed to and fro. We slowly came nearer Jerusalem. We passed over a grey ridge, like a roll of a sea wave, and saw the Damascus Gate before us. We turned down to the left, towards the north-east corner of the wall, and got among Mahommedan tombs, which for some reason or other were being visited by a number of women draped and veiled in white. We descended a hundred yards or so until we reached the road that passes from Anathoth to the city; travelled along it, with the Kedron valley to our left, and Olivet rising beyond,—the city wall crowning the slope to our right,—and then rode up to St. Stephen's Gate, entered it, took off our hats as we passed the portal, but spoke not a word, for we had entered Jerusalem!

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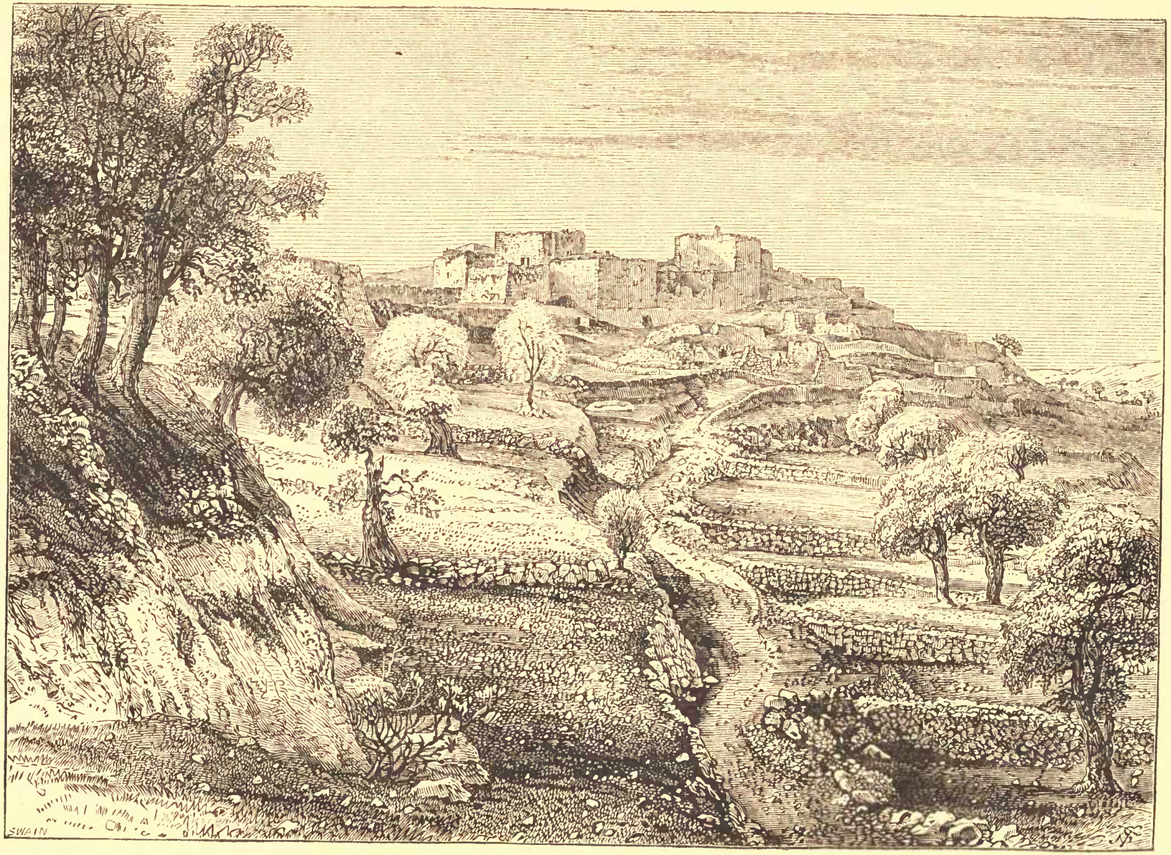
* The illustration of El-Jib (Gibeon) is copied from a photograph by Mr. Francis Bedford, taken during the tour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and published by Messrs. Day and Son. I have pleasure in directing attention to this magnificent series of photographic views.

† "And Abner the son of Ner, and the servants of Ish-bosheth the son of Saul, went out from Mahanaim to Gibeon. And Joab the son of Zeruiah, and the servants of David, went out, and met together by the pool of Gibeon: and they sat down, the one on the one side of the pool, and the other on the other side of the pool. And Abner said to Joab, Let the young men now arise, and play before us. And Joab said, Let them arise. Then there arose and went over by number twelve of Benjamin, which pertained to Ish-bosheth the son of Saul, and twelve of the servants of David. And they caught every one his fellow by the head, and thrust his sword in his fellow's side; so they fell down together: wherefore that place was called Helkath-hazzurim, which is in Gibeon. And there was a very sore battle that day; and Abner was beaten, and the men of Israel, before the servants of David."

‡ "But when Johanan the son of Kareah, and all the captains of the forces that were with him, heard of all the evil that Ishmael the son of Nethaniah had done, then they took all the men, and went to fight with Ishmael the son of Nethaniah, and found him by the great waters that are in Gibeon. Now it came to pass, that when all the people which were with Ishmael saw Johanan the son of Kareah, and all the captains of the forces that were with him, then they were glad. So all the people that Ishmael had carried away captive from Mizpah cast about and returned, and went unto Johanan the son of Kareah. But Ishmael the son of Nethaniah escaped from Johanan with eight men, and went to the Ammonites."

* "When they were at the great stone which is in Gibeon, Amasa went before them. And Joab's garment that he had put on was girded unto him, and upon it a girdle with a sword fastened upon his loins in the sheath thereof; and as he went forth it fell out. And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground, and struck him not again; and he died. So Joab and Abishai his brother pursued after Sheba the son of Bichri."



GIBEON.

NOTE.

The following is Dr. Stanley's account of the Battle of Beth-horon, extracted from his "Lectures on the Jewish Church—Part I." which many readers, who have not access to the volume, will read with interest:—

"The Battle of Beth-horon or Gibeon is one of the most important in the history of the world; and yet so profound has been the indifference, first of the religious world, and then (through their example or influence) of the common world, to the historical study of the Hebrew annals, that the very name of this great battle is far less known to most of us than that of Marathon or Cannæ.

"It is one of the few military engagements which belong equally to Ecclesiastical and to Civil History—which have decided equally the fortunes of the world and of the Church. The roll will be complete if to this we add two or three more which we shall encounter in the Jewish History; and, in later times, the battle of the Milvian Bridge, which involved the fall of Paganism; the battle of Poitiers, which sealed the fall of Arianism: the battle of Bedr, which secured the rise of Mahometanism in Asia; the battle of Tours, which checked the spread of Mahometanism in Western Europe; the battle of Lepanto, which checked it in Eastern Europe; the battle of Lutzen, which determined the balance of power between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism in Germany.

"The kings of Palestine, each in his little mountain fastness,—like the kings of early Greece, crowded thick together in the plains of Argos and of Thebes, when they were summoned to the Trojan war,—were roused by the tidings that the approaches to their territory in the Jordan valley and in the passes leading from it were in the hand of the enemy. Those who occupied the south felt that the crisis was yet more imminent when they heard of the capitulation of Gibeon. Jebus, or Jerusalem, even in those ancient times, was recognised as their centre. Its chief took the lead of the hostile confederacy. The point of attack, however, was not the invading army, but the traitors at home. Gibeon, the recreant city, was besieged. The continuance or the raising of the siege, as in the case of Orleans in the fifteenth century, and Vienna in the seventeenth, became the turning question of the war. The summons of the Gibeonites to Joshua was as urgent as words can describe, and gives the key-note to the whole movement. 'Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us; for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us.' Not a moment was to be lost. As in the battle of Marathon, everything depended on the suddenness of the blow which should break in pieces the hostile confederation. On the former occasion of Joshua's visit to Gibeon, it had been a three days' journey from Gilgal, as according to the slow pace of eastern armies and caravans it might well be. But now, by a forced march, 'Joshua came unto them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night.' When the sun rose behind him, he was already in the open ground at the foot of the heights of Gibeon, where the kings were encamped (according to tradition) by a spring in the neighbourhood. The towering hill at the foot of which Gibeon lay, rose before them on the west. The besieged and the besiegers alike were taken by surprise.

"As often before and after, so now, 'not a man could stand before' the awe and the panic of the sudden sound of that terrible shout—the sudden appearance of that undaunted host, who came with the assurance not 'to fear, nor to be dismayed, but to be strong and of a good courage, for the Lord had delivered their enemies into their hands.' The Canaanites fled down the western pass, and 'the Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that *goeth up* to Beth-horon.' This was the first stage of the flight. It is a long rocky ascent, sinking and rising more than once before the summit is reached. From the summit, which is crowned by the village of Upper Beth-horon, a wide view opens over the valley of Ajalon, of 'Stags' or 'Gazelles,' which runs in from the plain of Sharon. Jaffa, Ramleh, Lydda, are all visible beyond.

"'And it came to pass, as they fled before Israel, and were in the *going down* to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah.' This was the second stage of the flight. The fugitives had outstripped the pursuers; they had crossed the high ridge of Beth-horon the Upper; they were in full flight to Beth-horon the Nether. It is a rough, rocky road, sometimes over the upturned edges of the limestone strata, sometimes over sheets of smooth rock, sometimes over loose rectangular stones, sometimes over steps cut in the rock. It was as they fled down the slippery descent, that, as in the fight of Barak against Sisera, a fearful tempest, 'thunder, lightning, and a deluge of hail,' broke over the disordered ranks; 'they were more which died of the hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword.'

"So, as it would seem, ended the direct narrative of this second stage of the flight. But at this point, as in the case of the defeat of Sisera, we have one of those openings, as it were, in the structure of the Sacred history, which reveal to us a glimpse of another, probably an older, version, lying below the surface of the narrative. In the victory of Barak we have the whole account, first in prose and then in verse. Here we have, in like manner, first, the prose account; and then, either the same events, or the events immediately following, related in poetry—taken from one of the lost books of the original canon of the Jewish Church, the book of Jasher.

"On the summit of the pass, where is now the hamlet of the Upper Beth-horon, looking far down the deep descent of the Western valleys, with the green vale of Ajalon stretched out in the distance, and the wide expanse of the Mediterranean Sea beyond, stood, as is intimated, the Israelite chief. Below him was rushing down, in wild confusion, the Amorite host. Around him were 'all his people of war and all his mighty men of valour.' Behind him were the hills which hid Gibeon—the now rescued Gibeon—from his sight. But the sun stood high above those hills, 'in the midst of heaven,' for the day had now far advanced, since he had emerged from his night march through the passes of Ai; and in front, over the western vale of Ajalon, may have been the faint form of the waning moon, visible above the hailstorm driving up from the sea in the black distance. Was the enemy to escape in safety, or was the speed with which Joshua had 'come quickly, and saved and helped' his defenceless allies, to be rewarded, before the close of that day, by a signal and decisive victory?

"It is doubtless so standing on that lofty eminence, with outstretched hand and spear, as on the hill above Ai, that the Hero appears in the ancient song of the Book of Heroes.

Then spake Joshua unto JEHOVAH
In the day 'that God gave up the Amorite
Into the hand of Israel,' (LXX.)
When He discomfited them in Gibeon,
'And they were discomfited before the face of Israel.' (LXX.)
And Joshua said:
'Be thou still,' O Sun, upon Gibeon,
And thou, Moon, upon the valley of Ajalon!
And the Sun was still,
And the Moon stood,
Until 'the nation' (or LXX. 'until God') had avenged them upon their enemies.
And the sun stood in 'the very midst' of the heavens
And hasted not to go down for a whole day.
And there was no day like that before it or after it,
That JEHOVAH heard the voice of a man,
For JEHOVAH fought for Israel.
And Joshua returned, and all Israel with him, unto the camp in Gilgal."

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

V.—CAPTAIN ARTHUR CONOLLY.

If the reader, who has followed me through my two last chapters of Indian biography, remembering what I have written about the characters and the careers of Alexander Burnes and Henry Martyn, can conceive the idea of a man combining in his own person all that was excellent and loveable in both, and devoting his life to the pursuit of the objects which each in his turn sought to attain, the image of Arthur Conolly will stand in full perfection before him. For in him the high courage and perseverance of the explorer were elevated and sublimed by the holy zeal and enthusiasm of the apostle. Ready to dare everything and to suffer everything, in a good cause; full of faith, and love, and boundless charity, he strove without ceasing for the glory of God and for the good of his fellow-men; and in little things and in great, in the daily interests of a gentle life, in which the human affections were never dormant, and in the stern necessities of public service, which for the honour of the nation, for the good of the human race, and for the glory of the religion which he professed and acted, demanded from him the surrender even of that life itself, manifested all the noblest self-abnegation of the Hero and the Martyr.

Arthur Conolly was the third of the six sons of a gentleman, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, went out to India, made a rapid fortune, and returned to spend it in ease and comfort at home. He was born in Portland Place, London, in the year 1807; and received his education at Rugby. He was not much happier there than was Henry Martyn at the Truro Grammar School. Shy and sensitive, and of a nature too refined to cope successfully with the rough realities of public school life, he was fagged and bullied; and he often spoke in after-life of the sufferings he endured at "Mother Bucknell's." In good time, however, deliverance came. He was removed from Rugby in 1822, and sent to the Military Seminary of the East India Company. His father had large "interest at the India House," especially with the Marjoribanks family; so in due course, one after the other, he sent all his boys to India. Arthur, in the first instance, was designed for one of the scientific branches of the Indian army; but whilst at Addiscombe, an offer having been made to him of a commission in the Bengal Cavalry, he accepted it, or it was accepted for him. He left the military seminary on the 7th of May, 1823, and on the 16th of June he quitted England in a vessel bound for Calcutta. There was so much of incident crowded into the latter years of his life that it is necessary to pass briefly over the chapter of his boyish years.

The ship in which he sailed for India was the Company's ship "Grenville," which carried Reginald Heber, then newly consecrated Bishop of Calcutta, to his diocese. In those days, the first voyage to India of a young writer or a young cadet often exercised an important influence over his whole after-career. Life-long friendships were often made or abiding impressions fixed upon the mind by the opportunities of a life on board ship. It was no small thing for a youth of sixteen, ardent, imaginative, with a vast capacity for good in his nature, to sit daily at the feet of such a man as Bishop Heber. The Bishop has recorded, in one of his letters, the fact that when he was studying the Persian and Hindostanee languages, "two of the young men on board showed themselves glad to read with him." Arthur Conolly was one of the two. But he derived better help than this from his distinguished fellow-passenger. The seed of the Word, which then came from the Sower's hand, fell upon good ground and fructified a hundred-fold. In a letter to a friend Heber wrote, some five weeks after the departure of the "Grenville"—"Here I have an attentive audience. The exhibition is impressive and interesting, and the opportunities of doing good considerable." Among his most attentive hearers was young Arthur Conolly, who took to his heart the great truths which were offered to him, and became from that time rooted and grounded in the saving faith.

The first years of his residence in India did not differ greatly from those of the generality of young military officers, who have their profession to learn in the first instance, and in the next to qualify themselves for independent employment. He was attached, as a cornet, to the 6th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, and in 1824 and two following years appears to have been stationed at Keitah and at Lohargong. In 1825, he obtained his lieutenancy; and in 1827, he fell sick, and was compelled to obtain a furlough to England on medical certificate.

After a year and a half spent in Europe, he was sufficiently recruited to think of returning to India. In those days, it was the ordinary course for an officer, "permitted to return to his duty," to take a passage in a sailing vessel, steering round the Cape of Good Hope. What is now called somewhat inappropriately the Overland Route, was not then open for passenger-traffic; and if it had been, it would not have held out much attraction to Arthur Conolly. He desired to return to India really by the Overland Route—that is, by the route of Russia and Persia; and, as he has himself declared, "the journey was undertaken upon a few days' resolve." "Quitting London," he has recorded in the published account of his travels, "on the 10th of August, 1829, I travelled through France and the North of Germany to Hamburg, and embarking on board a steam-vessel at Travemunden on the 1st of September, sailed up the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland in four days to St. Petersburg." Such is the first sentence of the two volumes of travels which Arthur Conolly has given to the world. It was his original intention after having reached the capital of Persia, to strike down thence to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and there to take ship for Bombay. But the spirit of adventure within him grew stronger as he proceeded on his journey; and he determined to explore at least some portions of Central Asia. There was little known, in those days, about Afghanistan. He might do good service by acquiring information respecting the countries lying between Persia and India, and it suited his humour at that time to make the effort. It was the enterprise of the Englishman more than anything else, which carried him forward in those early days. He was very young when he started on his journey. He had numbered only twenty-two years; but he had courage and self-reliance of the highest order; and ever as he went, the desire to see more impelled him forward to new fields of adventure. Perhaps there was even then obscurely taking shape within him some previsions of the "great game in Central Asia," which he afterwards believed it was the especial privilege of Great Britain to play.

From Teheran, Arthur Conolly made his way to Herat—the frontier city which afterwards became so celebrated in Eastern history. Upon all with whom he was associated there the young English officer made a most favourable impression. Another young English officer—Eldred Pottinger—who visited the city some years afterwards, found that Arthur Conolly's name was great in Herat, and that many held him in affectionate remembrance. "I fell in," says the former in his journal, referring to the year 1838, "with a number of Captain Conolly's acquaintances. Every person asked after him, and appeared disappointed when I told them I did not know him. In two places, I crossed Mr. Conolly's route, and on his account received the greatest hospitality and attention—indeed, more than was pleasant, for such liberality required corresponding liberality upon my part, and my funds were not well adapted for any extraordinary demand upon them. In Herat, Mr. Conolly's fame was great. In a large party where the subject of the Europeans who had visited Herat was mooted, Conolly's name being mentioned, I was asked if I knew him, and on replying, 'Merely by report,' Moollah Mahomed, a Sheeah Moollah of great eminence, calling to me across the room, said, 'You have a great pleasure awaiting you. When you see him, give him my salutation, and tell him that I say he has done as much to give the English nation fame in Herat, as your ambassador, Mr. Elphinstone, at Peshawur,' and in this he was seconded by the great mass present."

This was, truly, a great distinction for one so young; and it was earned, not at all as some later travellers in Mahommedan countries have earned distinction, by assuming disguises and outwardly apostatising, but by the frankest possible assertion of the character of a Christian gentleman. Moreover, he appeared before the Heratees as a very poor one. He did not go among the Afghans as Elphinstone had gone among them, laden with gifts; but as one utterly destitute, seeking occasional small loans to help him on his way. Yet even, in these most disadvantageous circumstances, the nobility of his nature spoke out most plainly; and the very Moollahs, with whom he contended on behalf of his religion, were fain to help him as though he had been one of their sect. He had many warm disputations with these people, and they seem to have honoured him all the more for bravely championing his faith. Young as he was, he felt that our national character had suffered grievously in the eyes of the people of the East by our neglect of the observances of our religion. "I am sure," he said, "the bulk of the Mahommedans in this country do not believe that the Feringhees have any real religion. They hear from their friends, who visit India, that we eat abominations, and are never seen to pray; and they care not to inquire more about us. . . . It is, therefore, greatly to be desired that such translations of our Scriptures as may invite their study should be sent among these people, in order first to satisfy them that we have a religion, and secondly that they may know what our religion is; in order that they may learn to respect us, which they do not now, and gradually to regard us with kindlier feelings; for until they do, we shall in vain attempt to propagate the Gospel among them;" and then he proceeded to discourse very shrewdly and intelligently on some of the principal errors which had been committed by our people in their efforts to propagate the Christian faith—errors principally arising from our ignorance or disregard of the national characters of those whom we had endeavoured to instruct in the truths of the Gospel.

From Herat, Arthur Conolly proceeded, by the route of Ghirisk, to Candahar; and thence by the valley of Pisheen, in which he halted for some time, to Quettah, and through the Bolan Pass to the country of the Ameers of Sindh. He then journeyed to Bahwalpore and across the great Indian desert, to the British frontier, which he crossed in the month of January, 1831. At Delhi, he met the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, to whom he gave an account of his wanderings, and afterwards dropped down to Calcutta by the river route. At the Presidency, he drew up an interesting paper on the subject of the "Overland Invasion of India," which he printed in one of the Calcutta journals, and afterwards appended to his published travels. In those days, a paper on such a subject showing any real knowledge of the countries traversed was a novelty; but it was reserved for a later generation to discern the large amount of sagacity that informed it.

It was now time for Lieutenant Conolly to return to his military duties. So he rejoined his regiment at Cawnpore. At that station, he made the acquaintance of the famous missionary traveller, Joseph Wolff. "They took sweet counsel together, and they walked in the House of the Lord as friends." With what deep emotion has Wolff recorded his recollections of that meeting. "From Delhi," he says, "I passed to Agra, and thence to various places until I reached Cawnpore. HERE I MET WITH LIEUTENANT CONOLLY." The words are printed in Wolff's book in capital letters, as I have printed them here. "When I travelled first in Khorassaun, in the year 1831," he continues, "I heard at Meshed by the Jews, that an English traveller had preceded me there, by the name of Arthur Conolly. They described him as a man who lived in the fear of God and of religion. The moment I arrived he took me to his house, and not only showed me the greatest hospitality, but, as I was at that time short of money, he gave me every assistance in his power—and not only so—he revised my journal for me with the most unaffected kindness. He also collected the Mahommedan Moollahs to his house, and permitted me not only to discuss with them the subject of religion, but gave me most substantial aid in combating their arguments. Conolly was a man possessed of a deep scriptural knowledge; a capital textuary. Various enemies are always found to attack the lone missionary. Nobly and well did this gallant soldier acquit himself in the church militant, both in deeds of arms and deep devotion to the cause of Christ." What Arthur Conolly on his part thought of his friend may be gathered from a letter written by him shortly after his departure from Cawnpore. "Wolff has left us," wrote the young Christian enthusiast on the 19th of February, 1833, "and has taken with him the esteem and best wishes of all who knew him. As you will shortly see him in Calcutta, I need not enter into much detail of his sayings and doings here, but let me again assure you that he is neither crazy, vain, nor fanatical, but a simple-minded, humble, rational, and sound Christian. His chief desire is, to preach to all people, Jesus Christ *crucified*, the God, and only Saviour of mankind: he is naturally most anxious that his own brethren should turn to the light that has shone upon him, and therefore he seeks them in all parts of the earth where God's wrath has scattered them, but ever as he goes, he proclaims to the Mahommedan, and to the idolater, the great object of his mission. . . . Judging by the benefit we have reaped from his conversation here, we may hope that he will be made the means of doing much good wherever he goes. You will be delighted with his company in private society, for he is full of varied and most interesting anecdote, but above all I hope you will hear him, when he appears to the greatest advantage, in the pulpit, for, understanding the Hebrew meanings of words in Scripture, he throws new light upon passages that are familiar to us, but chiefly he preaches truth *from* the heart, and therefore, generally, *to* the heart."

In 1834, Arthur Conolly was stationed with his regiment at Mhow; and in the following year he was transferred to that great outlet for the energies of aspiring young soldiers, kept down by the seniority system—the Political (or diplomatic) Department. He was appointed an assistant to the Governor-General's agent in Rajpootana. Over this epoch of his career I must pass hastily. After a little space, he obtained a furlough to England, not because he was sick, or because he was weary of Indian life; but because he was drawn thither by the attractions of one to whom he had given the best affections of his heart. He had ever, in words which I find in one of his own letters, with reference to the character of a friend, a great *besoin d'aimer*—and he had found one worthy to fill the void. He had met in India a young lady, the daughter of a man in high position there, a member of a noble family; and he had given to her all the love of his warm passionate nature. But she had returned to England with her parents; and so he followed her thither, believing, as he had good reason to believe, that their reunion would soon be followed by their marriage.

They met again, under her father's roof; and for awhile he was supremely happy. But the fond hopes which he had cherished were doomed to bitter disappointment. The blight, which fell upon the life of Henry Martyn, fell also upon the life of Arthur Conolly. The whole history of it lies before me as written by himself, but it is not a history to be publicly related. There was no fault upon any side. Nothing more is to be said of it than that it was God's will. And no man ever bowed himself more resignedly or reverentially to such a dispensation. He had been resolved for her sake to sacrifice his career; never to return to India, but to go into a house of business—to accept any honourable employment, so that he might not take her from her family and her home. But when this hope was unexpectedly prostrated, he turned again to the career which lay before him, and went back into the solitude of public life. He went back, chastened and subdued, full of the deepest love for the one and of boundless charity for the many; not at all exasperated, not at all embittered, but with a softer and more loving heart than before; with an enlarged desire to benefit the human race, and a stronger faith in the boundless mercy of God. The refined tenderness and delicacy of his nature could be fittingly expressed only by the use of his own words. I know nothing more beautiful—nothing more touching than his letters on this subject. The entire unselfishness of his nature was manifest in every word that he wrote. It was all over. Thenceforth Humanity became his bride.

Happily for him there was something, in the great world, of becoming magnitude to fire his imagination, to absorb his mind, and invite him to energetic action. The contemplated invasion of Afghanistan was at this time occupying to no small extent the minds of those members of the Cabinet, whose duty it was to shape our policy in Asia, as seen both from our Western and our Eastern dominions. The information of any intelligent Englishman who had actually visited the countries, or any part of the countries, which were about to become the scene of our operations was, therefore, eagerly sought. Alexander Burnes had returned to India, leaving behind him, however, some rich Oriental legacies; and it was no small thing in such a conjuncture, for a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, or a President of the India Board, whose experiences did not lie much in that direction, to be able to converse with a British officer, who had visited Herat—the famous frontier city to which the Persians were laying siege. Whether Arthur Conolly were altogether the kind of man best suited to their purpose may admit, perhaps, of a doubt. They thought him perhaps a little over-enthusiastic—a little too wild and visionary. But sober-minded practical men were not very likely, in those days, to make such hazardous journeys as Arthur Conolly had made. The man who did these things had necessarily a dash of romance in his nature, and you might be sure that he would not expound his views in a very cold-blooded manner. One thing, however, must have satisfied them. He was delighted with the idea of an advance into Afghanistan. Seeing, as he did, in the distance such grand results to be attained by British intervention, he did not scan very narrowly the means to be immediately employed. His view of the matter was rather that of a grand Anti-slavery Crusade than of a political movement, intended to check-mate the designs of another great European power. He grasped, in very singleness of heart, the idea of a band of Christian heroes entering the remote regions of Central Asia as Champions of Humanity and Pioneers of Civilization. Full of this thought he drew up a memorandum for the Home Government, in which he expounded his views, saying: "Now both the Russians and Persians have the most legitimate plea for invading Toorkistan, especially Kharasm, where numbers of their countrymen are held in abject slavery — a plea last to be disallowed by England! How, then, can we frustrate the designs of ambition which our rival will so speciously cover? Possibly, by persuading the Oosbegs themselves to do away the grievance which gives the Russians and Persians a pretext for invading them. Let the British Government send a properly accredited envoy to Khiva, in the first place, and thence, if advisable, across the Oxus, at once to explain our present acts in Afghanistan, and to try this only open way of checking a Russian approach, which will entail far greater trouble upon us."

He proposed that the British authorities should also negotiate with the other Oosbeg chiefs, and represent to them that if they would undertake to restrain the Turcoman tribes from carrying off into slavery the subjects of Russia and Persia, the British would use their influence with the governments of those countries to persuade them to fix their boundaries at limits which would inspire our Government with confidence, and ensure peace to the Oosbegs themselves. On the other hand, in treating with Russia, he contended that we should best consult our interests by basing all our arguments on the one broad principle of humanity. "It might not be amiss," he wrote, "frankly to put it to the Court of St. Petersburgh whether they, on their part, will not desist from a jealousy which is injuring us both and many people connected with us. Whether, ceasing from an unworthy policy, which seeks to keep alive a spirit of disaffection among the thousands whom it is our high aim to settle and enlighten, they will not generously unite with us in an endeavour peaceably to abolish rapine and slavery. . . . The cost of our mission would be well exchanged for increased knowledge of countries, in which, sooner or later, we shall be obliged to play some part, and for more positive notions than we now possess of the danger against which we have to provide; while it is probable that though the Oosbegs might desire to be left to fight their own battles with the Russians and Persians, they would accept overtures of a generally amicable nature from us that might have some way for the extension of our commercial relations beyond Afghanistan, which we hope to settle."

These were suggestions not to be lightly regarded, at a time when the designs of Russia in the East were disturbing the serenity of the English Cabinet, and a British army was about to march into Central Asia. There might be more ardour and enthusiasm in Arthur Conolly than were likely to recommend him to official men; but there was a good substratum of sound sense at the bottom of his recommendations, and the authorities were not disinclined to avail themselves of the services of a man so eager to do anything and to suffer anything in so great a cause. At first, they were minded to send him directly from England to Hindostan, with credentials from the Home Government; but afterwards they determined only to recommend such a mission to the Governor-General, and therefore they sent him to India, with letters to Lord Auckland, and with 500*l.* in his pocket for the expenses of his journey. He was to travel by the way of Vienna, Constantinople, Armenia and the Persian Gulf, and, by certain passing inquiries and diplomacies, acquire information that might be useful to his Government and smooth the way for his future operations on the banks of the Oxus and the Jaxartes.

On the 11th of February, 1839, Arthur Conolly left London, and made for the Austrian capital. There he had an interview with the great minister and arch-diplomatist, Metternich, to whom he explained in detail our Central-Asian policy, and thereby removed some erroneous impressions which had been made upon his mind. It happened, also, that at that time an envoy from the Shah of Persia (Hoossein Khan by name) was halting at Vienna on his way to England. It was obviously a great thing that Conolly should hold frequent communication with the El-chee, and it was desirable, at the same time, that it should be as little formal and ceremonious as possible. So the English officer quartered himself at the hotel where the Persian minister was residing, and they soon established familiar intercourse with each other. This Hoossein Khan appears to have been a shrewd fellow, with some sense of humour in him. At one of the interviews, the details of which Conolly afterwards noted down, the English officer hinted that the Persian minister was prejudiced against Mr. McNeill. "Not at all," said Hoossein Khan. "We have always been the best of friends. He has lived at my house for days together. Indeed, I owe him my highest appointment. When it was proposed to send me as envoy to England, McNeill represented that I had not rank enough. 'Why,' replied the Shah, 'Hoossein Khan is of a very ancient family. He is Adjutant-General and he is my foster-brother. Moreover, we received the other day Mr. Ellis from your Crown. Now, I'll engage that the sovereign of England has at least three hundred subjects equal in station to Mr. Ellis, whilst I have not ten equal to Hussein Khan.' 'Your Majesty forgets,' said McNeill, 'that Mr. Ellis was a Privy Councillor.' 'Very well,' said the Shah, 'we will add this dignity to Hoossein Khan's titles,' and I was made a *Preevy Koonsillah* from that day."

The case was well argued upon both sides, but with no result. The Persian was as tenacious of his opinions as the Englishman; and it must be admitted that he had a way of stating the case in favour of his master, which, if not always truthful, had a very plausible appearance of truth. It is instructive to see the different glosses which two men can put upon the same event, as seen from the side of their respective nationalities. Thus the well-known story of the seizure of the British Courier, which did so much to embitter our relations with Persia, as seen from the Persian side was rather a wrong suffered by them—a wrong done to that State. Again, taking a comprehensive view of the whole question, Hoossein Khan said: "You talk of our acting against your interests, and our own real interests; but are we ever to sacrifice what we think to be ours, to your notions for us, or to your precautions for yourselves? The question of Persian policy lies in a small space, and the sooner it is reduced to its essence the better. We are situated between you and Russia, being weaker than either of you; we therefore want support from one or the other. If you will give it, good; if not, we must just take to those whom we like least, and make the most of them, whether it pleases you or no. The Shah will never give up his claims upon Afghanistan: why should he resign what he can take with ease, purely to soothe a fear of the British Government? The whole country up to Caubul was ready to submit to him when he left Herat, and will prove so whenever he advances his standard again. You misinterpret his Majesty's generosity in retiring at your request, and think you gained your wish by sending troops to Karrak; you encourage revolt in the South; does it not strike your acute penetration that we can play the last game, if need be, in Hindostan? we can; and if you provoke us too far, we will." To this Conolly replied,—"Your admissions now go far to justify our proceedings in Afghanistan. Your very threat of using your political influence against our repose in India, is quite reason enough for us to prevent your establishing it any nearer, by the fair way that your hostile conduct has opened to us." It was no empty threat that the Persian uttered: but a clear declaration of the settled policy of his Government. We had not to wait twenty years to see how effectually it could be converted into a fact.

From Vienna Arthur Conolly made his way to Constantinople. There most propitiously it happened that he found an envoy from Khokund—one of the very Oosbeg States which he desired to wean from their inhuman habits. The Chiefs of Central Asia had, and still have, unbounded faith in the Sooltan. They believe that his power is unlimited, and that he can rescue them from all their difficulties and dangers. As I write, the Khan of Khokund has an envoy, if not two, at Constantinople. To Conolly, this circumstance of the presence of the Khokundee at the Ottoman Capital was one of happy augury; and he determined to turn it to the best possible account. So he soon made the acquaintance of the envoy; and began to expound to him his views of the situation in Central Asia;—"One of the Shah's pretexts for invading Herat," he observed, "was that the people of that state used to carry off his subjects into slavery; but this plea was proved false by his refusing to accept our guarantee to Kamran's promise that such should not again occur. I don't think that there were many real Heratees engaged in this work. The Huzarchs perhaps did it occasionally, in concert with the Toorkmans, and it was against the latter tribes that the Shah of Persia should have directed his arms, if he wished to put down the evil as his father Abbas Meerza did at Serria. People say that there are now in Khiva, Bokhara, and other parts of your country up there, as many as 30,000 Persians taken one time or other from the villages and high road of Irân, by the Toorkmans. Is it so?" "Thirty?" was the reply, with a hearty laugh; "thirty! say a hundred thousand, or two, if you will; we've no end of those scoundrels; upon our parts we find them very useful." "And other people also? Russians! have you many of those?" "We haven't many.

nor the Bokhara people either; at Khiva there are a great many." "What do they do there?" asked Conolly. "They do everything; work in the field—work in the houses." "We English, perhaps your Excellency knows, do not approve of slavery at all. Our Government, the other day, gave forty millions of ducats to buy off the slaves of its own subjects." "How? What do you mean?" asked the astonished Envoy. "Why, in former times, many English subjects possessed of estates in foreign provinces of England, had been the owners of negro slaves, who used to till their lands for the cultivation of sugar, spices, &c. Now the rule in England itself is that no foot which touches its dust can remain for a moment longer enslaved against its will. The free people at home all cried to the throne that no English subjects should have a slave anywhere, so the Government, not to be unjust, bought off all the negroes from its own people, and declared them free for ever." "You wish men not to be slaves of each other, but only *bundayan khoda*, slaves of God. Good for you, if you do well. Our habits are different." "Yes," said Conolly, "as I learned in my endeavours to reach Khiva."

A few days later Arthur Conolly again visited the Envoy, and plunged deeply into the politics of Central Asia; the depths which he sought to fathom ever being those in which he touched with his foot the abominations of that vile traffic in human flesh, which he was eager to root out from the land. They talked about the complications that had recently arisen—of the movements of the Persians, the Russians, and the English; and of the dangers which beset the Oosbeg States. The Envoy asked what was to be done—what was to be the remedy? This was the opportunity which Conolly desired. "I've no certain remedy," he answered; "but there is one which may be tried. The Russians will invade Khiva, and take other Oosbeg States, on the ground that they have a right to liberate their people enslaved among you. We could not say a word against this, nor would we; for to be frank with you, if any of our people had been in the condition that theirs are, we should long ago have done what they threaten to do. You must send every Russian slave out of your territories, and never capture any more." "We and the Bokharians haven't many Russians," said the Envoy; "but the Khiva Khan wouldn't find it easy to do what you propose. He has a great many." "How many?" "More than a thousand, certainly. There's only one way in which I can see a likelihood of your plan being accomplished, by the Russians *buying* all their people. They are dispersed among many masters; so the Khan could not give them up if he wished." "I don't think the Russians would condescend to this," returned Conolly. "Perhaps, however, an arrangement might be made, if you promised never to capture any more. What would it cost to buy the thousands you speak of?" "Not less than fifty or sixty thousand ducats. Perhaps you would buy the whole, and make the Russians a present of them. This would not be a great thing after your millions of ducats." "Well, we'll discuss all practicable means when the plan is agreed to. And the Persians! Will you let them go also, and cease from your forays?" "Oh, you must not think of the Persians," rejoined the Envoy, "in such an arrangement. There are too many of them by hundreds of thousands. Besides, we want them. For the Russians, perhaps, we might come to an arrangement."

Again and again the Envoy pressed Conolly to wait until he himself had received from the Sooltan his orders to depart, that they might travel to Khokund together; but the English officer pleaded the instructions of his own Government and declined the invitation. In truth, he had already made a longer halt at Constantinople than was consistent with the wishes of the authorities in England, who censured him for his delay. But he had been doing good work. His conferences with the Envoy from Khokund had done much to detach that worthy from the grasp of Russian diplomacy, which would have had it all its own way, if Conolly had not been at Constantinople to exercise that benign influence which few men could resist. He parted on the best possible terms from the Oosbeg agent, carrying with him all sorts of friendly assurances and some pledges; and on the 22nd of August, he left Constantinople, *en route* to Baghdad, intending to reach Jamsom as the first stage in his journey. But learning that the road thence to Diarbekir was infested with bands of plunderers, and scarcely passable, he landed at Trebizonde, and, by the Consul's advice, proceeded to Erzeroum, where he arrived early in September. After a halt of two days, he resumed his journey furnished with letters for his safe protection to the authorities of the province, and before the end of October, he had reached Bushire in the Persian Gulf, where Major Hennell, the British resident, not having immediately at his command a Government vessel, sent Conolly forward in a fast-sailing merchant-ship to Bombay, which place he reached on the 13th of November, 1839.

From Bombay he made his way to Calcutta, saw the Governor-General, expounded his views, and received the confidences of Lord Auckland. Nothing could have been more propitious than the conjuncture. There was a bright flush of success over all our policy in Afghanistan. In Arthur Conolly's words we had to all outward seeming "built up" the Douranee Empire again. We had accomplished a great revolution. The *de facto* ruler of Afghanistan was beaten and a fugitive. The nationality of the country was stunned and bewildered by the roar of the British guns. More than all, the great magician, who had accomplished this mighty change, was a near relative of Conolly himself. The Envoy and Minister at the court of Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk was his cousin William Macnaghten, about soon to have the prefix of *Sir* to his name—a name not to be mentioned without a respectful and a tender regret, for he was a brave and an able man, who sacrificed his life in the service of his country. The Governor-General, therefore, had no very difficult part to play. As the Home Government had left it to him to find a field of adventure for Arthur Conolly, he also in his turn left it to the representative of British interests in Afghanistan, to indicate the particular service on which his enthusiastic relative might most advantageously be employed. So Conolly proceeded to Caubul, and in the spring of 1840, was immersed, breast-high, in the troubled stream of Afghan politics. What was then stirring in his warm heart and in his active brain may be gathered from the letters, which at this time he addressed, to an old and very dear friend—a man high in place and deservedly high in honour. After much that—profoundly touching as is the interest of it—I cannot bring myself to make public, he proceeded to say: "Those feelings have more force with me than ever now, because I am about to undertake a journey, which is not without risks to life, and if mine should end in Tartary, I would not have her fancy it shortened or carelessly ventured in consequence of my disappointed love for her. You will be able, if necessary, to explain that the cause I go upon, is one which every man must be proud and eager to peril his life for—the noblest in which he could fall; and you may without hesitation assure her, that I have regained a cheerful mind, and only hope that the same unfailing Spirit of goodness who has surrounded me with objects to make life a great blessing will give her the best gifts of earth, and make her eternally happy in heaven, where all separations and disquietudes will be healed. I meant but to say a few words on this subject when I began it, and yet after a whole sheet was not half satisfied with what I had written. You will divine my thoughts more clearly than I have expressed them, and will forgive my prolixity. It was like your kindness to answer for my motive in halting at Constantinople. I only got reproof for setting aside Talleyrand's motto,* but I acted honestly, and the more the politics of Toorkistan open upon us, the more am I satisfied that my conduct was wise. I trust that I shall prove it by gaining all that you kindly wish me to obtain on the Jaxartes. . . . I feel very confident about all our policy in Central Asia, for I think that the designs of our Government there, are honest, and that they will work with a blessing from God, who seems now to be breaking up all the barriers of the long closed East, for the introduction of Christian knowledge and peace. It is deeply interesting to watch the effects that are being produced by the exertions of the European powers, some, selfish and contrary, others, still selfish, but qualified with peace and generosity; all made instrumental to good. See the French in Africa, the English, Austrians, and Russians on the Bosphorus, forcing the Turks to be Europeans under a shadow of Mohammedanism, and providing for the peaceful settlement of the fairest and most sacred countries in the world. Will you turn aside when you go home at the end of next year to see 'those blessed acres which our Saviour trod.' Syria, it seems, is to revert to the Porte. . . . If we treat the Toorkistan question liberally, we shall, I think, secure the great position which we have now gained, and make our jealousy of Russian advance in this direction the means of purifying and enriching to our future advantage, the whole of Oosbeg Tartary. You will have heard that my route has been changed, and that I and Major Rawlinson are to proceed in the first instance to the head quarters of General Perofski, there to see that he does not exceed the Emperor's declarations, and I hope, quietly to commence the arrangement which it is proposed to base upon Khokund."

It had been arranged that Captain Conolly and Major Rawlinson should proceed together to the Russian camp at Khiva, but the failure of General Perofski's expedition had caused this plan to be abandoned; and Lord Auckland was growing more and more distrustful of the benefits of extending the "great game" all over Central Asia. Eager for action as Captain Conolly was, the folding up of a scheme which, according to his perceptions embraced nothing less than a grand Anti-slavery Confederation, was a heavy disappointment to him. "I was greatly disappointed," he wrote to a dear old friend at the end of May, "when Lord Auckland's prohibitory letter arrived, for I had set my heart upon this nobly stirring employment, and when the chance of it seemed removed, I felt the blank that a man must feel who has a heavy grief as the first thing to fall back upon; but then, this very sorrow operated to compose me, showing that I ought to sit loose to lesser disappointments. Now things look more promising. I am ashamed of the first page now that I read its murmuring tenor, but it is dark and just post-time, and you will forgive my groans. I never utter them to anybody else."

Whilst this question of the mission to the Oosbeg States was still in abeyance, about the middle of July, Conolly wrote to Major Rawlinson, at Candahar, saying:—"I think it *must* end in my going to Khokund, probably *viâ* Khiva, with the Envoy thence, Yakoob Bai, with whom I have established great croneyism, in order that I may communicate Sir William's last instructions to Shakespear. Perhaps I may come round by Bokhara, if the Ameer relents upon the last forcible appeal that Sir William is about to make to him through two Sahibzadehs, whom Shah Shoojah sends with a letter recapitulating all that he and his allies, the English, have done to disabuse the Commander of the Faithful of unjust notions and unnecessary apprehensions, religious and political, and of all the insults and injuries that the said allied governments have received in return. I should have mentioned this first, but my brain has got muddled with much copying and original scribbling, this being a very busy day, and John* having shirked clerk's work for the organization of more Jan-Bazes."

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* "Surtout, Monsieur, point de zèle."

That the mission, which he so longed to undertake, was a perilous one, was not to be disguised. Captain Abbott had gone to Khiva, and had fought for his life. Colonel Stoddart had gone to Bokhara, and had been thrown into hopeless captivity. The liberation of poor Stoddart was one of the many beneficent objects which Conolly hoped to accomplish by his embassy. It was with much grief and disappointment, therefore, that he saw the efforts of our Government to obtain the release of their officer limited to the dispatch of a letter from Shah Soojah to the Ameer of Bokhara. Even this was a slow process. "At last," wrote Conolly on the 24th of July, "we have got the letter to the Ameer of Bokhara, through the Shah's *dufter* (office), and the two Sahibzadehs propose starting with it to-morrow, which their calendar shows to be a remarkably fortunate day. May their errand be successful! Poor Stoddart's health was drunk last night at the Ghuzni anniversary dinner, among absent English friends, after a briefly-eloquent speech by Sir Alexander Burnes." A few days afterwards he wrote again to the same correspondent, saying, "If I ever cool my parched brow in the Jaxartes, I'll drink a goblet of its waters to the extension of your shadow in every direction. You've a great game, a *noble* game before you, and I have strong hope that you will be able to steer through all jealousy, and caprice, and sluggishness, till the Afghans unite with your own countrymen in appreciating your labours for a fine nation's regeneration and advancement. These are not big words, strung for sound or period. I didn't know that I could well express my desire more simply, certainly not when writing at a long canter to reach the post bag ere it closes for the night. I've been rendering English into Persian, and Persian into English, till I feel quite addled, and every half hour brings one of Sir William's comprehensive requests in a pencil note."

But the month of August dawned auspiciously, and the clouds began to disappear. On the 4th he wrote, in the highest spirits, to Major Rawlinson, at Candahar, saying, "Hip, hip, hurrah! I do believe that I am fairly going now, so accept my best thanks for your congratulations. I receive them with a pang of real regret that you are not going with me; but Todd bids me be comforted with the thoughts of your realised important elevation, so I'll utter no vain words. Nothing can be done ahead, unless Afghanistan is properly settled, and I have confident hope of your being highly instrumental to this desirable end."

The fact was that help had come to him from an unexpected quarter. His old friend Syud Zahid, the Khokund Envoy, with whom he had discussed the politics of Toorkistan in Constantinople, had written him a letter reminding him of their past acquaintance, stating that it had sufficed to keep him out of the hands of Russia, and adding that he had been to Khiva, where he had seen Richmond Shakespear, but that he was disappointed by not having heard from or seen Conolly. This seemed to decide the question. The long-delayed sanction was obtained. The precise objects of the mission were, as officially noted, the establishment of a correct impression, at every place which Conolly might visit, of British policy and strength, with reference especially to our interference in Afghanistan; the strengthening of amicable arrangements with the principal Oosbeg Powers, which had shown a friendly disposition towards us, and endeavouring to persuade them to help themselves and enable us to help them, by doing prompt justice to their enemies, and forming an agreement with each other to prevent or to redress future injuries done by any one party among them to Russia, so as to deprive the latter power of all pretext for interfering with their independence. Either at Khiva or Khokund Conolly was to learn the result of Shah Soojah's mission to Bokhara to obtain the release of Colonel Stoddart. If by the influence thus exerted, or by other means, the Ameer should be induced to exhibit a decided disposition to atone for his past conduct, and to resume friendly relations with us and the Afghan king, Conolly was authorised to return to Afghanistan *viâ* Bokhara. Otherwise his course was to be regulated by circumstances.

The general scheme of the mission having been settled and detailed instructions issued—which, after the manner of diplomacy generally, were drafted by Conolly himself—preparations were made for the journey, not the least of which was the selection of a fitting Afghan Envoy to accompany the British officer. This gave rise to some ridiculous intrigues and complications, which Conolly described with much humour in his correspondence. But at last everything was ready for a start; and on the 22nd of August, Conolly wrote to Rawlinson at Candahar:—"We are just on the wing, and I shall make the best of my way to the two capitals for which I carry credentials. Shakespear has really done wonders, and if we can follow up the good impressions which he and Abbott have made, if the British Government will give pecuniary aid, we may keep the Russians out of Toorkistan altogether, and bring about a fine order of things there for every party concerned; and I only wish again that you were to be of the party to accomplish it; but, as I said before, you occupy a high and useful station, and can't be at two places at once. If the British Government would only play the grand game—help Russia cordially to all that she has a right to expect—shake hands with Persia—get her all possible amends from the Oosbegs, and secure her such a frontier as would both keep these men-stealers and ravagers in wholesome check—take away her pretext for pushing herself in, letting herself be pushed on to the Oxus; force the Bokhara Ameer to be just to us, the Afghans, the other Oosbeg States, and his own kingdom. But why go on, you know my—at any rate in one sense—enlarged views. Inshallah! the expediency, nay the necessity of them will be seen, and we shall play the noble part that the first Christian nations of the world ought to fill." This, however, was only a false start. September found him still at Caubul, "bothered and detained;" but on the 3rd, he reported that he was at last fairly off—"King's and Company's and Oorgunjee men" commencing their first march.

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* His brother John Conolly, who was an attaché to the Caubul Mission.

It happened that at this time, great events were taking shape in Afghanistan. The deposed Ameer of Caubul, who had for some time been an exile and a fugitive, was now returning to the land of his fathers and raising the tribes of the Hindoo Koosh in a last despairing effort to recover his lost dominions. A slender detachment of troops, principally of Shah Soojah's army, posted at Bameean, was threatened by the advancing levies of the ex-Ameer, and it was necessary to send a regiment of the Company's troops as a reinforcement. They started from Caubul at the very time of Conolly's departure; so he accompanied them, and was present in Brigadier Dennie's action with Dost Mahomed and the Wullee of Khooloom on the 18th of September. The victory then gained cleared the way for the advance of the British mission; so Conolly and his party pushed on through the country of the Hazarehs, without any remarkable adventures by the way. Ever as he went there rose up before him fresh evidences of the ubiquity of the detestable traffic in human flesh, which it was the darling object of his soul to suppress. "The articles," he wrote in his journal, "which the Hazarehs and Imauks take to market are *men and women*, small black oxen, cows, sheep, &c. &c." In the neighbourhood of Maimunah he found that slaves were the representatives of value in that part of the country. One man offered him a good horse, in exchange for a pony and a young male slave. When Conolly asked him if he were not ashamed of dealing in God's creatures, he apologised by saying that he did not mean a slave in the flesh, but the money-value of a slave— "showing," said Conolly, "that men are here a standard of barter, as sheep are among the Hazarehs."

There was a war then raging between the Imauks and Hazarehs, which greatly increased the difficulties and the dangers of the journey, but after some adventures, Conolly and his companions reached Merv, which is the head-quarters of the slave trade of Toorkistan. Here the things which he saw filled his soul with measureless compassion, and excited the keenest indignation. And he suffered all the more in the presence of so much iniquity, because he felt that he was condemned to silence. "I have found it necessary," he said, "to repress even the expression of our sympathies for the strangers who are so unhappily enslaved in this country, for the interference of Abbott and Shakespear for the release of the Russian captives has given rise to an idea which has spread like wild-fire through Toorkistan, that the English have come forward as deliverers of all who are in bondage there—a notion, which, grateful as it may be to our national reputation, required to be corrected by all who come to Oosbeg Tartary in any political character, lest it should excite the enmity of slave-owners against all our efforts for good among them, as well as increase the unhappiness of the enslaved. To you, however, I may mention that the state of affairs here is pitiable in the extreme, and such as to make every Englishman who witnesses it most earnestly reprobate the idea of our consenting to its continuance for the sake of any political contingency whatever." Determined, as he said, to examine into all the sins of the place, he rode into the slave-market, and saw "enough to shame and sicken the coarsest heart." Slaves of both sexes and all ages were exposed for sale, and intending purchasers were going about, from one group to another, "handling them like cattle." But other feelings than these were raised by the sight of the desolate grandeur of the ruins of Merv. His eager imagination grasped the idea of its restoration to its pristine glories; and he exclaimed "Shall we not, some of these days, exert the influences, which our grand move across the Indus has gained for us, to make Merv once more 'a King of the Earth' by fixing its borders in peace between the destructively hostile parties, who now keep up useless claims to it, and by causing the desolate city to rise again, in the centre of its national fruits, as an emporium for commerce, and a link in the chain of civilising intercourse between Europe and Central Asia."

When Arthur Conolly reached Khiva, the Khan was absent; but on his Majesty's return he received the English Envoy with becoming courtesy and respect. Conolly described him as a dignified and gentleman-like person, about fifty years of age, gentle in his manners, kindly and affable in his address, with a low, pleasant voice, and a habitual smile upon his face. In the presence of such a man, Conolly soon felt himself at ease, and several lengthened conferences took place in the Khan's tent. Conolly spoke in Persian, and the Khan in Toorkish, and a native official interpreted between them. The Khan was altogether in a war-like frame of mind, and not a little boastful in his speech. "He was determined," he said, "to punish the Khokundees, and as to the Persians and the Russians, let them come." When Conolly pointed out the danger of this, he said, "If the Persians obtain European aid to invade me, I will employ your aid to repel them." "The British Government," replied Conolly, "will doubtless do its utmost in every case to prevent the borders of Kharasm from being broken up; but it cannot take part against any of your Majesty's enemies, who may come with a just ground for invasion." "What just ground," asked the Khan, "can the

Persians assert?" "One," replied Conolly, "which no third nation can disallow—that your Majesty's subjects carry off their men, women and children, and sell them like four-footed beasts." But nothing could persuade the Khan Huzrut that any real dangers beset him. He was obdurate and unimpressionable; and even, when Conolly told him that in the event of a Persian advance into Toorkistan, the whole slave population would rise against him, he still smiled at the picture that was placed before him. It was doubted in the Council Chamber of Calcutta whether Arthur Conolly, in these conferences with the Khan Huzrut, had diplomatically played his part well. But diplomacy and philanthropy are too often divorced. It was said that British influence at Khiva was "based on his (the Khan's) looking on us as helpers to get out of difficulties he does see. If we point out and preach about difficulties he does *not* see, he will think we create them." But whatever may be the soundness of this—and in good truth, I do not dispute it—on the whole, perhaps, it is pleasant to think of that eager, ardent humanity, which would not suffer him for a moment to forget the foul traffic in human flesh, which was the shame of the Oosbeg States, and, as he believed, of every nation that passively permitted it. But it was plain that Arthur Conolly was drifting into danger; and one who was at the same time his relative, his dear friend, and his honoured political chief, wrote to him in the hope of saving him. "I have told you in several of my late letters," urged Sir William Macnaghten, "that I feared your zeal would lead you into difficulties, and I have implored you not to attempt too much either in the cause of Policy or Humanity. Inveterate habits are not to be got rid of by any sudden exertion of diplomatic skill. You are considered as being a great deal too high in your language and too visionary in your views. You must adapt yourself to the sober and unambitious tone of the Council Board." And then came an extract, to the effect indicated above, from the letter of a member of the Supreme Council. But Macnaghten's letter never reached Arthur Conolly. By what process it came into my hands I know not; but it lies before me as clean and as little travel-stained as if it had been written yesterday in Belgravia.

Indeed, Arthur Conolly had, ere the letter could reach him, passed out of the way of all communication with his friends in Afghanistan or in India. From Khiva he went to Khokund, and at the latter place he received a letter from Colonel Stoddart, written at the request of the Khan of Bokhara, inviting him to that city. The exigencies of time and space compel me to pass briefly over this part of the history, the records of which have been nearly all lost. After receiving this summons, Conolly hastened to Bokhara. "The Khan," he wrote in one of his last letters, "treacherously caused Stoddart to invite me here on his own *Imayut-nameh;* and after Stoddart had given him a translation of a letter from Lord Palmerston, containing nothing but friendly assurances, which he could have verified with our entire consent at the Russian Embassy, he pent us both up here to pay him, as a kidnapper, for our release, or die by slow rot." This must have happened a few days before the Christmas of 1841. At that time all Afghanistan was in a blaze. The "great game" had exploded. The Afghans had risen as one man against their deliverers, and the news of the discomfiture of the English had travelled to Bokhara. Sekundur Burnes, who had visited Bokhara some years before, had been killed, and all his countrymen were in deadly peril. What then could the Feringhees, who were plainly at their last gasp, do either to liberate Stoddart and Conolly, or to avenge their deaths? So it happened that the same week in which Sir William Macnaghten was slain by the hand of Akbar Khan, saw his kinsman, Arthur Conolly, cast into hopeless and most miserable captivity.

January passed and February passed, and there were occasional gleams, and the captives bore up right manfully, in spite of all their sufferings; but in the second week of March Arthur Conolly's powers of physical endurance gave way. Fever seized upon him, and believing that his days were numbered, he wrote to his brother John at Caubul, saying:—"From our Prison in the Bokhara Citadel, 11th of March, 1842.—This will probably be my last note hence, so I dedicate it to you, who now, alas! stand next to me. We both dedicate everything we feel warmest to William, whom may God bless in all belonging to him, for his long and untiring brotherly affection to us all. Send my best love to Henry and to all our dear sisters. This is the eighty-third day that we have been denied the means of getting a change of linen from the rags and vermin that cover us; and yesterday, when we begged for an amendment in this respect, the Topshee-Bashee, who had before come occasionally to our host to speak encouragingly, set his face like a flint to our request, showing that he was merely a vane to the withering wind of his heartless master, and could not help us thus, so that we need not ask him to do so. This, at first, astonished and defeated us; we had viewed the Ameer's conduct as perhaps dictated by mad caprice; but now, looking back upon the whole, we saw instead that it had been just the deliberate malice of a demon, questioning and raising our hopes, and ascertaining our condition, only to see how our hearts were going on, in the process of breaking. I did not think to shed one warm tear among such cold-blooded men, but yesterday evening, as I looked upon Stoddart's half-naked and nail-lacerated body, conceiving that I was the special object of the King's hatred, because of my having come to him after visiting Khiva and Khokund, and told him that the British Government was too great to stir up secret enmity against any of its enemies, I wept on entreating one of our keepers, the gunner's brother, to have conveyed to the Chief my humble request that he would direct his anger upon me, and not further destroy, by it, my poor brother Stoddart, who had suffered so much and so meekly here for three years. My earnest words were answered by a 'Don't cry and distress yourself;' he also could do nothing. So we turned and kissed each other, and prayed together, and then said, in the words of the Khokundees, "My-bish!"* Let him do as he likes! he is a demon, but God is stronger than the devil himself, and can certainly release us from the hands of this fiend, whose heart he has, perhaps, hardened to work out great ends by it; and we have risen again from bed with hearts comforted, as if an angel had spoken to them, resolved, please God, to wear our English honesty and dignity to the last, within all the filth and misery that this monster may try to degrade us with."

But the sufferings which he endured, great as they were, did not cause him for a moment to forget the sufferings of others. Ever as he lay there rotting in that loathsome well, his heart was stirred to its depths by a great compassion for the thousands who were pining in captivity around him, and his imagination was tracing grand schemes for their redemption, and for the eventual civilisation of those barbarous Oosbeg States. After writing much, in the letter above quoted, on the true policy to be pursued in Central Asia, he concluded by saying, "England and Russia may then agree about immutable frontiers for Persia, Afghanistan, Kharasm, &c., in a spirit which becomes two of the first European nations in the world, in the year 1842 of Jesus Christ, the God incarnate of all peace and wisdom. May this pure and peaceable religion be soon extended over all the world." And in a postscript he added:—"Stoddart and I will comfort each other in every way till we die, when may our brotherhood be renewed in heaven through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Send this assurance to all our friends, and do you, my dear John, stand in this faith. It is the only thing that can enable a man to bear up against the trials of this life, and lead him to the noblest state of existence in the next. Farewell—farewell!"

Ten days afterwards, having somewhat recovered his strength, he wrote another long paper on our Central Asian policy, in the smallest possible characters, as indeed was everthing which he then wrote, so that it might be conveyed in the hollow of a quill or the tube of a pipe, to Caubul, without risk of detection. The unvarying tenor of all these papers, was that of a most earnest remonstrance against the great abomination of the slave-trade of Toorkistan. He sent this last document to his brother John, accompanied by a letter, in which he says:—"I wrote you a longish letter on the 11th of this month, when I was in a high state of excitement from fever and several nights of sleepless anxiety. The burden of it was an entreaty to the last effect regarding my poor people, and a hope that the British Government would seize the opportunity which the Ameer's faithlessness had given them, to come forward with Persia to put him down, and give his country to Kharasm and Khokund, on condition of the entire suppression of the Persian and Afghan slave trade in Toorkistan. If that paper (which I shall endeavour to recover) should reach you, compress its words into this purport and destroy it, reserving my last good wishes for the friends to whom I addressed them, thinking that I might not live much longer. I am now, thank God, almost well in health again, and the news regarding our people has set my mind at rest. Stoddart, also, who was suffering awhile from severe cold, is, I rejoice to say, convalescent. We are both in a very uncomfortable state, as you may imagine, having been ninety-nine days and nights without a change of clothes; but we are together. Stoddart is such a friend as a man would desire to have in adversity, and as our searchers have missed the little Prayer-book which George Macgregor gave us (tell him), we are able to read and pray, as well as to converse together. God bless you, my dear John. Send my love to everybody."

For nearly three months more did these good and brave men sustain and comfort each other, as only Christians can. During that time the Ameer of Bokhara had been carrying on hostile operations, vigorously and with a grand success, against the Khan of Khokund. It seems that in the month of June he returned to his capital, flushed with triumph, and that one of his first acts was to order out the English gentlemen for execution. The last scene of this sad tragedy is believed to have been performed on the 17th of June. The scene has been described by different persons. When Joseph Wolff, afterwards, moved more than aught else by the strength of his love for Arthur Conolly, journeyed to Bokhara to learn the history of his fate, if dead, or to endeavour to rescue him from captivity, if alive, he was told that "both Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart were brought with their hands tied, behind the ark, or palace of the king, when Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly kissed each other, and Stoddart said to Makram Saadut, 'tell the Ameer that I die a disbeliever in Mahomet, but a believer in Jesus—that I am a Christian, and a Christian I die.' And Conolly said, 'Stoddart, we shall see each other in Paradise, near Jesus.' Then Saadut gave the order to cut off, first the head of Stoddart, which was done; and in the same manner the head of Conolly was cut off." And so Arthur Conolly, pure of heart, chastened by affliction, the most loving and unselfish of men, passed out of great tribulation with his garments washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

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* Obscure in original.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW HEREWARD CLEARED BOURNE OF FRENCHMEN.

It may have been well a week after, that Hereward rode from the direction of Boston, with Martin running at his heels.

As Hereward rode along the summer wold the summer sun sank low, till just before it went down he came to an island of small enclosed fields, high banks, elm trees, and a farm inside; one of those most ancient holdings of the South and East Counts, still to be distinguished, by their huge banks and dykes full of hedgerow timber, from the more modern corn-lands outside, which were in Hereward's time mostly common pasture-lands.

"This should be Azerdun," said he; "and there inside, as I live, stands Azer getting in his crops. But who has he with him?"

With the old man were some half dozen men of his own rank; some helping the serfs with might and main; one or two standing on the top of the banks, as if on the look out: but all armed cap-a-pie.

"His friends are helping him to get them in," quoth Martin, "for fear of the rascally Normans. A pleasant and peaceable country we have come back to."

"And a very strong fortress are they holding," said Hereward, "against either Norman horsemen or Norman arrows. How to dislodge those six fellows without six times their number, I do not see. It is well to recollect that."

And so he did; and turned to use again and again, in after years, the strategic capabilities of an old-fashioned English farm.

Hereward spurred his horse up to the nearest gate, and was instantly confronted by a little fair-haired man, as broad as he was tall, who heaved up a long "twybill," or double axe, and bade him, across the gate, go to a certain place.

"Little Winter, little Winter, my chuck, my darling, my mad fellow, my brother-in-arms, my brother in robbery and murder, are you grown so honest in your old age that you will not know Hereward the wolf's-head?"

"Hereward!" shrieked the doughty little man. "I took you for an accursed Norman in those outlandish clothes;" and lifting up no little voice, he shouted—

"Hereward is back, and Martin Lightfoot at his heels!"

The gate was thrown open, and Hereward all but pulled off his horse. He was clapped on the back, turned round and round, admired from head to foot, shouted at by old companions of his boyhood, naughty young housecarles of his old troop, now settled down into honest thriving yeomen, hard working and hard fighting, who had heard again and again, with pride, his doughty doings over sea. There was Winter, and Gwenoch, and Gery, Hereward's cousin—ancestor, it may be, of the ancient and honourable house of that name, and of those parts; and Duti and Outi, the two valiant twins; and Ulfard the White, and others, some of whose names, and those of their sons, still stand in Domesday-book.

"And what," asked Hereward, after the first congratulations were over, "of my mother? What of the folk at Bourne?"

All looked each at the other, and were silent.

"You are too late, young lord," said Azer.

"Too late?"

"The Norman" (Azer called him what most men called him then) "has given it to a man of Gilbert of Ghent's—his butler, groom, cook, for aught I know."

"To Gilbert's man? And my mother?"

"God help your mother, and your young brother too. We only know that three days ago some five-and-twenty French marched into the place."

"And you did not stop them?"

"Young sir, who are we to stop an army? We have enough to keep our own. Gilbert, let alone the villain Ivo of Spalding, can send a hundred men down on us in four-and-twenty hours."

"Then I," said Hereward in a voice of thunder, "will find the way to send two hundred down on him;" and turning his horse from the gate, he rode away furiously towards Bourne.

He turned back as suddenly, and galloped into the field.

"Lads! old comrades! will you stand by me if I need you? Will you follow Hereward, as hundreds have followed him already, if he will only go before?"

"We will, we will."

"I shall be back ere morning. What you have to do, I will tell you then."

"Stop and eat—but for a quarter of an hour."

Then Hereward swore a great oath, by oak and ash and thorn, that he would neither eat bread nor drink water, while there was a Norman left in Bourne.

"A little ale, then, if no water," said Azer.

Hereward laughed, and rode away.

"You will not go single-handed against all those ruffians," shouted the old man after him. "Saddle, lads, and go with him, some of you, for very shame's sake."

But when they galloped after Hereward, he sent them back. He did not know yet, he said, what he would do. Better that they should gather their forces, and see what men they could afford him, in case of open battle. And he rode swiftly on.

When he came within the lands of Bourne it was dark.

"So much the better," thought Hereward. "I have no wish to see the old place till I have somewhat cleaned it out."

He rode slowly into the long street between the overhanging gables. At the upper end he could see the high garden walls of his mother's house, and rising over them the great hall, its narrow windows all ablaze with light. With a bitter growl he rode on, trying to recollect a house where he could safely lodge. Martin pointed one out.

"Old Viking Surturbrand, the housecarle, did live there; and maybe lives there still."

"We will try;" and Martin knocked at the door.

The wicket was opened, but not the door; and through the wicket window a surly voice asked who was there.

"Who lives here?"

"Perry, son of Surturbrand. Who art thou who askest?"

"An honest gentleman and his servant, looking for a night's lodging."

"This is no place for honest folk."

"As for that, we don't wish to be more honest than you would have us; but lodging we will pay for, freely and well."

"We want none of your money:" and the wicket was shut.

Martin pulled out his axe, and drove the panel in.

"What are you doing? We shall rouse the town," said Hereward.

"Let be; these are no French, but honest English, and like one all the better for a little horse-play."

"What didst do that for?" asked the surly voice again. "Were it not for those rascal Frenchmen up above, I would come out and split thy skull for thee."

"If there be Frenchmen up above," said Martin, in a voice of feigned terror, "take us in for the love of the Virgin and all the saints, or murdered we shall be ere morning light."

"You have no call to stay in the town, man, unless you like."

Hereward rode close to the wicket, and said in a low voice, "I am a nobleman of Flanders, good sir, and a sworn foe to all French. My horse is weary, and cannot make a step forward; and if you be a Christian man, you will take me in and let me go off safe ere morning light."

"From Flanders?" And the man turned and seemed to consult those within. At length the door was slowly opened, and Perry appeared, his double axe over his shoulder.

"If you be from Flanders, come in for mercy; but be quick, ere those Frenchmen get wind of you."

Hereward went in. Five or six men were standing round the long table, upon which they had just laid down their double axes and javelins. More than one countenance Hereward recognised at once. Over the peat fire in the chimney-corner sat a very old man, his hands upon his knees, as he warmed his bare feet at the embers. He started up at the noise, and Hereward saw at once that it was old Surturbrand, and that he was blind.

"Who is it? Is Hereward come?" asked he with the dull dreamy voice of age.

"Not Hereward, father," said some one, "but a knight from Flanders."

The old man dropped his head upon his breast again with a querulous whine, while Hereward's heart beat high at hearing his own name. At all events he was among friends; and approaching the table he unbuckled his sword and laid it down among the other weapons. "At least," said he, "I shall have no need of thee as long as I am here among honest men."

"What shall I do with my master's horse?" asked Martin. "He can't stand in the street to be stolen by drunken French horseboys."

"Bring him in at the front door, and out at the back," said Perry. "Fine times these, when a man dare not open his own yard-gate."

"You seem to be all besieged here," said Hereward. "How is this?"

"Besieged we are," said the man; and then, partly to turn the subject off, "Will it please you to eat, noble sir?"

Hereward eat and drank: while his hosts eyed him, not without some lingering suspicion, but still with admiration and some respect. His splendid armour and weapons, as well as the golden locks which fell far below his shoulders, and conveniently hid a face which he did not wish yet to have recognised, showed him to be a man of the highest rank; while the palm of his small hand, as hard and bony as any woodman's, proclaimed him to be no novice of a fighting man. The strong Flemish accent which both he and Martin Lightfoot had assumed prevented the honest Englishmen from piercing his disguise. They watched him, while he in turn watched them, struck by their uneasy looks and sullen silence.

"We are a dull company," said he after awhile courteously enough. "We used to be told in Flanders that there were none such stout drinkers and none such jolly singers as you gallant men of the Danelaw here."

"Dull times make dull company," said one, "and no offence to you, Sir Knight."

"Are you such a stranger," asked Perry, "that you do not know what has happened in this town during the last three days?"

"No good, I will warrant, if you have Frenchmen in it."

"Why was not Hereward here?" wailed the old man in the corner. "It never would have happened if he had been in the town."

"What?" asked Hereward, trying to command himself.

"What has happened," said Perry, "makes a free Englishmen's blood boil to tell of. Here, Sir Knight, three days ago, comes in this Frenchman with some twenty ruffians of his own, and more of one Taillebois', too, to see him safe; says that this new king, this base-born Frenchman, has given away all Earl Morcar's lands, and that Bourne is his; kills a man or two; upsets the women; gets drunk, ruffles and roysters; breaks into my lady's bower, calling her to give up her keys, and when she gives them, will have all her jewels too. She faces them like a brave Princess, and two of the hounds lay hold of her, and say that she shall ride through Bourne as she rode through Coventry. The boy Godwin,—he that was the great Earl's godson, our last hope, the last of our house,—draws sword on them; and he, a boy of sixteen summers, kills them both out of hand. The rest set on him, cut his head off, and there it sticks on the gable spike of the hall to this hour. And do you ask, after that, why free Englishmen are dull company?"

"And our turn will come next," growled somebody. "The turn will go all round; no man's life or land, wife or daughters, will be safe soon for these accursed Frenchmen, unless, as the old man says, Hereward comes back."

Once again the old man wailed out of the chimney-corner: "Why did they ever send Hereward away? I warned the good Earl, I warned my good lady, many a time, to let him sow his wild oats and be done with them; or they might need him some day when they could not find him! He was a lad! He was a lad!" and again he whined, and sank into silence.

Hereward heard all this dry-eyed, hardening his heart into a great resolve.

"This is a dark story," said he calmly, "and it would behove me as a gentleman to succour this distressed lady, did I but know how. Tell me what I can do now, and I will do it."

"Your health!" cried one. "You speak like a true knight."

"And he looks the man to keep his word, I'll warrant him," spoke another.

"He does," said Perry, shaking his head; "but if anything could have been done, sir, be sure we would have done it: but all our armed men are scattered up and down the country, each taking care, as is natural, of his own cattle and his own women. There are not ten men-at-arms in Bourne this night; and what is worse, sir, as you know, who seem to have known war as well as me, there is no man to lead them."

Here Hereward was on the point of saying, "And what if I led you?" On the point too of discovering himself: but he stopped short.

Was it fair to involve this little knot of gallant fellows in what might be a hopeless struggle, and have all Bourne burned over their heads ere morning by the ruffian Frenchmen? No; his mother's quarrel was his own private quarrel. He would go alone and see the strength of the enemy; and after that, may be, he would raise the country on them: or—and half-a-dozen plans suggested themselves to his crafty brain as he sat brooding and scheming: then, as always, utterly self-confident.

He was startled by a burst of noise outside—music, laughter, and shouts.

"There," said Perry bitterly, "are those Frenchmen, dancing and singing in the hall with my Lord Godwin's head above them!" And curses bitter and deep went round the room. They sat sullen and silent it may be for an hour or more: only moving when, at some fresh outbreak of revelry, the old man started from his doze and asked if that was Hereward coming.

"And who is this Hereward of whom you speak?" said Hereward at last.

"We thought you might know him, Sir Knight, if you come from Flanders, as you say you do," said three or four voices in a surprised and surly tone.

"Certainly I know such a man, if he be Hereward the wolf's head, Hereward the outlaw, as they call him. And a good soldier he is, though he be not yet made a knight; and married, too, to a rich and fair lady. I served under this Hereward a few months ago in the Friesland War, and know no man whom I would sooner follow."

"Nor I neither," chimed in Martin Lightfoot from the other end of the table.

"Nor we," cried all the men-at-arms at once, each vieing with the other in extravagant stories of their hero's prowess, and in asking the knight of Flanders whether they were true or not.

To avoid offending them, Hereward was forced to confess to a great many deeds which he had never done: but he was right glad to find that his fame had reached his native place, and that he could count on the men if he needed them.

"But who is this Hereward," said he, "that he should have to do with your town here?"

Half-a-dozen voices at once told him his own story.

"I always heard," said he dryly, "that that gentleman was of some very noble kin; and I will surely tell him all that has befallen here as soon as I return to Flanders."

At last they grew sleepy, and the men went out and brought in bundles of sweet rush, and spread them against the wall, and prepared to lie down, each his weapon by his side. And when they were lain down, Hereward beckoned to him Perry and Martin Lightfoot, and went out into the back yard, under the pretence of seeing to his horse.

"Perry Surturbrandsson," said he, "you seem to be an honest man, as we in foreign parts hold all the Danelager to be. Now it is fixed in my mind to go up, and my servant, to your hall, and see what those French upstarts are about. Will you trust me to go, without my fleeing back here if I am found out, or in any way bringing you to harm by mixing you up in my private matters? And will you, if I do not come back, keep for your own the horse which is in your stable, and give moreover this purse and this ring to your lady, if you can find means to see her face to face; and say thus to her—that he that sent that purse and ring may be found, if he be alive, at St. Omer, with Baldwin, Count of Flanders; and that if he be dead, as he is like enough to be, his trade being nought but war, she will still find at St. Omer a home and wealth and friends, till these evil times be overpast?"

As Hereward had spoken with some slight emotion, he had dropped unawares his assumed Flemish accent, and had spoken in broad burly Lincolnshire; and therefore it was that Perry, who had been staring at him by the moonlight all the while, said, when he was done, tremblingly—

"Either you are Hereward, or you are his fetch. You speak like Hereward, you look like Hereward. Just what Hereward would be now, you are. You are my lord, and you cannot deny it."

"Perry, if you know me, speak of me to no living soul, save to your lady my mother; and let me and my serving man go free out of your yard-gate. If I ask you before morning to open it again to me, you will know that there is not a Frenchman left in the Hall of Bourne."

Perry threw his arms round him, and embraced him silently.

"Get me only," said Hereward, "some long woman's gear and black mantle, if you can, to cover this bright armour of mine."

Perry went off in silence as one stunned—brought the mantle, and let them out of the yard-gate. In ten minutes more, the two, slipping in by well-known paths, stood under the gable of the great hall. Not a soul was stirring outside. The serfs were all cowering in their huts like so many rabbits in their burrows, listening in fear to the revelry of their new tyrants. The night was dark: but not so dark but that Hereward could see between him and the sky his brother's long locks floating in the breeze.

"That I must have down, at least," said he, in a low voice.

"Then here is wherewithal," said Martin Lightfoot, as he stumbled over something. "The drunken villains have left the ladder in the yard."

Hereward got up the ladder, took down the head and wrapped it in the cloak, and ere he did so kissed the cold forehead. How he had hated that boy! Well, at least he had never wilfully harmed him—or the boy him either, for that matter. And now he had died like a man, killing his foe. He was of the true old blood after all. And Hereward felt that he would have given all that he had, save his wife or his sword-hand, to have that boy alive again, to pet him, and train him, and teach him to fight at his side.

Then he slipped round to one of the narrow unshuttered windows and looked in. The hall was in a wasteful blaze of light—a whole month's candles burning in one night. The table was covered with all his father's choicest plate; the wine was running waste upon the floor; the men were rolling at the table in every stage of drunkenness; the loose women, camp-followers, and such like, almost as drunk as their masters; and at the table-head, most drunk of all, sat, in Earl Leofric's seat, the new Lord of Bourne.

Hereward could scarce believe his eyes. He was none other than Gilbert of Ghent's stout Flemish cook, whom he had seen many a time in Scotland. Hereward turned from the window in disgust: but looked again as he heard words which roused his anger still more.

For in the open space nearest the door stood a gleeman, a dancing, harping, foul-mouthed fellow, who was showing off ape's tricks, jesting against the English, and shuffling about in mockeries of English dancing. At some particularly coarse jest of his, the new Lord of Bourne burst into a roar of admiration.

"Ask what thou wilt, fellow, and thou shalt have it. Thou wilt find me a better master to thee than ever was Morcar, the English barbarian."

The scoundrel, say the old chroniclers, made a request concerning Hereward's family which cannot be printed here.

Hereward ground his teeth. "If thou livest till morning light," said he, "I will not."

The last brutality awoke some better feeling in one of the girls—a large coarse Fleming, who sat by the new lord's side. "Fine words," said she, scornfully enough, "for the sweepings of Norman and Flemish kennels. You forget that you left one of this very Leofric's sons behind in Flanders, who would besom all out if he was here before the morning's dawn."

"Hereward?" cried the cook, striking her down with a drunken blow; "the scoundrel who stole the money which the Frisians sent to Count Baldwin, and gave it to his own troops? We are safe enough from him at all events; he dare not show his face on this side the Alps, for fear of the gallows."

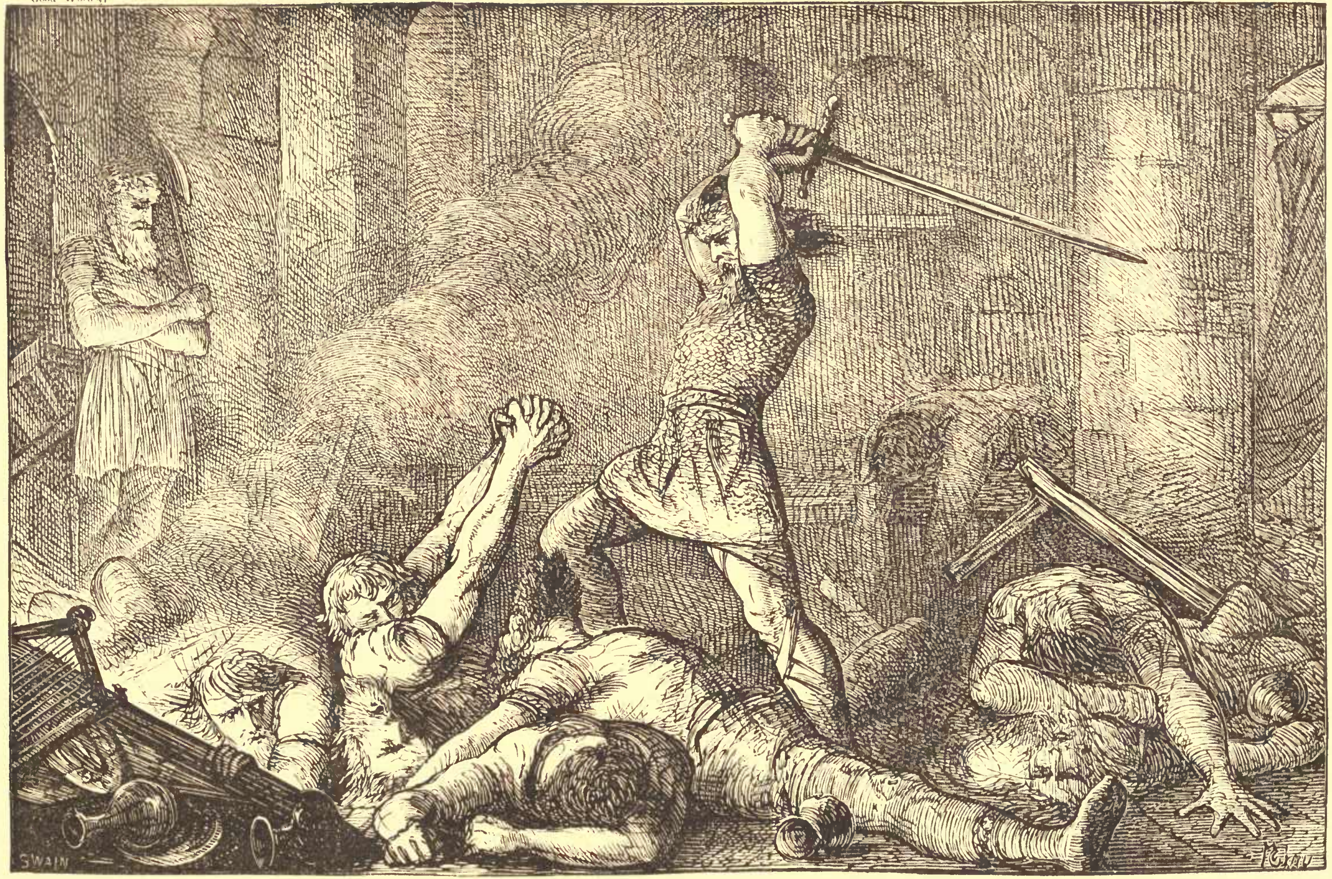
Hereward had heard enough. He slipped down from the window to Martin, and led him round the house.

"Now then, down with the ladder quick, and dash in the door. I go in: stay thou outside. If any man passes me, see that he pass not thee."

Martin chuckled a ghostly laugh as he helped the ladder down. In another moment the door was burst in, and Hereward stood upon the threshold. He gave one war-shout—his own terrible name—and then rushed forward. As he passed the gleeman, he gave him one stroke across the loins; the wretch fell shrieking.

And then began a murder, grim and great. They fought with ale-cups, with knives, with benches: but, drunken and unarmed, they were hewn down like sheep. Fourteen Normans, says the chronicler, were in the hall when Hereward burst in. When the sun rose there were fourteen heads upon the gable. Escape had been impossible. Martin had laid the ladder across the door; and the few who escaped the master's terrible sword, stumbled over it, to be brained by the man's not less terrible axe.

Then Hereward took up his brother's head, and went in to his mother.



"AND THEN BEGAN A MURDER, GRIM AND GREAT."

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The women in the bower opened to him. They had seen all that passed from the gallery above, which, as usual, hidden by a curtain, enabled the women to watch unseen what passed in the hall below.

The Lady Godiva sat crouched together, all but alone—for her bower-maidens had fled or been carried off long since—upon a low stool beside a long dark thing covered with a pall. So utterly crushed was she, that she did not even lift up her head as Hereward entered.

He placed his ghastly burden reverently beneath the pall, and then went and knelt before his mother.

For awhile neither spoke a word. Then the Lady Godiva suddenly drew back her hood, and dropping on her knees, threw her arms round Hereward's neck, and wept till she could weep no more.

"Blessed strong arms," sobbed she at last, "around me! To feel something left in the world to protect me; something left in the world which loves me."

"You forgive me, mother?"

"You forgive me? It was I, I who was in fault—I, who should have cherished you, my strongest, my bravest, my noblest—now my all."

"No, it was all my fault; and on my head is all this misery. If I had been here, as I ought to have been, all this might have never happened."

"You would only have been murdered too. No: thank God you were away; or God would have taken you with the rest. His arm is bared against me, and his face turned away from me. All in vain, in vain! Vain to have washed my hands in innocency, and worshipped Him night and day. Vain to have builded minsters in his honour, and heaped the shrines of his saints with gold. Vain to have fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and washed the feet of his poor, that I might atone for my own sins, and the sins of my house. This is his answer. He has taken me up, and dashed me down: and nought is left but, like Job, to abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes—of I know not what."

"God has not deserted you. See, He has sent you me!" said Hereward, wondering to find himself, of all men on earth, preaching consolation.

"Yes, I have you! Hold me. Love me. Let me feel that one thing loves me upon earth. I want love; I must have it: and if God, and his mother, and all the saints, refuse their love, I must turn to the creature, and ask it to love me, but for a day."

"For ever, mother."

"You will not leave me?"

"If I do, I come back, to finish what I have begun."

"More blood? Oh God! Hereward, not that! Let us return good for evil. Let us take up our crosses. Let us humble ourselves under God's hand, and flee into some convent, and there die praying for our country and our kin."

"Men must work, while women pray. I will take you to a minster—to Peterborough."

"No, not to Peterborough!"

"But my Uncle Brand is abbot there, they tell me, now this four years; and that rogue Herluin, prior in his place."

"He is dying: dying of a broken heart, like me. And the Frenchman has given his abbey to one Thorold, the tyrant of Malmesbury—a Frenchman like himself. No, take me where I shall never see a French face. Take me to Crowland—and him with me—where I shall see nought but English faces, and hear English chants, and die a free Englishwoman under St. Guthlac's wings."

"Ah!" said Hereward, bitterly, "St. Guthlac is a right Englishman, and will have some sort of fellow-feeling for us; while St. Peter, of course, is somewhat too fond of Rome and those Italian monks. Well—blood is thicker than water; so I hardly blame the blessed Apostle."

"Do not talk so, Hereward."

"Much the saints have done for us, mother, that we are to be so very respectful to their high mightinesses. I fear, if this Frenchman goes on with his plan of thrusting his monks into our abbeys, I shall have to do more even for St. Guthlac, than ever he did for me. Do not say more, mother. This night has made Hereward a new man. Now, prepare"—and she knew what he meant—"and gather all your treasures; and we will start for Crowland to-morrow afternoon."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW HEREWARD WAS MADE A KNIGHT AFTER THE FASHION OF THE ENGLISH.

A WILD night was that in Bourne. All the folk, free and unfree, man and woman, out on the streets, asking the meaning of those terrible shrieks, followed by a more terrible silence.

At last Hereward strode down from the hall, his drawn sword in his hand.

"Silence, good folks, and hearken to me, once for all. There is not a Frenchman left alive in Bourne. If you be the men I take you for, there shall not be one left alive between Wash and Humber. Silence, again!"—as a fierce cry of rage and joy arose, and men rushed forward to take him by the hand, women to embrace him. "This is no time for compliments, good folks, but for quick wit and quick blows. For the law we fight, if we do fight; and by the law we must work, fight or not. Where is the lawman of the town?"

"I was lawman last night, to see such law done as there is left," said Perry. "But you are lawman now. Do as you will. We will obey you."

"You shall be our lawman," shouted many voices.

"I! Who am I? Out-of-law, and a wolf's head."

"We will put you back into your law,—we will give you your lands in full husting."

"Never mind a husting on my behalf. Let us have a husting, if we have one, for a better end than that. Now, men of Bourne, I have put the coal in the bush. Dare you blow the fire till the forest is a-flame from south to north? I have fought a dozen of Frenchmen. Dare you fight Taillebois and Gilbert of Ghent, with William, Duke of Normandy, at their back? Or will you take me, here as I stand, and give me up to them as an outlaw and a robber, to feed the crows outside the gates of Lincoln? Do it, if you will. It will be the wiser plan, my friends. Give me up to be judged and hanged, and so purge yourselves of the villainous murder of Gilbert's cook—your late lord and master."

"Lord and master! We are free men!" shouted the holders, or yeomen gentlemen. "We hold our lands from God and the sun."

"You are our lord," shouted the socmen, or tenants. "Who but you? We will follow, if you will lead!"

"Hereward is come home!" cried a feeble voice behind. "Let me come to him. Let me feel him."

And through the crowd, supported by two ladies, tottered the mighty form of Surturbrand, the blind Viking.

"Hereward is come," cried he, as he folded his master's son in his arms. "Hoi! he is wet with blood! Hoi! he smells of blood! Hoi! the ravens will grow fat now, for Hereward is come home!"

Some would have led the old man away: but he thrust them off fiercely.

"Hoi! come wolf! Hoi! come kite! Hoi! come erne from off the fen! You followed us, and we fed you well, when Swend Fork-beard brought us over the sea. Follow us now, and we will feed you better still, with the mongrel Frenchers who scoff at the tongue of their forefathers, and would rob their nearest kinsman of land and lass. Hoi! Swend's men! Hoi! Canute's men! Vikings' sons, Sea-cocks' sons, Berserkers' sons all! Split up the war-arrow, and send it round, and the curse of Odin on every man that will not pass it on! A war-king to-morrow, and Hildur's game next day, that the old Surturbrand may fall like a freeholder, axe in hand, and not die like a cow, in the straw which the Frenchman has spared him."

All men were silent, as the old Viking's voice, cracked and feeble when he began, gathered strength from rage, till it rang through the still night-air like a trumpet blast.

The silence was broken by a long wild cry from the forest, which made the women start, and catch their children closer to them. It was the howl of a wolf.

"Hark to the witch's-horse! Hark to the son of Fenris, how he calls for meat! Are ye your fathers' sons, ye men of Bourne? They never let the grey beast call in vain."

Hereward saw his opportunity, and seized it. There were those in the crowd, he well knew, as there must needs be in all crowds, who wished themselves well out of the business; who shrank from the thought of facing the Norman barons, much more the Norman king; who were ready enough, had the tide of feeling begun to ebb, of blaming Hereward for rashness, even though they might not have gone so far as to give him up to the Normans; who would have advised some sort of compromise, pacifying half-measure, or other weak plan for escaping present danger, by delivering themselves over to future destruction. But three out of four there were good men and true. The savage chant of the old barbarian might have startled them somewhat, for they were tolerably orthodox Christian folk. But there was sense, as well as spirit, in its savageness; and they growled applause, as he ceased. But Hereward heard, and cried:

"The Viking is right! So speaks the spirit of our fathers, and we must show ourselves their true sons. Send round the war-arrow, and death to the man who does not pass it on! Better die bravely together than falter and part company, to be hunted down one by one by men who will never forgive us as long as we have an acre of land for them to seize. Perry, son of Surturbrand, you are the lawman. Put it to the vote!"

"Send round the war-arrow," shouted Perry himself; and if there was a man or two who shrank from the proposal, they found it prudent to shout as loudly as did the rest.

Ere the morning light, the war-arrow was split into four splinters, and carried out to the four airts, through all Kesteven. If the splinter were put into the house-father's hand, he must send it on at once to the next freeman's house. If he were away, it was stuck into his house-door, or into his great chair by the fire-side, and woe to him if, on his return, he sent it not on likewise. All through Kesteven went that night the arrow-splinters, and with them the whisper, "Hereward is come again." And, before mid-day, there were fifty well-armed men in the old camping-field outside the town, and Hereward haranguing them in words of fire.

A chill came over them, nevertheless, when he told them that he must return at once to Flanders.

"But it must be," he said. He had promised his good lord and sovereign, Baldwin of Flanders, and his word of honour he must keep. Two visits he must pay, ere he went; and then to sea. But within the year, if he were alive on ground, he would return, and with him ships and men, it might be with Sweyn and all the power of Denmark. Only let them hold their own till the Danes should come, and all would be well. And whenever he came back, he would set a light to three farms that stood upon a hill, whence they could be seen far and wide over the Bruneswold and over all the fen; and then all men might know for sure that Hereward was come again.

"And nine-and-forty of them," says the chronicler, "he chose to guard Bourne," seemingly the lands which had been his nephew Morcar's, till he should come back and take them for himself. Godiva's lands, of Witham Toft and Mainthorpe, Gery his cousin should hold till his return, and send what he could off them to his mother at Crowland.

Then they went down to the water and took barge, and laid the corpse therein; and Godiva and Hereward sat at the dead lad's head; and Winter steered the boat, and Gwenoch took the stroke-oar.

And they rowed away for Crowland, by many a mere and many an ea; through narrow reaches of clear brown glassy water; between the dark-green alders; between the pale-green reeds; where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the song of all the birds around; and then out into the broad lagoons, where hung motionless, high over head, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see. Into the air, as they rowed on, whirred up the great skeins of wild fowl innumerable, with a cry as of all the bells of Crowland, or all the hounds of Bruneswold; and clear above all the noise, sounded the wild whistle of the curlews, and the trumpet-note of the great white swan. Out of the reeds, like an arrow, shot the peregrine, singled one luckless mallard from the flock, caught him up, struck him stone dead with one blow of his terrible heel, and swept his prey with him into the reeds again.

"Death! death! death!" said Lady Godiva, as the feathers fluttered down into the boat and rested on the dead boy's pall. "War among man and beast, war on earth, war in air, war in the water beneath," as a great pike rolled at his bait, sending a shoal of white fish flying along the surface. "And war, says holy writ, in heaven above. Oh Thou who didst die to destroy death, when will it all be over?"

And thus they glided on from stream to stream, until they came to the sacred isle of "the inheritance of the Lord, the soil of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew; the most holy sanctuary of St. Guthlac and his monks; the minster most free from worldly servitude; the special almshouse of the most illustrious kings; the sole place of refuge for any one in all tribulations; the perpetual abode of the saints; the possession of religious men, especially set apart by the Common Council of the kingdom; by reason of the frequent miracles of the most holy Confessor, an ever fruitful mother of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi; and, by reason of the privileges granted by the kings, a city of grace and safety to all who repent."

As they drew near, they passed every minute some fisher's log canoe, in which worked with net or line the criminal who had saved his life by fleeing to St. Guthlac, and becoming his man henceforth; the slave who had fled from his master's cruelty; and here and there in those evil days, the master who had fled from the cruelty of Normans, who would have done to him as he had done to others. But all old grudges were put away there. They had sought the peace of St. Guthlac; and therefore they must keep his peace, and get their living from the fish of the five rivers, within the bounds whereof was peace, as of their own quiet streams; for the Abbot and St. Guthlac were the only lords thereof, and neither summoner nor sheriff of the king, or armed force of knight or earl, could enter there.

At last they came to Crowland minster: a vast range of high-peaked buildings, founded on piles of oak and hazel driven into the fen—itself built almost entirely of timber from the Bruneswold; barns, granaries, stables, workshops, stranger's hall, fit for the boundless hospitality of Crowland; infirmary, refectory, dormitory, library, abbot's lodgings, cloisters; and, above, the great minster towering up, a steep pile, half wood, half stone, with narrow round-headed windows, and leaden roofs; and, above all, the great wooden tower, from which, on high days, chimed out the melody of the seven famous bells, which had not their like in English land. Guthlac, Bartholomew, and Bettelm were the names of the biggest, Turketul and Tatwin of the middle, and Pega and Bega of the smallest. So says Ingulf, who saw them a few years after pouring down on his own head in streams of melted metal. Outside the minster walls were the cottages of the corodiers, or labouring folk; and beyond them again the natural park of grass, dotted with mighty oaks and ashes; and beyond all those, cornlands of inexhaustible fertility, broken up by the good Abbot Egelric some hundred years before, from which, in times of dearth, the monks of Crowland fed the people of all the neighbouring fens.

They went into the great courtyard. All men were quiet, yet all men were busy. Baking and brewing, carpentering and tailoring, in the workshops, reading and writing in the cloister, praying and singing in the church, and teaching the children in the schoolhouse. Only the ancient sempects—some near upon a hundred and fifty years old,—wandered where they would, or basked against a sunny wall, like autumn flies; with each a young monk to guide him, and listen to his tattle of old days. For, said the laws of Turketul the good—"Nothing disagreeable about the affairs of the monastery shall be mentioned in their presence. No person shall presume in any way to offend them: but with the greatest peace and tranquillity they shall await their end."

So while the world outside raged, and fought, and conquered, and plundered, they within the holy isle kept up some sort of order, and justice, and usefulness, and love to God and man. And about the yards, among the feet of the monks, hopped the sacred ravens, descendants of those who brought back the gloves at St. Guthlac's bidding; and overhead, under all the eaves, built the sacred swallows, the descendants of those who sat and sang upon St. Guthlac's shoulders; and when men marvelled thereat, he the holy man replied, "Know that they who live the holy life draw nearer to the birds of the air, even as they do to the angels in heaven."

And Lady Godiva called for old Abbot Ulfketyl, the good and brave, and fell upon his neck, and told him all her tale; and Ulfketyl wept upon her neck, for they were old and faithful friends.

And they passed into the dark cool church, where in the crypt under the high altar, lay the thumb of St. Bartholomew, which old Abbot Turketul used to carry about, that he might cross himself with it in times of danger, tempest, and lightning; and some of the hair of St. Mary, Queen of Heaven, in a box of gold; and a bone of St. Leodegar, of Aquitaine; and some few remains, too, of the holy bodies of St. Guthlac, and of St. Bettelm, his servant, and St. Tatwin, who steered him to Crowland, and St. Egbert, his confessor, and St. Cissa the anchorite, and of the most holy virgin St. Etheldreda, and many more. But little of them remained since Sigtryg and Bagsac's heathen Danes had heaped them pell-mell on the floor, and burned the church over them and the bodies of the slaughtered monks.

The plunder which was taken from Crowland on that evil day lay, and lies still, with the plunder of Peterborough, and many a minster more, at the bottom of the Nene, at Huntingdon Bridge. But it had been more than replaced by the piety of the Danish kings and nobles; and above the twelve white bearskins which lay at the twelve altars, blazed, in the light of many a wax candle, gold and jewels inferior only to those of Peterborough and Coventry.

And there in the nave they buried the lad Godwin, with chant and dirge; and when the funeral was done, Hereward went up toward the high altar, and bade Winter and Gwenoch come with him. And there he knelt, and vowed a vow to God and St. Guthlac and the Lady Torfrida, his true love, never to leave from slaying while there was a Frenchman left alive on English ground.

And Godiva and Ulfketyl heard his vow, and shuddered: but they dared not stop him, for they too had English hearts.

And Winter and Gwenoch heard it, and repeated it word for word.

Then he kissed his mother, and called Winter and Gwenoch, and went forth. He would be back again, he said, on the third day.

Then those three went to Peterborough, and asked for Abbot Brand. And the monks let them in; for the fame of their deed had passed through the forest, and all the French had fled.

And old Brand lay back in his great arm-chair, his legs all muffled up in furs, for he could get no heat; and by him stood Herluin the prior, and wondered when he would die, and Thorold take his place, and they should drive out the old Gregorian chants from the choir, and have the new Norman chants of Robert of Fécamp, and bring in French-Roman customs in all things, and rule the English boors with a rod of iron.

And old Brand knew all that was in his heart, and looked up like a patient ox beneath the butcher's axe, and said "Have patience with me, brother Herluin, and I will die as soon as I can, and go where there is neither French nor English, Jew nor Gentile, bond or free, but all are alike in the eyes of Him who made them."

But when he saw Hereward come in, he cast the mufflers off him, and sprang up from his chair, and was young and strong in a moment, and for a moment.

And he threw his arms round Hereward, and wept upon his neck, as his mother had done. And Hereward wept upon his neck, though he had not wept upon his mother's.

Then Brand held him at arms' length, or thought he held him, for he was leaning on Hereward, and tottering all the while; and extolled him as the champion, the warrior, the stay of his house, the avenger of his kin, the hero of whom he had always prophesied that his kin would need him, and that then he would not fail.

But Hereward answered him modestly and mildly:

"Speak not so to me and of me, Uncle Brand. I am a very foolish, vain, sinful man, who have come through great adventures, I know not how, to great and strange happiness, and now again to great and strange sorrows; and to an adventure greater and stranger than all that has befallen me from my youth up until now. Therefore make me not proud, Uncle Brand, but keep me modest and lowly, as befits all true knights and penitent sinners; for they tell me that God resists the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. And I have that to do which do I cannot, unless God and his saints give me grace from this day forth."

Brand looked at him, astonished; and then turned to Herluin.

"Did I not tell thee, prior? This is the lad whom you called graceless and a savage; and see, since he has been in foreign lands, and seen the ways of knights, he talks as clerkly as a Frenchman, and as piously as any monk."

"The Lord Hereward," said Herluin, "has doubtless learned much from the manners of our nation which he would not have learned in England. I rejoice to see him returned so Christian and so courtly a knight."

"The Lord Hereward, Prior Herluin, has learnt one thing in his travels—to know somewhat of men and the hearts of men, and to deal with them as they deserve of him. They tell me that one Thorold of Malmesbury,—Thorold of Fécamp, the minstrel, he that made the song of Roland—that he desires this abbey."

"I have so heard, my lord."

"Then I command,—I, Hereward, Lord of Bourne!—that this abbey be held against him and all Frenchmen, in the name of Swend Ulfsson, king of England, and of me. And he that admits a Frenchman therein, I will shave his crown for him so well, that he shall never need razor more. This I tell thee; and this I shall tell your monks before I go. And unless you obey the same, my dream will be fulfilled; and you will see Goldenbregh in a light low, and burning yourselves in the midst thereof."

"Swend Ulfsson? Swend of Denmark? What words are these?" cried Brand.

"You will know within six months, uncle."

"I shall know better things, my boy, before six months are out."

"Uncle, uncle, do not say that."

"Why not? If this mortal life be at best a prison and a grave, what is it worth now to an Englishman?"

"More than ever; for never had an Englishman such a chance of showing English mettle, and winning renown for the English name. Uncle, you must do something for me and my comrades ere we go."

"Well, boy?"

"Make us knights."

"Knights, lad? I thought you had been a belted knight this dozen years?"

"I might have been made a knight by many, after the French fashion, many a year agone. I might have been knight when I slew the white bear. Ladies have prayed me to be knighted again and again since. Something kept me from it. Perhaps" (with a glance at Herluin) "I wanted to show that an English squire could be the rival and the leader of French and Flemish knights."

"And thou hast shown it, brave lad," said Brand, clapping his great hands.

"Perhaps I longed to do some mighty deed at last, which would give me a right to go to the bravest knight in all Christendom, and say, Give me the accolade, then! Thou only art worthy to knight as good a man as thyself."

"Pride and vain-glory," said Brand, shaking his head.

"But now I am of a sounder mind. I see now why I was kept from being knighted—till I had done a deed worthy of a true knight; till I had mightily avenged the wronged, and mightily succoured the oppressed; till I had purged my soul of my enmity against my own kin, and could go out into the world a new man, with my mother's blessing on my head."

"But not of the robbery of St. Peter," said Herluin. The French monk wanted not for moral courage, no French monk did in those days. And he proved it by those words.

"Do not anger the lad, Prior; now, too, above all times, when his heart is softened toward the Lord."

"He has not angered me. The man is right. Here, Lord Abbot and Sir Prior, is a chain of gold, won in the wars. It is worth fifty times the sixteen pence which I stole, and which I repaid double. Let St. Peter take it, for the sins of me and my two comrades, and forgive. And now, Sir Prior, I do to thee what I never did for mortal man. I kneel and ask thy forgiveness. Kneel, Winter! Kneel, Gwenoch!" And Hereward knelt.

Herluin was of double mind. He longed to keep Hereward out of St. Peter's grace. He longed to see Hereward dead at his feet: not because of any personal hatred, but because he foresaw in him a terrible foe to the Norman cause. But he wished, too, to involve Abbot Brand as much as possible in Hereward's "rebellions" and "misdeeds," and above all, in the master-offence of knighting him; for for that end, he saw, Hereward was come. Moreover, he was touched with the sudden frankness and humility of the famous champion. So he answered mildly:

"Verily, thou hast a knightly soul. May God and St. Peter so forgive thee and thy companions as I forgive thee, freely and from my heart."

"Now," cried Hereward; "A boon! A boon! Knight me and these my fellows, Uncle Brand, this day."

Brand was old and weak, and looked at Herluin.

"I know," said Hereward, "that the French look on us English monk-made knights as spurious and adulterine, unworthy of the name of knight. But, I hold—and what churchman will gainsay me?—that it is nobler to receive sword and belt from a man of God, than from a man of blood like one's-self; the fittest to consecrate the soldier of an earthly king, is the soldier of Christ, the King of kings." *

"He speaks well," said Herluin. "Abbot, grant him his boon."

"Who celebrates high mass to-morrow?"

"Wilton the priest, the monk of Ely," said Herluin, aloud. "And a very dangerous and stubborn Englishman," added he to himself.

"Good. Then this night you shall watch in the church. To-morrow, after the Gospel, the thing shall be done as you will."

That night two messengers, knights of the Abbot, galloped from Peterborough. One to Ivo Taillebois at Spalding, to tell him that Hereward was at Peterborough, and that he must try to cut him off upon the Egelric's road, the causeway which one of the many Abbots Egelric had made, some thirty years before, through Deeping Fen to Spalding, at an enormous expense of labour and of timber. The other knight rode south, along the Roman road to London, to tell King William of the rising of Kesteven, and all the evil deeds of Hereward and of Brand.

And old Brand slept quietly in his bed, little thinking on what errands his prior had sent his knights.

Hereward and his comrades watched that night in St. Peter's church. Oppressed with weariness of body, and awe of mind, they heard the monks drone out their chants through the misty gloom; they confessed the sins—and they were many—of their past wild lives. They had to summon up within

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* Almost word for word from the "Life of Hereward."

themselves courage and strength henceforth to live, not for themselves, but for the fatherland which they hoped to save. They prayed to all the heavenly powers of that Pantheon which then stood between man and God, to help them in the coming struggle; but ere the morning dawned, they were nodding, unused to any long strain of mind.

Suddenly Hereward started, and sprang up, with a cry of fire.

"What? Where?" cried his comrades, and the monks who ran up.

"The minster is full of flame. No use, too late, you cannot put it out. It must burn."

"You have been dreaming," said one.

"I have not," said Hereward. "Is it Lammas night?"

"What a question! It is the vigil of the Nativity of St. Peter and St. Paul."

"Thank heaven; I thought my old Lammas night's dream was coming true at last."

Herluin heard, and knew what he meant.

After which Hereward was silent, filled with many thoughts.

The next morning, before the high mass, those three brave men walked up to the altar; laid thereon their belts and swords; and then knelt humbly at the foot of the steps till the Gospel was finished.

Then came down from the altar Wilton of Ely, and laid on each man's bare neck the bare blade, and bade him take back his sword in the name of God and of St. Peter and St. Paul, and use it like a true knight, for a terror and punishment to evil doers, and a defence for women and orphans, and the poor and the oppressed, and the monks the servants of God.

And then the monks girded each man with his belt and sword once more. And after mass was sung, they rose and went forth, each feeling himself—and surely not in vain—a better man.

At least this is certain, that Hereward would say to his dying day, how he had often proved that none would fight so well as those who had received their sword from God's knights the monks. And therefore he would have, in after years, almost all his companions knighted by the monks; and brought into Ely with him that same good custom which he had learnt at Peterborough, and kept it up as long as he held the isle.

So says the chronicler Leofric, the minstrel and priest.

It was late when they got back to Crowland. The good Abbot received them with a troubled face.

"As I feared, my Lord, you have been too hot and hasty. The French have raised the country against you."

"I have raised it against them, my Lord. But we have news that Sir Frederick——"

"And who may he be?"

"A very terrible Goliath of these French; old and crafty, a brother of old Earl Warrenne of Norfolk, whom God confound. And he has sworn to have your life, and has gathered knights and men-at-arms at Lynn in Norfolk."

"Very good; I will visit him as I go home, Lord Abbot. Not a word of this to any soul."

"I tremble for thee, thou young David."

"One cannot live for ever, my Lord. Farewell."

A week after a boatman brought news to Crowland, how Sir Frederick was sitting in his inn at Lynn, when there came in one with a sword, and said, "I am Hereward. I was told that thou didst desire greatly to see me; therefore I am come, being a courteous knight," and therewith smote off his head. And when the knights and others would have stopped him, he cut his way through them, killing some three or four at each stroke, himself unhurt; for he was clothed from head to foot in magic armour, and whosoever smote it, their swords melted in their hands. And so gaining the door, he vanished in a great cloud of sea-fowl, that cried for ever "Hereward is come home again."

And after that the fen-men said to each other, that all the birds upon the meres cried nothing save "Hereward is come home again."

And so, already surrounded with myth and mystery, Hereward flashed into the fens and out again, like the lightning brand, destroying as he passed. And the hearts of all the French were turned to water; and the land had peace from its tyrants for many days.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW IVO TAILLEBOIS MARCHED OUT OF SPALDING TOWN.

A PROUD man was Ivo Taillebois, as he rode next morning out of Spalding town, with hawk on fist, and hound at heel, and a dozen men-at-arms at his back, who would, on due or undue cause shown, hunt men while he hunted game.

An adventurer from Anjou, brutal, ignorant, and profligate—low-born, too (for his own men whispered, behind his back, that he was no more than his name hinted, a wood-cutter's son), he still had his deserts. Valiant he was, cunning, and skilled in war. He and his troop of Angevine ruttiers had fought like tigers by William's side at Hastings; and he had been rewarded with many a manor, which had been Earl Algar's, and should now have been Earl Edwin's, or Morcar's, or, it may be, Hereward's own.

"A fat land and fair," said he to himself; "and, after I have hanged a few more of these barbarians, a peaceable fief enough to hand down to the lawful heirs of my body, if I had one. I must marry. Blessed Virgin! this it is to serve and honour your gracious majesty, as I have always done according to my poor humility. Who would have thought that Ivo Taillebois would ever rise so high in life, as to be looking out for a wife—and that a lady, too?"

Then thought he over the peerless beauties of the Lady Lucia, Edwin and Morcar's sister, almost as fair as that hapless aunt of hers—first married (though that story is now denied) to the wild Griffin, prince of Snowdon, and then to his conqueror, and (by complicity) murderer, Harold, the hapless king. Eddeva faira, Eddeva pulcra, stands her name in Domesday-book even now, known, even to her Norman conquerors, as the Beauty of her time, as Godiva, her mother, had been before her. Scarcely less beautiful was Lucia, as Ivo had seen her at William's court, half-captive and half-guest: and he longed for her; love her he could not. "I have her father's lands," quoth he; "what more reasonable than to have the daughter, too? And have her I will, unless the Mamzer, in his present merciful and politic mood, makes a Countess of her, and marries her up to some Norman coxcomb, with a long pedigree—invented the year before last. If he does throw away his daughter on that Earl Edwin, in his fancy for petting and patting these savages into good humour, he is not likely to throw away Edwin's sister on a Taillebois. Well. I must put a spoke in Edwin's wheel. It will not be difficult to make him, or Morcar, or both of them, traitors. We must have a rebellion in these parts. I will talk about it to Gilbert of Ghent. We must make these savages desperate, and William furious, or he will be soon giving them back their lands, beside asking them to Court: and then how are valiant knights like us, who have won England for him, to be paid for their trouble? No, no. We must have a rebellion, and a confiscation, and then when English lasses are going cheap, perhaps the Lady Lucia may fall to my share."

And Ivo Taillebois kept his word; and without difficulty, for he had many to help him. To drive the English to desperation, and get a pretext for seizing their lands, was the game which the Normans played, and but too well.

As he rode out of Spalding town, a man was being hanged on the gallows there permanently provided.

That was so common a sight, that Ivo would not have stopped, had not a priest, who was comforting the criminal, ran forward, and almost thrown himself under the horse's feet.

"Mercy, good my Lord, in the name of God and all his saints."

Ivo went to ride on.

"Mercy!" and he laid hands on Ivo's bridle. "If he took a few pike out of your mere, remember that the mere was his, and his father's before him; and do not send a sorely tempted soul out of the world for a paltry pike."

"And where am I to get fish for Lent, Sir Priest, if every rascal nets my waters, because his father did so before him? Take your hand off my bridle, or par le splendeur Dex" (Ivo thought it fine to use King William's favourite oath), "I will hew it off."

The priest looked at him, with something of honest English fierceness in his eyes, and dropping the bridle, muttered to himself in Latin: "The bloodthirsty and deceitful man shall not live out half his days. Nevertheless my trust shall be in Thee, O Lord."

"What art muttering, beast? Go home to thy wife" (wife was by no means the word which Ivo used), "and make the most of her, before I rout out thee and thy fellow canons, and put in good monks from Normandy in the place of your drunken English swine. Hang him!" shouted he, as the bystanders fell on their knees before the tyrant, crouching in terror, every woman for her husband, every man for wife and daughter. "And hearken, you fen-frogs all. Who touches pike or eel, swimming or wading fowl, within these meres of mine without my leave, I will hang him as I hanged this man; as I hanged four brothers in a row on Wrokesham bridge but yesterday."

"Go to Wrokesham bridge, and see," shouted a shrill cracked voice from behind the crowd.

All looked round; and more than one of Ivo's men set up a yell, the hangman loudest of all.

"That's he, the heron again! Catch him! Stop him! Shoot him!"

But that was not so easy. As Ivo pushed his horse through the crowd, careless of whom he crushed, he saw a long lean figure flying through the air seven feet aloft, with his heels higher than his head, on the further side of a deep broad ditch; and on the nearer side of the same, one of his best men lying stark, with a cloven scull.

"Go to Wrokesham!" shrieked the lean man, as he rose, and showed a ridiculously long nose, neck, and legs (a type still not uncommon in the fens), a quilted leather coat, a double-bladed axe slung over his shoulder by a thong, a round shield at his back, and a pole three times as long as himself, which he dragged after him, like an unwieldy tail.

"The heron, the heron!" shouted the English.

"Follow him, men! heron or hawk!" shouted Ivo, galloping his horse up to the ditch, and stopping short at fifteen feet of water.

"Shoot, some one. Where are the bows gone?"

The heron was gone two hundred yards, running, in spite of his pole, at a wonderful pace, before a bow could be brought to bear. He seemed to expect an arrow; for he stopped, glanced his eye round, threw himself flat on his face, with his shield, not over his body, but over his bare legs; sprang up as the shaft stuck in the ground beside him, ran on, planted his pole in the next dyke, and flew over it.

In a few minutes he was beyond pursuit, and Ivo turned, breathless with rage, to ask who he was.

"Alas, sir! he is the man who set free the four men at Wrokesham bridge last night."

"Set free! Are they not hanged and dead?"

"We—we dare not tell you. But he came upon us—"

"Single-handed, you cowards?"

"Sir, he is not a man, but a witch or a devil. He asked us what we did there. One of our men laughed at his long neck and legs, and called him heron. 'Heron I am,' says he, 'and strike like a heron, right at the eyes,' and with that he cuts the man over the face with his axe, and laid him dead, and then another, and another."

"Till you all ran away, villains!"

"We gave back a step—no more. And he freed one of those four, and he again the rest; and then they all set on us, and went to hang us in their own stead."

"When there were ten of you, I thought?"

"Sir, as we told you, he is no mortal man, but a fiend."

"Beasts, fools! Well, I have hanged this one, at least!" growled Ivo, and then rode sullenly on.

"Who is this fellow?" cried he to the trembling English.

"Wulfric Raher, Wulfric the Heron, of Wrokesham in Norfolk."

"Aha! And I hold a manor of his," said Ivo to himself. "Look you, villains, this fellow is in league with you."

A burst of abject denial followed. "Since the French—since Sir Frederick, as they call him, drove him out of his Wrokesham lands, he wanders the country, as you see; to-day here: but heaven only knows where he will be to-morrow."

"And finds, of course, a friend everywhere. Now march!" and a string of threats and curses followed.

It was hard to see why Wulfric should not have found friends; as he was simply a small holder, or squire, driven out of house and land, and turned adrift on the wide world, for the offence of having fought in Harold's army at the battle of Hastings. But to give him food or shelter was, in Norman eyes, an act of rebellion against the rightful King William; and Ivo rode on, boiling over with righteous indignation, along the narrow drove which led toward Deeping.

A pretty lass came along the drove, driving a few sheep before her, and spinning as she walked.

"Whose lass are you?" shouted Ivo.

"The Abbot's of Crowland, please your lordship," said she, trembling.

"Much too pretty to belong to monks. Chuck her up behind you, one of you."

The shrieking and struggling girl was mounted behind a horseman, and bound; and Ivo rode on.

A woman ran out of a turf-hut on the drove side, attracted by the girl's cries. It was her mother.

"My lass! Give me my lass, for the love of St. Mary and all saints!" and she clung to Ivo's bridle.

He struck her down, and rode on over her.

A man cutting sedges in a punt in the lode alongside, looked up at the girl's shrieks, and leapt on shore, scythe in hand.

"Father! father!" cried she.

"I'll rid thee, lass, or die for it," said he, as he sprang up the drove-dyke, and swept right and left at the horses' legs.

The men recoiled. One horse went down, lamed for life; another staggered backwards into the further lode, and was drowned. But an arrow went through the brave serf's heart, and Ivo rode on, cursing more bitterly than ever, and comforted himself by flying his hawks at a covey of patridges.

Soon a group came along the drove which promised fresh sport to the man-hunters: but as the foremost person came up, Ivo stopped in wonder at the shout of—

"Ivo! Ivo Taillebois! Halt and have a care! The English are risen, and we are all dead men!"

The words were spoken in French; and in French Ivo answered, laughing:

"Thou art not a dead man yet it seems, Sir Robert; art going on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, that thou comest in this fashion? Or dost mean to return to Anjou as bare as thou camest out of it?"

For Sir Robert had, like Edgar, "reserved himself a blanket, else had we all been shamed."

But very little more did either he, his lady, and his three children wear, as they trudged along the drove, in even poorer case than that

Robert of Coningsby,
Who came out of Normandy,
With his wife Tiffany,
And his maid Manpas,
And his dog Hardigras.

"For the love of heaven and all chivalry, joke me no jokes, Sir Ivo: but give me and mine clothes and food. The barbarians rose on us last night—with Azer, the ruffian who owned my lands, at their head, and drove us out into the night as we are, bidding us carry the news to you, for your turn would come next. There are forty or more of them in West Deeping now, and coming eastward, they say, to visit you, and what is more than all, Hereward is come again."

"Hereward!" cried Ivo, who knew that name well.

Whereon Sir Robert told him the terrible tragedy of Bourne.

"Mount the lady on a horse, and wrap her in my cloak. Get that dead villain's clothes for Sir Robert as we go back. Put your horses' heads about and ride for Spalding."

"What shall we do with the lass?"

"We cannot be burdened with the jade. She has cost us two good horses already. Leave her in the road, bound as she is, and let us see if St. Guthlac her master will come and untie her."

So they rode back. Coming from Deeping two hours after, Azer and his men found the girl on the road, dead.

"Another count in the long score," quoth Azer. But when, in two hours more, they came to Spalding town, they found all the folk upon the street, shouting and praising the host of heaven. There was not a Frenchman left in the town.

For when Ivo returned home, ere yet Sir Robert and his family were well clothed and fed, there galloped into Spalding from the north, Sir Ascelin, nephew and man of Thorold, would-be Abbot of Peterborough, and one of the garrison of Lincoln, which was then held by Hereward's old friend, Gilbert of Ghent.

"Not bad news, I hope," cried Ivo, as Ascelin clanked into the hall. "We have enough of our own. Here is all Kesteven, as the barbarians call it, risen, and they are murdering us right and left."

"Worse news than that, Ivo Taillebois"—"Sir," or "Sieur," Ascelin was loth to call him, being himself a man of family and fashion; and holding the nouveaux venus in deep contempt. "Worse news than that. The North has risen again, and proclaimed Prince Edgar King."

"A king of words! What care I, or you, as long as The Mamzer, God bless him, is a king of deeds?"

"They have done their deeds, though, too. Gospatric and Merlesweyn are back out of Scotland. They attacked Robert de Comines* at Durham, and burnt him in his own house. There was but one of his men got out of Durham to tell the news. And now they have marched on York; and all the chiefs, they say, have joined them—Archill the Thane, and Edwin and Morcar, and Waltheof too, the young traitors."

"Blessed Virgin!" cried Ivo, "thou art indeed gracious to thy most unworthy knight!"

"What do you mean?"

"You will see some day. Now, I will tell you but one word. When fools make hay, wise men can build ricks. This rebellion—if it had not come of itself, I would have roused it. We wanted it, to cure William of this just and benevolent policy of his, which would have ended in sending us back to France, as poor as we left it. Now, what am I expected to do? What says Gilbert of Ghent, the wise man of Lic—nic—what the pest do you call that outlandish place, which no civilised lips can pronounce?"

"Lic-nic-cole?" replied Ascelin, who, like the rest of the French, never could manage to say Lincoln.

"He says, 'March to me, and with me to join the king at York.'"

"Then he says well. These fat acres will be none the leaner, if I leave the English slaves to crop them for six months. Men! arm and horse Sir Robert of Deeping. Then arm and horse yourselves. We march north in half-an-hour, bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage. You are all bachelors, like me, and travel light. So off with you!"

"Sir Ascelin, you will eat and drink?"

"That will I."

"Quick, then, butler: and after that pack up the Englishman's plate-chest, which we inherited by right of fist—the only plate, and the only title-deeds I ever possessed."

"Now, Sir Ascelin"—as the three knights, the lady, and the poor children ate their fastest—"listen to me. The art of war lies in this one nut-shell—to put the greatest number of men into one place at one time, and let all other places shift. To strike swiftly, and strike heavily. That is the rule of our liege lord, King William; and by it he will conquer England, or the world, if he will; and while he does that, he shall never say that Ivo Taillebois stayed at home to guard his own manors while he could join his king, and win all the manors of England once and for all."

"Pardieu! whatever men may say of thy lineage or thy virtues, they cannot deny this—that thou art a most wise and valiant captain."

"That am I," quoth Taillebois, too much pleased with the praise to care about being tutoyé by younger men. "As for my lineage, my lord the king has a fellow-feeling for upstarts; and the woodman's grandson may very well serve the tanner's. Now, men! is the litter ready for the lady and children? I am sorry to rattle you about thus, madame, but war has no courtesies; and march I must."

And so the French went out of Spalding town.

"Don't be in a hurry to thank your saints!" shouted Ivo to his victims. "I shall be back this day three months; and then you shall see a row of gibbets all the way from here to Deeping, and an Englishman hanging on every one."

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW HEREWARD SAILED FOR ENGLAND ONCE AND FOR ALL.

So Hereward fought the Viscount of Pinkney, who had the usual luck which befel those who crossed swords with him, and plotted meanwhile with Gyda and the Countess Judith. Abbot Egelsin sent them news from King Sweyn in Denmark; soon Judith and Tosti's two sons went themselves to Sweyn, and helped the plot and the fitting out of the armament. News they had from England in plenty, by messengers from Queen Matilda to the sister who was intriguing to dethrone her husband, and by private messengers from Durham and from York.

Baldwin, the *débonnaire* marquis, had not lived to see this fruit of his long efforts to please everybody. He had gone to his rest the year before; and now there ruled in Bruges his son, Baldwin the Good, "Count Palatine," as he styled himself, and his wife Richilda, the Lady of Hainault.

They probably cared as little for the success of their sister Matilda, as they did for that of their sister Judith; and followed out—Baldwin at least—the great marquis's plan of making Flanders a retreat for the fugitives of all the countries round.

At least, if (as seems) Sweyn's fleet made the coast of Flanders its rendezvous and base of operations against King William, Baldwin offered no resistance.

So the messengers came, and the plots went on. Great was the delight of Hereward and the ladies when they heard of the taking of Durham and York: but bitter their surprise and rage when they heard that Gospatric and the Confederates had proclaimed Edgar Atheling king.

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* Ancestor of the Comyns of Scotland.

"Fools! they will ruin all!" cried Gyda. "Do they expect Swend Ulfsson, who never moved a finger yet, unless he saw that it would pay him within the hour, to spend blood and treasure in putting that puppet boy upon the throne instead of himself?"

"Calm yourself, great Countess," said Hereward, with a smile. "The man who puts him on the throne will find it very easy to take him off again when he needs."

"Pish!" said Gyda. "He must put him on the throne first. And how will he do that? Will the men of the Danelaw, much less the Northumbrians, ever rally round an Atheling of Cerdic's house? They are raising a Wessex army in Northumbria; a southern army in the north. There is no real loyalty there toward the Atheling, not even the tie of kin, as there would be to Swend. The boy is a mere stalking-horse, behind which each of these greedy chiefs expects to get back his own lands; and if they can get them back by any other means, well and good. Mark my words, Sir Hereward, that cunning Frenchman will treat with them one by one, and betray them one by one, till there is none left."

How far Gyda was right, will be seen hereafter. But a less practised diplomat than the great Countess might have speculated reasonably on such an event.

At least, let this be said, that when historians have complained of the treachery of King Swend Ulfsson and his Danes, they have forgotten certain broad and simple facts.

Swend sailed for England to take a kingdom which he believed to be his by right; which he had formerly demanded of William. When he arrived there, he found himself a mere cat's-paw for recovering that kingdom for an incapable boy, whom he believed to have no right to the throne at all.

Then came darker news. As Ivo had foreseen, and as Ivo had done his best to bring about, William dashed on York, and drove out the Confederates with terrible slaughter; profaned the churches, plundered the town. Gospatric and the earls retreated to Durham; the Atheling, more cautious, to Scotland.

Then came a strange story, worthy of the grown children who, in those old times, bore the hearts of boys with the ferocity and intellect of men.

A great fog fell on the Frenchmen as they struggled over the Durham moors. The doomed city was close beneath them; they heard Wear roaring in his wooded gorge. But a darkness, as of Egypt, lay upon them: "neither rose any from his place."

Then the Frenchman cried: "This darkness is from St. Cuthbert himself. We have invaded his holy soil. Who has not heard how none who offend St. Cuthbert ever went unpunished? how palsy, blindness, madness, fall on those who dare to violate his sanctuary?"

And the French turned and fled from before the face of St. Cuthbert; and William went down to Winchester angry and sad, and then went off to Gloucestershire; and hunted—for whatever befel, he still would hunt—in the forest of Dean.

And still Swend and his Danes had not sailed; and Hereward walked to and fro in his house, impatiently, and bided his time.

In July Baldwin died. Arnoul, the boy, was Count of Flanders, and Richilda, his sorceress-mother, ruled the land in his name. She began to oppress the Flemings; not those of French Flanders, round St. Omer, but those of Flemish Flanders, toward the north. They threatened to send for Robert the Frison to right them.

Hereward was perplexed. He was Robert the Frison's friend, and old soldier. Richilda was Torfrida's friend; so was, still more, the boy Arnoul; which party should he take? Neither, if he could help it. And he longed to be safe out of the land.

And at last his time came. Martin Lightfoot ran in, breathless, to tell how the sails of a mighty fleet were visible from the Dunes.

"Here?" cried Hereward. "What are the fools doing down here, wandering into the very jaws of the wolf? How will they land here? They were to have gone straight to the Lincolnshire coast. God grant this mistake be not the first of dozens!"

Hereward went into Torfrida's bower.

"This is an evil business. The Danes are here, where they have no business, instead of being off Scheldtmouth, as I entreated them. But go we must, or be for ever shamed. Now, true wife, are you ready? Dare you leave home, and kin, and friends, once and for all, to go, you know not whither, with one who may be a gory corpse by this day week?"

"I dare," said she.

So they went down to Calais by night, with Torfrida's mother, and all their jewels, and all they had in the world. And their housecarles went with them, forty men, tried and trained, who had vowed to follow Hereward round the world. And there were two long ships ready, and twenty good mariners in each. So when the Danes made the South Foreland the next morning, they were aware of two gallant ships bearing down on them, with a great white bear embroidered on their sails.

A proud man was Hereward that day, as he sailed into the midst of the Danish fleet, and up to the royal ships, and shouted:

"I am Hereward the Berserker, and I come to take service under my rightful lord, Sweyn, king of England."

"Come on board, then; we know you well, and right glad we are to have Hereward with us."

And Hereward laid his ship's bow upon the quarter of the royal ship (to lay alongside was impossible, for fear of breaking oars), and came on board.

"And thou art Hereward?" asked a tall and noble warrior.

"I am. And thou art Swend Ulfsson, the king?"

"I am Earl Osbiorn, his brother."

"Then, where is the king?"

"He is in Denmark, and I command his fleet; and with me are Canute and Harold, Sweyn's sons, and Earls and Bishops enough for all England."

This was spoken in a somewhat haughty tone, in answer to the look of surprise and disappointment which Hereward had, unawares, allowed to pass over his face.

"Thou art better than none," said Hereward. "Now, hearken, Osbiorn the Earl. Had Swend been here, I would have put my hand between his, and said in my own name, and that of all the men in Kesteven and the fens, Swend's men we are, to live and die! But now, as it is, I say, for me and them, thy men we are, to live and die, as long as thou art true to us."

"True to you I will be," said Osbiorn.

"Be it so," said Hereward. "True we shall be, whatever betide. Now, whither goes Earl Osbiorn, and all his great meinie?"

"We purpose to try Dover."

"You will not take it. The Frenchman has strengthened it with one of his accursed keeps, and without battering-engines you may sit before it a month."

"What if I asked you to go in thither yourself, and try the mettle and the luck which, they say, never failed Hereward yet?"

"I should say that it was a child's trick to throw away against a paltry stone wall the life of a man who was ready to raise for you in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, five times as many men as you will lose in taking Dover."

"Hereward is right," said more than one Earl. "We shall need him in his own country."

"If you are wise, to that country you yourselves will go. It is ready to receive you. This is ready to oppose you. You are attacking the Frenchman at his strongest point, instead of his weakest. Did I not send again and again, entreating you to cross from Scheldtmouth to the Wash, and send me word that I might come and raise the Fen-men for you, and then we would all go north together."

"I have heard, ere now," said Earl Osbiorn, haughtily, "that Hereward, though he be a valiant Viking, is more fond of giving advice than of taking it."

Hereward was about to answer very fiercely. If he had, no one would have thought any harm, in those plain-spoken times. But he was wise; and restrained himself, remembering that Torfrida was there, all but alone, in the midst of a fleet of savage men; and that beside, he had a great deed to do, and must do it as he could. So he answered—

"Osbiorn the Earl has not, it seems, heard this of Hereward: that because he is accustomed to command, he is also accustomed to obey. What thou wilt do, do, and bid me do. He that quarrels with his captain, cuts his own throat and his fellows' too."

"Wisely spoken!" said the Earls; and Hereward went back to his ship.

"Torfrida," said he bitterly, "the game is lost before it is begun."

"God forbid, my beloved! What words are these?"

"Swend—fool that he is with his over-caution—always the same—has let the prize slip from between his fingers. He has sent Osbiorn instead of himself."

"But why is that so terrible a mistake?"

"We do not want a fleet of Vikings in England, to plunder the French and English alike. We want a king, a king, a king!" and Hereward stamped with rage. "And instead of a king, we have this Osbiorn—all men know him, greedy, and false, and weak-headed. Here he is going to be beaten off at Dover; and then, I suppose, at the next port; and so forth, till the whole season is wasted, and the ships and men lost by driblets. Pray for us to God and his saints, Torfrida, you who are nearer to heaven than I; for we never needed it more."

And Osbiorn went in; tried to take Dover; and was beaten off with heavy loss.

Then the Earls bade him take Hereward's advice. But he would not.

So he went round the Foreland, and tried Sandwich—as if, landing there, he would have been safe in marching on London, in the teeth of the *élite* of Normandy.

But he was beaten off there, with more loss. Then, too late, he took Hereward's advice—or, rather, half of it—and sailed north; but only to commit more follies.

He dared not enter the Thames. He would not go on to the Wash; but he went into the Orwell, and attacked Ipswich, plundering right and left, instead of proclaiming King Sweyn, and calling the Danish folk around him. The Danish folk of Suffolk rose, and, like valiant men, beat him off; while Hereward lay outside the river mouth, his soul within him black with disappointment, rage, and shame. He would not go in. He would not fight against his own countrymen. He would not help to turn the whole plan into a marauding raid. And he told Earl Osbiorn so, so fiercely, that his life would have been in danger, had not the force of his arm been as much feared as the force of his name was needed.

At last they came to Yarmouth. Osbiorn would needs land there, and try Norwich.

Hereward was nigh desperate: but he hit upon a plan. Let Osbiorn do so, if he would. He himself would sail round to the Wash, raise the Fen-men, and march eastward at their head through Norfolk to meet him. Osbiorn himself could not refuse so rational a proposal. All the Earls and Bishops approved loudly; and away Hereward went to the Wash, his heart well-nigh broken, foreseeing nothing but evil.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

VI.—THE GOSPEL OF THE FALL.

"It shall bruise thy head."—Genesis iii. 15.

THIS third chapter of the Bible is the basis and groundwork of Revelation. It tells us where we are and how we came here; tells us, if not of the origin, yet at least of the human beginning, of evil; tells us of man's Fall, and lifts up the curtain (in part at least) from the scene of man's ruin.

Speaking upon it at this time, in words, I trust, plain and clear to all, warranted by Holy Scripture and true to human experience, we shall find three great topics demanding our notice: The Fall as a history; The Fall as a type; and The Fall in its reversal.

May the Spirit of God move upon the record, and make it life-like and life-giving to some humble and waiting souls!

I. The Fall as a history.

What could be so worthy a subject for Divine Revelation, as the explanation (so far as man can receive it) of the strange complexities of man's present condition?

Surely it becomes an intelligent being, with whom God has begun to deal, ever so remotely, in the way of information as to the mysteries of his existence, to ask and to expect some light upon the fact that he is a sinner.

The fact that he is a sinner. Does any one of us gainsay that fact? Is any one amongst us ready to stand up before God and plead "Not Guilty" at the bar of his heart-searching judgment?

God forbid! Account for it as you may or as you will, the fact of your being a sinner is impressed upon you by memory, by experience, by conscience, as well as by Revelation; proved by the testimony of an accuser within, whom you have not yet succeeded in drugging or bribing into silence: you know that, if there be a God, and if He be a God of infallible insight and of spotless holiness, you will never be able to feel in the hour of death, or to say in the day of judgment, I have not sinned: I am altogether clean and clear and pure from evil.

And yet, on the other hand, no reverent or even rational mind will be satisfied to believe that God made us sinful. Reason says, as much as Revelation, "In the beginning it was not so." In the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, He "saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." That is what we feel must have been; and Scripture says that it was so.

Therefore the question meets us again, and will meet us at every turn till God answers it, How did I get into that condition in which I find myself? How did man become what he is? a sinner by inclination and by propensity; a sinner in disposition and a sinner in act?

Read, in the face of that question, this third chapter of the Bible. Read it first as a history, and what is its epitome?

"The man, whom God had appointed lord of the earth and its inhabitants, was endowed with everything requisite for the development of his nature and the fulfilment of his destiny. In the fruit of the trees of the garden he had food for the sustenance of his life; in the care of the garden itself, a field of labour for the exercise of his physical strength; in the animal and vegetable kingdom, a capacious region for the expansion of his intellect; in the tree of knowledge, a positive law for the training of his moral nature; and in the woman associated with him, a suitable companion and help. In such circumstances as these he might have developed both his physical and spiritual nature in accordance with the will of God." *

In this most favourable position for maintaining his integrity, a tempter comes to him. The name given to that tempter in Holy Scripture seems to indicate that a spirit already fallen assumed the form of a serpent in his approach to the human being still upright. It is not for us either to explain or to dispute the possible agency of spirit over animal life. We see the same dark hint of such a connection in the miracle of the demoniac, out of whom the unclean spirits pass at the word of Jesus to enter with destructive frenzy into a herd of swine. The spiritual tempter must embody himself if he is to speak to man. The very fact of speech from the speechless, of reasoning from the irrational, of counsel from the inferior and direction from the subject, should have sufficed to put man on his guard; to prepare him for mischief, and to warn him against compliance.

Choosing in his subtlety the weaker and more dependent of the two human beings, the tempter addresses to her the first suggestion of evil. In the form of enquiry—enquiry with a view to satisfaction—on the subject of the Creator's regulations, he insinuates the intended doubt as to his equity and benevolence. "Yea, hath God said?" Instead of repelling the question, the woman enters upon it; engages in the discussion, though it be in the first instance but to state the truth. The very next utterance of the tempter is an open denial of the veracity of God. "Ye shall not surely die." The threat is an empty sound. On the contrary, the effect of eating of the forbidden tree shall be—and God knows it—that your eyes shall be opened to mysteries as yet concealed from you; your subject position will be instantly raised into independence, and you yourselves "shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

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* Keil and Delitzsch on the Pentateuch, vol. i, p. 91 (Clark's Foreign Theological Library).

Curiosity thus stimulated, pride irritated, and lust awakened, what should follow but the act of rebellion? Having once listened to the tempter, as he arrayed before her the advantages of disobedience, she began to view everything with his eyes; ran over in her mind the beauty and the sweetness and the mysterious properties of the prohibited fruit—and what matters it whether the trial of obedience be made in the matter of an empire or of an apple? the principle is the same in each—"She took of the fruit and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat."

The deed was done: easily done, soon done: a moment may accomplish the ruin of a soul or of a world: and now for its consequences.

The pleasure expected, the dignity predicted, the wisdom promised, where are these? True, the eyes are opened, but to what? Only to a sense of shame, to the consciousness of nakedness: they do know evil—and whose evil? Their own: their own fall, their own uncleanness, their own misery and degradation. The first consequence of sin is shame.

Presently the voice of the Lord God is heard, in the delightful hour of evening, when perhaps his creatures had heretofore been privileged to draw nigh to Him with something of a more immediate and intimate converse: but how does that voice sound now? The sinners are afraid. They dread the sight of Him. They hide themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. The dread of God has taken possession of the souls which He had formed in his own image and admitted into his own communion. The second consequence of sin is fear.

But, though they might hide themselves, there is an eye which pierces all darkness, and there is a voice which summons all offenders to the bar of justice. "The Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" And now a third effect of sin begins to unfold itself. Excuses come in, to aggravate the transgression which they seek to palliate. The man hid himself because he was naked. And when that excuse condemned him—inasmuch as their knowledge of evil could only have come through sin—he then throws the blame upon his weaker companion in transgression, careless if in doing so he even implicate God Himself. "The woman, whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree." The woman, in her turn, charges the serpent; and the Judge, in passing sentence, begins with the tempter. The third consequence of sin is self-excusing.

Thus then the fourth result of transgression begins to appear: and that is punishment. Every sin finds out its doer. So was it with the first sin. Each agent in that transaction stands separately and alone at the bar of God.

First the tempter, in that animal form which he had chosen. The serpent shall crawl for ever upon the ground, and eat dust mingled with all its food. There shall be war for ever between man and it. And so also with the spiritual foe who lurks behind it. The whole history of earth shall be that of an incessant warfare between man and his seducer. Bitter shall be the injuries done to the human being in the course of it. The devil shall have great power, and many an agonizing and many a deadly wound shall he inflict upon him who has now listened of his own free will to his lying voice. But in the end victory shall lie with man. At last he shall bruise the serpent's head. Just thus far was the darkness of the Fall lighted up by Revelation. All the rest was dark. Man's utter ruin shall have one glimmering light in heaven left to it: one hope, obscure and enigmatical in the present, but to be evermore cleared and brightened, as centuries of conflict and suffering run their weary course, by new gleams of intelligence, and at length revealed in all its beauty and in all its strength in the Person of One "born of a woman" that He may redeem the fallen and save the lost. Thus the serpent's curse is darkly interwoven with man's blessing.

Meanwhile, all else is left in dim darkness. The woman shall have a destiny all sorrow. On her way to that mysterious "childbearing" which shall reveal the promised seed and bring in an everlasting righteousness, she shall know nothing but pain and anguish. "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children;" and the tenderness of woman's love shall but subject her more entirely to the rule, often arbitrary, often capricious, of the husband whom she led into the transgression.

And the man: what shall be his future? A life of toil; often excessive, often fruitless: a long struggling with a ground stubborn and barren as implicated in his curse: an eating of his bread in labour and sorrow, until he return to the very dust from which he was taken. Henceforth, according to the primeval warning, death should work in him until it be accomplished: an immortal sinner—a sinner, that is, immortal in his sinfulness—cannot be, and must not be, upon the earth: henceforward, if there is to be an immortality for man, it must be entered upon through the grave and gate of death; entered as a new gift of God, given only through a propitiation and a resurrection.

And so, finally, a fifth consequence is brought into view in the closing verses: an exclusion from the original Paradise, and from the tree of immortal life within it. "So He drove out the man: and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

I cannot close this part of our subject without calling you to notice one feature, not always sufficiently dwelt upon, in the history of the Fall of Man: namely, how God, while punishing sin, is yet seen to be still the God of the sinner; still opening to him a hope, however indistinct, of eventual restoration; still presiding over his steps, however rugged the path by which He must lead him; still providing for necessities which sin itself has created—Himself (as it is written) making for him—strange and wonderful words—those "coats of skins" with which shame must now clothe him; still therefore, in all ways, owning, though in displeasure, the souls which He had created, and evermore, according to his own most glorious attribute, "in wrath remembering mercy."

I have sought to present to you, with as little comment as possible, the sacred narrative of Adam's sin and Fall. A thousand questions might be asked upon it, which we cannot answer. It is doubtless one part of our discipline in this life, to be kept humble by a painful ignorance of things high and heavenly. The origin of evil, on the one hand, and the manner in which Adam's sin has affected his children, on the other, are two points upon which the wisest of men can tell us little or nothing. What we know not now, we may perhaps—certainly, if it concerns us—know hereafter.

But in the meantime there is this one thing rendered certain by the inspired record on which we have dwelt: that our condition as it now is, a condition of infirmity, conflict, and sin, was not our original condition: and if not our original condition, then neither our final condition: that evil which is no part of us, but a superadded circumstance of our being, may yet be cast out of us, shall yet be cast out of us, so that there shall be no trace, and no spot, and no stain of it left. God hasten it in his time!

II. But now I would look at the history, for a few moments, in its typical and representative character; and thus show how we ourselves act over and over again the sin of our ancestor, and render ourselves personally liable to that punishment which we speak of (in a certain sense) as hereditary and derived.

Was there ever a truer or a livelier representation than that which is here given us, of the course, progress, and end of temptation as it is now daily acted over again upon this earth?

I would speak plainly here, and commend the words to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

Yes, I address in these pages many who have sinned; sinned personally, repeatedly, and in manifest ways; manifest, I mean, to themselves, however veiled and secret from the eyes of others.

Now I would ask them whether the record of Adam's sin is not also the record of theirs.

You have noticed how the temptation opens. Something is presented just for consideration. Is there any harm—can there be anything really wrong—in doing this or that? Can God really have forbidden it? Yes, the mind makes answer to itself—or, which is the same thing, to the tempter within—it certainly is forbidden: I know it is wrong. I should like it, but I suppose I must not do it.

The words are most of all appropriate to the case of gross sins: but they have their application to all sin; if it be that of speech, or of temper, of imagination, or of omission.

I must not do it. Still the thought is lodged there. It comes up again and again. I should like it, but it is forbidden.

Now here, my young friends—for to you would I speak, who have not yet crossed the boundary line of actual known sin—here is the vital matter. These ponderings of sin, these parleyings with the temptation, these discussions with yourselves of forbidden indulgences, these are the things which you must resist, which by God's grace you must put down in yourselves, if you would keep yourselves unspotted and pure in the great matter of the soul's life.

For see how bold the tempter becomes, who has just got a hearing. It is true you told him that God had said this or that; that such or such a thing was wrong. But the very answer has emboldened him. He sees that you would like to do it if you could: and in that wavering of the inclination he sees an eventual triumph. He ventures now upon challenging the prohibition; says out, "Ye shall not surely die;" tells how many have done the same thing, and not suffered for it; how many have stepped just so far out of the right way, and have soon and easily returned to it; or, if not, have been still prosperous, still successful, still happy: "Ye shall not surely die:" depend upon it, God knows that you will not: God knows that this act which you call sin would make you happier, more manly perhaps, more knowing, more independent of foolish scruples and unnecessary restraints: God knows this, and if He still forbids it, it is unreasonable, it is hard, it is arbitrary: break loose—disobey this once—it will make a man of you.

Such are the thoughts, more or less realized, which pass rapidly, sometimes with the quickness of lightning, through a soul under temptation: and O, for once that they are resisted, how often are they yielded to! yielded to by those who know better, by those who half regret it at the moment, who in the retrospect will repent of it bitterly!

And then how does sin spread itself! It cannot rest till it has drawn others in. The woman must make her husband eat: the friend corrupts his friend, the brother entices his brother: and so a deluge of misery enters the world in one drop of sin.

What shall we say of consequences? Man, even fallen man, differs from the evil spirit in this: that he still, at least in the early days, is conscious to himself of his own sin; is but half its friend; has many misgivings and many self-reproaches, even though his life is defiled and spoilt with transgression: and herein, just in this one thing, lies for man a possibility of redemption, which for fallen Angels is not. A man is of two minds: sensual, yet also perceptive of good: he approves the law of God after the inward man, even when how to perform that which is good he finds not.

Hence shame; hence fear: shame when he sees himself naked; fear when he meets his God at evening, and at the voice, "Where art thou?" must come forth and show himself to his Maker.

O how many young men know the truth of this description! men who cannot quite give up all pretence of belief, cannot shake off the habit of evening prayer, even though they can overbear conscience, and do, and do again, the thing which they know is wrong! Yet even they know the bitterness of that after-shame, which makes them blush before themselves in secret; of that after-dread which haunts and oppresses the soul, when it drags itself back at night just to say its prayers! "Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden."

And then those excuses. What sin has not its excuse ready? Sometimes, its commonness: every one commits it. Sometimes the force of individual example: I could not stand alone. Sometimes the influence of a warm affection: my own heart, my own kindliness and love, led me into it. Sometimes, O how often, circumstances—which are God's Providence; or what we call temperament—which is God's creation! Who has not often charged God Himself with the authorship of his sins? Why hast Thou made me thus? so impetuous, so passionate, so hot in impulse and in appetite? Or, why hast Thou placed me thus? under influences so strong, so resistless, and in my case all for evil? Where, in short, is he, who, when he has fallen, throws himself on his face before God, takes all the blame, confesses his own wickedness and his own desert of punishment, and cries aloud for mercy to One whom he cannot make his debtor? May it not be said of that man, that, "though he fall, he shall not be cast away?"

III. We have just touched, though with a faint and light hand, the second topic; that of the Fall as a type: and now let us, in conclusion, say one word upon the remaining point; the Fall in its reversal. What does Holy Scripture reveal to us concerning the undoing of this fatal deed, this deed of our first parents, of which not only have we all reaped the bitter fruit, but which we ourselves have done over again, making it our own choice and act, till certainly we, like them, are without excuse?

The reversal of the Fall is in the work of our Lord Jesus Christ: in his perfect obedience; in his personal victory over every assault of the tempter; in his sufferings voluntarily undergone in working out for us also an eternal redemption; in that death by which He "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," and opened, for us men and for our salvation, the gates of the grave and the gates of hell. These things had in them the virtue and power of an entire reversal of the Fall of Adam. Though not yet rendered availing, by a personal appropriation, to the whole race of man; though waiting for a consummation not yet seen, and a result not yet realized; yet they have in them virtue sufficient for the perfect work; they communicate that virtue already to those who truly believe; and they point onward to a time when sin shall be utterly destroyed and cast out of God's creation, and when there shall be "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth only righteousness."

Read, in this light, as a reversal of Adam's Fall, the record of our Lord's temptation. How the tempter came to Him, as he came of old to the "mother of all living," and bade Him turn the stone into bread for the support of his sinking exhausted frame. There was no sin in that: no prohibition like that trampled upon in the Fall. And yet the Saviour would not. Why? Because He knew the voice; knew it for an enemy's voice, and would none of it: because He saw in the suggestion the hint of faithlessness and self-seeking, and would lean, in entire self-renunciation, upon the all-supporting, all-providing hand of God. Then was the Fall reversed. Then did "the strong man armed" meet a stronger than himself, and retire from the encounter foiled and vanquished. This temptation was in the same region as the earliest of all: it had to do with the body, and with its support by food: it came in the most refined of all forms, suggesting an act not wicked: and yet it was repelled; it was refused and overborne by a stronger sense of duty and of the will of God.

Thus has it been, in a lower degree, with all who in Christ's name have gone forth to the conflict with temptation. Read in this light the lives of saints. See how they have been enabled, by a mightier strength within, to conquer where Adam fell; to say No to appetite, passion, and lust, and wage a successful warfare with "hosts laid against them."

And read in this light the lives of saints still living. What is a saint? He is one of God's consecrated ones. Not a man of different mould from other men; but one on whom the anointing oil of the Holy Spirit has been poured from on high, enabling him to go forth in God's strength to the common occupations and common trials of life, having within him One greater than all that are in the world. There are saints amongst us, in this Scriptural sense; though alas! fewer and feebler than they ought to be. There are men who in the busiest or the humblest callings of this restless and troublous world are striving to maintain a consistent Christian conduct, and whom no force of authority or of example can drive or constrain into immorality or dishonesty. In them also we see a reversal of Adam's Fall. In them also we see how the grace of God through Jesus Christ, earnestly sought and carefully fostered, is able to bring strength out of weakness, and to enable men of no peculiar talent, address, or courage, to stand upright and stedfast in that hour of fiery trial which tries every man's soul of what sort it is.

And read, finally, in this light, the latest chapters of the Book of God. Read, especially, how in the last chapter of all, the 22nd chapter of the Revelation of St. John, it is expressly said that in the heavenly city there stands in the very midst of its street that tree of life from which the fallen Adam was banished, bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month, so that the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations. And read too that benediction which stands later still in that latest utterance of Christ to the Churches: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Miss not, beloved friends, your share in that glorious promise! Fight now the good fight of faith! "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand!" So shall your last end be peace. So shall an entrance be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

HYMNS.

Angels twain were sitting
In the empty tomb;
Lights of day were flitting
Through the silent gloom—
Heavenly angels shining,
Lights of common day,
Blending and entwining
Where the Saviour lay.

Often in our sorrow
Angels may be seen,
When we look to-morrow
Where our griefs had been;
And the angels holy
Comfort us, and say,
"Lo! the Meek and Lowly
Pluck'd the sting away."

Often, as we languish,
Comes the sunshine calm,
Changing all the anguish
Which we would embalm;
And its common beauty
Bids the soul away
To the common duty
Of our every day.

So the angels sitting
In the vacant tomb,
And the daylight flitting
Through the silent gloom,
Grace and duty blending
In a faithful word,
Send us, gladly wending,
On to meet the Lord.

O Pearl of price! my treasured hoard!
O riches righteously adored!
My Christ, my King, my glorious Lord!
The way to God, we all must go;
The truth of God, we all should know;
The only Life in God below!

My faithful Friend, whate'er befall,
My Hope when terrors dark appal,
My resurrection, and mine all!

Lo! all the Love of God is Thine,
And all the wealth of grace divine,
And all Thy riches now are mine.

In Thee my sins are all forgiven,
And sorrows are but shadows driven
Across the sunshine sweet of heaven;
In Thee is Life divine and pure,
And holy joy, and peace secure,
And light that shall for aye endure.

Redeemer, Saviour, Christ divine,
Let all else perish, all is mine,
For Thou art God's, and I am thine;
And all besides is empty loss,
And filthy rags, and wasteful dross,
To know Thee and Thy saving cross.

I filled me with the fear of Hell,
And thought it was the fear of God;
I did not seek to love Him well,
I only trembled at his rod.

The burning fire, the smoking pit,
The worm undying in the breast,
And Dives with his torment smit,
Forbade my trembling heart to rest.

O dreary time, without a gleam
Of Love divine to gild its wrath!
O weary time, without a stream
Of joy in God to cheer my path!

But Christ in mercy did disclose
His grace and love unsearchable;
And from my bondage I arose,
Triumphing o'er the fear of Hell.

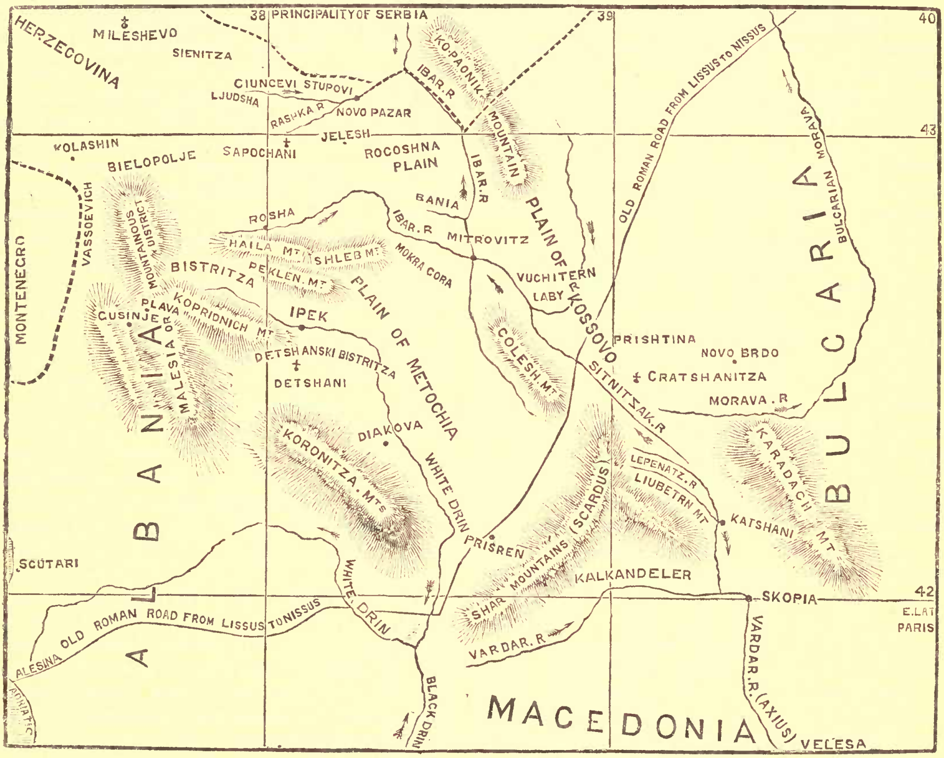
And then I knew the fear of God
Sweet hope and joy and peace imparts,
And walks in light along the road
With heaven unfolding in our hearts.

O blessed Christ! O blessed Cross!
O blessed Spirit! that show'd to me
How terror is Eternal loss,
And trust is Immortality.

ORWELL.

PILGRIMAGE TO OLD-SERBIA.—ANCIENT CHURCHES AND MODERN SCHOOLS.

After long travelling through the brigand-haunted mountains, the neglected plains, and the disorderly townlets of that part of Turkey-in-Europe called by Mussulmans the land of the Arnaout, one day we halted before a noble church. Its walls were built of marble, red, white, and grey, ranged in alternate layers, and some of the slabs so highly polished that the country people take them for crystal; its doors and windows were surmounted by sculptured arches of rich design; its interior was adorned by frescoes traceable rather to an early Italian than to a Byzantine hand. We exclaimed, "Who would have thought to find such a church in *Arnaout-luk!*" A Christian priest who was acting as our cicerone, drew nearer and said in a low voice, "*We* call this country *Old-Serbia.*"


PRINCIPALITY OF SERBIA
HERZECOVINA
MILESHEVO
SIENITZA
CIUNCEVI STUPOVI
LJUDSHA
RASHKA R
NOVO PAZAR
KOPAONIK MOUNTAIN
IBAR R
JELESH
KOLASHIN
BIELOPOLJE
SAPOCHANI
ROCOSHNA PLAIN
BANIA
MONTENEGRO
VASSOEVICH
MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT
ROSHA
HAILA MT
SHLEB MT
MOKRA CORA
MITROVITZ
PEKLEN MT
BISTRITZA
KOPRIDNICH MT
PLAVA
CUSINJE
MALESIA OR
IPEK
PLAIN OF METOCHIA
DETSHANSKI BISTRITZA
DETSHANI
DIAKOVA
KORONITZA MTS
WHITE DRIN
VUCHITERN
LABY
PLAIN OF KOSSOVO
COLESH MT
PRISHTINA
NOVO BRDO
CRATSHANITZA
MORAVA R
SITNITSAK R
OLD ROMAN ROAD FROM LISSUS TO NISSUS
BULCARIAN MORAVA
BULCARIA
KARADACH MT
LEPENATZ R
LIUBETRN MT
KATSHANI
SCARDUS
SHAR MOUNTAINS
PRISREN
KALKANDELER
SKOPIA
VARDAR R
VARDAR R (AXIUS)
SCUTARI
ALBANIA
ALESINA
OLD ROMAN ROAD FROM LISSUS TO NISSUS
BLACK DRIN
ADRIATIC
MACEDONIA
VELESA
38
39
40
43
42
E.LAT PARIS

Map of Stara (Old) Serbia.

Principal Places on the Map:—*Field of Kossovo*—Scene of the Battle in which the Serbian Empire was overthrown by the Turks, 1389. *Prizren and Skopia*—Ancient Serbian Capitals. *Mileshevo, Gratshanitza, Sapochani, Giurgevi Stupovi, Dechani*—Ancient Churches and Monasteries. *Ipek*—Former Seat of Serb Patriarchs. *Novo Brdo*—Town in neighbourhood of Silver Mines.

The name tells its own tale, at least to any one conversant with the history of that portion of Europe which lies between the Danube and the frontiers of ancient Greece. The district designated by its Mahometan inhabitants as Arnaout-luk, and by the Christians as Old or Stara Serbia, is situated north-west of Macedonia, and until the end of the fourteenth century formed part of a powerful Christian monarchy extending from the Danube to the Adriatic. This monarchy was called Serbia,* and what remains of its manuscripts, paintings, and architecture, together with its code of laws, shows it to have been fairly on a level with contemporary Christian states. Its sovereigns assumed the style first of King and then of Czar, and were addressed and treated with as such by the great republic of Venice; its chief ecclesiastic received the title of Patriarch, and was acknowledged by Constantinople. The residence of the Czar was the town of Prizren, the seat of the Patriarch was the town of Ipek; between the two, stretches a fertile plain, in old time called Metochia, and there, among protected villages and peaceful monasteries, stood a church, whereof the king who founded it was so proud that its name has become his surname, and he has gone down to posterity as King Urosh of Dĕchānĭ. Prizren, Ipek, Metochia, and the great neighbouring plain of Kōssŏvŏ, which has given its name to that decisive battle in which the power of Serbia was broken by the Turks—all are included in the tract of country called Old-Serbia. Immediately to the north lies another tract, about one-fifth smaller than Scotland, and with the Danube for its frontier; it rejoices in the name of Serbia, minus the qualificative *old*. For in the beginning of this century the Serbs on the Danube drove out the Turks and established native government, but those farther inland were unable to join them, for reasons which we must shortly detail before proceeding to the recital of our adventures.

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* Ser*b*ia—not Ser*v*ia, the Greek form of a Slavic name, retained by our geographers, but long since disused by the Germans and French.

When the Serb people first were obliged to admit the sovereignty of the Sultan, he promised them self-government, with absolute religious toleration; their civil rulers were indeed gradually expelled, but their Patriarch lived at Ipek as before. No sooner, however, did the Mussulmans get a sure footing in the country, than they began to persecute and trample the Christians, to seize the town-churches for mosques, to interdict the open observance of Christian worship, to carry away Christian children; at last they seized the Patriarch himself, took him off to Asia, and had him hanged. On this the Serbians felt that the Mahometan yoke was no longer to be borne; 30,000 families resolved to leave their country, and a newly-elected religious chief offered to lead the emigration. At that time the Emperor of Germany was at war with the Turks, who had fearfully ravaged the eastern portion of his empire; so he invited the Christian emigrants to pass into his dominions, to repeople and cultivate the north bank of the Danube, and to help to defend it against the Infidel; at the same time he promised that they should return to their own country as soon as he could conquer it back. Unluckily, it has not been conquered back yet, nor is it likely ever to be so, as far as the Germans or other foreigners are concerned.

The Serbian emigrants still remain on the wrong side of the river, but during more than two centuries they have preserved their own language, their fidelity to the Oriental Church, and a certain measure of self-government; while they still speak of the countries south of the Danube as their real fatherland, to which they shall some day return. One part of their present territory they have in a manner dedicated to the memory of their old home—viz., a hilly peninsula, called the Frusca Gora, between the rivers Danube and Save. Here they have built churches, and called them after the names of those they left behind; hither they have transported part of their treasures and the bones of some of their kings. Their most sacred relic is the body of their last Czar, which is shown to the people in an open coffin, dressed in the robes in which he fell in the great battle against the Infidel. On the anniversary of his death the inhabitants of the Serbian lands north of the Danube and Save make pilgrimages to the church where he lies, and on this and similar festivals their bards sing to them of the deeds of their ancestors, and the old men hand down descriptions of their fathers' land. They are told how many of the grand old churches have been turned into mosques or utterly destroyed, and how in various places the Christian people hold their worship among moss-grown ruins; but it is related also that one or two of the said churches have been spared, inasmuch as the Christians will pay almost anything to save them, and thus they prove to the conquerors a constant means of extracting bribes. Among the churches thus preserved are, it is said, those of the Patriarchate at Ipek and of the monastery of Dechani, and the description given of them in the Frusca Gora is enough to send anyone on pilgrimage to visit these Old-Serbian shrines.

But to such pilgrimages there exist obstacles in the habits and dispositions of those who now tenant the Old-Serbian land; for when the 30,000 families emigrated they left behind them comparatively few to cultivate and defend the fertile plains of Metochia and Kossovo, and these soon found rude settlers in the Albanians, Skipetars or Arnaouts, who came down on them from the surrounding hills. In old times the Northern Albanians and the Serbians appear sometimes as under one government, sometimes allies, and generally, as it seems, good friends; and to this day many of the Arnaouts speak, in addition to their own language, Serbian, whereas they do not and will not speak Turkish; but most of the Serbs belonged to the Oriental Church, while the Albanians were chiefly Roman Catholics, or, as they say, *Latins*. So long as these Roman Christians kept to their mountains, the Sultan could get no more out of them than a nominal recognition, which is all that is yielded to this day by such of their tribes as remain in the hills. But when the Albanians came down to the plains, they became subject to the same oppressions as had driven away so many Serbs. Only a few of the Arnaouts could bear this, and even now some of them appear to change their faith backward and forward, according as they are most alarmed at the prospect of purgatory wherewith their priests threaten them, or by that of temporary torments at the hands of the Mussulmans. As for the greater number of those who seized upon the plains of Old-Serbia, they apostatized and went over to Islam. On this, the government of the Porte, having laid pressure on them till they renegaded, ceased to exert the degree of authority which might have reduced them into peaceable subjects. Wild mountaineers as they were, they continued their family feuds and blood feuds unrestrained, while they hugged their new creed for the excuse it afforded them to plunder the Christians they found in the plain. The country from end to end became a den of robbers, and was appropriately named after its new lords,—Arnaout-luk.

Even to such officers as the Porte does send among them, the Mahometan Albanians offer scant homage. "Fear God little," say they; "and as for the Sultan, do not know that he lives." Just before our visit, the Kaimakan (governor) of Ipek having gone so far as to raise taxes from Mussulmans as well as from Christians, was shot by the former in the very act. As it happened, this incident turned out to our advantage, for a direct attack on the Sultan's representative roused even the sluggish Turkish authorities, and a neighbouring Pasha, with a body of regular troops, was sent to restore order in Arnaout-luk. His progress left behind it little or no permanent benefit, but for the time being it infused such a degree of scrupulousness into the brigand-inhabitants as served for the protection of travellers, at least of travellers who were also Franks.

One word more to depict the present state of Old-Serbia. Although, as we have said, the emigration of its Christian inhabitants disabled this part of the country from driving out the Turks when they were driven out of the districts nearer the Danube, yet many of the Old-Serbians have tasted of freedom and native government in visits to their countrymen in the so-called Principality of Serbia. It may be wondered that they do not emigrate thither entirely; and many do so as soon as they can earn money to transport their families, while young men who cross the border unmarried, can scarce ever be induced to return; but the Turkish authorities do all in their power to hinder the departure of their only quiet cultivators, and the Government of the Principality of Serbia does not encourage people to leave the old country, since, should they all depart, there will be no chance of ever restoring it to Christian rule. It is those of the Old-Serbians who visit the Principality, and then return to their homes in Arnaout-luk, who do the most to serve the nation, for they bring back with them the ideas of liberty and of progress, sometimes they even bring back school-books hidden in bales of merchandise. The seed falls in prepared soil, for the old monasteries with their stores of MSS. have at least served to keep up the memory of national culture and to identify it with the memory of national freedom. "Let us have schools," say their elders one to another, "such as you and I saw in Free Serbia. Our sons ought to know more than we do, if they are to bring the good time nearer." The proposition finds favour, and the idea spreads even to the weaker sex. In Ipek, the old seat of the Patriarchate, there was found a good and brave woman, who said, "Let us have schools for our daughters as well as for our sons."

Hence comes it, that on our pilgrimage to Old-Serbia we found not only ancient churches, but several small modern schools.

It was on a beautiful evening in July that we issued from the northern passes on the plain where stands the town of Ipek. In spite of the neighbourhood of the Pasha and his soldiers, it was not judged prudent for us to cross the mountains with a guard of less than twenty men, and on our way we met a second troop, the leader of which was the greatest villain in the country, and as such had been made responsible for our safety. During the first part of the way our escort scampered about at will, but presently we came to the Streta Gora or gorge of the river Bistritza, a bridle-road across the face of the rock, narrow and without parapet. Here our cavalcade had to march single file, and a lengthy and wearisome procession it proved. At last we came to the key of the pass, the so-called "Grad of Irene," which for lack of standing room on the face of the cliff has turned the rock itself into a castle, connecting and fortifying a series of caves. Here you pass out as through a gateway, and the rocks close behind you as folding portals; soon after you find yourself under the white walls of a monastery, and the Arnaout leader clapping spurs to his horse, whoops out, "Here we are!"

The foot soldiers filled the court, the Arnaouts clattered in on their prancing steeds; in vain we returned with all imaginable cordiality the salutation of the monks—evidently they were frightened to death. At first they declared they had no room fit for us, but taking them apart we addressed them in their own tongue, told them we were Christians, that we could send away our guards, and would pay for all we used. Thus reassured, they showed us up-stairs to a large empty chamber, wherein we spread our carpets, and set up our camp beds and table. When we entered the windows were without glass, but on the departure of the Arnaouts, glazed frames were brought, and, with much ado, fitted in.

Next morning we received visits, or rather deputations, from Ipek—the Turkish governor's son, a fat red-faced man in uniform; the plausible and loquacious Roman Catholic Albanians; the stalwart and reserved elders of the Serbs. Our most interesting visitor was the Serbian schoolmistress—Katerina Simitch, a grave intelligent woman in the dress of a nun. All gave a sad account of the state of matters at Ipek—quarrels, robbery, and murder among the Arnaouts,—destruction overtaking every prosperous Rayah, insults to the point of flinging stones at the Christian dead when carried forth for burial.

When the monks had satisfied themselves that we were friendly, and further, that except our own cavass, every Mussulman had left the monastery, they invited us to come and see their church, and whispered that they had ancient things to show. A wall, passing through the court of the monastery, parts off the sacred building, and to some extent hides it; and only on entering the inner inclosure we saw anything to remind us that we stood within the venerable Patriarchate* of Ipek.

The original church, built in the thirteenth century by the successor of St. Sava, the first Serbian metropolitan, was afterwards almost destroyed by the Turks, and the present building is a structure of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when art in Serbia had sensibly declined since the days of freedom. Hence this church is far less beautiful, both as regards form and frescoes, than some others; on the other hand, it is richer than any in relics and tombs. The central edifice and two large side chapels are each surmounted by a dome. Seen from without, three leaden cupolas in a row look heavy and tasteless enough; but their windows throw an effective and unusual flood of light on the interior, and in the two side chapels the windows have coloured glass, a great rarity in Serbian churches.

The nave is low in proportion to its length, and is full of monuments. On the right side, near the altar-steps, stands the marble throne of the patriarchs. The south chapel contains a miraculous icon of the Virgin, adorned with a necklace of old gold coins. We were shown the mitre of the Archbishop Nicodemus; also an ancient patriarch's staff, with an inscription, partly Greek, and partly in characters unknown.

There are still MSS. and some articles of value belonging to the church at Ipek; but to save the conscience of the Hegoumon a useless burden of "Neima's," ("There is not") a monk told us frankly that they dared not draw these treasures from their hiding-place.

We were hurried in our examination of the church by the appearance of our cavass, doing what he could to prevent the Arnaout leader from following him into it. The Mussulmans had come to conduct us to the town, and that they might have no excuse for remaining, we hastily took leave of the monks, and set out.

From the Patriarchate to the town of Ipek is scarce a quarter of an hour's ride. On a green plot outside the town, the Serb mistress had drawn up her school—pretty little girls, glowing with health and excitement, smooth-haired, and dressed in their holiday garb; the grey figures of the nun and her assistants marshalled their white and crimson ranks. Next day, we visited the Serbian schools. That of the boys was small and low, but filled with handsome sturdy children. They received us singing at the top of their voices, and accompanying themselves on pieces of metal, which they struck into a jingling like that of small bells. The school-books were, as usual, from the printing press in Belgrade in Free Serbia; maps they had not, so we promised them a supply. The female school was still humbler than that of the boys, for the Arnaouts tol-rate no display; and as it is, have twice forced an entrance, and robbed it of all they could find. Twenty-seven children could read Serbian and the old or church Slavonic, and write a little. "That is all," quoth Katerina, "that we can teach them, for it is all we know ourselves; but those who can read have it in their power to learn more." From the school-room we were conducted into Katerina's parlour, and there introduced to her grown pupils and their mothers. Several wore a sort of monastic garb; for although Katerina was the only one among them regularly professed, the rest had dedicated themselves to a single life, good works, teaching, and prayer. The story of Katerina is this:—She was the wife of a priest, who taught her to read. After the death of her husband, and her only daughter, she set herself to teach the daughters of others. The bishop passing through Ipek, heard of her, and proposed to her to take religious vows. She answered, "I am willing to do so if, as a nun, I can continue to teach children." Those only who know how hard it is in these countries to find a Slavonic female teacher, and how hard, when found, to retain any schoolmistress, the usual object of her engagement being merely to earn a marriage portion—will be able adequately to appreciate the seed of usefulness in the Serb school at Ipek.

A red-tunicked Arnaout, with his Bashi-bazouks; an officer of Nizam, with six troopers carrying flags; mounted citizens, among whom we recognised the Latin elder, and a Serb pope—these formed our escort out of Ipek. On the way we stopped to pay a visit to what is called the Arnaout girls' school. It was not the first we had seen, but for long these so-called schools had seemed to us an unfathomable mystery, since the women who frequented them could neither read nor write, and assured us that they learned their sewing at home. At last it was explained that the course of instruction consisted in teaching them to hum over what they call Turkish prayers—*i.e.*, prayers in a language they understand not, and respecting which they are quite uncertain whether it be Turkish or Arabic. In most places we had found great reluctance to admit us into Mussulman girls' schools, but the Arnaouts of Ipek were now on good behaviour, and our present visit was paid by special invitation.

A door in the garden-wall was opened by its turbaned keeper, and as we entered it, each was seized by a Hodgia, or teacher, but more like a harpy. We were embraced, dragged, carried through the court into the house, and finally deposited on a low divan in the corner of a close room stuffed with females. The harpies began tearing off our riding things, and fanning us: the first was enormously fat, and red-faced; the second I forget; but the third, haggard and vulture-beaked, was coifed with a pale green veil. The noise they made was stunning, and among their outcries we distinguished, "Are you Mussulmans? Are you

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* We call this monastery and church the "Patriarchate," because the people of the country call them so, not giving themselves the trouble to distinguish between the jurisdiction of the Patriarch and his former residence.

Mussulmans?" At first, not feeling sure of consequences, we took no notice of this query; but rendered desperate by their civilities, at last cried out, "No, we are Christians." These words acted like a spell. The three Hodgias fell back, the crowd closed on them, even the voices underwent a lull; we, profiting by the result, contemplated the tenants of the school-room. Except a few puzzled-looking children, all were grown up, and many were past their prime—evidently an assembly of the Arnaout ladies of Ipek. Presently we asked, in Serb, if they would kindly show us their books.

Thereupon the harpies-in-chief reappeared. "What did we want? Coffee was coming." Suddenly a voice sounded behind us, and we perceived outside the low window a woman holding a baby, who looked into the room over our shoulders. She spoke Serb, and said, "You wish them to read, do you not?" Then, lifting up her voice, shouted, "They want you to teach. Teach, I say." General hubbub, everyone with a different outcry. "What do you want?"—"Books!"—"Coffee!"—"Teach!" At this juncture, the fat Hodgia leant over us, and with hospitable intent to make our seat more comfortable, began clawing up the fusty cushions behind us, and clapping them. Stifled, we sprang to our feet, and, as courteously as the crisis permitted, dived and waded through the squatting forms. At the door we met the coffee; but as it had been brewed since the discovery of our Giaourism, we were not tempted to do more than put our lips to it. The turbaned keeper laughed good-naturedly at our suffering aspect, and hastened to undo the garden-door. Once without, the red-coated Arnaout, the Nizam, Serbs and Latins, all seemed as saints and angels after the crew within the school.

The Patriarchate of Ipek and the Monastery of Vissoko Dechani are divided by a distance of three hours. Each lies at the point where a stream called Bistritza* flows from the mountain gorges into the plain. This plain, lying between the great monasteries of Prizren, Dechani, and Ipek, was almost all Church land, and hence its name Metochia (μετόχιον); but since the emigration of the Serb inhabitants, and the descent of the Arnaout from the hills, the latter have called it, from their former home, Dukadjin. These two names express the change that came over this once favoured region, for of all the haunts where the cowardly brigand, firing from his ambush, plunders the industrious and defenceless, none is more notorious than the northern corner of Dukadjin.

Our way lay along the base of a wooded range, shooting up into high fantastic crags, now peaked as an obelisk, now crenelated like the battlements of a castle. Beneath the grey cliff the mountain forest showed an emerald verdure these lands but seldom see; and from the forest downward stretched fields and pastures dotted with groves and fragrant with fresh hay. Nor did the picture lack its foreground, but instead of patient oxen and labourers wending home, we had the flags of cavalry and their prancing steeds, the gold and crimson tunic and long gun of the Arnaout.

It was evening ere we caught our first view of Dechani. At the opening of a dark glen at the foot of wooded hills, the clear-cut outlines of those marble walls streamed through the twilight with pearly brightness. After a day spent among the savageries of Arnaout-luk, night brought with it the witness that this was once a Christian land.

At the great gate of the monastery stood the abbot, with the priests carrying banners, and clad in scarlet, white, and crimson. As we alighted, the priests turned about, and marched before us towards the church; the abbot signed to follow in procession. From the clear summer evening we passed into the shadow of the marble nave, and stood before the gate of the sanctuary. A short prayer was chanted by the priests, a silent prayer followed, and then the abbot welcomed us to Dechani.

The monastery is built on the north side of the church, the whole being surrounded by a court. To keep the Arnaouts out of those places where they can do most mischief, a second wall has been raised through the court, and joins the church at the west end. Within this inner enclosure are the guest chambers, with large windows opening on a front gallery, and small ones opposite looking on the Bistritza. The room assigned to us was spacious and painted, and contained, besides the divan, a table and chairs. It was built and furnished with money from Serbia; a tablet laid in the wall records the gift of Prince Milosh. Cool and shady in the midst of summer, the traveller will at first pronounce this chamber delightful; but let him not rejoice too soon. The absence of glass in the windows, the draught that pierces through and through, the chill night air on stream and hill, are highly suggestive of rheumatism and fever to the frame of a new-comer from the Ipek plain. We suffered so much that Hadgi Cyril, the second Hegoumon, in whose chamber the windows were glazed, kindly gave it up to us; still, illness did much to impede a full use of the ten days we spent in the convent.

The church and monastery of Dechani were founded by the sainted King of Serbia, Urosh III., thence called "Kralj Dechanski." In his time the monastery was a royal residence, and there is still to be seen the old kitchen with its central fireplace; also the rooms, now renovated from their foundations, where the royal saint, when on a visit to the monastery, entertained his numerous guests. The higher room is for the richer sort, the lower for the poor. The latter has a board long enough to accommodate a hundred persons, and at its upper end are the small stone table and chair where the good king sat and looked on.

After the battle of Kossovo, the Turks sacked the monastery; and when Czaritza Militza, the widow of Czar Lazar, came thither, she found, in the words of the charter, "This lovely spot, the resting-place of the sainted King Urosh III., so laboured and cared for by its pious benefactor, now, on account of our sins, by the permission of God, burnt and destroyed of the evil tribe of Ishmael." Militza restored the convent from its ashes, and granted a new charter. Since then, however, it has been ravaged by a barbarian known only by the indefinite appellation "Tartar Khan," and it was probably in this last calamity that the campanile perished which used to stand over the court gateway.

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* The name "Bistritza" signifies clear, and is very common among Slavonic streams. In this neighbourhood there are three Bistritzas, tributaries of the Drina.

Fortunately, the ravagers of the monastery have hitherto spared the church of Dechani, a beautiful structure of the fourteenth century, which, some broken carving excepted, is still as perfect as when it issued from the hand of the founder. In outline the church is cruciform, and consists of narthex, nave, and sanctuary, with two small side-chapels; unlike some other Serbian churches, it is not cumbered with an extra porch. A cross of massive silver surmounts its single dome. The monks declare this cupola was to have been only one of twenty-four, and that the interior is vaulted to correspond with that number. But as the end of the royal founder drew nigh, it became unlikely he could complete twenty-four domes; so St. Nicolas, appearing in a dream, desired him to finish the church with one, and dedicate it to the One God in Trinity. On high festivals the dome of Dechani is illuminated, and can then be seen as far as Prizren —cheery light for the Christian in these plains!

The east end has five round apses, the full wave of the centre receding in two smaller ones on either side. In the principal apse, and over the west door, are large three-light windows, divided by slender columns, and surmounted by a projecting arch resting on richly carved pillars. Similar arches adorn each of the three doors, which are all in the narthex.

All round the walls runs a stone bench for the repose of weary pilgrims. On this bench, of a sunny afternoon, you are sure to find the Archimandrite Seraphim, waiting for the vesper-bell. Under his guidance we will enter the church.

The narthex is panelled with red and white marble, and its vaulted roof rests on four marble columns, of which the capitals and pedestals are ornamented variously with birds, beasts, and flowers. The walls are covered with frescoes of sacred and historic subjects, and on the north side of the door leading into the nave are the figures of the founder and his son. On the wall behind the font is painted the genealogy of the royal race of Nemania. The door into the nave has an elaborate round arch, supported on pillars of red and of white marble, in rows of six on each side. The nave has four columns, like those in the narthex; and besides these, eight painted pillars. Entering from the narthex, your eye falls on two tombs covered with red velvet, which stand side by side to your right. These are in memory of the royal founder, and of St. Ielena, his sister, a wife of the Bulgarian Czar Michael.

Opposite the altar-screen are two stalls—one the bishop's, and the other the old marble seat of the Serbian kings. On the left side of the altar-screens are the relics of the "Sainted King." The body lies in a painted and gilt coffin, clad in silken garments. Within the holy place is a stone synthronus, and the altar, which is of marble, apparently modern. There are but few valuables to be seen in the sanctuary; the most remarkable are several crosses, and a so-called model of the church, well-bejewelled, but clumsy and unlike.

The wonders of Dechani do not terminate with those to be found in the precincts of the convent. Behind it lies the glen of the Bistritza, of which the cliffs contain no less than 200 rock hermitages, wherein were written great part of the MSS. now stored in a chest within the church. We saw among them an illuminated copy of the Gospels.

Since the Arnaouts have taken leave to feed their flocks on convent ground, and to range about the hills with their guns, the hermitages (*Slav*, postionitze) have no longer been safe for the monks; but in old times they were in high favour, and were tenanted by illustrious personages, among others by king Urosh, and his sister the czarine. During our stay at the convent we explored several of them, but they are not very easy to get at without the ladder or plank which their whilom inhabitants used to extend to visitors. Persons not addicted to scrambling may be glad to know that a good view may be obtained of the two principal hermitages from a path on the south side of the Bistritza, about a quarter of an hour from the convent. Hence we see the hermitage of the king, like a high narrow house with windows and a door, and a rock for its back wall. Lower down on the bare face of the cliff is the hermitage of St. Ielena. Denuded of its front, it gives to view two arched clefts, with a rose-bush between them. We were bent on gaining a near inspection, and therefore crossed the Bistritza, and clambered up the steep bank on the other side. The destruction of wall in St. Ielena's hermitage has left scarce footing across the face of the cliff, and even when you have gained the first cell, there is nothing to be seen. But pushing through the rose-bush you get to the second, and there find traces of the sanctuary of the hermit's chapel. A slab cut in the rock represents the altar, and the icons are painted on a stucco coating.

Between the hermitage of St. Ielena and that of the royal saint, we passed a fountain called Kralieva Chesma. Arrived at the cell, the monk was about to lead us in, when, with a cry of dismay, he pointed to the traces of fire. "They have burnt the staircase, all is destroyed." Too true, the Arnaouts, finding shelter in the entrance, had lit their fire, using the stair for a chimney, and thus was burnt not only the means of ascent, but the very floor of the upper room—after lasting five hundred years! Imagine our feelings when a moment later we found one of the perpetrators of the mischief nonchalantly looking on at our side—Arnaout, of course, a half-naked, stunted savage, by way of herding goats, but duly carrying his gun.

However, the monks would easily forgive the Arnaouts for destroying the hermitages, if only they would cease to prey on the convent itself. By the edict of its founder, Dechani was to be a "Royal House," where every poor man might be sure of a piece of bread, and fields and pastures were assigned from which to provide its hospitality. The order is now changed. To sustain the convent, Christian peasants give of their poverty; while the lazy Mussulman, having taken away most of the pastures and fields, yet demands at his pleasure food, lodging, provender for his horses, raki for his feasts, and when all is supplied, regards it only as a tribute for his forbearance in letting the convent stand. Travelling Pashas, and their locust suites frequently quarter themselves in the monastery for days; and during the Montenegrin war, parties of Nizam, Bashi-bazouks, sick, wounded, all found quarters there in turn, all devoured, no one paid. We ourselves saw how of an evening any number of Arnaouts would stalk in, and demand supper and a night's lodging, giving no better reason for their intrusion than that they were tired, and did not wish to walk to their homes that night. After supper, there is often a brawl, and the Zaptieh paid by the monks to protect them, has ere this been wounded in his attempts to keep order; while nothing but the consideration that they would thus lose their free hostelry, deters these wild guests from burning the convent any day. Again, when the Mussulmans hold a feast, they scruple not to borrow the dishes, clothes, vessels of the monastery, wherewith to make a show; nay, at their weddings, they dress the bride in the gorgeous gold-heavy ecclesiastical vestments which have descended to the monks from ancient times. Profanation apart, this is the least of grievances, for the Arnaouts keep strict watch upon each other, and every article thus borrowed is returned, in order that it may be forthcoming when next wanted.

It is remarkable that the Mahometan Albanians, when sick, ask prayers from Christian priests, and on occasion of some festivals crowd to church and attend service, hoping thus to propitiate certain saints whose power they still fear. The old Prior of Dechani hinted to us with grim satisfaction, that the saints would take no account of their attendance, since they never pay the priest his due. On other feasts, the same Albanians repair to a chapel in the neighbourhood, where on certain days, Christians assemble to take the sacrament; there the Mahometans surround the doors, and allow no one to go out or in without paying toll.

To supply the constant demand of the Mussulmans, and yet keep up the church and monastery, the monks must eke out the produce of their few fields, and the contributions of the Christian neighbourhood, by begging journeys through Austria, Russia, Serbia. All in all, their life is a hard one, and it is not surprising that every day it becomes harder to find monks for Dechani. Perhaps not even their proud faithfulness to a noble monument of their nation's empire would retain the present guardians at their post, were it not for the expectation that they shall yet deliver over their precious charge to a free Serbian people. This hope gains strength, for—among other signs of the times—the attempt lately made by the Porte to introduce the conscription and foreign officials has so disgusted the Arnaouts, that they have begun to ask themselves if they might not do better as citizens of self-governing Serbia. Their present profession of Mahometanism is, even by their own account, no obstacle; once they were all Christians, and if anything is to be gained, they will profess Christianity again. Three years ago, during the war with Montenegro, it was very generally expected that a Serbian army would cross the border and co-operate with the kindred tribes of the hills. Accordingly, the Albanian chiefs and elders of the settlements in Old-Serbia held assemblies and reasoned thus:—"We have been long fighting with the Montenegrins, and know that they are good heroes, but they have not European arms, and we can always hold our own against them. But it is said that the Serbs have cannon, and their officers are taught in Frankish schools. If they join the Montenegrins we shall just fight one battle and be beaten—then we must make terms. Let us seek those who have been in Serbia, and ask what taxes are there paid." They were told the Serbian government asks two ducats of every house-father. "Two ducats! we will give *three*, if they will swear not to take us for the conscription!" Answer, "The Serbs do not care for Nizam, their soldiers are militia (narodni)." "Good, good," cried the Arnaouts; "why, we should be better off under the Prince of Serbia than we now are under the Sultan. Let but the Serbs march over the border, we will negotiate with them through the Abbot of Dechani."

But no Serbian army crossed the frontier, and the antagonism between Turkey and the Slavonic Christians remains a smothered fire. Throughout Old-Serbia the authority of the Porte is still strong enough to obstruct the introduction of anything better, and crafty enough to set tribe against tribe, but powerless to restrain evil, and careless to protect the peaceful and diligent. Yet the more thoughtful and confident among the Christians steadfastly look for a "good time coming." The priests plead before the altar of the ancient churches, and in the new schools the children are taught to pray that the light of Christ's freedom may soon penetrate these "dark places of the earth, full of cruelty."

A. P. IRBY AND G. MUIR MACKENZIE.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIDAY was the day of Katy's funeral, and Friday was now come. Had Hagart been a rich man, and the keeper of a considerable establishment, the ceremony would have been much more imposing. He would have had a hearse and a string of mourning coaches. His wife in the midst of consoling female friends would have been weeping in her interior privacies; he would have stood at the door of his dining room in sable garments and flowing white cravat, receiving his friends, as they passed in, with a silent shake of the hand. And when his friends were seated, and contemplating their hats before them on their knees, a solemn waiter would have gone round the company with a silver salver containing cake and wine, followed by a second with cards for the near relatives, containing instructions as to the order in which they were to file out of the house, and to arrange themselves round the grave, and by a third bearing bundles of black kid-gloves. As it was, when the couple of mourning coaches at two o'clock drove up and took their stations at the gate, Hagart sat with his wife and Jack in the little sitting room waiting arrivals. On the table were some bits of cake, a few glasses, and a bottle of sherry of unknown antecedents, supplied by the grocer. The three sat in silence, occupied with their own thoughts. Mrs. Hagart, whose heart was in the next room, wiped her eyes at intervals. Hagart was wondering inwardly whether Miss McQuarrie and the elder Wedderburn Brother would come. He was anxious that his employer should do him that honour—with Miss McQuarrie's presence he felt he could gladly dispense. Jack was lost in a vague sea of excitement, out of which he occasionally emerged to stare with a sense of wonder, not unmixed with pride, on his black dress and white cambric cuffs. At five minutes after two o'clock, the bell rang, and by Martha—who was decently attired in a plain black gown and white collar—Mr. Stavert was admitted. Hagart rose at once, shook hands, and expressed in a low voice his satisfaction at seeing him on such an occasion—especially as he had a considerable distance to come. Stavert pressed the hand in return. "You are one of the family, Hagart, and I would have come a greater distance on an occasion like this." He then went up to Mrs. Hagart, bowed, muttered a sentence or two of sympathy, and sat down in a chair in a corner. The silence which had been scared for a moment, settled down on the company. Hagart wished some one would speak, he was unable to utter a sentence himself, and then he found himself staring at his guest, and marvelling what Miss McQuarrie would think if she knew that the sable dress he then wore had been slipped into his portmanteau—to be at hand in case of accidents—when he was summoned by his wife and daughter to that indomitable lady's sick-bed. This thought took curious possession of him, and his sense that it would violate all the proper solemnities made it all the more difficult to restrain a smile. A peal of the bell came to his relief; and then Dr. Crooks and the clergyman entered, the doctor brisk, clean-shaved and self-possessed as ever; the clergyman tall, gaunt, kindly-eyed, and seventy, a ragged fringe of silver hair around his temples, and with a didactic or hortatory pitch in his voice that made his simplest sentences impressive. The good man had preached so long, had dwelt so long amongst sacred subjects, that his ordinary speech was coloured by scriptural phraseology, and his simple "good morning" sounded like a text, or a practical application. Jack, who had never seen the clergyman save in the pulpit, regarded him with much interest as he sat there in his father's house—up till now he had associated a clergyman with gown and bands, as rustics associate kings and queens with robes and crowns, and if the truth must be told he was a little disappointed—the venerable man being in his opinion a great deal too like ordinary mortals. Again the bell rang, and to Hagart's just pride and gratification the elder Wedderburn Brother came—a big bland man, with thin florid hair and gold spectacles—who shook his hand cordially, saluted Mrs. Hagart respectfully, and then sat down beside Jack, patting him on the head as he did so. There was a kindly light in his blue eye, there was a persuasive tone in his voice—evidently a man who would be a prime favourite with children, for the reason amongst others that his pockets would be stuffed with sweetmeats. The elder Wedderburn Brother had no sooner taken his seat than the carriage from Hurlford drove up—to the amazement and disgust of Mrs. Graves, the entire Bounderby family, Mrs. Hislop and her two grown-up daughters, all of whom had their noses flattened against their respective window-panes at that particular moment—and Miss McQuarrie came out, supporting herself on her stick, but looking much stronger than when Jack saw her first at the station-house on the canal bank. The arrival of this formidable lady caused some little stir. Martha's imagination had been excited on the matter, she had heard a great deal about her, she had always maintained that Miss McQuarrie would appear in person, and here sure enough was Miss McQuarrie at last. Martha stared, and the sharp falcon-like features, the masterdom of the keen eye, the rich dress with its depth of crape, fairly took away her breath. When the sitting-room door was opened for her, she made an old-fashioned obeisance or courtesy as she entered, took Hagart's hand carelessly, who rose to receive her, while her eyes went into him like skewers; pressed her lips to Mrs. Hagart's cheek—over whom a wave of old remembrance came at the moment, filling her eyes—and sat down on an unoccupied chair by her side. She nodded to Jack, glanced sharply round the room, and then, as if satisfied with her scrutiny, folded her arms in her dress, while Hagart stole a furtive glance at her countenance, and thought to himself that—however much both should wish it—they could never get on.

Mr. Stavert sat in a corner; and if one had taken notice they might have seen that gentleman colour slightly and his eyebrows rise in an arch of pure astonishment when Miss McQuarrie entered. It was plain that to him at least her appearance was unexpected; plain also that in that room and on that occasion her appearance was far from being a pleasure. He shifted in his seat for a second or so, and then with a tentative smile on his face, a smile in embryo, that might come into complete existence if sufficient encouragement would be given, he rose, came out of his dusk, and stretched out his hand. Miss McQuarrie rose to meet him.

"I am delighted to see you looking so well and hearty," said the lord of Cuchullin Lodge, with the uneasy smile still on his visage, as he took her hand in both of his, and drew a palm tenderly across her rings. "You are much stronger than when I saw you last—younger-looking by twenty years in fact."

"Am I?" said Miss Kate, grimly. "Give my love to your wife and daughter, and be sure to tell them how much I have improved. They will be so glad to hear it, poor dears!"

"Eliza and Flora have thought of calling often," went on Stavert; "but after that painful, that unfortunate misunderstanding as I may call it, they have a certain delicacy. They have kept themselves to themselves, although they are thinking of you continually; and as you have shown no sign of relenting, they are very unhappy."

Miss Kate dropped her voice to a whisper. "Don't talk stuff, Stavert. This is no place or time for it. I know you—you know me. Go back to your seat now."

Stavert's palm slid off the rings as if they had burned him, and he went back to his corner while Miss Kate resumed her seat. In a little while the ladies left the room—doubtless to have a last look of her who was to be carried away.

Martha came in and handed round wine and cake, then the clergyman prayed, and after the prayer was over, a man came and whispered in Hagart's ear. Hagart then took Jack by the hand and went out, the others following him. When they took their seats, Miss McQuarrie's carriage moved off and drew up on the side of the road next the canal bank. They then drove away, and the last thing that Jack saw was his mother standing at the window of the sitting-room with a handkerchief at her eyes.

Mrs. Hagart stood at the window after the coaches had gone. Miss Kate sat on a chair a little removed; at last she rose and placed her hand on her sister's shoulder. "Cry your fill, Margaret, it will do you good! I wish I could cry like that."

"O Kate," sobbed the poor mother, "this is a sore hour. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. My prayer is that He will give me grace to say at length, 'Blessed be His name.'"

"He will comfort you," said the other. "But cry your fill now." And the room was silent for a little while.

"Margaret," said Miss Kate at length, "come and sit down beside me and let me see you!" And Mrs. Hagart sat down beside her sister and took her hand.

And Miss Kate kissed her again on the cheek. "Katy will always be with you. There will always be a child in the house. That seems poor comfort to-day, Margaret; but the thought will gather sweetness year by year. You are much changed, Margaret—changed almost as much as I have been. Do you remember the old times?—the white house above the rocks with the pine woods behind?—the cottages along the shore with the herring-nets drying in the wind? Do you remember how we stood at sunset, and saw the red islands rise out of a gold-leaf sea? Do you remember your father?" And as she spoke there was a far-away look in her eyes.

But one word had touched a bitter and long-concealed pang. "Kate," said Mrs. Hagart, in a low tremulous voice that shook with apprehension of what it was about to bring on itself, "you were with papa when he died. Did he say hard things of me? Did he forgive me before the close?"

"We both said hard things of you in our blindness. I have forgiven you in this world—he has forgiven you in the other."

"Then he died in anger?"

"He died in anger, Margaret. But I was more wicked than he—I lived in anger for years. That is all over now."

"I knew he had not forgiven me," said the other with a sort of moan, while her head dropped, and she drew herself together. "I knew it. Oh, I have been so unhappy, Kate—so unhappy."

"Unhappy, Margaret? Has Hagart——"

At some suspicion as to how the sentence would end, or at some implied blame in the tone, a faint colour came into Mrs. Hagart's face. "Sister," she said, and she lifted her head and looked her sister full in the eyes, "I know what you were going to say; at all events I know what is in your mind. We are friends at last, after a long, and, to me, a bitter separation; and this friendship, which I value almost above everything, I did not seek. It came to me as it was taken away from me. And it can only exist on one condition: there must be no mistrust of my husband. Anything said against him I shall consider as said against myself. He has always been good, gentle, and kind. He never willingly gave me a moment's pain. I love him more entirely to-day than when I married him. But for this—this dreadful sorrow, and the knowledge that I was disowned by my family, I have been happy—happier than most women. You'll try and like Hagart, Kate, for my sake?"

"I said nothing against Hagart, child; and if I did, there's no necessity for eating me up. I'll try and like him, of course. I don't say that I shall be able quite—but I'll try. In any case, you will never hear me say a word against him. I did not marry him, you know, and cannot be expected to admire him so much as you do."

"We have been poor, we have had hardships—hardships which you never knew anything about. Yet I dare say," and here a smile came into Mrs. Hagart's eyes as she looked up, "we have been happier even than you with all your wealth and absence from care."

"Happier than me! you might well be! Look at me," cried Miss Kate almost fiercely. "Have I a happy face? You think no one has known sorrow but you. Girl, I have carried a sorer heart than yours is now for years and years; have gone to bed with it at night, have risen up with it in the morning. It began to ache before you were born. It aches now."

Mrs. Hagart looked up at her sister in wonder, and saw a sudden excitation in her face.

"Although you can't remember it, and perhaps won't believe it," Miss Kate went on, "I had once as smooth a cheek and as round a form as yours. The blood that has become cold and bitter once danced over neck and temple to the music of a voice and the sound of a step. My hair was beautiful then, he said, and when he caressed it curled to his touch. My lips were red then, and they returned his kisses. He was a soldier and a gentleman, Margaret—a man a gentlewoman had no reason to be ashamed of loving—tall, brave, merry-hearted. We were to have been married, but we quarrelled—about a wretched trifle, some hasty word. We were both to blame, perhaps I most of all. I forgave him in my heart, but I was too proud to *say* that I forgave him. It is only lately I have been able to say I could forgive. You have not the same kind of blood in your veins that I have. Your mother's, which was soft as ewe's milk, has mixed with it and sweetened it. That is fifty years ago. He was a young man then. I wonder if he will recognise me when we meet?"

"Where is he now?"

"In Heaven, if brave men are there. He fell in an American battle. We parted in anger. There was no reconciliation, although it would have been so easy. I have carried the misery with me ever since, no one knowing it. It has clung closer to me than ever did infant to your breast, Margaret. My pride sent him across the sea to meet the backwoodsman's bullet. But for that he would now have been an old man, weak, feckless, and frail. So much for my happiness!"

Miss Kate stopped here, and her sister looking up saw a strange moisture in her eyes. At the look, which had something of awe in it, Miss Kate brushed the tears hastily away. "You are wondering," she said, "to see an old woman of seventy crying for a young man of twenty-five. His bones will have turned into dust by this."

Mrs. Hagart remained silent with astonishment and pity. After a little while Miss Kate went on. "You spoke of my money. Well! I have neither been hungry nor thirsty, nor have I been cold for lack of clothing—and that is all money has brought me. When he went out of my life he took all pleasure with him. To bring him back, to have even some portion of him, some shred of his hair, some letter that he had written, I would have thrown all my money in the fire, have worked my hands off, have gone down on my knees and scrubbed cellar-floors and fed on a crust. What good has my money done me? What had I to love? What had I to care for? What interest had I in life? People professed friendship for me, but I knew their motives. Relations who had hardly a drop of my blood in their veins encumbered me with services. They lied on each other if so be they might creep into my favour—and my will. Their greedy eyes I could see sparkling over my trinkets, hoping they would be theirs when my breath was out. They ate dirt before me. Meekly smiling, they allowed me to storm at and insult them. If I had kicked them, they would have told me they liked to be kicked. I knew they hated me, as much as I hated them. I took pleasure, it was almost the only pleasure I had, in tearing away their hypocrisies, and confronting them with themselves. I knew they grudged every hour I lived, every breath I drew. With all their professed affection, they would have wrangled around my death-bed, and quarrelled outright over my coffin."

The wistful, far-away, sorrowful expression had died out of the face now, and Miss Kate looked like an angry hawk, its head stretched out, its plumage ruffled, just as out of the bed-clothes she had flashed on the Staverts when she was ill.

"I was angry with you, Margaret, as you know, and you accepted my anger, perhaps, with a feeling quite as keen. You did not whimper at my feet. You did not drink insult with a seeming relish. You did not flatter me, nor fawn on me. Had you done so—God forgive me—I think I should have actually hated you, and then the whole world would have been mean and rotten. When I saw your children at the station-house, I knew them at once, as I wrote you. I spoke to them, but they did not seem ever to have heard of me, so I was unable to discover whether you hated me or no. Did you never speak to them about me, Margaret?"

"They knew nothing about you from me. When your letter came to me in London, Hagart threw it in the fire, and made me promise that I should never again mention your name: and I never did."

"Did he?" cried Miss Kate, sharply, and the ruffled hawk-like look came back for a moment. "Perhaps he was right," she went on with a slight smile. "That's the best thing I have ever heard of him. It shows spirit at least. At any rate, looking into your children's faces, I resolved that, if possible, I should make up the breach. It is made up now. I wish this had happened earlier. I would have known my little namesake better then, and perhaps I could have cried with you to-day."

Mrs. Hagart at this point, if she had yielded to her impulses, would have broken out into tears afresh, and flung her arms around her sister's neck. She was tempted to do so as it was, and she could hardly resist the temptation. But as with all her tenderness she had a considerable strain of worldly wisdom in her, she checked the springing tears, and restrained the opening arms. Many thoughts were nimble in her brain. We know what she had been planning for Jack, and as the iron was hot she resolved to strike it. The wind was blowing, and she thought, wisely enough, that it might, as well as waste itself, sit in the sail of her intent, and carry it on towards fulfilment. She resolved to venture, but, being afraid somewhat, blurted out awkwardly enough:

"Your namesake has been taken from us, but Jack still remains."

"Yes," said Miss Kate, absently, as if thinking of something else.

"He is a good boy," said the mother: "warm-hearted, gentle, obedient—" going over the catalogue of his virtues.

"I don't care much for goody people, men or women, girls or boys," said Miss Kate, with a slight spice of contempt. "And gentleness and obedience, if he has nothing else, won't make him much a favourite of mine. But I like Jack," she went on, as she noticed disappointment rising in his mother's face. "When I frightened his sister on the canal bank by thrusting my old face into her bonnet, he flushed all over, and told me to let her alone, that I had no right to touch her. The McQuarrie look came out on his Hagart face, and I liked him for that. Yes, I like Jack: I think he'll do."

"He mustn't be brought up to his father's profession——"

"Upon my soul, I am glad to hear it!" put in Miss Kate, with a sincerity that made the mother's heart jump.

But Mrs. Hagart was not to be deterred by bluntness, and she went on: "He has always been attentive to his lessons, and the schools here can do little more for him. He is almost always dux in everything. I should like to send him for a year or two to the High School in Hawkhead; and after that to the University. I am sure he will be clever."

"But what will you make of him?"

"I don't know yet. There is plenty of time——"

"He must be a gentleman, of course! And as he has no fortune of his own, he must adopt some profession. There are only two or three courses open to him. I don't think the Hagarts have ever been much of a warlike race, my dear, and to make him ensign in a marching regiment, is simply to make him get into debt—which I would have to pay—and to run away with the first pretty face he sees—which I could never forgive. It's hard enough to swallow one runaway marriage in one's life-time, you know. No! I don't think soldiering will do. Then a doctor's life is hard work—routed out of bed at all hours to bring into the world the brats of cheesemongers and tallow-chandlers—and often indifferently paid. A clergyman, again, is the slave of his congregation, and he is liable, moreover, to be asked out to tea by the leading grocer——"

"But the noblest and happiest life a man can lead, Kate, if his heart is in his work."

"Perhaps. But if you make Jack a clergyman, and if his heart should *not* be in his work, it must surely be the unhappiest life of all. Make him a lawyer, Margaret. It's a gentlemanly profession, and, if a man is clever and secures practice, a lucrative one. Hook & Crook, I know, have got a good deal of my money at times—thanks to my friends."

"The question of profession may be left open in the meantime. But if he goes to Hawkhead—do you know—I have been thinking—I should like him to stay with you!" Mrs. Hagart got it out at last, and was a good deal astonished at her own temerity when she did so.

"But what if his dinner should disagree with him, my dear? or if he should tear his trousers? or come to me boo-hooing after a fight with the butcher's boy in the street?" said Miss Kate with a smile, which betokened anything but displeasure at the proposal. "But would you really give him up to me?"

"I think I could," said Mrs. Hagart, somewhat scandalised by her sister's levity—the subject under discussion being serious enough in her thinking. "It would be for his benefit; and I would not be so selfish as to allow any fondness of mine to stand in his way. Besides, I know he would be taken care of, and I could see him often, you know."

"But what will Hagart say? Will he give the boy up to me?"

"O, never mind Hagart. I'll manage *him*."

"I shall be glad to have Jack under my charge. I thought of proposing something of the kind to you, but did not know how you would take it. I leave Hurlford in a day or two for Hawkhead, and when I get home I shall write and make arrangements. And now," said Miss Kate, whipping out a curious old-fashioned gold watch which her father had worn, and which for years Mrs. Stavert had regarded as her own by right of inheritance, "I must be going. When one lives in other people's houses, one must conform to their rules. I shall just be in time for dinner. Kiss me, Margaret! I have spoken to you to-day as I never before spoke to human being. Don't pine after Katy, she is in the best hands. Happier days are perhaps dawning for all of us, although it is not many that I can expect to see. Perhaps for me, as the Bible says, 'at eventime there will be light.'"

And attended by Mrs. Hagart and Martha, Miss Kate went to the gate, and entered her carriage and drove off; Mrs. Graves, the entire Bounderby family, with the zealous and much-enduring maid-of-all-work, Mrs. Hislop and her two grown-up daughters, watching the departure with much speculation and comment.

Mrs. Hagart returned to the sitting-room which seemed so desolate and empty, but she was not left long alone, for in a few minutes Hagart and Jack came in. "Miss Kate has just gone," she said.

"I know," said Hagart, as he laid down his hat. "We saw her carriage at the door as we came up, and have been walking up and down, and going round the corner till once it drove off. I did not like to come in till once she had gone."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE coffin had been lowered into the grave, Hagart had thanked his friends, and he and Jack were walking along the gravel walk of the cemetery, when Stavert, who had been talking for a little with the clergyman and Dr. Crooks, came hurrying after them. "This is your son, sir," he said as he came up, and they were passing out of the cemetery gate. "A very fine boy indeed! I have not been introduced yet. Let me shake hands with you! you are one of the family branches—one of the twigs, perhaps, I should rather say. What is your name?" he asked, while the process of hand-shaking was going on.

"John!"

"And a very good name too. And you are a very fine fellow. Surely tall for his age, Hagart! How these younkers grow up, to be sure! How old are you?"

"He has just turned twelve," said his father, "and he is tall for his age."

"Exactly co-ages with my fellow Norman, and a shade taller perhaps. You have never, John, seen your cousin at Cuchullin Lodge, I think?"

John said he never had.

"The members of a family should be known to each other," Stavert went on, "and the next time you are in Hawkhead you must really take a run out to Cuchullin Lodge and see us. You will find a lot of young people there. You really must, John! Mrs. Stavert will be delighted to see you, I am sure."

"I have never been in Hawkhead in all my life," said Jack.

"And I don't think there is much chance of his being in Hawkhead soon," said his father, thinking of a certain scheme which his wife had proposed, and resolving that if said scheme again turned up, it would meet with his most strenuous opposition. He had ideas in his head concerning Jack's future career, and he did not in the least care about sending him to Hawkhead to live with Aunt Kate, although she had money and rode about in her grand friends' carriages. He had no objections to the carriage in itself, in fact he was extremely pleased that the carriage was waiting at his door, and that the elder Wedderburn Brother had seen it as he stepped into the mourning coach. This was in the highest degree gratifying to him. But that Jack, especially now that the family prospects had so much improved, should reside at Hawkhead with Miss McQuarrie, was quite foreign to his notions. He had a scheme in his head worth a dozen of that. "Suppose," he had been thinking, "I take him across to Paris and apprentice him to one of the most eminent of the pattern designers there? Why, in a few years—for he does not want brains—he will be able to produce patterns as novel and tasteful as any of the French fellows. And as, in order to supply Greysley, Spiggleton, and Hawkhead, I shall require large monthly parcels of the newest Parisian productions, what's to hinder me taking them from my own son? I will naturally take them from him in preference to any one else. I'll make a noble opening for him," and so after some such fashion as this Hagart went on thinking and planning; and with all a father's fondness he mentally pursued Jack's Parisian career until that young fellow became lost in a golden glory—in a thick radiance of guineas.

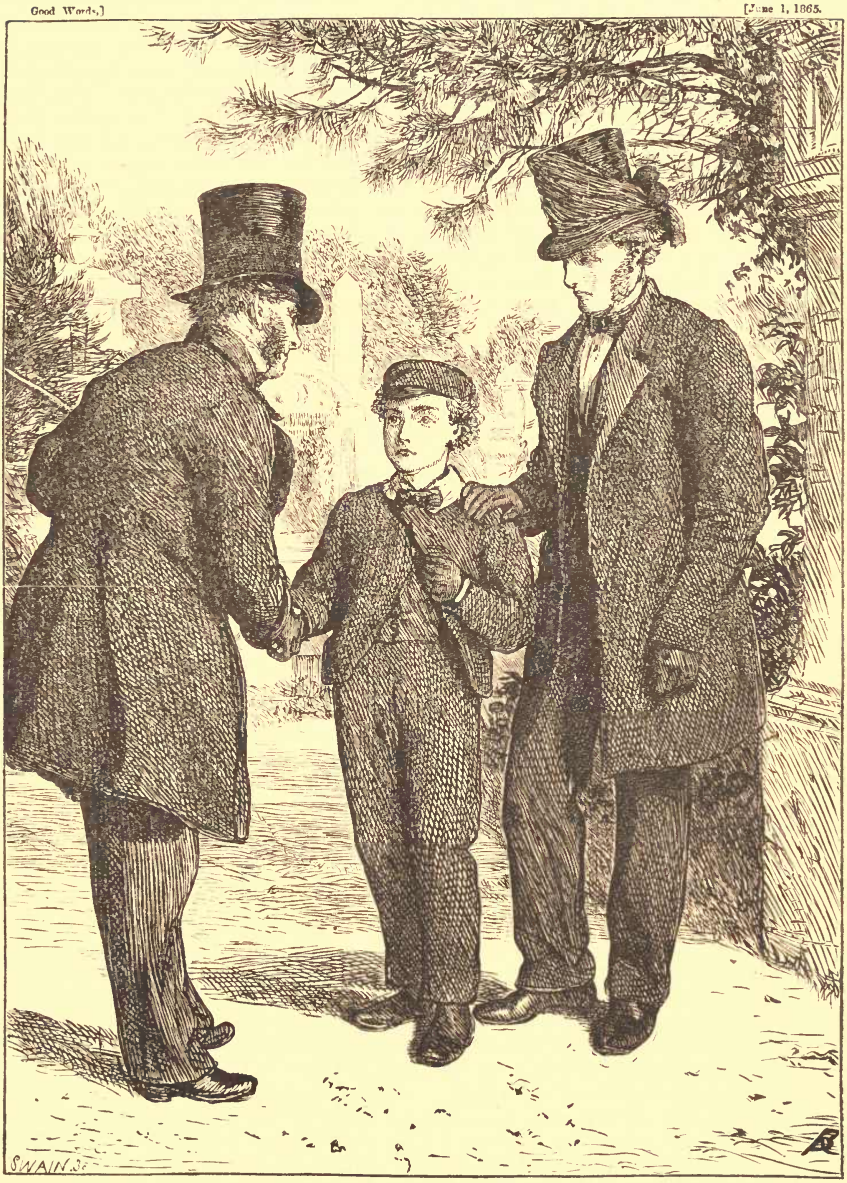
Accordingly Hagart said with some little emphasis, "I don't think there is much chance of his being in Hawkhead soon."

"Nonsense!" said Stavert, and he slipped his arm confidentially into Hagart's right, while the knowing smile came to his lips, and his eyes—the better to watch the effect on his companion—went into their left-hand corners, his head all the while remaining immovable. "Nonsense! he will be visiting Aunt Kate, won't he? Perhaps he has been there already!"

Our friend was not a little startled by the appearance of the obnoxious idea in this unexpected quarter. "He won't visit Aunt Kate—if I can help it," he said, something stiffly.

"Don't drive so fast!" said Stavert, the smile and the eyes still fixtures. "When I saw you on the coach you remember, you had never seen Aunt Kate—you have seen her now. Then she had never been in your house—she has been in it to-day; has been in it perhaps more than once. She had not then spoken to your wife—she has spoken to your wife now; is perhaps speaking to her at this very moment. What will you give for your chance now, eh? A good deal more than when I saw you last, I dare say! Ah," continued Stavert, tapping with his fingers the arm he held, "you are a deep one! You have been playing your cards well!"

At this Hagart got very angry and red in the face. "I am not deep—at all events," hurriedly correcting himself, as he thought he had gone a little too far; he did not wish to own he was a simpleton—"I am never underhand, or tortuous in



"THE MEMBERS OF A FAMILY SHOULD BE KNOWN TO EACH OTHER."

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my dealings. I have played no cards, for the reason that I had none to play. Miss McQuarrie was in my house to-day for the reason that you were. My wife has not seen her till to-day; I have not seen her till to-day, and I don't much care although I should never see her again. As for her money and my chance—I really wish you would never speak to me after that fashion again. I am not rich, Heaven knows! but I am independent of every one. I don't wish Miss McQuarrie's money; I have never seen—" and here a sudden remembrance of Miss Kate's twenty-pound note nearly choked our friend, and brought his eloquence to a stop.

The smile died away from Stavert's mouth, and his eyes came out of their corners, and returned to their normal positions. Whatever his purpose may have been in so moving Hagart, he was satisfied. "My good friend!" he said, "you speak my sentiments exactly. There is no feeling in the world so pleasant as the feeling of being independent, of holding straight on one's course, of being indebted to nobody. I don't think you and Miss Kate would get on, at any rate. You are spirited and high-minded. She is exacting, bad-tempered, and crotchety. She has treated me and my wife badly, she has treated you and your wife shamefully. You don't know what things she used to say of you."

"And I don't wish to know."

"Do you think I would hurt your feelings by telling you? That would not be the part of a friend. I think, on the whole, you are better quit of her. If you have a proper spirit you will not encourage her visits. She says the cruelest things about people behind their backs."

"I won't encourage her. But she may come and go as it pleases herself. I can't shut my door in her face."

"You can't quite do that, of course. But keep an eye on her." And as by this time they had reached the centre of the town, Stavert came to a stop. "I have some business to do down the street here, and shall say good-bye. Give my love and sympathy to your wife—I know what a trial her daughter's death must be. And so, John, as you are not likely to be in Hawkhead soon, your cousins won't see you at Cuchullin Lodge?"

"No!"

"Well, then, good-bye too. I am pleased to have made your acquaintance;" and, after shaking hands with Jack in the most friendly manner, Mr. Stavert walked off.

Much pondering this conversation, Hagart marched along in silence with Jack at his side, and when they drew near the house, there was Miss McQuarrie's carriage still waiting. This brought them to a full stop. "We'll just linger about till your aunt goes—your mother and she will have a good deal to say to each other, and we would only disturb them," said Hagart, putting the best face upon it he was able. And so they lingered, walked up and down, and went round the corner till once the coast was clear. Hagart had no desire to encounter Miss Kate again that day.

That evening the Hagart household was quiet and subdued. Katy's name was not mentioned, but she filled the thoughts of each one. Hagart did not ask what Miss McQuarrie talked about, but his wife gave him to understand that the conversation had been friendly in the highest degree—that, in fact, the family breach had been entirely made up. After the sad interruption, matters went on in the house very much as formerly. The strange stillness died away. Martha began to sing, to scrub the dresser impetuously, and to clash the fire-irons in the sitting-room. Jack returned to school, and learned his lessons in the kitchen in the evenings. Hagart went punctually into Greysley and as punctually returned. Mrs. Hagart's old look came back to a certain extent, and but for a certain hurry and excitement when the postman came in sight, no superficial observer would have guessed that she had recently passed through any very severe ordeal of sorrow.

About a week after the funeral, one forenoon the postman rang the bell, and Martha running out received a letter; and Mrs. Hagart, who had been standing at the window, went into the lobby and took it from her with a somewhat tremulous hand. As it was, as she had guessed, in her sister's handwriting, she immediately carried it with her into the sitting-room, and, after shutting the door, broke open the seal. It ran as follows:—

"HAWKHEAD, *Friday.*

"MY DEAR MARGARET,—Here's been a pretty to-do! When I got home here from Hurlford, tolerably late, I noticed the drawing-room lighted, and entering with my pass-key—which I carry with me always—and hurrying up-stairs, I found my two maids entertaining their sweethearts very comfortably. Mary, with cherry ribbons in her cap, was pouring out tea; Henrietta, in her Sunday frock, was handing about bread-and-butter. One of the fellows was lolling in my best chair with his legs hanging over the arm, and whistling; the other was beating time to the air with a tea-spoon on a saucer. Extremely comfortable indeed! Of course I sent the fellows out with a flea in their ears, and next morning I packed my crying huzzies off with their trunks and without a character. Ann—the girl who was with me at Hurlford—was loud in abuse against her friends, although I suspect that if I had left her at home I should have seen her sweetheart there also. I told her so in fact. I came home unexpectedly and caught them nicely. I always come home unexpectedly. Servants—good ones, I mean—are not to be had now. I suppose we must thank cheap books and cheap schools for that. By the way, that seemed a very nice girl of yours. Keep her ignorant, Margaret, if you would have her not speak back.

"Of course, in the mess I am in, I cannot receive

John quite so soon as I hoped. The more I think of John's coming to live with me, the more I am pleased. I have acted harshly towards you, and what I mean to do for your son will make up for that I hope, not only in your eyes, but in the eyes of Him who has regarded my conduct as more blameworthy than ever you regarded it. And if in your marriage you suffered any social declination, *what I mean to do for your son* will make him rise to the old family level, if not higher. So that you see his coming here will make wrong right, and odd even, for all of us.

"I'll write again when I have got settled. Jack can then be sent by the passage-boat, and Ann will be in waiting for him when he arrives.

"Your affectionate sister,
"CATHERINE MCQUARRIE.

"*P.S.*—One of Stavert's maids—who had heard of the stramash—has just been here to see if I would engage her. She says that, if I take her, she would be allowed to leave her present place at once. I dare say Mrs. S. would like very well to have a SPY in my house. But she *won't succeed.*"

Although there was too much about the maids and too little about Jack in the letter, still, on the whole, Mrs. Hagart thought it extremely satisfactory. Her sister had been thinking over the proposed scheme, apparently, and had come to the conclusion that if something could be done for that young fellow, it would be a sort of reparation for all mistakes and wrong-doings on her own part and on the part of others. Mrs. Hagart was entirely satisfied with the conclusion arrived at. Her only fear now was that her husband would prove recalcitrant. He had waxed fat on the Wedderburn Brothers' four guineas a week, and he might kick in consequence. If recalcitrant, she resolved to bend and conquer him. Meantime she kept the letter to herself, saying nothing about it to her husband, against whom she was innocently conspiring.

JEWISH SECTS A WARNING AGAINST MODERN TENDENCIES.

"BEWARE of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees." This warning does not strike upon *our* ears as a caution against buying bread from any one who might offer to supply it. But it was not very strange that it should be so understood by the disciples to whom it was addressed. The suspicion it awakened in them throws a sudden light upon the circumstances in the midst of which Jesus and his companions were living. They had forgotten on some occasion to take bread with them; and whilst they were discussing the means by which they might supply the want, Jesus warned them to beware of a certain leaven. "He is bidding us," they at once thought, "be on our guard against loaves which might be offered us from any suspicious quarter. We are to take care that we are not all poisoned by the treacherous malice of the Pharisees or of the Sadducees."

The unscrupulous bitterness of the Jewish sects against their Reprover might have warranted the suspicion. But this was not what Jesus sought to infuse into the minds of his followers. He was using leaven as an image. He had been endeavouring to train his disciples into the recognition and understanding of images, and He was disappointed that they now supposed Him to be instructing them in the precautions of a timid prudence. "How is it," He asked, with something of complaint in his manner, "that ye do not understand?" They then felt at once to what the image of the leaven must apply. They understood that He was speaking to them of "the doctrine" of the Pharisees or of the Sadducees.

It is of the nature of leaven to pervade the lump of dough into which it is inserted, and to change its character. Its power to do this, apart from its tendency to make the lump the better or the worse, is the property which our Lord uses for his illustrations. He had before used this leavening power to describe a *good* influence. "The kingdom of heaven," He had said, "is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." The power and principles of that kingdom which He opened upon the earth, were to steal through society and its institutions so as gradually to change their character. In the case before us, our Lord uses leaven in a bad sense. It represents an ingredient which corrupts the pure mass. St. Paul applies it in the same way in 1 Cor. v. He there makes the unleavened bread of the Passover represent the purity or holiness of the Church. Not that this was the original intention of the Paschal symbol. The Jews ate none but unleavened food during "the feast of unleavened bread," in remembrance of the *haste* with which they went out of Egypt, having no time to leaven the dough. But the insidious corrupting power of an evil element in a body was naturally illustrated by the effect of leaven upon the lump; and this is the chief Scriptural application of the image.

The leaven then, of which the disciples were to beware, was "the doctrine" of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees. The word *doctrine* is rightly used here, in its older sense. But the modern usage of it is apt slightly to mislead us, both here and elsewhere in the New Testament. Its meaning is more exactly expressed now by the word "teaching." Thus the effect of our Lord's sermon on the Mount is described by saying, "The people were astonished at his doctrine or *teaching*: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes," the difference which struck them being as much in his manner as in the *doctrines* which He delivered. Similarly, we read that Jesus taught the multitudes many things by parables, "and said unto them in his *doctrine*,"—that is to say, in the course of his teaching. It is well to make the mental substitution of the word "teaching" whenever we meet with "doctrine" in the Scriptures.

The teaching, then, of the Pharisees, and the teaching of the Sadducees, was as evil leaven, pervading and spoiling a wholesome lump. Can we give any distinct application to the lump thus spoilt? We might do so by taking it to represent the body of the Jewish traditions held in common by Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, and the rest of the Jews. The commandments and ordinances of the Law, speaking generally, were received by all the Jews as Divine. Whatever secret unbelief might be entertained, consciously and unconsciously; whatever one party might feel bound to add to the Law and the Prophets, and whatever another party might feel justified in detracting from them, there was a common faith and a common worship to which every Jew professed allegiance. With regard to these, Jesus of Nazareth was at one with the Pharisees and the Sadducees. To Him also the Law and the Prophets spoke with the voice of the Father in heaven. To Him, as to all his countrymen, the Temple was the House of Him who had called out the seed of Abraham, and the worship offered in it was the appointed service of the God of heaven. He was come to fulfil that promise, "unto which," in St. Paul's language, "our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come."

It was this common inheritance of the Jews, we may assume, which was pervaded by the Pharisaic and by the Sadducean teaching, so as to have its original character altered. The disciples of Jesus, who were to be no less loyal than Scribes and Pharisees to the faith and worship of their fathers, were to beware of those mixtures by which Pharisees and Sadducees in different ways corrupted the truths and customs handed down from former generations. We must now endeavour to see what these mixtures were.

1. Let us take the leaven of the Pharisees first.

The Gospels explain to us sufficiently what the Pharisees were. We learn very little about them from other sources. They were a sect or party which had arisen during the interval between the last of the Prophets and the coming of the Saviour, and which had its origin in a scrupulous regard for the Law. They included all those persons who were distinguished by religious observances from their neighbours. They were, in fact, the class of the professedly religious; and some of them, we may be sure, were sincerely devout men.

Let me touch cursorily upon the principal characteristics of the Pharisees which the Gospels disclose to us. They had a great knowledge of the Law, or of the Scriptures, and prided themselves upon that knowledge. When their officers returned to them, having been unable to fulfil their commands by apprehending Jesus, because "never man spake like this man," the Pharisees exclaimed indignantly, "Are ye also deceived? Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him? But this people *who knoweth not the law* are cursed." Nicodemus having timidly remonstrated, "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him and know what he doeth?" they turned upon him with a taunt supported by an appeal to Scripture: "Art thou also of Galilee? Search and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." But whilst they thus cherished the letter of Holy Writ, they had added the comments and inferences of their learned doctors, so that the very letter of Scripture was smothered by their traditions. One of our Lord's rebukes to them was expressed in the words, "Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition? . . . Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition." The observances they thus taught were very burdensome: "they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders." Their own religious observances were minute and conspicuous. They made long prayers, standing in the synagogues and at the corners of streets. They were especially jealous of the observance of the Sabbath-day. They had increased the strictness of the Mosaic Law with regard to the prohibition of work on that day by adding many vexatious and unreasonable rules, which had no sanction in the Law. Acts done by Jesus when He healed on the Sabbath-day, or by those whom He healed, were declared to be violations of the Law of Rest. The general spirit and conduct of a Pharisee are expressed in our Lord's parable concerning the Pharisee who went up into the Temple to pray, and who stood and prayed thus with himself: "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are—extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican: I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

Now it was possible for a man to go through much of the outward practice of a Pharisee, and yet to be a pious God-fearing man. But the vehemence of our Lord's assaults upon the ways of the Pharisees, and his terrible denunciations of their spirit, prove that this great and proud class—then the ruling class of the country—had on the whole become utterly corrupt and godless. The great charge of Jesus against them is, that they were hypocrites; that they did all their works to be seen of men; that they were the people who justified themselves before men; but that God saw their inward falseness. There is something awful in the sight, if we could realise it, of this humble Galilean standing up in the name of the Father in heaven before the rich and the powerful, and the learned and the religious, and pouring out against them his almost fierce invectives and threatenings, whilst they in all their greatness writhed under his lash: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. . . . Fill ye up the measure of your fathers! Ye serpents, ye generation [or brood] of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" We do not understand half of our Lord's character, if we think of Him only as mild and gentle, and find in his words and teaching precedents for nothing but mildness and gentleness, and forget those threatenings, the concentrated indignation of which no human effort could surpass.

It is said expressly in St. Luke that the *leaven* of the Pharisees was "hypocrisy." What was their teaching? They taught a formal system of religion. They took the wholesome ordinances of the Law, and imposed them upon men as a means of propitiating the favour or of averting the anger of a tyrant in heaven. Regarding the ordinances of the Law in this light, they naturally added to them extra efforts which they thought might render them still more efficacious. And the arbitrary Being who was thus to be propitiated was not likely to be cherished in their hearts. Their relations with Him became very uncertain to them: their relations with their fellow-men who might look up to them and pay them homage, and with the good things of the visible life, were much more real to them. And so they grew exclusive, hard, insincere, covetous of praise and covetous of money, despisers and oppressors of their fellow-men. The root from which all this evil sprang, was the spirit of *a mercenary religion*, the notion that by doing so much in the way of religion so much favour might be purchased. The trafficking spirit had expelled the childlike spirit, and made the whole of religion its own.

Let us say then that the teaching of the Pharisees, of which the disciples were to beware, was mainly the inculcation of a mercenary self-seeking spirit in religion.

2. The Sadducees were very different from the Pharisees, but they also corrupted by their party-teaching the common inheritance. We learn much less of them in the Gospels. They were not dominant in the life-time of our Lord, and they did not excite his indignation to the same degree as the Pharisees. We are informed that they disbelieved in a resurrection, as well as in angels or spirits, and that they sought to perplex Jesus by difficult questions. They believed in *reason* and *morality* rather than in religion. No doubt good men were to be found amongst them. A just contempt for the Pharisaic religion may have driven many into their ranks. But they appear to have been distinguished by a vain conceit of superior enlightenment. They were as ready to boast of their philosophy as the Pharisees were of their religion: and their philosophy was negative and shallow, based rather upon *not* believing what they thought irrational, than upon apprehending any positive truths. *They* would mock at the Pharisees as superstitious and bigoted. The Pharisees would denounce *them* as infidel and godless.

Pride in their own reason, a disposition to set up their reason above the truths revealed to it, was probably the leaven of the Sadducees.

3. A third party amongst the Jews is not mentioned here, but it is named in the parallel passage in St. Mark, and it is instructive to add them to the other two parties. These are the Herodians or Herod-party, who represented the principle of political expediency. They would look upon the religion of the Pharisees, and the philosophy of the Sadducees, as alike unpractical. The question, according to them, would be: How were the interests of the country to be secured? They would set political movements and intrigues above either religion or philosophy.

Their leaven was the worship of political interests, subordinating other ends to the object of keeping certain persons in power, with the professed aim of securing the peace or aggrandisement of the country.

Against all these sources of corruption Jesus warned his disciples. The danger from the Pharisaic influence was the greatest. Those who appeal to the religious instincts and wield the powers of the unseen world can do much to bring even the best persons—the most humble and devout—under the sway of their teaching. It was hard for a Jew who wished to be loyal to the Revelation of his fathers *not* to join the Pharisees. But there was danger from the other quarters as well. Minds which would revolt from the oppressive formalism of the Pharisees might be attracted by the show of reasonableness on the part of the Sadducees, of practical knowledge of the world on the part of the Herodians. And therefore the Good Shepherd warned his flock of these various temptations which beset them.

The interest of these parties, and of the warnings of Jesus against them, to us, arises from the fact that they are so manifestly *typical*. We cannot discuss those ancient tendencies, which wrought their mischief in Judea eighteen centuries ago, without feeling all the time that we are still vexed by similar dangers here in England or in Scotland in the nineteenth century.

It would be unjust to our own generation to assume that it is as corrupt and as deserving of the censures of our Lord, as the Jewish world of his day. The darkness was very thick when the Light of the World showed Himself in a visible human form to dispel it. The decay and corruption of society were very deadly at the moment when the element of the life-giving Gospel was infused into it. But we may observe amongst ourselves the clearest signs of those same tendencies which bore the names of Pharisee, Sadducee, and Herodian, amongst the Jews—signs of even startling clearness.

1. The Pharisees, we have seen, were the religious class. And we also have a religious class. It seems so natural for a minister of religion to side with the religious class and to endeavour to enlarge it, that many will think it paradoxical to apply to this class, in the plain and common sense of the word religious, the warnings addressed to the Pharisees. But all who have had any experience know that those who profess religion are not necessarily the best in God's sight,—the most humble, the most sincere, the most earnest for truth, the most loving. A large proportion of the religious class belong to it from the influence of their education: others have adopted its habits from conviction: but they all know, or ought to know, that religious observances, such as frequenting the worship of God, reading the Bible and good books, private devotion, keeping the Sabbath-day, are no security for inward innocence or for a healthy spiritual life. And there are many symptoms of an evil like the leaven of the Pharisees amongst us. We must do justice to the Pharisees of old. They were the most zealous persons ever known for the authority of Scripture, and for the keeping of the Sabbath. Do not these characteristics bring them into exact resemblance with the most forward exclusive part of the religious world amongst ourselves? There are those amongst us to whom jealousy for the prerogative of the Bible and for the holiness of the Sabbath-day represents the highest godliness of which they have any conception; who are as ready to say now, as the Pharisees of old were, "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath-day." And with these and other external symptoms, such as making long prayers in synagogues and at the corners of streets, have we not something of the intolerant and angry spirit, something of the hypocrisy, of the Pharisees? The very theory of religion which is widely current amongst us is that of the Pharisee: it is the *mercenary* theory. It represents the relations between God and man as those of buyers and sellers rather than of a Father and his children. It represents God as requiring so much in exchange for his favour and pardon. It sets men upon the way of religionized self-seeking. It bids them think of their happiness in the next world and in this as that which they are to live for. Self-interest, only be it far-sighted enough, is proclaimed without disguise or shame as the one necessary motive-power of human action. My friends, as we think of them, do not signs of Pharisaism force themselves alarmingly upon our notice? Is there not great need for English Christians to be upon their guard? and is not the need greatest for those who, because they are the most religious, are the most within the range and scope of religious exhortation? But I must not dwell at length upon these dangers. Let me only remind you that, even of the Pharisaic observances, our Lord said, "These things ought ye to have done," and "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. Whatsoever therefore they command you, that observe and do; but do not after their works."

2. For when we think of the leaven of *the Sadducees*, we are reminded that there is no safety in merely making light of religious observances, and in being superior to fanaticism. We also have our Sadducean dangers. If we have a religious class, we have also the class which is too enlightened to be religious. This class is not eager or obtrusive; it does not compass sea and land to make one proselyte. But it gives itself great airs of wisdom. And it does so for the most part very cheaply. It rests, like the Sadducees, chiefly on its *non*-belief. "We are not so ignorant as to believe this: of course, between ourselves, we do not believe that. We can see through the claims of the Bible and of the Church. We hold to a certain Christianity, but it is of a kind reformed and adapted to the knowledge of the age." These are ordinary boasts: and those who make them are generally content with the credit of *not* believing particular things, whilst they are afraid to renounce the profession of believing something in general. Our Sadducees do not trouble themselves much to make out what it is they *do* believe, and what their fellow-men ought to believe with them. Their leaven, with which they corrupt the life of any genuine Christianity which they profess to retain, is the pride of superior wisdom. They do not so much try to discriminate between the true and the false, bowing down with reverence before the true, standing up and defying the false: but they set themselves up complacently above both the true and the false; patronizing both in a way, hardly knowing them as true and as false, but flattering themselves that there is something indefinite which the educated and enlightened may hold, that there are many more definite things which the ignorant may believe and be despised.

3. There may have been some sympathy and agreement between the Sadducees and Herodians of our Lord's day. So we may find a third class, not very distinct from the last, of which the ruling consideration is practical expediency. They ask, What do social or political exigencies require? They are tempted to make light of principles, whether of religion or of reason: their thought is, how to get the social machine to work. And the result is that they pay homage to the meaner considerations which influence mankind,—to the passions which sway multitudes, to the prejudices of the moment. Their god is "public opinion."

The three classes are not marked out by definite lines. They blend with one another throughout our society. The tendencies indeed are real and distinct, and often manifest themselves with singular precision. Amongst organs of opinion they might be identified without difficulty; those who are acquainted with them might easily find genuine Pharisee, Sadducee, and Herodian newspapers. But for ourselves, it may be needful to guard not so much each against one tendency, but against all in their turn. All have their plausible arguments. It is right to be religious, it is right to be reasonable, it is right to be practical. The counterfeit of each tendency is what we have to beware of,—the counterfeit of religion, the counterfeit of reason, the counterfeit of practical expediency. They are dangerous in this order, the order of their natural dignity. It is worst of all to be a hypocritical Pharisee, next to be a self-complacent Sadducee, least evil, but still evil, to be a vulgar Herodian.

How then are we to be protected against these dangers which invade us all round? Only by letting the *true* leaven, the leaven of Christ's Kingdom, pervade all our opinions and customs and acts. This is what is most important for us to understand. We are not taught where danger is to be apprehended, without being shown where safety is to be found. And our safety against the corruption of our belief and our ways,—our only real and lasting safety,—is in receiving the Kingdom of Heaven and entering it as little children.

Our blessed Saviour came down to reveal his Father and to make us children of the same Father. Let us come to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ as his reconciled children. Let us bow our hearts in humility and penitence and grateful love before Him. Let us see in God such a Being as Jesus of Nazareth proved Him to be, a Being of infinite equity, and sympathy, and desire for our welfare. Let us believe that we and the whole world are in the hands of this God of Truth and Love, who is in an especial manner the Father of our own spirits in the Son of his Love. In his reign is the Kingdom of Heaven established. To submit to Him is to enter into that Kingdom. The open childlike heart is the true subject of it: the eternal Spirit of sonship and brotherhood is the spirit of Christ's Kingdom.

Let that blessed Spirit leaven our thoughts and words and acts, and we shall be kept from the evil leaven which threatens to corrupt them. Looking upon God as just and gracious in Himself, apart from any deservings in any of his creatures, we shall not be inclined to separate ourselves off with any others as objects of his exclusive favour: we shall not think that it is either necessary, or possible, to purchase his favour by anything we can do or feel in ourselves, or by anything we can present that is another's. We shall worship God's grace as a free, diffusive, fatherly grace, which yearns over all his children, and withdraws its help from none, and seeks a perfect and universal peace. Being knit to God in this fellowship, we shall not hope for light or progress for ourselves or for the world apart from Him and from the knowledge of Him. To know the Father and the Son whom He sent into the world, this, we shall believe, is our life. Whilst, therefore, we shall be confident that He will not leave without nourishment the mind which He has given us, that He will more and more enlighten us with his own light, we shall not trust to that enlightenment which dispenses with the knowledge of God, with faith in his teaching, with the hope of his glory. And lastly, whilst we are persuaded that the world is of God's making, and that He has not abandoned it to find its own way to perfection or to ruin, we shall be sure that Faith in God will best manage all things for practical success: that there is nothing expedient which is not in accordance with the mind and will of the Almighty Ruler; that those who are most loyal to God are in the long run the most useful to mankind.

J. LL. DAVIES.

OUR CONVICTS.

PROBABLY the first impulse of most persons in taking up an article on Convicts, is to put it down again. There is a very general feeling of strong distaste to the subject,—a compound sentiment made up partly of an impression that it is no concern of ours, that plenty of people are busy about it, and apparently to very little purpose; partly of a vague but deep dissatisfaction with the present state of the question, and a disquieting doubt whether there is not some inherent difficulty in it, which precludes the possibility of its attaining any real solution. There is a sort of floating opinion that the convict population of England is increasing; that the men who have passed through the discipline of our prisons always turn out the most daring criminals afterwards; and that this is owing chiefly to the too lenient treatment they have met with there at the hands of theorising philanthropists who have been trying unpractical schemes of reformation on them. We have heard of an "Irish System," which is said to have been wonderfully successful in Ireland; but its opponents pronounce it not adapted to England, and, as we all think Englishmen very different from Irishmen, this reason appears sufficient. And so one half the world passes the matter by as hopeless, while the other half has a strong but indefinite feeling that "something must be done" in the way of additional severity.

To all persons in this very common state of mind, we would recommend the work whose name we give below,* which furnishes just the sort of information which ordinary intelligent men and women need on this subject, and shows them where to procure more if they wish for it. It comes to us guaranteed by the name of a lady whose own disinterested and successful labours in one department of convict treatment, entitle her opinions and statements to respect and confidence.

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* "Our Convicts." By Mary Carpenter. 2 vols. Longman & Co. 1864.

All we propose to do here is to lay before our readers as concisely as possible the results of some different systems of Convict Treatment,—results differing so widely that they indicate conclusively some fundamental difference in the principles from which they spring. In these results, as they affect our own country, we have all the very strong practical interest, that we have to find the money for the system which brings them about, and are its victims in our own persons or property whenever it fails; while they possess another and still deeper interest for the student of the philosophy of morals and religion. It is but seldom that we can have so good an opportunity of trying experimentally the working of different systems of morals as is afforded by a convict establishment, where the life of large masses of men is, for the time being, completely moulded by the will of a few directors; and the conclusions we are thus enabled to attain, appear to us to be of the highest value for our speculative theories.

Without going into these theories now, we may assume that legal punishment has for its object to exhibit the indignation of society against wrong-doing, and to *minimise crime.* This it may do by deterring the criminal and others from a repetition of the crime; by incapacitating the criminal from injuring society, either temporarily or permanently, by imprisonment or death; and by reforming the criminal so as to deprive him of the will to injure society, and render him a useful member of it. It is clear that the last means is the most effectual, as regards society, no less than the criminal himself, *where it can be carried out.* But it may fail, and then we have to fall back on the other means of protecting society.

The deterrent principle is so easily apprehended that it is sure always to be a prominent one in the public mind. On the Continent, as far as we have the means of knowing, the punishments have almost entirely a deterrent aspect. The punishments of chains, being fastened to a ring, or kept in irons, are frequent; hard fare—one warm meal and a pound of bread daily, and on Sundays a little meat—is provided; a straw mattress and pillow are thought sufficient. Some of the graver secondary punishments even involve a sort of civil death, which shuts out all possibility of regaining the lost position. But in the more enlightened of these countries people have learnt to see that the offence of the criminal does not acquit society of all its duties towards him; and moreover the practical necessity, that each State should absorb its own criminals, prompts the desire to change these dangerous members into useful ones. In most of the German States care is taken by the authorities that a convict on his liberation should have the means of immediate subsistence provided for him; and he is placed for a probationary term under more or less surveillance from the local magistrates, with a view at once to render his relapse into crime more hazardous, and to afford him assistance in his efforts to gain an honest living. In Prussia, Wurtemburg, and also in Tuscany, voluntary societies co-operate with the governments in this work; and their labours, we are told, have effected a marked diminution in the amount of crime. In Russia, on the other hand, the punishments are of the severest kind; and no attempt is made to reform the criminal or assist him on liberation.

In Spain we have a very curious instance of the amount of good achieved by one individual who struck out the right path for himself, and also of the mode in which the best organization may be frustrated by the introduction of a wrong principle.

"In the city of Valencia," we quote from a charge of Mr. Recorder Hill, "there has long been a penitentiary gaol under the government of Colonel Montesinos. This gentleman acted upon the prisoners by urging them to self-reformation. He excited them to industry, by allowing them a small portion of their earnings for their own immediate expenditure, under due regulation to prevent abuse. He enabled them to raise their position, stage after stage, by perseverance in good conduct. When they had acquired his confidence he entrusted them with commissions which carried them beyond the walls of the prison, relying on the moral influence which he had acquired over them to prevent their desertion. And, finally, he discharged them before the expiration of their sentences, when he had satisfied himself that they had acquired habits of patient labour, moderate skill in some useful occupation, and the inestimable faculty of self-denial. . . . His success was answerable to the zeal and wisdom of his administration, and the Spanish government appointed him Inspector-General of all the prisons in Spain. Under his system, the prisons became models of order, cleanliness, and cheerful industry; plots or desertions were almost unknown; and during the twenty years that he was at Valencia he never required the presence of any armed force, not even to guard the bands of prisoners, numbering sometimes 400 men, who worked outside the walls. The annual recommitments, which had averaged thirty-five per cent., sank to two per cent. Unhappily the legislature was minded to introduce a new penal code, which converted sentences of imprisonment for a long term of years into imprisonment for life, and deprived the governor of all power of alleviating the condition of the convict. Unconsoled by the hope of improving their lot, Colonel Montesinos observed that the convicts lost their energy. A feeling of despair spread among them, indeed that they continued to work at all was the result of discipline and consequent subordination; but they laboured without zeal, without any love of work. Finding no means by which he could counteract this terrible evil, which utterly destroyed his system, Colonel Montesinos resigned his appointment. . . . The same material organization remains in the prison of Valencia, but the spirit of his internal arrangements has disappeared since the Colonel departed, to such a degree that in the workshops hardly any work is done, and what is accomplished is badly performed; the remarkable order and cleanliness formerly observed have disappeared; desertions, then so exceedingly rare, even of those who worked outside the walls, now amount to a most disgraceful number, so that there have been as many as forty-three convicts at once under heavy punishment for attempting to escape."

One of the first attempts to introduce a somewhat similar mode of treatment among English convicts was made by Captain Machonochie, from 1840 to 1844.

The scene of his labours was the lowest of our penal settlements—the notorious Norfolk Island, to which prisoners were sent who had been reconvicted afresh in Australia or Van Diemen's Land. Among these miserable wretches,—incorrigible offenders as they were deemed, and living in a state of degradation not to be described,—Captain Machonochie nevertheless achieved remarkable results. A degree of good order and safety was established which had been utterly impossible before, and this with little more than half the garrison of soldiers that was found necessary under other treatment. Many circumstances, however, prevented the complete carrying out and full success of his system, either here, or in a subsequent partial experiment in the Birmingham Gaol. But his general principles of Convict Treatment, and certain features of his practice, especially the dividing the men into small parties, and the system of Marks for good conduct, have gradually worked their way into general acceptance among those best qualified to judge of these subjects.

Our English system of convict treatment dates only from the year 1852, when the relinquishment of transportation led to the introduction of sentences to penal servitude for three years and upwards. It then became necessary for the Government to provide establishments—in addition to the county gaols and other places where shorter sentences are passed—to contain large masses of men whose employment should be chiefly on some kind of public works. Few persons are aware of the numbers who annually pass into these places; but it appears from the tables given by Miss Carpenter that nearly three thousand persons are annually sentenced to penal servitude. To contain these criminals, Government has in England seven large prisons, besides penal establishments at Gibraltar and the Bermudas. The first year of sentence is spent at Pentonville or Millbank, and a considerable part of it, varying according to circumstances, is passed in separate confinement. Thence the prisoner is transferred to Chatham, Portland, Woking, or Dartmoor, where the men are employed in association on public works, Dartmoor being intended for those whose health is considered to be unequal to the hard work of Chatham or Portland. At Broadmoor there is a large prison-asylum, where criminal lunatics are confined. In each of these places a competent staff is maintained, about one officer to every ten prisoners, exclusive of the governors, chaplains, and medical officers; the diet, clothing, work, in fact the whole method of life is regulated with the utmost minuteness, and with the most careful attention to the health of the prisoners; gratuities and remissions of sentence are granted, according to a certain graduated scale, to prisoners who are not guilty of any marked offence; a certain amount of schooling and attendance on the services of religion is enforced; and finally the convict is allowed a probationary term of conditional liberty, or a ticket-of-leave. We may well be inclined to ask, what more can be done, at any rate for the convict? Yet what are the results of twelve years of this system?

We all hear, from time to time, of terrible mutinies breaking out among these men; we notice that there "has been an outbreak at Dartmoor;" we remember the one at Chatham in 1862, which was only repressed by a charge from seven hundred troops from the garrison; perhaps we observe a paragraph, like one that appeared very recently in the papers, telling us that two or three hundred convicts had broken loose at Portland and were roaming over the island, but the military had been called in, and no doubt order would soon be restored. But we do not see the entries in the prison books, which reveal a startling amount of violence that never meets the public eye, and which, to judge from its lenient punishment in many cases, must be of very common occurrence. From the evidence of the prison governors and doctors given before the commissioners, we learn that savage assaults upon the warders are sufficiently common to place the officers to some extent in fear of the men, and to induce them sometimes to refrain from reporting their offences. These assaults are most common in the invalid prisons, least so in the close prisons; in those of public works they occur from time to time like an epidemic, six or seven at once; and then there will be a temporary cessation, as at Chatham after the mutiny. The prisoners have also other ways of annoying their officers: insisting on having their rations weighed, simply to give trouble, and sending unnecessarily for the governor, doctors, or chaplain, are among the most common. The amount of work to be got out of these men is very small. Of course forced labour cannot be expected to equal willing industry, but it might be supposed that the hope of regaining his liberty or improving his position by diligence would supply the place with a convict of those happier incentives to toil which nerve the arm of the free labourer. It does not seem to be so here, however; shamming illness to escape work is frequent; one free quarryman will do more than two convicts; and the slow "government stroke" of the convicts has become a byword among the free labourers who work with them. The schooling, after the prisoner has quitted Pentonville or Millbank, amounts to three or four hours a week, and the religious instruction to the daily prayers and Sunday services,—a strong opinion being expressed by the directors, and by the governor of one prison, that even this is too much, and that it would be a positive advantage morally to the prisoners to dispense with any evening prayers, from the bad use they make of the time.

On liberation a prisoner leaves the prison with a certain sum of money in his pocket, the accumulated gratuities earned while undergoing his sentence, and with a ticket-of-leave, which was originally intended to keep the convict under some slight degree of restraint on his first return to society. Practically, however, it operates precisely in the opposite manner. From a humane wish not to interfere with any efforts they may make to obtain honest employment, no sort of supervision has been exercised over these men; the police have had no means of recognising them; if they do so, they have had orders to abstain from watching or noticing them, thus actually ensuring them greater immunity from observation than is enjoyed by any other "suspected characters." Under this system we find that there is a startling increase both of the amount and in the atrocity of crime in England. It is very difficult to estimate the number of recommitments accurately, because no means are taken to register criminals or keep account of a man's antecedents; whether or not he is known as a previous offender depends therefore on whether any police-officer happens to recognise him. According to the official reports, these relapses into crime amount to 20 per cent. But where the local magistracy have taken pains to trace out a convict's previous history, as has been done for some years in the West Riding of Yorkshire, it appears that about 50 per cent. would be nearer the mark. Sir Richard Mayne speaks of the anxiety with which he watches the increasing accumulation of skilful and hardened offenders in London. Police-sergeant Lorme tells us that, as far as the police can judge, ten out of twelve return to crime as soon as liberated. The governors of Edinburgh and Holloway gaols testify that many convicts come under their hands who were not sentenced as previous offenders, but whom they find to be such from their own conversation or from their companions; and that such men, so far from seeming deterred by their experience of penal servitude, boast of its comparative comfort, and announce their intention of getting themselves recommitted sooner than stop in a county prison.

All this would sound very hopeless—the more so, as there can be no doubt that the English system was carefully devised for the reformation of the criminal, and has been administered by men of character and ability who devote their best efforts to its success,—were it not that certain points of error in principle can be easily detected. First, the too abundant dietary and too light work. There is no doubt a depressing influence in confinement which requires some counteraction by food; but the English dietary is higher than that of the Irish or Scotch prisons, and much better than that of the workhouses. The convict has more food, more warmth, better clothing, lighter toil, and immensely more attention to his bodily ailments than a large proportion of free labourers can enjoy.

Next, the gratuities and remissions of sentence, which ought to be the rewards of positive exertion, have come to be regarded by the convict as a right, unless forfeited by unusual misconduct, and therefore no longer answer their original purpose.

Then, the absence of any system of registration, and of supervision on leaving prison, diminishes unwisely the hazards of a life of crime.

And lastly, the machine-like regularity and minute coercion of a prison life are found positively to weaken the prisoner's powers of forethought and self-government.

A man comes out of the prison improved in physical health; so much fatter, Sir Richard Mayne tells us, that it is difficult for the police to recognise him; his head full of the schemes of crime he has heard from his fellow-prisoners; the old craving for excitement quickened by the monotony of the last two or three years; his power of self-control weakened for want of exercise; his old associates flock round him, the police take no notice of him, and he returns to his old habits. It seems a very comprehensible process!

But the change of system which affected England in 1852, also affected Ireland, and we will now see what mode of treatment was introduced there, in consequence of the discontinuance of transportation. The state of the Irish prisons in 1853 and 1854 was very bad. They were extremely overcrowded. There was no proper organization in them, and the mental and physical condition of the convicts was such that when sent to the colonies nothing could be done with them. It was felt necessary to issue a Commission of Inquiry in 1853, and in the following year, one of its members, Sir Walter, then Captain Crofton, was placed at the head of a new board of directors, to carry out a fresh system of management.

Captain Crofton brought to his task a conviction that a large proportion of these miserable men might be redeemed from their bondage to crime, but that it must be done by steadily carrying out two principles: first, that the prison organization should be so arranged as to admit of minute classification of offenders, and as far as possible to individualize each case; and, secondly, by providing some intermediate stage of partial freedom, in which the convict's powers of self-control should be at once trained and tested, before his complete restoration to liberty.

The general outline of a convict's career, under this system, is the following:—He begins with a period of separate confinement in Mountjoy prison, which cannot be less than eight months, and may be nine, or more, if his conduct is deemed to require it. The dietary during the first four months is very low, afterwards it is raised, to prepare the prisoner for the harder work of the second stage. During this period, much time is devoted to his religious and secular instruction: in particular the whole system in which he finds himself is carefully explained to him; he is made to see that within certain limits he is the arbiter of his own fate, and to feel that the moment his own will is set towards improvement, he will find ready and kindly cooperation from all around him. The police system of the country is also expounded to him, and he is shown how the introduction of the process of photographing and registering every prisoner, and the use of the telegraph, increase the hazards of a relapse into crime: a piece of knowledge that generally seems to make a deep impression on the prisoner. In most cases the spirit of sullen antagonism to all authority with which a man enters prison disappears under the influence brought to bear upon him in this stage. At its expiration, a convict in Dublin is sent, if a labourer, to Spike Island prison, to work on the fortifications; if an artisan, to Phillips Town prison, to work at his trade. Here he labours in association with others; his dietary is improved, though it is still much below that of an English prison; and he has the opportunity of earning certain gratuities by extra labour, which accumulate against the time of his release. The whole amount he can gain in this manner, is about half what an English convict may gain in the same length of time, though the weekly gratuity, 2*s.* 6*d.*, in the last stage of all, is higher than in any single stage in England; and there is this marked difference between the systems—an Irish convict is considered to owe his labour to society, and all gratuities and remissions of sentence are made to depend, not on abstinence from offences, but on accomplishing more than a certain amount of work. It is here that the Mark system comes in. This stage is divided into four classes, and the time of the convict's release depends, within certain limits, on the regularity with which he passes from one to another of the classes. But he only becomes entitled to a remove by earning a certain number of marks, which are given for general orderly demeanour, for industry at school, and industry (not previously acquired skill) at work. They are assigned according to certain fixed rules which are fully known to the men; and trivial as this arrangement may appear, it is really found to be of immense importance. It enables each man to realize his own progress in self-control, and the prisoners are invariably found to keep an account of their marks for themselves, with the most intense interest. Misconduct is punished by loss of marks or of rank, diminished dietary, or, in the worst cases, return to Mountjoy. Dangerous men are completely separated from the others, and placed on a very low dietary; idlers are placed in a class apart, and on a lower dietary, without meat, until they give signs of improvement. No doubt it is this minute classification which has rendered it unnecessary for a long time past to resort to flogging.

From these the convict passes to the Intermediate Prisons, which constitute a distinguishing feature of the Irish system. As the object now is to test the results of the previous course of discipline, the system of marks is discontinued, very little restraint is exercised over the convicts, and a man has the opportunity offered him of showing what power of self-government and industry he has really acquired. A strong moral and religious influence is brought to bear on the men in this stage by separating them into small bodies, never more than a hundred—and, if possible, fewer—being massed in one place; by the organization of these parties, and by the direct teaching and personal intercourse of the chaplain and lecturer. The principal of these establishments are at Lusk, about twelve miles from Dublin, and at Smithfield, in the city itself: the former for labourers, and the latter for artisans.

At Lusk the convicts have been employed in reclaiming waste land on an open common. From fifty to a hundred men at a time are placed here, living in two large iron huts, and superintended by from five to nine warders, who work with them. There is no military guard, no police, no fences or boundaries, no prison dress, or appearance of coercion. The labour of draining a very wet common is very hard, yet the men toil as willingly as free labourers, and have sometimes voluntarily given their assistance at over hours to save the harvest. They have sixpence a-week here from their gratuities to spend, within certain limits, as they please, intoxicating drinks being prohibited; and once a-week some of the men who are nearest their discharge are allowed to go out, to lay out the money for the rest. Not unfrequently it goes to buy bread, a sufficient proof that the dietary, though a good deal raised above the prison standard, is not too high for men working hard. One halfpenny a-week is voluntarily subscribed to the library, the rest is generally spent on little variations in dress, or sometimes books and papers. Not a single case of desertion among the men thus permitted to go out has ever occurred, even from Smithfield—in the centre of a city's temptations. In a very few cases a man has been induced to "stop and have a drink" with some old friends, but he has invariably returned looking penitent and foolish.

At both places lectures are delivered in the evenings by the lecturer, Mr. Organ, on such subjects as are likely to be most useful to the men in their subsequent career. Every Saturday evening there is a competitive examination, conducted by the men themselves: they divide into two parties, each of which proposes questions on the lectures to the other, and very eager debates frequently ensue.

From these establishments the convict, if his conduct has entitled him to a remission of sentence, is released on a ticket-of-leave. He is allowed to choose his own place of residence, but wherever he goes a photograph and report of him is sent to the local police. He is placed under their supervision, and obliged to report himself to them once a fortnight. Should any symptoms of a return to his old habits and associates be observed, his licence is revoked for a time. When he obtains employment his employer is made aware of his position, but it is carefully concealed from the men with whom he works. Convicts liberated in Dublin and its neighbourhood are visited every fortnight by Mr. Organ.

What, then, has been accomplished by all these agencies? First: there has been a steady decrease of crime in Ireland since the introduction of this system, the annual convictions falling from 710 in 1854 to a little over 300 in the four years preceding 1862. In that year they rose to 500, no doubt from the same causes that increased the number of paupers in the workhouses, but they have again somewhat diminished in 1863. The recommitments, under a system where every possible pains is taken to ascertain previous convictions, averaged, up to 1862, 9·9 per cent., and including that year are barely 12 per cent. Secondly: the great problem of the re-absorption of the criminals into the honest and industrious population has been satisfactorily solved. Employers are found willing to take these men into their service, and the convicts are willing to encounter the comparative poverty and steady toil of a working-man's life who has to begin at the bottom of the scale. Not that this state of things has been brought about without much persevering effort in the first instance, chiefly by Mr. Organ, who set himself systematically to find places for these men. The same difficulty, however, no longer exists, not because employers as a class are more philanthropic in Ireland than in England, but because they have found by experience that men who come with a good character from Lusk or Smithfield have given some guarantee there for their industry and power to resist temptation; while the fact that they are still under the supervision of Mr. Organ or the police during the most perilous period of their first return to society is felt to be an important safeguard. The men have undergone a discipline of the will and a cultivation of the mind which in many cases positively raises them above the level of their class, and the testimonials voluntarily given by employers to their honesty, industry, and willingness are most striking; many have even risen to positions of trust, and have proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them.

It has been frequently said that the Irish system owes its remarkable success to the personal character of the men who have organized it, and could not be expected to produce the same results in other hands. No doubt this is so far true that Sir Walter Crofton, and Mr. Organ in particular, have displayed singular qualifications for their respective posts, and we have many testimonials to the excellent and zealous spirit which has pervaded all who have taken part in it. But a system founded on sound principles, and carefully explained to all who have to carry it out, has a direct tendency to mould its own instruments, and Sir Walter Crofton had often asserted that, once launched, his work would prove independent of himself. And so it has done, for it is still going on with success in other hands, since Sir Walter was compelled to retire in 1862, from overwork and consequent failure of health.

The legislation of the last session has introduced some important modifications into the English system, which tend on the whole to make it approximate more closely to the one we have been considering in Ireland. The increase of crime within the last few years, and the accumulation of skilled criminals in our large towns, had grown to be a question of imperative urgency, and a Royal Commission was appointed to deal with it. Among the causes of this increase the Report includes "defects in the system of punishment now in force, and the fact that penal servitude appears not to be sufficiently dreaded either by those who have undergone it, or by the criminal class at large;" but adds, rather curiously, that this "want of sufficient efficacy in the present system does not arise from any error in principle, nor from its general arrangements being injudicious." Nevertheless, very important changes are recommended, which may be summed up as follows:—The severity of the earlier stages of punishment is increased: all sentences to penal servitude must be for not less than five years, the shorter terms of three and four years being abolished, and in cases of previous conviction of a felony the term of penal servitude must be not less than seven years: the dietary is restricted: the system of gratuities is rearranged, and the whole amount lowered: and it is made imperative that the separate confinement of the first stage should be carried out for not less than nine months. Practically this period had been much reduced by the want of sufficient accommodation in the prisons. Those who most desire the wellbeing of the criminal will be least inclined to quarrel with this severity, for "a well-arranged adversity," as Captain Machonochie used to call it, is undoubtedly the first requisite towards improvement.

The mark system is recommended for adoption; and the gratuities and remissions of sentence are to be made the rewards of positive industry and self-control, not of mere passive submission to the prison regulations. The whole amount of remission that may now be obtained by a prisoner under the best circumstances, is rather less than one-fourth of the whole term of sentence for men, and about one-third for women.

The mode of classification in use in the Irish prisons, which avoids the danger of parading together a large army of convicts, and the Irish system of schooling in the evening, are also recommended.

A system of supervision over the ticket-of-leave men is introduced. A convict liberated on licence is obliged to report himself personally within three days to the police of any place he may go to; he must afterwards appear before them once a month;

he must produce his licence on demand; and a police-officer may arrest without warrant any licence-holder whom he may reasonably suspect of having broken any of the conditions of his licence, and detain him until the matter has been inquired into by a magistrate. To effect this latter change, and also that in the length of sentences, a new Act of Parliament was required, which was obtained towards the close of the last session.

The Commissioners also recommend the appointment in London of a special officer to fulfil the same functions towards the released convicts that are discharged by Mr. Organ in Dublin.

While these alterations are undoubtedly a movement in the right direction, there are still some important points which they do not embrace. The great principle in the Irish system is the gaining of the convict's own will towards reform, by every possible means of coercion, of instruction, and of encouragement; and especially by making both officers and men fully understand that this is the object aimed at throughout, and that short of its attainment the whole amount of penalty must be inflicted. The complete and frank recognition of this principle involves no changes in the material arrangements of a prison, but it makes the whole difference in the manner in which those arrangements are carried out by all concerned in them, and in the moral agencies brought to bear on the prisoner.

Again, the absence of any stage of partial freedom answering to the Intermediate Prisons is a most serious omission. Part of the Commission was in favour of this system, but it was finally negatived, from the belief that the men now in the English prisons were not in a condition in which they could be safely trusted in such establishments. But if they cannot be trusted not to abuse the partial freedom of this position, are they fit to be turned loose on society again? The want of some such place where a man may show what is in him, will no doubt add greatly to the difficulty of obtaining employment for ticket-of-leave men; for it will inevitably be felt that a good prison character without this training is but small guarantee of what a man will be when thrown once more on his own resources.

And lastly, it is much to be desired that the hazards and penalties of a life of habitual crime, as contrasted with the casual commission of an offence, should be increased. This would be best accomplished by the introduction of a complete registration of criminals, aided by photography, and of the principle of cumulative sentences; that is, enacting that a frequent repetition of sentences not in themselves serious should be made an indictable offence and punished accordingly. At present there is a large class of persons who live for many years by crime, and are frequently summarily sentenced for short terms; but who for a long period, and sometimes for life, manage to escape conviction for any offence which would render them liable to penal servitude. Some of them have been as often as thirty or forty times in prison for a month or two, and it is precisely this class which furnishes the most hardened of our criminals. If a certain number of convictions for minor offences was made to constitute in itself a cause for a long detention under reformatory discipline, these persons, whose present comparative immunity is a great temptation to others, would be effectually reached.

There is a work, too, for society at large in this matter; not only in the formation of a correct public opinion on the question, but in the important point of co-operation with Government in the finding employment for released convicts who, under a better system of treatment, may have given reason to believe them reformed. This may be done either by individual employers, or by the formation of Prisoners' Aid Societies. There are also various legislative acts for the suppression of houses of ill-fame, receiving-houses for stolen goods, &c., which remain almost a dead letter, from the ignorance or apathy of the general public. To a considerable extent this is the case even with those most important agencies for checking the spread of crime among the juvenile population—the Reformatories and Certified Industrial Schools. The former are intended for juvenile criminals, are under Government inspection, and a magistrate has power to sentence a child to them instead of to prison. The latter are also under Government, and are meant for children under fourteen, as yet unconvicted, but who are found beggars or vagrants, or in the company of thieves. In both cases the parents can be obliged to pay a certain weekly sum towards the maintenance of the child. The latter class of schools, however, are by no means so common as they ought to be; and even in the case of the Reformatories, numbers of children are constantly sent to prison whose proper place would be in these schools. So far as their operation has extended, it has been most successful, and has had a marked effect in the diminution of juvenile crime. But much remains to be done in the establishment of schools of both these kinds in our large towns. Nor must we fail to remind our readers, though it is unnecessary to do more in GOOD WORDS, of those Ragged Schools which catch the children most exposed to temptation, and by God's blessing have saved many from being swept into the vortex of crime. On the whole subject of these preventive agencies we would again refer our readers to Miss Carpenter's excellent work, especially to its concluding chapters.

On the whole it does not appear that we have any reason to despair. If Irishmen and Spaniards and Norfolk Island convicts may be reclaimed, Englishmen may surely be also restored to society. But if we may pass for a moment from results to principles, it can only be by making our human discipline copy, so far as we may, the method of the Divine government; by making a man feel that the law is just and inflexible, and in every collision will prove stronger than he is; that nothing can be gained by resistance, but that submission is instantly met with kindness and willing co-operation. And he must recover his lost ground, as we are all trained to virtue, by the slow process of personal effort, stimulated by hope, but with the continual possibility, and sometimes the reality, of failure. Merely to remove occasions of offence does not answer. In former years we simply tried to get rid of our criminals, sent them to the other side of the world; and if they gave trouble there, coerced them with merciless severity. The end was a state of things so bad, that the society where it existed could not have gone on, had not the conscience of this country, once aroused, refused to permit its longer existence. Then we tried to manage our convicts by placing them under a routine of the most carefully contrived circumstances at home, and we have failed there too, because these alone could not get at the men's *will.* We shall have to fall back on that very ancient principle, which our modern efforts only illustrate, that it is only when, in the strictest sense of the words, "we seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness," "that all these things are added unto us."

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

ESSAYS, THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

VI.—SOME THOUGHTS ON PROSE COMPOSITION.

If "prose" be, according to the lucid definition which the *Maître de Philosophie* gives to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "all that is not verse," we need not wonder at the surprise or the rapture with which M. Jourdain found that "he had been talking prose for more than forty years without knowing it." But if by "prose" be meant a "species of literary composition," demanding, no less than poetry, the apt expression of continuous thought and feeling, then he enormously flattered himself in this conclusion.

In truth, the "art of prose composition" is a phrase quite as intelligible, as the art of painting or music: or if it be thought that prose seems a more natural use of language, and verse a more artificial, the difference is still only one of degree.

Both are natural, and both are artificial. There are conditions of the human mind in which the outbursts of lyric song, though in one sense artificial, are as natural as the warbling of the nightingale; while it is also true that the most natural eloquence will be none the less natural, but rather the more so, that there has been a designed and skilful application of means to ends. In fact, the words Nature and Art, where the latter means no more than this, are but complements of one another, and can never be opposed.

So far from prose, as a species of literary composition, being so simple an affair as M. Jourdain supposes, it is a somewhat curious fact that in the literature of all nations it has been preceded by verse. Of course it is not meant that there was not plenty of prose like M. Jourdain's extemporaneous specimen,—who asks whether, "if he orders his servant to bring him his slippers, that is prose?" and is happy to find it is. Language was always sufficient no doubt for colloquial purposes, before composition was thought of. Men could always buy and sell, and get gain, and cheat, and wrangle, and rail, and quarrel, and make it up again, without invoking any one of the Sacred Nine.

I have said it is a curious fact, that in the development of literature in general, poetry has preceded prose. Yet poetry under some form or other, in metre or without, would naturally be the elder-born of genius; for in the history of a community, not less than in that of the individual, the imagination is developed earlier than the reason. Hence in part (though also from the necessities of a scanty vocabulary) the language of barbarous nations generally abounds in bold metaphor; it has even been observed that their very laws—what will not imagination do?—are tinctured by it. Very beautiful certainly are those expressions in the Scandinavian laws which forbid trespass on the open and unguarded field, "inasmuch as the field hath the hedge for its wall, and heaven for its roof;" or as expressed in another law against trespassers, "because it is under God's lock."

But it is also true that the poetry, with which all literature commences, is not poetry in substance merely, but in form; it is metrical. It is as if young fancy, revelling in happy sensation and stimulated by natural passion, broke out like the birds into spontaneous melody; or that, to use the language of Milton, she

"——fed on thoughts, which voluntary moved
Harmonious numbers."

For this priority of verse to prose, many other reasons might be assigned, if this were the place for it. In the infancy of civilisation, and especially in the absence, not merely of the printing-press, but of any generally understood methods of fixing and transmitting thought, composition would be a rarity and luxury; copies (even if letters were known) would be few, and few could read them; it must, therefore, be in such a form as would aid memory and make transmission possible; and verse is the best expedient that can be devised for attaining both these objects. Again; as poetry would be in some form or other the earliest species of composition for the reasons already assigned, and as the end of poetry considered as a species of composition is *delight*, it was natural to combine upon it all the elements of delight; to invest it with every possible attraction; and amongst these must be reckoned a metrical arrangement. This also more easily admitted the superadded charm of Music.

The degree of distinction between poetry and prose, as two species of *composition*, has varied in different ages and amongst different nations, though it has of course always been great.

If we compare the interval between them as exemplified respectively in classical and modern literature, it would seem, contrary at first sight to obvious fact, as if the chasm was yet wider amongst the ancients than with us;—seemingly contrary to fact, because our poets generally submit to *one* restraint, and that a very onerous one, of which the Ancients knew nothing,—that is, *rhyme*. Notwithstanding, either from the notions they entertained of the very different qualifications of mind which the two severally required, or from the refined laws which their taste imposed on verse, or from both, it would seem that the two species of compositions were thought even wider apart than with us. And this would appear to be confirmed by a curious circumstance, which has perhaps hardly received sufficient attention from the literary historian, that there is hardly a name in Greek or Roman literature which has in any considerable degree distinguished itself in both forms of composition; as if the Ancients had either formed the conclusion that the two were so totally distinct that each required a genius exclusively adapted to it, or that the difficulties of obtaining the mastery of both were so great, that he who should attempt it must content himself with less than the fame he might promise himself by undivided devotion to either alone. If Cicero wrote a few verses, they assuredly added nothing to his reputation, and one luckless jingling line, provokingly immortalised in the satire of Juvenal, has been a standing joke against him in all ages.* Though Plato's writings overflow with the *essence* of poetry, and though his earliest compositions were poetical even in form, history does not record that he wrote anything in that way (except perhaps a single epigram) which satisfied his contemporaries, and certainly *does* record that he did not satisfy himself. In general the prose writers and the poets of Antiquity seem to have been as distinct as the poets and the painters, and for the most part punctiliously avoided invading each other's province.

Amongst the moderns the case is altered. We have numerous examples of men who have almost equally distinguished themselves both in prose and verse. Some diminution of power there may be—we may almost say, except in the rarest cases, must be—in such feats, so long as it remains true that man will do *that* best which he makes his single and paramount object; as long as it is true that he cannot achieve many things so well as he can achieve one. But it must be confessed, in the present case, that many instances may be specified wherein that diminution of power is so slight as to be scarcely appreciable.

The contrast between ancient and modern literature in this respect is indeed partly accounted for by the fact that, for those capacities and tendencies of our nature which most appropriately find their expression in poetry, we have whole classes of imaginative compositions unknown to the ancients—as, for example, the prose-romance and novel—and in which therefore it is not so wonderful that a poet, if he attempts them, should excel. Still the instances of authors who have written poetry of a high order, and at the same time earned themselves much fame in departments of prose literature less allied to poetry than those I have just specified, are sufficiently numerous to show us that the Greeks and Romans entertained very different notions on the subject from our own; different, either because the two species of composition—unlike as they always are—were separated by a still wider interval then than now; or because precedent and custom had restricted the ancient writers to the one or the other; or because they more rigidly applied the principle of the "division of labour," for the purpose of securing the most perfect results in every branch of intellectual effort.

Some critics have made it a question whether it is possible for a poet to write good prose at all;—and one very able one, who does not go quite this length, asks, "Whence, then, the fact that few great poets have succeeded as prose writers?" Yet a glance at the history of modern literature would suggest more than a doubt as to whether this can be said to be a *fact*. It is true that we may here and there see a mind, not merely of so poetical a temperament in general, but so exclusively adapted to some special branch of the art,—the lyrical, for example,—that it cannot comply gracefully with the severe requirements of prose; or one whose imagination is so fertile or so sublime that poetry forms at all events the most appropriate vehicle of its conceptions; or one so accustomed to write in metre that even its ordinary prose style partakes of a sort of measured movement and cadence,—just as we may see persons so accustomed to a certain movement of body, that even in their ordinary gait they may be said rather to dance than to walk. But these are exceptions to the rule. In general, the most splendid powers of invention and imagery may not only find ample scope in the more refined or elevated species of imaginative prose-composition, but are so imperatively required there in order to attain the highest excellence, that if there be but conjoined with them that strong sense which the great Roman critic represents as the basis of all good writing, the poet need not be afraid that he shall not "succeed as a prose-writer."

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* Tacitus (or the author, whoever he be, of the treatise "De Oratoribus"), while speaking with deserved contempt of Cicero's poetic efforts, slyly says that Cæsar also had composed verses, but that he had had better luck, inasmuch as few people had ever seen them!

At all events, it is futile to speculate in the face of facts. The prose of Cowley and of Dryden—that of the one better than his poetry, that of the other equal to it; the prose of Milton, which though it has palpable defects, yet has also transcendent excellences; the prose of Cowper and of Gray, whose letters justly rank amongst the finest specimens of composition in the whole compass of English literature; the prose of Southey, Walter Scott, and Byron, all of whom have written prose admirably; Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and others in Germany, —can hardly leave a doubt that poetry and prose may flow from the same pen: and that though it may be true that there is usually some one thing which genius will do better than any other, and will do that one thing all the better for doing that alone, yet that it is not impossible that it may excel in two.

While it may be doubted whether there are not structural differences of mind which would in some cases limit a great genius to either the one or the other, these examples are surely sufficient to show that it is not impossible to excel in both; and that there must have been other reasons for that sheer line of demarcation which the ancients made between them. Michaelis, indeed, in one of his acute notes on "Lowth's Lectures on Hebrew Poetry," doubts whether it is possible for a truly great poet ever to become a truly great orator, or *vice versa.* He who reads the speech which Shakspeare puts into Mark Antony's mouth over the dead body of Cæsar, may perhaps be disposed to doubt, with Whately, whether he who was the greatest of dramatists, might not also have proved, under other circumstances, the greatest of orators; while those who are familiarly acquainted with the prose writings of Milton, need not be told that he possessed that great element of the highest style of oratory which is called by the Greeks "δεινότης," but for which our language wants a name,—consisting of intellect glowing and molten in passion. On the other hand, it is impossible to read Jeremy Taylor without feeling that he might have been a great poet. To borrow an expression I have used elsewhere, he speaks the language of poetry by a sort of necessity of his nature. He resembles those full clouds of spring which shake out their fertilising showers with every breath of wind that stirs them; the slightest movement of his mind seems enough to detach the images from his ever-teeming fancy. No matter what his subject, he is sure to adorn it. Even over the most bleak and wintry wastes of casuistry or metaphysical theology, he passes like the very spirit of the spring, and all that is rich and beautiful in foliage and flower puts forth at his bidding.

Nature everywhere exhibits exhaustless variety in her products; and it is not the least singular example of this that we find endless diversities of style and manner amongst prose writers, though it requires a keen analytic skill always to determine in what the difference consists. Not only are there the distinctions of schools: no two individuals, of any considerable originality, can be found in whose styles there is not as distinct a character as in their handwritings. It seems, at first sight, marvellous. Though the points in which any two great prose-writers resemble one another, must be unspeakably more numerous and important than those in which they differ; though from the writings of either, the critic can extract exemplifications of all the laws of his art,—yet there are never two indistinguishably alike. It is with minds as with faces; obvious in their general resemblance, the diversities by which one is discriminated from another are as obvious. Such is the miracle which nature has everywhere achieved—that of reconciling essential unity with infinite variety. Minute original diversities of mind, whatever the general similarity,—minute differences of education, though its general system may be the same,—and the circumstances of external life, which are never the same, give to the fruits of every mind a tinct of the soil and the clime which produced them. There are great resemblances between certain kinds of handwriting; family resemblances, and resemblances which result from unconscious imitation; but they are all distinguishably different, and are in effect as unlike as they are alike. The diversities referred to, are indeed somewhat less obvious in prose than in poetry; and sometimes, in purely didactic composition, require a practised ear and much analytic skill, to detect and express them. Sometimes they cannot be expressed—so minute and subtle are they; but, where the compositions have any signal merit, they exist, and are felt, even if too refined to admit of being characterised in language. It is much the same as in music, where every one feels and acknowledges the different style of composition in Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, though not one in a thousand could specify those differences, or give expression to them in language. Yet the difference is *felt* so strongly that an accomplished musician will scarcely mistake their compositions, even on a first hearing. Nor is the difference between their strains greater than that between the prose of Milton and that of Johnson, between the prose of Burke and that of Addison; and the critic who hears them will be as little liable to mistake in referring their compositions to their proper authors.

A novice is apt to suppose that the interval between different compositions in prose is less wide than it really is; he is apt to think that "plain prose," as he calls it, is much alike in all cases; standing always on much the same level; that it may be considered a sort of *any-how* mode of expressing our thoughts, or that it is simply a mode of expression which is *not* metrical. Many readers are little aware what a highly complex and artificial thing the best prose is, after all. They little dream of the toil and thought usually expended on composition before it assumes even an approximation to the ideal of the author, or before the artist will permit a stranger to enter his studio. Apt thoughts will usually,—that is, in a great number of cases,—suggest apt words; but how often, on reconsideration, are those words exchanged for words which are found to be still more apt; how many changes of construction have been submitted to, in order to secure greater harmony or greater compactness; how many blottings and interlineations, and substitutions, have intervened between the first rough copy and the last printer's-revise; how many corrections have been made in successive transcripts and successive proofs; how long has been the chase after a fugitive synonym; how have the cells of memory been ransacked and their contents tumbled out for a forgotten word! There is scarcely any limit to which a correct ear and a delicate taste, if time be given, cannot carry improvement; scarcely any point at which an author will acknowledge that he can suggest no more. Johnson, when he had elaborately revised his early and often hasty papers in the "Rambler,"—and it must be acknowledged that they stood in need of it,—said to a lady who asked whether he could *now* improve any of them, "Yes, madam, I could make even the best of them still better." Burke, it is said, used to cover his manuscript with interlineations and alterations; and of some parts of his celebrated "Reflections" saw half-a-dozen proofs before he could satisfy himself. And he might have seen as many more before he failed to detect anything which he wished unsaid, or to suggest something he would still like to say. Pascal, it is said, employed not less than twenty days on the perfecting and revisal of some of his immortal "Provincial Letters;" justifying the language of his editor, M. Faugère, that revision with him was, as it were, a "second creation."

The celebrated Junius was almost as fastidious, and Robert Hall gave as one reason for his writing so little, that he could so rarely approach the realisation of his own ideal of perfection in style. Few things are more suggestive or instructive to a young writer than the inspection of *fac-similes* of the blotted and interlined originals of some of the celebrated passages of the greatest masters of style.

While it is true that prose is not metrical,—nay, while one of its very excellences consists in the entire absence of anything that shall even suggest the thought of it, yet it has its characteristic music no less than poetry itself; not that, indeed, of the lyre or the lute—of measured cadence and artificial harmony; but the wild and free, yet ever-pleasant and ever-varied, music of nature; of whispering winds or rolling floods; the pathetic wail or passionate gusts of the Æolian harp; such music as is heard by the mountain streams or in the leafy woods of summer. Not less than poetry, it has its sweet and equable or its impetuous and rapid flow; its full and majestic harmonies; its abrupt transitions; its impressive pauses; its graceful, though not regularly recurring, cadences.

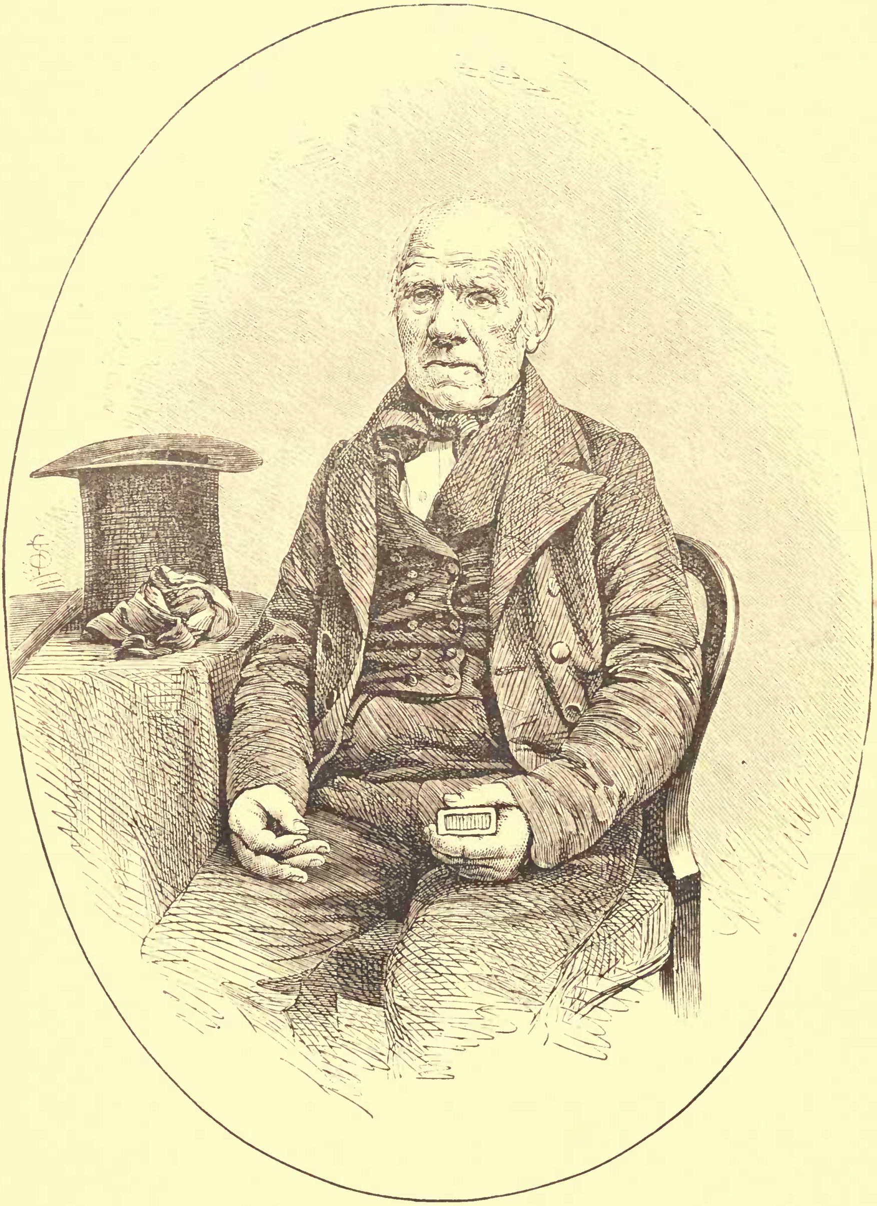
Such are the abstract capabilities of prose, though they are not always exhibited or often demanded from it. In general there can be no doubt that we demand in poetry a more exact attention to harmony of expression and a more elaborate and exquisite adaptation of the words to the thoughts. And, in fact, the connection between them is more indissoluble. Alter the words or the arrangement ever so little, and half the charm of a fine stanza is gone. It is true that this is partially the case with harmonious prose; but it is not the case to anything like the same extent, or in half so many instances. The poet's thoughts—to employ an expression of Milton's, descriptive of the union between music and poetry—are

"Married to immortal verse."

It is indeed a sacred, an indissoluble union. The strain of the poet may be compared with the strain of the musician, which cannot exist apart from the instrument which awakes it. The lay of the minstrel is spoilt, if but a chord of the lyre be broken.

Though the connection between thought and expression is not so close in prose as in poetry, it is still, in prose of a high order, most intimate; and the contrast between the best and the feeblest prose-compositions may be aptly illustrated by the image which Campbell, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, has employed, to show the distinction between compositions in the classical languages and in our own. Speaking of the want of inflections in English, which forbids that varied collocation of words allowed in the languages of Greece and Rome, and also necessitates that abundant employment of particles—for example, of prepositions and conjunctions, which so often loads our style, he remarks, "Our modern languages may be compared to the art of carpentry in its rudest state, when the union of the materials employed by the artisan could be effected only by the help of those external and coarse implements, pins, nails, and cramps. The ancient languages resemble the same art in its most improved state, after the invention of dovetail joints, grooves, and mortices; all the principal junctions being effected by forming properly the extremities or terminations of the pieces to be joined." The similitude is certainly as apt when applied to examples of the best and worst prose in the *same* language.

In the instructive and amusing papers inserted in these pages, on "The Queen's English," we were warned of the danger, in these days of universal authorship and extensive international communication, of corrupting our noble language by incautiously taking up, and suffering to obtain currency, (after which there is no effectual appeal), the impurities of diction, construction, and idiom, which are extensively afloat in the literature of the day.



JAMES BEATTIE.

(From a Photograph.)

The same theme was instructively dilated upon in an admirable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1864. Perhaps it may not be superfluous to remind the young writer, that if he would attain more than correctness, or even a fluent facility, and impress upon his compositions that individuality without which they cannot live, he must remember that prose may be possessed of nearly as various excellence as poetry; and as much requires sedulous self-culture, profound meditation of the subject-matter, familiar acquaintance with the best models (models sufficiently numerous and varied, to prevent that mannerism which results from unconscious imitation of one), and that "limæ labor," that patient revision, which is the condition of all excellence, literary or otherwise. Perhaps, considering the immense mass of written matter which is every day given to the world, (and annually covering, if it were spread out, *horribile dictu!* thousands of acres of printed thought,) we ought rather to wonder that so much rises above mediocrity, than that so much falls below it.

The periodic press has been from time immemorial the arena in which the young literary athlete has trained himself for more important efforts. In it, most of our principal writers have exercised their young strength, and developed their sinew and muscle. To him, however, who wishes the highest development of which his nature is susceptible, there are disadvantages as well as advantages, in this sort of school. It too often encourages contentment with a fatal facility; the hurry in which most articles must be composed, encourages faults of negligence, and leaves no leisure to correct them; and too often the seductive "anonymous" allows a man to let that pass which he would not suffer to go under his own name.

Hence, as well as for other reasons, it is that we may often read articles exhibiting much talent, much learning, and much facility, on which there is yet so little individuality impressed, that we may read fifty of them, and feel that they might all have been written by the same hand. It is the tendency of a high civilisation, (say some,) to obliterate the distinctions between different minds, and to reduce them to the same level. This theory may, I think, be doubted, or at least is only very partially true; and one is as little willing to believe it true in literature as anywhere. But it can be confuted in this case, only by the strenuous efforts of every writer to impress upon his work the indelible marks of his own thought, and to let the fruits of his mind bear traces of the soil which produced them.

THE GRAVE OF THE HEART.

THERE is in every heart a grave,
  A secret holy spot,
Fill'd with the memory of one
  This busy life knows not.

Low down, and deeply dug it lies,
  This cherish'd grave unseen;
And years of blighting care that pass
  Make not this grave less green.

With jealous love we keep it fresh
  Through many wint'ry years;
And when the world believes us gay,
  We water it with tears.

Not for one cause alike do each
  Their secret sorrow bear;
Perchance some mourn a living-death—
  Yet still a grave is there.

There is within my heart a shrine,
  All wholly given to him;
No dearer treasure e'er could make
  Its lights burn low or dim.

Oh! there are things within this life
  Which strangely, deeply thrill;
In music's softest, sweetest notes,
  We hear a voice long still.

We deem the act a wanton one
  Upon a grave to tread;
We pass in silent reverence
  The resting of the dead—

Then on the sacred hidden spot
  Let us not press too near,
Remembering that to every heart
  Its secret grave is dear.

S.

MR. JAMES BEATTIE.

We have now much pleasure in presenting our readers with a Portrait of MR. JAMES BEATTIE, *whose remarkable work as a teacher of children formed the subject of the article, "Lessons from a Shoemaker's Stool," in our April Part. We have also pleasure in giving publicity in* GOOD WORDS *to the following Advertisement, which appears in the Elgin newspapers:—*

"TESTIMONIAL TO MR. JAMES BEATTIE.

"A suggestion having been made by several persons in different parts of the country, that a Testimonial should be presented to MR. JAMES BEATTIE, Gordonstown, the story of whose life, as it appeared in the April number of GOOD WORDS, seems to have excited a strong desire that he should receive some tangible proof of how the public in general appreciate his thoroughly disinterested and very important services, the Bankers in Elgin have kindly consented to act as a Committee in the matter, and to take charge of Subscriptions, which may be forwarded to Messrs. A. & W. BRANDER, British Linen Company's Bank, Elgin; A. MACKENZIE, Esq., Commercial Bank, Elgin; WM. MACDONALD, Esq., Caledonian Bank, Elgin; Messrs. MURDOCH and FORSYTH, Royal Bank, Elgin; P. CHRISTALL, Esq., North of Scotland Bank, Elgin; GEO. LESLIE, Esq., City of Glasgow Bank, Elgin; JOHN CRAN, Esq., Union Bank, Elgin."

THE CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS.

CLIMATE is the term in general use to signify the average weather of a country or district. Thus, if the prevailing weather be cold, it is called a cold climate; if wet, a wet climate; if the changes of temperature are few and gradual, it is an equable climate; and if great and sudden, an extreme climate. The two principal elements of climate are temperature and rain, considered specially with reference to the way in which they are distributed through the seasons. There are no doubt other circumstances tending to modify it, but they are either of little practical importance, or are only modifications of these two elements.

In describing the climate of a country, the first place must be given to the temperature of the various seasons,—we say the temperature of the various seasons, for it is this, and not the mean temperature of the whole year, which portrays its principal features. The climate of one country may be characterised by mild winters, moderately warm summers, and an equable temperature; while in another, the winters may be intensely cold, the summers very warm, and the temperature fluctuating; but yet the mean annual temperature flowing out of these widely different or opposite elements may be the same in both. In Orkney the mean temperature of July is 54° and of January 39°, the highest temperature yet recorded is 71° and the lowest 15°; while at Thirlestone, in Berwickshire, 558 feet high, the temperature of July is 57°, of January 34°, and it has risen as high as 85° and fallen 9° below zero. And yet these places, whose climates are nearly as much opposed to each other as those of any two places in Great Britain, have the same mean annual temperature of 45°. The climates of London, Vienna, and Pekin illustrate this point even more forcibly. For while their mean annual temperature is 51°, the January temperatures are respectively 37°, 29°, and 25°, and the July temperatures, 64°, 69°, and 84°. The climate of London is therefore equable, the difference between the summer and winter temperature being 27°, and the climate of Pekin very extreme, the difference being 59°.

In presenting a view of the climate of the British Islands we shall limit our remarks on temperature to the months of January, April, July, and October, these being types or representatives of the different seasons. The accompanying four small charts of the British Islands (see p. 464), on which are traced the lines of equal heat for these months, are here given as a ready means of presenting the climatic phases of temperature in a graphic and handy form.*

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS.

The Winter Temperature, Chart I.—The chief feature of the lines of winter temperature is their north and south direction, lying, at least as regards Great Britain, mostly parallel to the meridians. In Ireland they seem to envelope the island with their folds, increasing in warmth from the centre outwards to the ocean. Another remarkable feature is the crowding together of the high temperatures in the south-west of Ireland and England, showing that the influence to which our high winter temperature is due is there most powerfully felt.

From the direction of the lines it is evident that the peculiar distribution of the winter temperature is not determined by the sun, but by the ocean which flows around and imparts its greater warmth to the climate by the intervention of the winds. The Atlantic may in truth be conceived as a vast repository of heat, in which the warmth of the summer months, and most probably the warmth of more southern regions also, is treasured up and reserved against the rigours of winter. In addition to this the sea to a great degree checks the encroachments of the cold, especially in all places in its immediate neighbourhood, by drawing off a considerable portion of the cold arising from radiation during calm and cloudless nights.

If the Shetland Isles received no more heat than is due to their position on the globe in respect of latitude, the winter temperature would be only 3°. Owing, however, to the heat given out by the ocean, and carried thither by the winds, the actual temperature is 39°. The former of these is the normal, the latter the actual temperature. The following are the excesses of the actual over the normal temperatures for a few British and Irish stations, and may be regarded as measuring the advantage each place enjoys in winter, from its proximity to the ocean:—Shetland 36°, Inverness 31°, Edinburgh 28°, Durham 26°, Liverpool 26°, London 20°. Bristol 24°, Isle of Wight 23°, Land's End 26°, Belfast 28°, Dublin 28°, Galway 28°, and Cork 27°. But for the enormous quantity of heat stored up in the ocean, our winters would be from 20° to 36° colder than they actually are,—or, in other words, the intense cold which commemorates the Christmas of 1860 would be our usual winter weather.

These figures suggest two considerations of some interest, as bearing on the Gulf Stream, the existence of which, in opposition to popular belief, some meteorologists deny. The first is that the north of Britain receives more benefit from the adjacent ocean than the south of Britain, Shetland being advantaged 36°, and Inverness 31°, while the Land's End is only advantaged 26°, and London 20°. Thus, during the winter season, the north draws daily from the Atlantic storehouse of heat 10° more heat than the south of Great Britain. The second consideration is that the west of Ireland has a higher winter temperature than the corresponding parts of Great Britain in the same latitudes. It would be difficult to account for the decrease of the temperature of places on the shores of the Atlantic as we proceed from west to east, unless on the supposition of a slow and gradual translation of its whole waters eastward under a cold wintry sky; and it would be equally difficult to account for the increased benefit the climate derives from the ocean as we proceed northward, unless we suppose the same oceanic current having impinged on the shores of Ireland and Cornwall from the south-west to be thereafter deflected northward along the coast, parting no doubt with its heat as it goes, but at a much slower rate than the latitude requires. This current is no doubt part of the Gulf Stream, that mighty ocean river, which, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, spreads itself eastward over the Atlantic.

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* They have been reduced from the charts published in the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society*, to which periodical we would refer for further information regarding the subject of this article.

The eastern parts of Great Britain derive the least benefit from the warm waters of the ocean; for while the temperature of the west is 39° from Shetland to Wales, rising to 43° in the south-west of England and Ireland, that of the east is uniformly 37° from Kinnaird Head to the mouth of the Thames. Hence the winter climate of the west is from 2° to 6° warmer than that of the east. The benefit accruing to the western districts is much greater than these figures at first sight seem to indicate, for the increase of the temperature is chiefly due to the greater warmth maintained during the nights and during periods of great frosts, when the powerful and beneficial influence of the Gulf Stream on the climate of the west is most felt.

Since the temperature of the nights in the west are from 3° to 5° warmer than in the east, and that of the days only from 1° to 2° warmer, it follows that the higher temperature of the west is chiefly caused by the greater warmth of the nights. This higher temperature of the west, as compared with the east, depends on the following causes:—(1) The S.W. winds charged with the warmth they bring from the Atlantic, lose a great part of it before arriving in the east, because at this season the surface of the ground over which they pass is considerably colder than the ocean. (2) The larger amount of rain precipitated in the west, being nearly double that in the east, liberates a larger quantity of latent heat, and thus a higher temperature is maintained. (3) The greater amount of vapour in the west in the form of clouds arrests the fall of the temperature by obstructing radiation. And a similar result also follows when, in a clear and transparent sky, the air is loaded with water dissolved invisibly through it; for even then the invisible watery particles offer a powerful obstruction to the free escape of the caloric of radiation in much the same way as stones in the channel of a river oppose its course; so that in a moist though perfectly clear atmosphere, the cooling of the air is very slowly accomplished. Let, on the contrary, all, or nearly all, the moisture be squeezed out, then the escape of heat by nocturnal radiation would be swift and great, and the temperature would fall so low that the whole living creation would be blighted and destroyed by its withering touch; and the power of the sun's rays during the day would be so intense that everything would be scorched and burned up by the fierceness of the heat. The earth would

> "Feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
> From beds of raging fire to starve in ice."

(4) The lower temperature of the North Sea, partly caused by its greater shallowness, and partly by its position removing it out of the current of the Gulf Stream, also tends to reduce the temperature of east Britain.

The Spring Temperature, Chart II.—The most remarkable feature of the lines of equal spring heat is their general direction, or *lie*, from north-west to south-east, a feature most marked in the north, and least in the south. The general direction of the winter lines is north and south, and of the summer lines, east and west. In April they may be regarded as holding an intermediate position, inclining more to the winter lines in the north, and to the summer lines in the south. This peculiarity is owing to the circumstance that as it is to the sun the summer lines owe their east-and-west direction, so its dominating influence being earlier felt in the south, it is there where they first begin to assume their summer direction. The high temperature of the west, and especially of Ireland, deserves particular attention. Little difference obtains in the temperature of the eastern districts between the Moray Firth and the Wash, but from this point round the coast to Brighton it increases rapidly. The convergence of the lines there may be regarded as marking a contest between the returning heat of spring and the accessions of cold transported from the Continent to these parts by the E. and S.E. winds, which are frequent at this season.

The Summer Temperature, Chart III.—The general direction of the lines of summer temperature, from a little south of west, to a little north of east, shows that the summer temperature of the east is greater than that of the west. This arises from the prevalence of S.W. winds, bringing clouds in their train, which as they go eastward they leave behind in the hilly country of the west, partially screening it from the sun's rays. And further, as the temperature of the land is warmer than that of the ocean in summer, the S.W. winds acquire heat in their progress, and from this cause, together with the brighter skies, the whole temperature of the eastern districts is raised.

The curving northward of the lines in the central parts of England from Yorkshire to the South Downs, is caused by the circumstance that it is only in this portion of the island that the land is of sufficient breadth, from west to east, to impart somewhat of a Continental character to the summer climate, and thus give a decidedly northern flexure to the lines. The southern district included within 64°, possesses the warmest summer climate in the British Islands, and consequently is best suited for the cultivation of exotics requiring a high temperature for their growth.

The cooler climate of the south coast, as compared with London to the north, is brought about by the moderating influence of the sea; and it is to be remarked, that in times of unusually warm weather, the mid-day temperature of the coast, whither crowds from London resort, is many degrees cooler, as compared with the heat of London, than the lines of mean summer temperature on the chart indicate.

The Autumn Temperature, Chart IV.—The waning influence of the sun begins now to be markedly felt, particularly in Scotland, where the greatest annual fall of temperature occurs in October, whereas in England the greatest fall of the temperature does not occur till November. Hence, the widening of the lines in Scotland and the crowding of them together in the south of England. It is interesting to note that the autumn temperature of London and Bristol is 53°, being as high as the summer temperature of Shetland.

The general correspondence of the October lines with the parallels of latitude, shows that the causes which contribute to give its peculiar character to our winter climate are only just coming into operation. This arises from the consideration that, though in October easterly winds acquire their average frequency, yet as the temperature on the Continent has fallen little below that of Great Britain, there are so to speak no importations of cold into any part of the country, and consequently the temperature of the whole island falls in a comparatively equable manner.

The curving southward of the lines in the central districts, particularly in the north, is a striking feature, and may be thus accounted for. The temperature of the ocean is from 3° to 4° higher than the mean temperature of Scotland in October, and hence the temperature of the seaward districts is higher than the inland, and more so in the north than in the south. The loss of heat arising from the sun's falling more aslant, as its altitude decreases, is necessarily less rapid on sea than on land; for as the surface of the ocean falls in temperature, the cold water descends by gravity, and its place is taken by the warmer particles which rise from below. This circumstance, together with the more truly east-and-west direction of the October as compared with the July lines, may be regarded as an indication that the ocean has begun—though little more than begun—to exercise its beneficial influence in opening its great storehouse of heat to moderate and genialise our winter climate.

THE RAINFALL OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS.

The rainfall is determined by all causes whatever tending to lower the temperature of the air below the point of saturation,—the chief of these being, the march of temperature through the year, the character of the winds as regards moisture or dryness, and the physical configuration of the land over which they pass. Since with a rising temperature the capacity of the air to retain its moisture is increased, and with a falling temperature diminished, the smallest amount of rain may be expected in spring and early summer, and the heaviest and most frequent rains in autumn. Though observations confirm this expectation in a general way, yet, in respect of particular months, the rainfall by no means follows the temperature, owing to the interference of the seasonal changes of the winds.

Our S.W. wind, or equatorial current, comes loaded with the moisture it has taken up from the Atlantic on its way; and losing heat as it goes, has consequently to part with some of the moisture with which it is charged. It is therefore a rainy wind. On the contrary, the N.E., or polar current, is a dry and generally rainless wind; because it is dry at the outset, and getting warmer as it goes, its dryness is still further increased.

Taking the year as a whole, we have nearly twice as much wind from the S.W. as from the N.E., but the proportions vary greatly in the different months. The warm moist S.W. winds prevail most during July, August, September, and October, and during December, January, and February; and it is in these months therefore that most rain falls. It is worthy of remark, that these two periods are the summer and the winter portions of the year, and one important result of their prevalence during the seasons which mark the annual extremes of temperature, in addition to their influence on the rainfall, is to imprint a more strictly insular character on the British climate, by moderating the heat of summer and the cold of winter. In March, April, May, June, and November, we find the cold N.E. wind acquiring its greatest frequency. These accordingly are the driest months of the year, except March, the stormy period of the vernal equinox, and November, which is usually remarkable for storms, ushering in and following in the wake of the great November wave.* It is to the cold dry winds that the extremes of heat and cold, and general unhealthiness of spring weather, may be ascribed.

If the physical configuration of the British Islands was level, the rainfall would everywhere, on an average of years, follow the temperature and prevailing winds,—increasing with the S.W. winds and a falling temperature, and diminishing with N.E. winds and a rising temperature. But the surface is on the whole mountainous, the chief mountain ranges in Great Britain approaching the west, from which the valleys and plains spread out eastward to the sea. Hence, when the S.W. winds arrive on our coasts they are diverted from their horizontal course by the hills in the west, and being thus forced up into the colder regions of the atmosphere become chilled and form into clouds, or deposit in rain the water which from the lowering of the temperature they can no longer hold in suspension. It is thus that the climate of the western districts of Great Britain is wet. On the other hand the climate of the east is dry, because the land there is more level and the clouds borne thither by the S.W. winds have been deprived of most of their superabundant moisture in passing over the western hills. In Ireland, on the contrary, the hills do not oppose such a continuous barrier to the onward progress of the S.W. winds, but are broken up and distributed in isolated groups in the north and south. From this arrangement it follows that the sky is more clouded and rain falls in general more frequently in Ireland than in Great Britain. Its climate is thus rendered more genial and fostering to vegetation, and hence the appropriateness of the name "*Emerald Isle.*" This remark does not apply with such force to the south-east of the island, which is sheltered from the S.W. winds by the hills of Killarney.

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* For a description of this wave, see GOOD WORDS for 1864, p. 57.

In the eastern parts of England, where hills do not interfere, the annual rainfall is from 20 to 25 inches; and in similar parts of Scotland and Ireland, from 23 to 28 inches; and in the western districts, from 40 to 50 inches. This larger rainfall of the west is occasioned chiefly by the heavier autumn and winter rains. The manner of the distribution of the rainfall during the seasons may be thus explained:—As none of the western hills are high enough to drain the S.W. winds of their moisture in summer, they arrive in the east still loaded with a considerable quantity of water; and thus the summer rainfall in the east is nearly as large as it is in the west, where no hills interfere to increase it. But during the great fall of temperature in autumn and in winter it is quite different, for then the clouds, being low, owing to the low temperature, comparatively low hills, and even the surface of plains whose temperature is now lower than that of the winds, condense their vapour into rain, and thus the winter rainfall of the west is considerably greater than in summer. But in the east the rainfall is less in winter than in summer, because the higher hills of the west more completely squeeze out their moisture as the winds pass over them, leaving little to be precipitated in the east. From the autumnal equinox to the end of October, and during the three winter months, nearly twice as much rain falls in the west as in the east.

The above figures, which may be regarded as representing the least falls of the different districts, are variously increased in the neighbourhood of hills. The rainfall in the immediate vicinity of hills differs greatly according as the situation is south-west or north-east of the hill. In the British Islands the heaviest rainfalls occur all on the north-east side of high hills facing the south-west, for thus the rain-bringing winds being forced up into the higher regions of the atmosphere, copious condensation follows, and most of the rain being borne over the summit falls in torrents immediately to the leeward or north-east side of the hills. The comparatively small amount of snow left on the windward side of a wall after a snow storm, and the ridge of snow piled up a few feet to the leeward, may serve to illustrate this point. It is on this principle that the truly tropical rainfalls of certain places in the Lake District of England, and the Scottish Highlands, is to be explained. They are peculiar to very limited localities, situated chiefly in narrow gorges, immediately on the north-east side of precipitous summits, which cause copious condensation, and a mechanical crowding of the raindrops by the wind.

At Seathwaite, Borrowdale, the mean annual rainfall is 127 inches; but in rainy years it is much greater, being 182 inches in 1861, 170 inches in 1862, and 174 inches in 1863. In the same district in 1860 and 1861 respectively, 102 and 116 inches fell at the How, Troutbeck, and 105 and 123 inches at Langcragg, Grasmere. At Portree, in Skye, 139 inches fell in 1861, 111 inches in 1862, and 152 inches in 1863; at Glen Quoich, in the south-west of Inverness-shire, six miles from the coast, 136 inches fell in 1856, 121 inches in 1861, and 137 in 1863; and at Drishaig, near Loch Awe, 173 inches fell in 1863. At a few places among the Moffat and Lead Hills the annual rainfall is occasionally from 70 to 75 inches. At Valencia, in Kerry, it amounted to 73 inches in 1861, 62 inches in 1862, and 65 inches in 1863; but this large rainfall was no doubt greatly exceeded at many places among the higher Irish hills. Monthly falls of 15, 20, and even 30 inches have lately been observed at Sligachan, near the Cuchullin hills in Skye, and at different places in Argyll, which are likely from their situation and notoriety for rain to have enormous rainfalls. As some of these repeatedly exceed the rainfall at Portree, it is probable that in a year or two several Scottish rivals to Seathwaite will appear, claiming the unenviable prerogative of being considered the wettest part of Great Britain.

INFLUENCE OF IRELAND ON THE CLIMATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

From the principles laid down in this paper, it is evident that Ireland, in respect of its position, may be expected to exercise a marked influence on the climate of those parts of Great Britain which it shields from the S.W. winds. The districts so protected are bounded on the south by a line drawn from Plynlimmon to Scarborough, and on the north from Arran to St. Andrew's Bay. But as the mountain systems of Ireland cluster more in the north and south, the central parts being comparatively level, thus allowing free space for the S.W. wind to sweep through unimpeded, it is obvious that the Cumberland Hills, which lie in the line of this plain, will not be so much influenced by the interposition of Ireland, as are Wales and the south of Scotland. Hence, as these hills really present the first barrier to the rain-bringing winds, the rainfall of the Lake District finds its counterpart in that of the Scottish Highlands, and not in the higher parts of Wales and the south of Scotland, which are better sheltered by the hilly parts of Ireland opposite. But the temperature of Great Britain, as well as the rainfall, bears evidence of the influence of Ireland on its climate. Thus the winter temperature of 39° (Chart I.), extends from the Shetland Isles along the west coast as far as Wales. It is extremely probable that if Ireland had not lain to the west, the temperature of the coast from Wales to the Clyde would have been higher from the moister and more clouded atmosphere which would have prevailed along these western districts; in which case the lines of 41° and 40° would probably have stretched north into Scotland.

But, again, Chart III. shows a remarkable widening of the lines of summer heat in that part of Great Britain protected by Ireland, and a crowding of the lines in the north. This widening of the isothermals is caused by Ireland partially draining the south-west winds of their vapour, by which, the skies being clearer and brighter, the day temperature is higher than otherwise it would be, and thus the mean temperature is raised. The crowding of the summer lines in the north depends on the more northerly position of 58° brought about by Ireland, and in the more southerly position of 53°, 54°, and 55°, by the delayed summers of the islands.

It follows, then, that the climate of the west coast, from the Clyde to Wales, differs from that of any other part of Great Britain in having peculiar qualities of its own. It differs from the climate of the rest of the west coast and the climate of the east coast, in combining the advantages of both climates without many of their disadvantages. And it differs from the climate of the interior of the island in its more equable temperature, and in the sea breezes which refresh it in summer and bring warmth in winter.

THE CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS IN RELATION TO AGRICULTURE.

The Finer Cereals, Wheat and Barley.—Wheat requires 8248° from the time it begins to grow in spring, in order to ripen it properly. This heat must be so distributed as to secure a mean summer temperature of at least 58° on the continent of Europe; but in North Britain, where the day is longer in summer, 56° is sufficient. Since wheat requires a high temperature and a dry climate for its successful growth, it follows that these conditions are best fulfilled in the extensive plains which stretch eastward to the North Sea. The best wheat-growing districts, therefore, are the Eastern Plain, the Great Central Plain, the Vale of the Severn, the Plain of York, the Merse, Strathmore, the low grounds shelving down to the Moray Firth, and the south-eastern parts of Ireland. To this list may be added, though less suited because not so well sheltered from the south-west winds by ranges of hills, the great central plain and eastern parts of Ireland, the shores of the British Channel, Ayrshire, and a few other western districts not immediately bounded to the south-west by hills.

In ordinary years, owing to the moist and wet climate, the crops in the west run rapidly into straw, and being weak from a deficiency of silica are more easily beaten down and "lodged" by the rains and high winds which occur there with greater frequency; the grain, besides, is not generally so fine in quality as that grown in the east. But in dry seasons, the crops attain a bulk and a weight in the west rarely seen in the east.

Barley requires a climate very similar, except that its cultivation may be carried to greater heights and into lighter soils. On this account much of the land in Scotland is adapted to the growth of this grain.

Investigations into the subject of climate become of vital importance to the British farmer, when it is considered that the mean summer temperature of even the warmest parts of England and Ireland is only 6° above the minimum summer heat necessary for the proper ripening of wheat; whilst Scotland is only 2° above this point, and in Caithness the extreme northern limit of wheat cultivation is reached. Hence the grave and disastrous effects of such a cold summer as 1862.

Since the day temperature in summer, which chiefly determines the ripening of the grain, does not follow the law of the mean annual temperature in falling 1° for about every 300 feet of elevation, but is, on the contrary, in many situations of favourable exposure, as high as what prevails some hundreds of feet lower down in the plains, it will excite no surprise to be told that the finest quality of wheat has been grown in East Lothian by the Marquis of Tweeddale at a height of 750 feet. It is probable that in many years it might be successfully cultivated in England as high as 1000 feet. But before giving way to the temptation which one or two good years in succession may hold out, to pursue wheat cultivation at such heights, the additional risk ought to be well considered; for a summer temperature not more than one degree below the average, an event of not unfrequent occurrence, will be quite sufficient to cause bad crops. In England this is especially the case, for in cold, wet, and cloudy seasons its temperature is lowered to a greater extent than that of Scotland,—an obvious consequence of its more southern latitude.

The Coarser Cereals, Oats and Bere.—As these crops succeed with a wetter and colder climate and poorer soil than wheat and barley, the western, northern, and highland districts are best suited for their cultivation. In the higher and wetter parts of the country they take the place of the finer cereals, and hence, considering the climate and soil, they are more peculiarly Scottish grains.

The comparative advantages of the western or wet climate and the eastern or dry climate, with respect to the grain crops, may be thus briefly stated :—The heavier rains in the west in the earlier part of spring often seriously interfere with the preparing of the soil for seed. From this time to the middle of July, the two climates are about equally good; but during the following four weeks, the warmer climate of the east gives it an advantage over the west. In August, and September to the equinoctial gales, the rains in the west continue steadily to increase in frequency and amount over those in the east. After these gales, there occur six rainy days in the west for five in the east, and the quantity of rain which falls in the west is nearly double what falls in the east. These harvest rains sum up the agricultural disadvantages of western climates; indeed, but for them, all other disadvantages would be as nothing.

Green Crops and Pasture.—These objects of agriculture thrive best with a wet rather than with a dry climate, and with mild warm temperatures, particularly during the night. The climates of Scotland and Ireland, therefore, are better suited to their growth than that of England. Since winter falls some weeks earlier in Scotland than in England and Ireland, the growth of turnips and grass will be prolonged to a later period in these two countries. Frost makes its appearance a week or two later in the west than in the east: its occurrence there is also much less frequent and severe.

From these principles it follows that the climate of England is best suited to the production of the "bread-stuffs," owing to its greater warmth and dryness; the climate of Scotland to the rearing of stock, owing to its more copious and frequent rains, and to the certain failure of the wheat crop whenever the summer temperature happens to fall 2° below the average; while the climate of Ireland may be characterised as intermediate and more equable over the whole island than in England and Scotland, combining to some extent the advantages of both. As regards heat, the climate of Ireland is quite sufficient for the successful cultivation of the finer cereals, being subject to less risk in backward seasons than in Scotland; and considering its remarkably open winters, which lengthen out the period of grazing, its mild and genial climate through all the seasons, and its comparative freedom from drought, it possesses superior advantages for the rearing of stock. These considerations, combined with the fertility of its soil, open up for Ireland, as far as the physical conditions are concerned, a prospect of great prosperity, based on most remarkable, though as yet only partially developed, agricultural resources.

THE CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

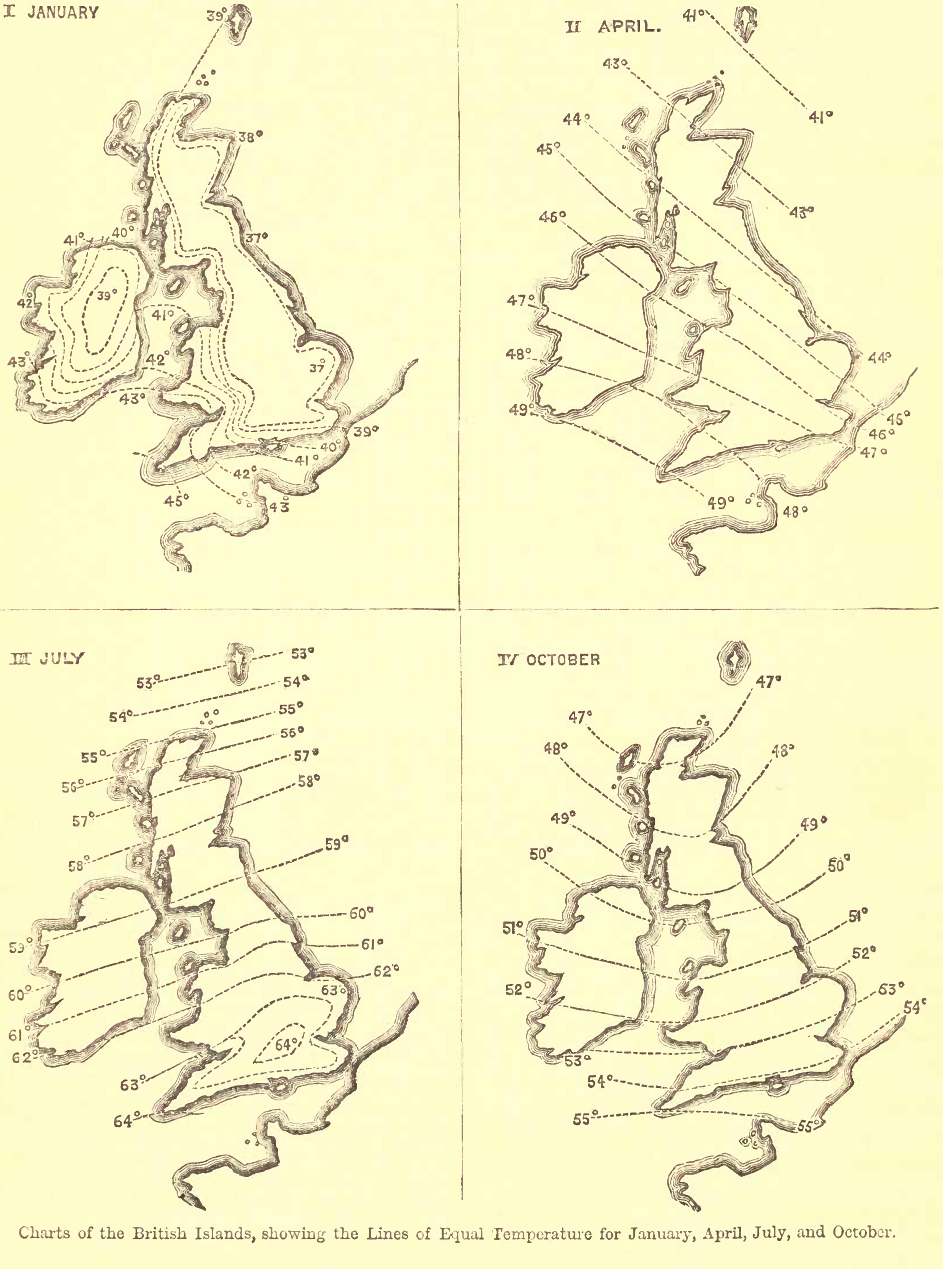
The relations of temperature and mortality are close and intimate. In some climates the deaths increase as the temperature rises, in others as the temperature falls. When it rises above 60° the deaths from diarrhœa and similar complaints increase, and as it falls below 50° the deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs are proportionably augmented. Since the temperature falls much more below 50° than it rises above 60°, we see how it happens that by far the greater proportion of deaths occur in winter in the British Isles.

It may be here remarked, in passing, that as the temperature ranges between these critical points during six months of the year, and, as compared with most other countries on the globe, neither rises much above 60°, nor falls very much below 50°, we are blessed with one of the healthiest climates in the world; and as it admits almost every day of out-door exercise, and can scarcely ever be said to interrupt the ordinary avocations of the people by excessive heat or excessive cold, it may without partiality be characterised as one of the best in the world. The intimate relations of temperature to mortality are best shown in the six coldest months, when the temperature falls below 50°. During this time the deaths are in inverse ratio to the temperature. This law receives striking and even startling illustration during periods of intense cold. Thus, the deaths were greatly increased during the severe frost of Christmas, 1860, being about forty above the daily average—an excess greater than happens when cholera or any other epidemic is raging in the country.

It follows from these considerations, that the districts distinguished for the lowest percentage of deaths are those whose temperature is maintained for the longest time within or nearest 60° and 50°. Scotland may thus be expected, from its more insular character and less fluctuating temperature, to exhibit a lower rate of mortality than England. Accordingly, while the average number of deaths in England is 222 for every 10,000 of the population, in Scotland it is only 207 for every 10,000. Such being the case, it becomes a question of great public importance to ascertain the healthiest localities of the British Islands during each of the seasons. Fortunately, from the abundant materials placed at our service by the Meteorological Societies of England and Scotland, there will be no great difficulty in pointing out those places which claim attention as suitable residences during the different seasons.

1. *Winter Residences.*—There is no locality in Great Britain or Ireland where the winter climate combines the two qualities of warmth and dryness. For if the climate be dry, it must, on account of the latitude, be cold. Hence southern climes must be resorted to in winter when a climate both dry and warm is required. As the temperature of the whole of the eastern slope of Great Britain is the same, it is evident that to those in search of a milder winter climate, a journey southward is followed by no practical advantage unless directed to the west coast. And as the temperature is uniform as far south as Wales, Scotland is as favourable to health in winter as a great part of the west of England. The temperature of the south-west of England and Ireland, however, being 4° higher, the places most suitable for winter resorts, as having

the mildest climates, are to be found from the Isle of Wight westward round the Cornish peninsula to the Bristol Channel, and from Carnsore Point in Ireland to Galway Bay.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Charts of the British Islands, showing the Lines of Equal Temperature for January, April, July, and October.

2. *Spring Residences.*—The best spring residences are those, generally speaking, at the greatest distance from the Continent, unless, as in the case of the Bridge of Allan, they are protected by hills or rising grounds from the penetrating and enervating east wind. Since the deaths from consumption, that dreaded scourge of the race, reach the annual maximum in the dry months of spring, and since they occur chiefly during the prevalence of that "horrid east wind," Kent, Essex, and the other parts of the south-east of Great Britain have probably the least healthy climate during this season. The south-west of Ireland, on account of its great distance from the Continent, as well as its southern

position, possesses no doubt the best spring climate of the British Islands, being in this respect preferable to the south-west of England, where the keen, cold east wind is oftener felt.

3. *Summer Residences.*—The consideration of the different summer climates is of more general interest, since it enables us more satisfactorily to answer the question, Where, with most benefit to our health, shall we go to spend our summer vacation? Seeing the unhealthiness of a climate increases as the temperature rises above 60°, it is obvious that the southern half of Ireland and nearly the whole of England, except the higher districts, are of all parts of the British Islands the least conducive to health at this season. And since their summer temperature does not rise to 60°, the Highlands of Scotland, in addition to grouse, magnificent scenery, and other attractions, offer to the Saxon the substantial advantages of a healthier and more invigorating climate.

The healthiest localities are either in the higher districts, where the temperature is lowered by the height; or on the coast, where the heat is moderated by the sea. Except in the quality of dryness, the east coast must yield to the west in summer, for then the Atlantic being colder than the North Sea, the sea-breezes in the west are more cooling and refreshing; and the prevailing winds from the south-west at this season are refreshing breezes in the west, while in the east they are dry and warm.

But, again, western localities may be divided into two totally distinct groups according to their physical features. Thus, wherever hills rise immediately on the south-west or west, there the rains are heavy and frequent, pouring down in such deluges as none but veteran Waltonians care to encounter. On the other hand, at places lying open to the west, or, better still, sheltered from the sweep or stroke of the south-west winds by swelling eminences, too low to condense the clouds into rain as they pass over them, the rainfall is only moderate in amount, and does not occur oftener than in the east; at least until the autumnal equinox. The position of Ireland, and its influence on the summer climate of the west, in moderating the rainfall, drying and clearing the atmosphere, and thus increasing the warmth, ought not to be lost sight of; for from this cause the climates of Ayrshire, Silloth, and the other districts sheltered by Ireland, are the least relaxing of all the western climates of the British Islands.

The above remarks on the influence of hills are only applicable to the western division of the island. The distinction thus pointed out between eastern and western districts, similarly circumstanced with respect to hills, must be carefully kept in mind, as it makes all the difference between a wet and a dry climate. Thus, if the Braemar hills had been situated near the west, the summer climate, instead of being one of the driest, would beyond doubt have been the wettest in the country. Since, then, the rainfall is moderate at places in the east, especially if high hills intervene between them and the Atlantic, the driest, coolest, and consequently most bracing summer climates in the British Islands are to be found in the high districts on the eastern slope of the island. Of these the first place must unquestionably be assigned to the upper districts of Deeside and Donside in Aberdeenshire, on account of their elevated position, and the high and wide platform of hills over which the south-west winds pass before arriving there, and their consequent dryness. Indeed, so superior is the climate, that grain is cultivated 1600 feet above the sea, or 500 feet higher than anywhere else in North Britain. It is thus obvious that Balmoral, Her Majesty's Highland residence, enjoys for these reasons what may be justly considered the healthiest summer climate anywhere to be found in the British Islands. Crieff, Blairgowrie, and other parts of Perthshire, the high districts of the Lammermoors, Upper Tweeddale and Teviotdale, Moffat, the west of Yorkshire, Malvern, and the eastern parts of Wales, may be referred to as possessing, though in a less marked degree, the same bracing and invigorating summer climate.

4. *Autumn Residences.*—Each side of the island is equally circumstanced as regards temperature during this season. The rainfall, however, is very different, being twice as much in the west as in the east, owing to the heavy rains consequent on the great annual fall of temperature. Hence eastern districts are the most desirable in autumn, particularly those which have long stretches of high hills to the south-west, because, the rains being least heavy and least frequent, the climate invites to more out-door exercise than is practicable elsewhere. It would be difficult to name a more delightful locality where to spend this season than the well-wooded valley of the Dee, from Banchory to Braemar, where the heavy "trouble of the rains" of late autumn falling comparatively light; the wild rugged mountains; the splendid and ever-varying panorama of the skies; and the solemn and gorgeous pomp of the October woods, offer a combination of attractions rarely paralleled.

ALEXANDER BUCHAN.

THE TIME WHAN WEE JEANIE CAM:

A SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

I AYE mind the time. I hadna been sae weel. I was low in spirits, and dreaded her coming much. It was wi' a sad heart therefore I had to raise John suddenly to send for the Doctor. He lived many miles off in Jedburgh. But a kind farmer near, knowing what was coming, insisted on sending for him, when he was wanted. So John had only to go down the burn about a mile. Hew the hind was soon on the road, wi' the chestnut meere that the maister rode wi' every Sabbath to the meeting-house,—a clean-legget fell beast, which went owre the hills wi' great spirit.

When John came back wi' Hew's wife, they found Peggy, our auldest lassie, up and working away like a little woman. She had kindled up the fire, and got me a warm drink o' gruel, for I was sae cauld that my teeth chattered in my head.

I had a sair time, but the Lord carried me through, and added anither wee lamb to our flock. But monie a day had I to lie in bed. Often I was low in spirits, but aye somehow I got a lift, and got cheerie again. When they were a' out, I would lie thinking about a' our straits, and things looked black enough, for we had had much trouble.

John's mother lay lang bedfast wi' us, and we wadna have a haapenny frae the parish. No a week for many months that the Doctor wasna out seeing her. Then she was scarce taen away, when our wee Johnnie took ill o' fever, and after a month's sair fecht between life and death, was also ca'd away. We were deep in the Doctor's debt, and I thought o't a' the time the kind man waited on me. The miller also had an account standing against us, that we couldna settle last term. Then, to make things waur, the spring had been very brashy and cauld, and monie o' the lambs deed, and those that lived were but smally.

Weel, one afternoon, as I lay thinking about a' thae things which seemed sae sair against us, I couldna help greeting, and I was sae weary and sad, that I thought if it wasna for John, and the bairns, and this wee lammie in my bosom, I wad like to dee and be at rest. As I lay wi' the tears running owre my cheeks, I could hear John away out on the hill-side crying to Rover the dog, and it minded me o' the happy time when he cam courting me, when the sound o' his voice made me sae glad; and I thought how wrang it was to wish to leave him, puir man, to fecht on alane. Somehow also the distant cry o' the whaups, and the purling o' the bit burn at the bottom o' the yard, running doon amang the rocks, cheered me. I thought the bird-cries coming away owre the muir, and that purling o' the burn, very sweet music. And my mind wandered away to heaven, and I thought o' the saved a' safe there sounding their golden harps. Then the wund cam whushing and whushing round by the house corner, between the house and the auld thorn tree; and the lang branch that the last storm nearly broke away, cam tapping and tapping at the window beside my bed, and this did me maist guid o' a', for I was minded o' the last sermon I heard our Minister preach, on our Lord's words, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." And I thought surely the Lord was knocking at my door, in a' this trouble, and wanting to have a constant place in my heart.

Then I got a wonderful outgate, and the Lord Himsel cam in, and I found sweet rest in Him. He calmed my sair troubled heart in a way I never felt before. And He brought to my mind the texts my auld grandfather taught me, when I was a bit lassie: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper." Weel, I have read in Boston's Life, and in Elizabeth West's, and in those of ither believers in Jesus, o' the happy times they sometimes had, and how they were feasted at the King's table, and saw His kind face, and heard His words o' love, but I never could say that I kend onything o' such an experience till then. It was to me a real time o' love. The Lord surely cam very near, and sae lifted up my heart, that I got aboon the thought o' a' my troubles, and I cried out, like David, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God."

My heart was made glad, and it was better to me than a' medicine. I soon got weel, and the Doctor wadna hear o' sending in his account for monie a day, but we aye sent him something as we could. The lambs also brought a higher price in the market than we expected. Wee Jeanie also has thriven nicely, and looks up, the wee lamb, in my face and laughs in such a happy way, that she makes me laugh wi' joy, and aye leads me to think of the Lord's love to me when I was sae low and sad.

We may hae much o' life yet before us, and I ken that this life is full o' trials, but I learned a lesson then which I can never forget, which will carry me through a': no to fecht wi' trials in our ain strength; far less to lie down and greet, as if a' hope were gaen, but to carry them a' to *Him* who will never desert His people in the time o' their need. Yes, the time when Jeanie cam was a time when I had to sow in tears, but the harvest soon cam, when I reaped wi' joy. Weel may I mind it then, a' through this life, until I get where poortith and sorrow never come.

J. BARBOUR JOHNSTONE.

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

VI.—GENERAL NEILL.

Of the heroic lives which I have hitherto endeavoured to illustrate in these pages, not one has represented the career of a soldier pure and simple. I have written of men, soldiers by profession, bearing military rank; men who had learned the theory and practice of war; who had seen great armies in motion; who had faced the danger of battle and had died by the hand of the enemy; but who, since the days of their youth, had been but little surrounded by the ordinary accompaniments of regimental life. They were diplomatists, indeed, rather than soldiers. But diplomacy is rougher work in the East than in the West. It exposes a man to all the dangers of military life, and often without its protections. It sends him on detached and dangerous service, to face, alone and unsupported, a barbarous enemy, and at all times renders him a conspicuous mark for the malice of revengeful antagonists. In such diplomatic—or, as in India it is called, "political"—employment as this, the servants of the East India Company were enabled, when in the early vigour of their years, before their health had been wasted or their energies broken by long exposure to the severities of the climate, to attain to high and responsible office. But in the purely military service, the inexorable necessities of the seniority system seldom permitted men to rise to high command, until they had lost their capacity for it. Exceptions there were; but this was the rule. So it has happened that the names most distinguished in Indian history are the names of men who, reared as soldiers, have divested themselves of the trammels of military life, and sought service altogether independent of the chances of regimental promotion.

But I am about now to write of one who was all in all a soldier—who, not wanting capacity for the performance of these other duties, clung resolutely to the "great profession" of arms; one, who so loved that profession, that he suffered no allurements to detach him from it; and who lived and died with its harness on his back. Strong in the faith that his time would come, he waited patiently for his opportunity; and it came at last.

James George Neill, the eldest son of a Scotch gentleman of good family—Colonel Neill of Barnweill and Swindridgemuir in Ayrshire—was born on the 26th of May, 1810, in the neighbourhood of Ayr. From his very childhood he evinced a fearlessness and independence of spirit which promised well for his future career. He was not yet five years old, when he absented himself one morning from home, and excited considerable alarm in the household by his disappearance. He had been absent for many hours, when his father observed him coming with leisurely composure homeward, across a long dangerous embankment which confined the water of Barnweill Loch. His father went to meet him, and anxiously asked, "Where have you been, Jamie?" "Well," replied the boy, "I just thought I'd like to take a long walk and look at all things as I went on, see, and see whether I could get home by myself! *And I have done it*," he added proudly, "and now I am to have no more nursery-maids running after me—I can manage myself." His father said that he was right; and from that day the surveillance of nurses was withdrawn; and it was felt that Jamie might safely be left to look after himself.

He received his education at an academy in his native town, until at the age of fifteen he was removed to the Glasgow University. It was then intended that he should be trained for the law; but young Jamie had no taste for such a profession, or indeed for a sedentary life of any kind. He was active and robust; a stout walker, an intrepid horseman, a sure marksman; and he was eager to be a soldier. At that time, the Burmese war was attracting no little attention in Great Britain; and our youngsters, inspired by the marvellous pictures of grand battles upon elephant-back in a country of magnificent pagodas, which were widely diffused at the time, burned to take part in the affray. James Neill, among others, was hot for Indian service. He said that India was the only country in which distinction could be won. So his father wisely resolved to gratify his wishes, and obtained a cadetship for him. He was not yet seventeen, when, in January, 1827, he sailed for Madras. Sir Thomas Munro, who was then Governor of that Presidency, had married a relative of Colonel Neill. He took the boy by the hand, and caused him to be appointed to the First European Regiment.

Having quickly learned the elements of his profession, young Neill devoted himself to his regimental duties, not only as one who was resolute to do what was demanded from him, but as one also who took the deepest interest in his work. The regiment to which he had been posted, was one which had earned distinction on many fields, and which, being one of the very few European corps in the Company's service, was wellnigh sure to go to the front in any new operations on that side of India. But for awhile there was profound peace in all parts of the country, and the strenuous realities of active service were only to him as dreams of the future. In the details of regimental duty, however, he found abundant occupation. The Madras European Regiment was stationed, during his first years of service, at Masulipatam; and the young subaltern acquitted himself so well, that he was made Fort-Adjutant—a post which he held until the corps marched to Kamptee. There the zeal and ability he displayed soon recommended him for employment on the regimental staff, and he was appointed Quartermaster, and afterwards Adjutant, of the Madras Europeans. In the latter situation his fine soldierly qualities had much scope for exercise and development. It is hard to say how much not only the discipline but the happiness of a regiment depends upon the personal character of the Adjutant. Lieutenant Neill was not a man to look upon the soldier merely as an animated machine. He had the tenderest regard for the best interests of his men; and strove with all his might to reform their habits by instituting a better system of internal economy than that which in those days commonly obtained in our army. He did, indeed, almost all that, in these latter times, our Sanitary Commissions are wont to recommend, for the improvement of the health, the happiness, and the moral character of the soldier. Whilst subjecting to proper regulations the sale of intoxicating liquors to the European soldier, he endeavoured to withdraw the ordinary inducements and temptations to hard drinking which too commonly beset him. By providing him with healthy occupation and harmless amusement he did much to improve the morality and the efficiency of the regiment. Adult schools and workshops were established; athletic exercises of different kinds were promoted; and in all these things the personal encouragement and example of Lieutenant Neill did much to secure their success.

Whilst still in the zealous performance of these duties, sustained and cheered by the thought of the good he was doing, Adjutant Neill took to himself a wife. In the course of the year 1835, he married Isabella, daughter of Colonel Warde, of the 5th Regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then employed in the "Political Department," as Assistant to the Resident at Nagpore. A soldier's daughter, she was fit to be a soldier's wife. And from that time forth, for more than twenty years, in war or in peace, in storm or in sunshine, he had not a thought which was not in some way associated with his "dearest Isy." Emphatically it may be said of him that he was a man

> "who though thus endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
> Sweet images, which wheresoe'er he be,
> Are at his heart; and such fidelity
> It is his darling passion to approve,
> More brave for this, that he hath much to love."

But the climate of India and the work—for he was one, who never spared himself—were beginning to make themselves felt; and Neill felt that the time was approaching, when it would be necessary for him to seek renovated health from the fresh breezes of his native country. Two years after his marriage (1837) he obtained leave of absence to Europe for three years, and soon recovered all the strength and elasticity, which he had lost beneath the Eastern sun. But the peace, in which India had for some years been lapped, was now again about to be disturbed. There were rumours of the great movement into Central Asia, which afterwards took the substantive shape of the Afghan war. Panting for active service, and unwilling to lose even a remote chance of employment (and remote it ever was, for the Bengal and Bombay regiments were wellnigh certain to be those engaged with the enemy), Neill determined, as soon as our measures were fairly shaped, to return to India, long before the expiration of his leave. He returned in 1839, volunteered more than once for service in Afghanistan—but could not obtain the great boon that he so eagerly sought. But he had a fast friend in Sir Robert Dick, who was most desirous of serving him, and who eventually obtained for him an appointment on the General Staff, as "Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Ceded districts."

This appointment he held for some years, during the earlier portion of which he devoted his leisure to the work of writing a history of the distinguished regiment to which he was attached. It was published in 1843, under the title of an "Historical Record of the Madras European Regiment." It is an excellent example of the class of literature to which it belongs—an elaborate monogram, exhaustive and complete—following the regiment from its very cradle up to the time in which he wrote. But his official duties were ever his first care; and they were so well performed that he received the repeated thanks of the General commanding the circle to which he was attached; and he would probably have risen in time to the highest place in his department, if he had not sought rather opportunities of serving in the field.

An opportunity came at last. The second Burmese war commenced. Neill hastened to rejoin his regiment, which had been ordered on service; but on his way he was met by the announcement that he had been appointed Adjutant-General of the Madras troops under Sir Scudamore Steele. That war nearly cost him his life. Of some of his Burmese experiences he has given an interesting and characteristic account in a letter to his cousin, Mr. Andrew Brisbane Neill. It exhibits in a striking point of view the independence and self-reliance of his nature, the resolute determination at all hazards to do what was right. For the good of the soldiers under him he was prepared even to face the frowns of superior military authority. "I was left at Rangoon to look after the Madras troops," he wrote on the 8th of April, 1854. "There was much to be done putting down these insurrections near Thurygyeen, Bassein, &c. There was no time to refer matters, and no one who could act; so I set to work, and did everything, issuing the usual orders as from Sir John Cheape, and he was very much pleased that everything was well done. I went on the plan to go at any fellow who showed his nose or a tip of it. . . . At Bassein we tried another dodge, which is the best. Small parties were sent out. Shuldham of the 24th had ten artillerymen doing duty as infantry, and eight 'Lambs' and a Company of the 19th. The Burmese met him and caught it handsomely—the plan is to encourage them to stand, by sending there few men. Nga Pyo had again shown his nose, and a Company of the 30th Native Infantry, and some fifteen or twenty Europeans, were ordered by me, before I left, to go at him from Thurygyeen. I expect to hear they have done for him. Backed in this way, our Sepoys will fight the Burmese well, but by themselves they have no chance. Jack Burmah is a superior animal, thoroughly despises the Sepoy—the Bengal most, on account of his giving himself airs about caste. A parcel of Bengal Sepoys are cooking their rice, the circle described all right and proper, a few Burmese looking on at a distance laughing and cracking their jokes; when the Bengalee has all but got the food ready, up walks one or two in a promiscuous manner, and down they squat with their sterns right in the circle. The row commences, and the Sepoys get well thrashed. Our Madras fellows get on better, as they have no caste compared with the others. I go home on the new regulations. . . I have had a shindy with the Commissariat Department, who are attempting to dodge our European soldiers out of European boots and blankets. . . I have had a wigging from the Commander-in-Chief expressing his Excellency's disapprobation of my reflecting on the Commissariat. However, as the want of the European boots and blankets—both of which have been ordered by the Government, and have not been supplied by their servants—will cause sickness and mortality among our European troops (indeed, has already caused it), and destroys their efficiency, and as the Governor-General is most anxious for the comfort and welfare of the European soldiers, I have taken the liberty of handing up the whole matter to his lordship, and I have no doubt 'he will know the reason why' these things are not supplied. I have been thoroughly disgusted with the indifference evinced on these important subjects, and have not as yet stuck at a trifle in obtaining redress and getting things put to rights."

But constant work and exposure, in a bad climate, nearly destroyed Neill, as it utterly destroyed others. Some of our finest officers were killed by strokes of the sun, and he well-nigh shared the same fate. He was struck down; the fall shattered him greatly, and for some time he was so torn by brain-fever that there was small hope for his life. But by God's good providence he recovered sufficiently to be placed on board a screw-steamer then proceeding to England.

"It would have been better," he wrote in the letter above quoted, dated from the Elphinstone Hotel, Madras, "if I had left Burmah and gone home some time since; however, I hope yet on the voyage home, when I shall be free from all bother, to make up for all the injury I may have sustained. I have been very fortunate in all my proceedings in Burmah, have given satisfaction to the Governor-General, and have been much flattered by his conduct towards me. Had it been possible for me to remain there, I should have either been at the head of the staff or in some important appointment. I have fortunately had much to do, requiring me to act at once and with decision during the absence of Sir J. Cheape, and I have been lucky enough to do what was right. . . . I owe my recovery and life to the extreme care, attention, and kindness of Dr. Davidson. Had I been his brother he could not have done more for me."

He reached England in the month of June, and was soon making rapid strides towards the complete recovery of his health. But the rest which he had promised himself was not in store for him. The war with Russia commenced. England was alive with the bustle and excitement of preparation for a great campaign. The formation of an Anglo-Turkish contingent—a Turkish force disciplined and commanded by English officers—was one of the auxiliary measures decreed by the British Government. Then the services of officers of the East India Company—men who had done work in their day, who were skilled in the discipline and command of Irregular Levies, capable of enduring hardships and privations, rough and ready fellows of the best kind—came suddenly into demand. And not only was there need of these, but need also of men who had seen in India large bodies of all arms in combination, and who had within them, seeking opportunity of development, the faculty of military organisation. General Vivian,* who had been Adjutant-General of the Madras Army, was selected to command the Anglo-Turkish force, and Colonel Neill was appointed his second-in-command. The opportunity was one for which he had longed. It was the desire of his soul to break through the trammels of the seniority system, which had kept him down, and to have full scope for the exercise of the power which he knew was within him—the power of successfully commanding large bodies of troops in the field. For this he was willing to resign the pleasures of home and the delights of domestic life; so he at once placed his services at the disposal of Government, and prepared himself to embark for Constantinople. "You will be not a little surprised to hear from me here *en route* to the Crimea," he wrote to a friend on the 3rd of April, 1855. "On the formation of the Turkish Contingent, I was asked if I wished to serve. I lost no time in saying 'yes,' leaving rank, pay, &c., entirely to the Government. I have never bothered them on the subject. My only request has been, 'Give me the highest command my rank will admit of.' I stand next to General Vivian on the list of Company's officers. There is, I believe, great play making on the part of the Madras men for commands, and I have no influence or interest. I go out as a Colonel on the Staff. I had my passage as senior officer ordered in the 'Victory' steamer, from Portsmouth; but they were so dilatory in getting her ready, that I applied on Saturday afternoon to be allowed to go *viâ* Marseilles in order to get to Constantinople sooner. The reply was from the War Office: 'As Colonel Neill is General Vivian's second-in-command, it is of importance he should be at Constantinople as soon as possible: he is to go *viâ* Marseilles.' This I saw in writing; but it is strange none of us are yet gazetted, nor can we find out what commands we are to have. I asked one man in office: he let out inadvertently, 'Oh, you are to have a division,' but I can get nothing more. . . . I shall be about the first man out at my post, and if spared, you may depend upon it, I will do something. I consider myself most fortunate. . . It is an opportunity of seeing service and acquiring professional knowledge that will stand me in good stead hereafter."

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* Now Sir Robert Vivian, K.C.B., Colonel of the Royal Madras Fusiliers, and Member of the Council of India.

On his arrival in Turkey, Colonel Neill was appointed to command a division stationed in camp at Bayukdere on the Bosphorus, where he remained some time, reducing his men to a state of efficiency and discipline, and his efforts were crowned with success. He spoke of the Turkish soldiers as being "good and steady, very smart under arms, and painstaking to a degree." But from the performance of these congenial duties he was soon called away. In another part of the Turkish force, for the discipline of which English officers were responsible, there was a chronic state of irregularity of the worst kind. The Bashi-Bazouks, commanded by General Beatson, were displaying all the violence and rapacity of their class, little, if at all, restrained by the presence of their English officers. When intelligence of their excesses reached Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our ambassador at Constantinople, he determined to inquire into them; and on the 27th July, Neill was directed to repair to the Embassy, to receive instructions relative to the coming investigation. I have not space, if I had inclination, to enter into the history of General Beatson and the Bashi-Bazouks, which elicited a vast mass of official correspondence, and a bundle of controversial pamphlets. Neill was eager to return to his division; but his hope of seeing active service in the field was doomed to disappointment. Sebastopol was taken. The war was brought to a close; and there was no further need of the services of the Anglo-Turkish Contingent. "The play is now up," he wrote from Yenikale on the 9th of April, 1856, "and it has certainly been provoking that we have been kept back and thrust out of the way; however, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have succeeded admirably in organising this Contingent.* . . . I have seldom seen men who move better, and are more easily handled in the field; at ball practice they are first rate. During the winter, when we were several times threatened, the fellows turned out in the highest possible spirits. Whether the force will be kept up remains to be seen. The French will be averse to it, as giving us so much more influence. The Sultan is anxious to have British officers to organise his army, and the report is that they will be lent to him. I, of course, will stay, if the Government and Company will allow it. It is a grand thing for me to have the rank and position, and if—as they all say—it will be confirmed, I may return to India for a short time, only to some high command. My object has been, in coming out here, to gain rank, and if I have been debarred getting it in front of the enemy it is no fault of mine."

The Anglo-Turkish Contingent ceased to be, and Colonel Neill returned to England. Then came a brief, happy period of home-life. The entries in his journal, short but regular, exhibit him in the full enjoyment of tranquil domestic pleasures. He resided with his wife and children in Scotland—sometimes paying visits, with the former, to his friends and neighbours; sometimes attending national gatherings; and when the shooting season commenced, going out with his gun—perhaps more for exercise than for sport. During this period he was in frequent correspondence with the official authorities on the trouble-business of General Beatson and the Bashi-Bazouks; but any annoyance that this might have occasioned him was more than compensated by the kindness of some of the Directors of the East India Company, who on public grounds expressed their willingness to provide for his sons. Mr. Mangles gave him a cadetship for one of his boys, and Mr. Prinsep for another.

Early in November he went to London, visited the India House about his leave, and after a few busy days there set out with his wife on a round of visits to friends in the home counties. From Westerham, where they were the guests of Mrs. Neill's cousin, Mr. Warde, of Squeries, they went to Reading, thence to Bath and Cheltenham. From the latter place he went to Neath in South Wales, where he spent some pleasant days with some members of his wife's family, and on the 10th of December returned to town. After a few days, he left London with his family, by the North-Western Railway, *en route* for the North, parting from them at Warrington; and whilst they journeyed on to Carlisle, he struck off to Liverpool, thence to visit some friends in the Isle of Man, thence to Whitehaven by water, and thence on to Carlisle to rejoin his family at

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* One great secret of Neill's success in the organisation and management of his force, was the firm adherence to a determination to have as officers "none but men fit for the work." "I have," he wrote in one of his letters, "got, no doubt, into great disgrace by being too strict. Twelve officers have been obliged to leave my division. I went at high game, for 1 Brigadier-General, 3 Lieut.-Colonels, and 3 Majors were among those who went very soon."

Swindridge. On Christmas Day he dined very happily, with all his family about him—"a happy family gathering," he wrote in his journal, "of every member of it. Can we ever expect to meet again on another Christmas Day?" Never. But there were still a few more happy weeks for him. January passed, and the first half of February, and he was still surrounded by his family. On the 16th of the latter month the bitter hour of parting came; and Neill tore himself from his family. There was some necessary business to be done in London, and the steamer was to leave Southampton on the 20th.

The voyage to India was not an eventful one. Early on Sunday the 29th of March the steamer entered the Madras Roads. "Go to Mount-Road Chapel with Gillilian" is the first record in his journal after his arrival; the next is, "Find that I can get off to Bushire soon." His regiment had gone to the Persian Gulf, where the British expedition under Sir James Outram was operating with successful vigour; and Neill was eager to join without a moment of unnecessary delay. He was vexed that he had not received information at Galle that it would be better for him to stop there and proceed thence to Bombay. But on the 6th of April, telegraphic intelligence arrived to the effect that the war was at an end. It was then well-nigh certain that the Madras Fusiliers would return to the Presidency. So this chance of service was gone. Another week, and there is the first mention in his journal of "the bad feeling in the Bengal Army." Then on the 20th of April, "The Fusilier vessels signalled this morning." It was an exciting moment for him; for he was to take command of the regiment on its arrival, as the senior officer was compelled to proceed to England in broken health. "I find," he wrote in his journal, "that I shall have some work in hand to keep all square in the Fusiliers. I shall require to exercise great discretion, keep my own counsel, always act honestly, fairly, and for the good of the service only, and all will be right." "Go down to beach and see Fusiliers land—a very fine healthy body of men, fully equal to any regiment I have ever seen." On the 28th, Colonel Stevenson made over to him the command of the regiment; and he began his business with all earnestness at once.

And so he went on, for a fortnight—taking the utmost pains to explain to all the officers under him the system upon which he intended to proceed; wisely counselling the younger officers, and in one especial instance, in which he more than suspected a dangerous addiction to strong drink, endeavouring to reclaim the offender by inviting him to live with him in the same house. By kindness blended with the firmest resolution, in all his dealings both with officers and men, he was rapidly gaining an ascendency over the regiment, when news came from Calcutta that Northern India was in a blaze. Colonel Neill had just made his arrangements for a permanent residence in Madras, when he was summoned to proceed immediately to Bengal. "Receive from Spurgin," he wrote in his journal, under date May 16, "accounts that he has secured me a house. At 11 P.M. receive orders from Adjutant-General to hold the regiment in readiness to embark, fully equipped—for service. Warn regimental staff and heads of companies to set to work early in the morning. Hear that a telegraph is in from Calcutta giving bad accounts from Meerut and Delhi, that our Bengal Native Army is in a state of mutiny." The opportunity, so long and patiently waited for, had come at last.

And Neill knew that it had come. There was something within him which told him clearly and distinctly, beyond the reach of all inward questionings and misgivings, that much was demanded of him, and that he was equal to the occasion. He was so sure of this, that he did not hesitate to express his conviction that no responsibility could descend upon him, however heavy, the burden of which he was not capable of bearing; and this not boastfully, but with a quiet, assured feeling of self-reliance, and something of a prophetic insight into the future. "He was sitting with me," writes a friend, "in my little office room shortly before he left for Bengal, talking over sundry professional matters, when he incidentally, and as it were half meditatively, remarked on the great service his Crimean experience had been to him professionally. He said, 'It has been the making of me, for I now feel fully equal to any extent of professional employment or responsibility which can ever devolve on me.' Thinking the speech savoured somewhat of self-esteem, I looked up inquiringly at him, but was speedily convinced that nothing was further from his thoughts than boasting. His expression was calm and thoughtful, and his eyes fixed, as if peering into that future which was so soon to verify the justice and sincerity of his estimate of his own character. I never saw him again to speak to, but I never forgot the deep impression his words made on me, strengthened as it subsequently was by his too short but brilliant career in Bengal—not too short for his own fame and his country's good."

"We embarked in excellent order," wrote Neill from Calcutta at the end of May, "early on the morning of the 18th, and arrived here on the afternoon of the 23rd. . . . Our passage up was very favourable, until one of the boilers burst; but with no harm to any one, though it brought us down to half-speed at once. I landed soon, and saw the Military Secretary to Government and the Deputy Quartermaster-General, and made all arrangements to start off the men I had brought up by steamers to Benares. However, next day there was a change. Only 130 men went up the country by steamer, and the rest I am starting off by train."

But this was not accomplished without an incident which soon proved to the people of Bengal that the Madras officer had the right stuff in him, and that he was eminently the man for the crisis. The story has been often told before. It shall be told here in his own words. "The terminus," he wrote, "is on the bank of the river, almost opposite the fort, at Howrah. There is a landing-place and jetty. The train was to start at 8·30 P.M. My men were all on board flats in the river, where they were cool and comfortable, and out of the way of mischief. When a party of 100 men were intended to go by train, the flat on which they were was hauled into the jetty. On the night on which the second party left, the flat was hauled in, but there was a squall and consequent delay. The railway people on shore gave no assistance. As we neared the jetty, a jack-in-office station-master called out to me very insolently that I was late, and that the train would not wait for me a moment. He would send it off without me. A little altercation ensued. Our men were landed by their officers and went, making the best of their way up to the carriages. The fellow was still insolent, and threatened to start the train; so I put him under charge of a sergeant's guard, with orders not to allow him to move, until I gave permission. The other officials were equally threatening and impertinent. One gentleman told me that I might command a regiment, but that I did not command them; they had authority there, and that *he* would start the train without my men. I then placed a guard over the engineer and stoker, got all my men safely into the train, and then released the railway people. Off went the train—only ten minutes after time. . . . I told the gentlemen that their conduct was that of traitors and rebels, and fortunate it was for them that *I* had not to deal with them. The matter has been brought to the notice of Government. I have heard nothing more than that Lord Canning thinks I did what was right; and the railway people are now most painfully civil and polite. It is given out that there was never an instance known of the railway officials being interfered with, far less made prisoners, except once in Ireland, in the Smith O'Brien affair, by Sir E. Blakeney."

Having started the whole of his regiment, Colonel Neill made all haste, by horse dawk, to Benares, which he reached on the 3rd of June. He found that, in addition to the men of his own regiment who had arrived, there were 120 men of Her Majesty's 10th Foot, thirty European artillerymen, with three guns. The native force consisted of the 37th Sepoy Regiment, a regiment of irregular cavalry, and the Sikh regiment of Loodhianah. In all the country, perhaps, there was not a spot to which more anxious eyes were turned; for it was the very nursery and hot-bed of Hindooism, the great home of the Brahmin priesthood. The British authorities were alive to the danger by which they were surrounded, but it seemed to them that the safest course was to appear not to suspect it. Even when news came of the mutiny of the 17th Regiment at Azimgurh, only some sixty miles distant, the Brigadier hesitated to disarm at once the 37th Regiment, whose fidelity, in this juncture, was doubtful. Against delay Neill vigorously protested; and succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Brigadier to an immediate afternoon parade. Soon after five o'clock the European troops were assembled. What followed is one of the saddest incidents in the history of a war sparkling with deeds of the brightest heroism and self-devotion. Colonel Neill was not the senior officer present on that parade; but he was soon compelled to take the command. It was intended to surprise the suspected regiment in their lines, and compel them to give up their arms. "We were," wrote Neill in a private letter, "to have been joined by the Sikhs and cavalry, on the parade-ground of the 37th; but they were not up, so we pushed on. The 37th let us come close, keeping within their huts and places of arms, and fired a volley into us. There was some confusion at first. . . . I was nearly cut off, but got back again among my men, and got the lads into order. The artillery fired grape, and the 37th were nearly silenced. Colonel Gordon had brought his Sikhs up; the guns were in the centre, our men protecting them; the 10th Foot on their right; the Sikhs on their left. I had arranged to clear the Sepoys' lines; that is, to drive them out, and follow them up to prevent mischief to the unprotected in the cantonment. I was just doing so, and had got my men into the Sepoys' huts, when there was an alarm about the guns. I was out of sight of them at the moment, but hastened towards them to see the Sikhs firing on our three guns, and our small protecting party of Fusiliers advancing to charge them. You may imagine my delight on seeing the artillerymen bringing their guns to bear, and our lads firing steadily with effect. The Sikhs did not stand two rounds of grape, but broke and fled. . . . I continued the fight until all had fled, followed them up as far as I could, fired round shot into them, and set fire to their lines. The consequence is that not a woman or a child has been touched."

Having made all possible provision for the safety of the women and children and the general security of the place, Colonel Neill turned his thoughts with anxious forebodings of evil towards Allahabad, which lay some eighty miles in advance—an important civil and military station, situated at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, and often described as the "key of the lower provinces" of Hindostan. Beyond a few men attached to the general staff, there were no European soldiers in the place. The temper of the native soldiery was doubtful. The 6th Regiment of Sepoys had volunteered, with apparent enthusiasm, to march against the insurgents at Delhi. On the afternoon of the 6th of June, the regiment was assembled to hear a letter of thanks from the Governor-General read to them on parade. "The men," says the official account of these transactions, "seemed highly pleased and cheered loudly. The European officers were more than confirmed in their implicit reliance on the fidelity of their men; yet in three hours and a half this loyal cheer was changed for the shout of mutiny and murder." On that night they rose upon their officers. There was a large gathering at the mess-house; and among the diners a number of cadets, recently arrived from England, mere schoolboys in age and manners. The mutineers fell suddenly upon them and massacred nearly the whole party. Next morning the gates of the great gaols were thrown open, and three thousand ruffians let loose to aid in the "work of blood and destruction." The fort still, however, remained in our hands; but it was threatened both from within and from without, for the fidelity of the Sikh troops was doubtful, and the mutineers outside were preparing to invest the place.

But it was saved by the foresight and promptitude of Neill. Whilst yet the accounts from Allahabad were that "all was well," he had despatched a party of fifty men of the Fusiliers under Lieutenant Arnold, with orders to proceed by forced marches to Allahabad. On the morning of the 7th of June, they arrived wearied and exhausted at Jhoosee, where the road from Benares met a bridge of boats by which the river was crossed to Allahabad. The bridge was in the hands of the enemy, but there was a steamer off the fort, which after some unaccountable delay, was sent to bring in the Fusiliers. On the 9th, another detachment which Neill had sent forward made its timely appearance; and on the 11th, Neill himself, having made over the command of Benares to Colonel Gordon, appeared, with further reinforcements, under the walls of Allahabad.

But it was difficult to effect an entrance into that beleaguered fortress, and the exposure to the fierce sun in the burning month of June almost killed him. "I had," he wrote to a friend, "to make my way in by getting a boat by stealth from the rebel side; into this got my men. Fancy my walking, at least a mile, through burning river sand; it nearly killed me. I only lived by having water dashed over me. When I got into the open boat, my umbrella was my only covering: two of our lads died of sunstroke in the boat: how I escaped is one of the greatest mercies. I found all wrong here: the Europeans almost cheered me when I came in. The salute of the sentries at the gate was, 'Thank God, sir, you'll save us yet.' I set to work, and thrashed the fellows from about the place; the heat was terrific. I could only send my troops, for I could not accompany them, though much required, but I sat more dead than alive in a choultry, where I could see and direct. God prospered us, and after four days the fellows took alarm. . . . Cholera then suddenly attacked us, and the result was fearful.

In another letter, written to his wife, he dwelt still more forcibly upon what he endured at this time. Only the strong resolute will sustained him, under a burden of suffering, which would have pressed down and utterly incapacitated another man. "I was quite done up," he said, "by my dash from Benares, and getting into the fort, in that noon-day heat. I was so exhausted for days, that I was obliged to lie down constantly. I could only stand up for a few minutes at a time, and when our attacks were going on, I was obliged to sit down in the batteries and give my orders and directions. I had always the greatest confidence in myself, and although I felt almost dying from complete exhaustion, yet I kept up heart, and here I am, God be praised, as well as ever, only a little thinner. For several days I drank champagne and water to keep me up."

The energetic measures of Colonel Neill saved Allahabad. His first step was to recover the bridge of boats, and to secure a safe passage for another party of the Fusiliers, which was pressing forward under Major Stephenson. This was on the 12th of June, the day after his arrival. On the 13th, he swept the enemy out of the adjacent villages, where they were clustering in strength; and on the following day, a further body of Fusiliers having arrived, the Sikh corps was removed from the fort, and with it all remaining danger. "At Allahabad," wrote Lord Canning, to the chairman of the East India Company, "the 6th regiment has mutinied, and fearful atrocities were committed by the people on Europeans outside the fort. But the fort has been saved. Colonel Neill with nearly 300 European Fusiliers is established in it; and that point, the most precious in India at this moment, and for many years the one most neglected, is safe, thank God!"

"A column," added the Governor-General, "will collect there (with all the speed which the means of conveyance will allow of), which Brigadier Havelock, just returned from Persia, will command." Havelock did not reach Allahabad before the beginning of July; and during the latter fortnight of June that terrible visitation of Providence—the "pestilence which walketh in the darkness," of which Neill wrote in the letter last quoted—had assailed the Europeans in the fort. Still, ever mindful of his peril-surrounded countrymen higher up the country, he made arrangements to detach a large portion of his force to Cawnpore, and appointed his second-in-command, one altogether worthy of the post—Major Renaud—to lead it to the relief of Sir Hugh Wheeler. But when Havelock arrived, almost the first intelligence which reached him made him too certain that that terrible tragedy, which cannot even now be named without a shudder, had been acted, and that our miserable people in Cawnpore had passed beyond the reach of all human help. So the General halted Renaud's column, and determined to join it, with reinforcements, as soon as a sufficient number of carriage-cattle could possibly be obtained.

But at the very commencement of the mutiny and rebellion at Allahabad, the Commissariat bullocks had been carried off or let loose by the insurgents; and the means of conveyance for Havelock's advance could not, therefore, be brought together with the promptitude desired. He moved, however, on the 7th of July; and on the 16th, Neill, having been relieved of the command of Allahabad, pushed on also by horse-dâk. Before he started, he had received news of the successful actions which Havelock had fought with the enemy, and forwarded the glad tidings to the Government at Calcutta. "On the 15th of July," he wrote to a friend, "I received a telegram from the Chief praising General Havelock for his victories at Futtehpore, &c., which I was requested to communicate to him. With this came also the following:—'But his health is not strong, and the season is very trying; it is urgently necessary, therefore, that provision should be made for placing the command of the column in tried hands of known and assured efficiency, in whom perfect confidence can be placed, in case Havelock should become from any cause unfit for duty. You have been selected for the post, and accordingly you will proceed with every practicable expedition to join Havelock, making over the command of Allahabad to the next senior officer.' . . . I had hardly seen General Havelock before he said to me:—'Now, General Neill, let us understand each other: you have no power or authority here whilst I am here, and you are not to issue a single order.' . . I was placed in command at Cawnpore on his quitting. Well, off he went at last, and I assumed command."

One of Neill's first acts was to inquire into the circumstances of the ghastly tragedy of Cawnpore. The ascertained truth exceeded in horror all that his worst fears had suggested. He was a tender-hearted, impressionable man, whom such a story as this was sure to fill with measureless compassion on the one side, and indignation on the other. The horrors of Cawnpore might be repeated at Lucknow. When he thought of this—that even then in our beleaguered position, delicate women and innocent children were every day becoming more and more at the mercy of our remorseless enemies, there was a great conflict within him, and he asked himself, in doubt and perplexity, what was to be done. He was not one of those who would have executed indiscriminate vengeance on the nation which had sent forth these cruel and cowardly assassins. A black face was not an abomination in his eyes. He had, throughout the whole of his march, regarded scrupulously the rights and interests of the innocent people. He had suppressed with a strong hand every impulse to pillage and plunder. He had never suffered his men to take anything in the way of carriage or provisions from the people which was not paid for to the last farthing. He had hanged many murderers and mutineers, but never without fair trial and full evidence of their guilt. Nor, even with all the heart-breaking manifestations of that foul massacre at Cawnpore before him, did a thought of sweeping and confounding vengeance ever take possession of him. But he was eager to inflict upon the miscreants themselves what he felt would be, both for our own people and for our enemies, a just and merciful retribution. What he thought and what he did, at that time, shall be told in his own words:—"I saw that house," he wrote, "when I first came in. Ladies and children's bloody torn dresses and shoes were lying about, and locks of hair torn from their heads. The floor of the one room they were all dragged into and killed was saturated with blood. One cannot control one's feelings. Who could be merciful to one concerned? Severity at the first is mercy in the end. I wish to show the natives of India that the punishment inflicted by us for such deeds will be the heaviest, the most revolting to their feelings, and what they must ever remember. I issued the following order, which however objectionable in the estimation of some of our Brahminised infatuated elderly gentlemen, I think suited to the occasion or rather to the present crisis:—'25th July, 1857.—The well in which are the remains of the poor women and children so brutally murdered by this miscreant, the Nana, will be filled up, and neatly and decently covered over to form their grave: a party of European soldiers will do so this evening, under the superintendence of an officer. The house in which they were butchered, and which is stained with their blood, will not be washed or cleaned by their countrymen; but Brigadier-General Neill has determined that every stain of that innocent blood shall be cleared up and wiped out, previous to their execution, by such of the miscreants as may be hereafter apprehended, who took an active part in the mutiny, to be of selected according to their rank, caste, and degree guilt. Each miscreant after sentence of death is pronounced upon him will be taken down to the house in question, under a guard, and will be forced into cleaning up a small portion of the blood stains; the task will be made as revolting to his feelings as possible, and the Provost-Marshal will use the lash in forcing any one objecting to complete his task. After properly cleaning up his portion the culprit is to be immediately hanged, and for this purpose a gallows will be erected close at hand.' The first culprit was a Subadar of the 6th N. I., a fat brute, a very high Brahmin. The sweeper's brush was put into his hands by a sweeper, and he was ordered to set to work. He had about half a square foot to clean; he made some objection, when down came the lash, and he yelled again; he wiped it all up clean, and was then hung, and his remains buried in the public road. Some days after others were brought in—one a Mahomedan officer of our civil court, a great and one of the leading men: he rather objected, was flogged, made to lick part of the blood with his tongue. No doubt this is strange law, but it suits the occasion well, and I hope I shall not be interfered with, until the room is thoroughly cleaned in this way. . . . I will hold my own with the blessing and help of God. I cannot help seeing that His finger is in all this—we have been false to ourselves so often. . . . Charlie, my boy, I expect out the first mail. I have applied for him to come up here to do duty, and I hope to belong to the Lambs, or as the Nana and the enemy call them, the Neel-topee-wallahs. They wear light blue cap covers; the enemy say those fellows' muskets kill at a mile off before they are fired: so much for Enfields." It was, doubtless, a terrible sentence that he executed, in the eyes of the people of India; but he was fully convinced, in his own mind, that only by such severity could he check the atrocities which, in their blind fury, the rebels and mutineers were committing upon the Christian people. Those upon whom the punishment fell, and their own countrymen who looked on, believed that the terrors of the sentence would pursue them beyond the grave; but this, in the eyes of a Christian, was only an idea which added further bitterness to the cup of death upon this side of Eternity. There were many humane men at that time who believed that real mercy required the judge to do violence to his own tenderness of heart.

On the 20th of July, General Havelock commenced the passage of the river, which was the first step towards his advance into Oude. After a week of labour and difficulty, the whole column was assembled on the Oude bank. "Some of the General's staff," says Havelock's biographer, Mr. Marshman, "were anxious that General Neill should accompany the column to replace him, if he were disabled by any casualty; but the General, after carefully weighing the importance of the position at Cawnpore, the necessity of receiving, equipping, and forwarding reinforcements and completing the establishment of a communication between the two banks of the river, and generally of maintaining our authority on the right bank of the Ganges, felt himself constrained to leave General Neill in charge of the entrenchments, with the sick and wounded, there being no other officer to whom he could entrust these responsibilities with equal confidence." On the morning of the 29th, the force advanced upon the town of Onao, where Havelock encountered a large body of the enemy, and routed them with heavy loss. After this he advanced to Busseerutgunje, where he gained another victory; then halted in his career of glory and fell back upon Mungulwar, the place in which he had assembled his troops for the advance, only six miles distant from the banks of the river.

It would be out of place in such a narrative as this to discuss at length the strategical considerations which induced General Havelock to make this retrograde movement. Right or wrong, it created bitter disappointment in Cawnpore. To Neill, burning as he was with an eager desire for the immediate relief of Lucknow, and who with such an object ever before his eyes, believed that all difficulties should have been overcome, and all ordinary rules of war disregarded, this retrogression, in the hour of victory, appeared to be so startling and unintelligible, that he chafed under his mortification, and could not restrain himself from writing a letter of remonstrance to his superior officer:—"My dear General," he wrote on the 1st of August, "I late last night received yours of 5 P.M. yesterday. I deeply regret that you have fallen back one foot. The effect on our prestige is very bad indeed. Your camp was not pitched yesterday, before all manners of reports were rife in the city—that you had returned to get some guns, having lost all that you took away with you. In fact the belief among all is, that you have been defeated and forced back. It has been most unfortunate your not bringing back any of the guns captured from the enemy. The natives will not believe that you have captured one. The effect of your retrograde movement will be very injurious to our cause everywhere, and bring down upon us many, who would otherwise have held off or even sided with us. . . . You talk of advancing as soon as the reinforcements reach you. You require a battery and a thousand European Infantry. As regards the battery, half of Olpherts's will be in this morning. The other half started yesterday or to-day from Allahabad. This will detain you five or six days more. As for the Infantry you require, they are not to be had, and if you are to wait for them Lucknow will follow the fate of Cawnpore. Agra will be invested. This place also. The city will be occupied by the enemy. I have no troops to keep them out, and *we* shall be starved out. You ought not to remain a day where you are. When the iron guns are sent to you—also the half battery of artillery, and the company of the 84th escorting it, you ought to advance again and not halt until you have rescued, if possible, the garrison of Lucknow."

Looking at it from a strictly military point of view the reader will, doubtless, say that this letter ought not to have been written. Discipline stands aghast at it. No junior officer has the privilege of thus criticising the conduct of his senior. An apology, however, is to be found in the extraordinary character of the times, and the magnitude of the interests at stake. It was an unexampled crisis, and one in which the best men were moved at times to disregard all considerations of rank and station, and to assume an independence of tone which at other times would have been an unwarrantable breach of duty. There were, indeed, moments, in that terrible autumn of 1857, when under the strongest sense of what was due to the nation they represented, men, moved by the irresistible manhood within them, were prepared to trample down all the laws of discipline, and to assert irresistibly the rights of the stronger will and the more resolute courage. The words and actions of men in such a crisis as this, must not be estimated by the measuring-rod of the army-list and the order-book. Neill thought, on that August morning, of the despairing cries of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow, and of the safety of the Great Empire, which was then threatened as it had never before been threatened; and he forgot for a while that it was the duty of Brigadier-General Neill not to remonstrate against the measures of Brigadier-General Havelock, but to accept them in silence as those of superior military authority.

But it was to this masculine energy of mind—to this irresistible activity of body—to the voice within him, which was ever crying, "Forward, forward!" that England owed at that time the safety of the great cities of Benares and Allahabad. If he had been a man of a colder, and less eager nature,—if he had had more caution and more patience, he would not have earned for himself the place that he has earned in the hearts of the people. Let us forget then the question of discipline for a time. Havelock responded, and Neill sent in a rejoinder, which the highest military authority in India declared to be "perfectly unexceptionable;" and, a day or two afterwards, the General again pushed forward in advance. But, again, there was disappointment throughout the force, throughout the whole country, for Havelock, assured that he could not make good his advance to Lucknow, fell back, after more successes in the field, and waited for reinforcements. Of the necessity for this, Neill himself was after a time convinced,—"Call on General Havelock," he wrote in his journal on the 14th of August, "and show him telegram from the Commander-in-Chief, and give him my opinion, that his men are not in a state to advance on Lucknow—that they must be taken care of for a time, and saved all unnecessary exposure. . . General Havelock talks a great deal about my administrative powers, wishing to take me with him out fighting, and participating in his victories. I reply to this, that however much I may feel at not having participated in them, and however anxious I may be to be in front, all private feelings should be sacrificed at such a time as this, and that I wished to be employed where I could do most for the public good. Besides, what I did not tell General Havelock, there is a farce in two Generals being with a handful of men, and one of them allowed to do nothing."

I have neither time nor space to write in detail of the events of the next month, during which the force waited, but not idly, at Cawnpore, for the reinforcements, which were to enable Havelock to advance. On Friday the 11th of September, an officer at Cawnpore wrote in his journal, "We were made happy to-day by General Neill being informed by General Havelock that he intended him to command the right wing of the force on the advance on Lucknow." On the 15th he wrote, "The first division of reinforcements arrived this morning. Orders are out to-day for the force to cross into Oude to-morrow,—hurrah! hurrah! General Neill to command the right wing, consisting of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, H.M.'s 5th and 84th regiment, Maude's battery of artillery." The hour so long and eagerly looked for, had come at last. Troops were pouring into Cawnpore, and everything was now in readiness for those operations for the relief of Lucknow, which seemed now to be placed beyond the reach of all human accidents. Sir James Outram had now arrived at Cawnpore, and Neill's heart had warmed to him at once.

On the 19th of September, everything was in readiness for an advance into Oude. The story of the march is so well told by an officer on Neill's staff, that I give it in the words of the writer. "I shall commence my narrative from the 19th September, the day on which we crossed into Oude. The kind and thoughtful General, who was always thinking what he could do for others, without a thought for himself, had taken great pleasure in laying in a little store of arrowroot, sago, candles, and wine, to take to the poor ladies who had been suffering for so long in Lucknow, and he took his palkee carriage to place at the disposal of some of them for their journey back to Cawnpore. He took one small tent which he intended Spurgin and me to share with him, but it so happened that we only used it once all the way over. Well, on the morning of the 19th, we got up at two o'clock and crossed over the bridge of boats with the troops. and his brigade was at first formed up on the left, and while halted there, we each took such breakfast as we happened to have in our pockets, and then the brigade was ordered to move off to the right, which was done under a fire from two of the enemy's guns, and some Sepoys who had taken up a position behind some sand-hills. The General, however, pushed forward his skirmishers and drove off the Sepoys, and halted his brigade in a capital position, close behind the said sand-hills. We had to remain out in the sun the whole of that day, as the baggage was much delayed in getting across the bridge and three creeks that had to be forded between the bridge and the mainland. He sat on the ground with his white umbrella over his head, but he did not feel the sun much. We remained in that same position all the 20th (Sunday). He slept in his little tent by himself that night."

The incidents of the two next days must be passed over, reluctant as I am to exclude even a line of this touching narrative. On the 23rd Neill's brigade came upon the advanced posts of the enemy. The writer narrates, that "close to the side of the road there was a very deep ditch of water, and while the poor General's horse was plunging through it, a round shot passed within a few inches of his back, an escape for which he and we all felt most thankful at the time. We were exposed to a heavy fire of round shot, grape, and musketry in this advance, and he was quite delighted with his troops, and the way in which he managed and led them won their admiration. I have him in my mind's eye now, mounted on his charger in front of the Madras Fusiliers, waving his helmet, and joining in the cheers of the brigade to Captain Olpherts' Horse Battery and the Volunteer Cavalry, who were passing along our front at a gallop to follow up the enemy, whose retreat had become too rapid to be followed very effectually by the infantry. We lost a good many men that afternoon... We drove the enemy back to about a mile beyond the Alumbâgh, and as it was then getting late, and it was evident that the force could not enter Lucknow that evening, we retired and took up a position close to and in the Alumbâgh. The dear General's brigade was on the Lucknow side of the Alumbâgh, and close to the enclosure wall. The whole ground was ankle-deep in mud; and now, to complete our *comforts* for the night, the rain, which had kept off the whole day, now came down in a perfect deluge, but the shower did not last more than an hour. We had no baggage up and nothing to eat. After taking up our position for the night, the kind General's first thought was for the comfort of his men, and he sent me to General Havelock to ask for orders for the issue of an extra dram, which was accordingly served out. . . . About seven or eight o'clock some of our things began to arrive, and a chair and a small charpoy had been got out of a few huts that were near; but the General's servant did not come up with a change of clothes for him and Spurgin, and I could not persuade him to take some of our dry things which had come up. He would not use the charpoy either, but insisted on my having it, and I did occupy one end of it (it was only about five feet long), and left the other for him in case he should change his mind. Some one lent him a good thick blanket, and he sat on the chair with his feet up on the charpoy, and the blanket over his head and shoulders, and spent the whole night in that way. . . To our disappointment an order came about seven o'clock on the 24th that the force was to halt that day and retire to a place about a thousand yards in the rear, where it would be more out of range of the enemy's guns. . . . We dined in the open air outside the General's tent, and were all in high spirits at our bright prospects for the morrow. . . Although so confident of success, he was fully impressed with a sense of the danger of the enterprise we were about to undertake, and in talking of anything that he would do after arrival at Lucknow, never failed to add, 'if it be God's will that I should get there!' . . . About eight o'clock on the 25th we marched, the 1st Brigade in advance. The dear General was near the head of the 5th Fusiliers. The road was lined with trees on either side, whose branches met across, and there was such a crush and confusion in the road caused by men and bullocks and horses, and branches of trees struck down by the round shot and grape and musketry, in a perfect storm of which we now were, that there was difficulty in making one's way to the front. . . The General immediately saw that the enemy's guns must be captured at all hazards, and with his own lips he gave the order for the Madras Fusiliers to charge them. This they did in the most splendid way; they were accompanied by some of the 84th, who happened, at the time, to be in the street of the village when the order to charge was given. The General himself headed the charge, which nothing could resist, and after mowing down a good many of our number with two discharges of grape, during the charge, and under a shower of musket bullets, the guns were in our possession. It was here that poor Arnold had his leg carried off, from the effects of which he died a few days afterwards, and many others got dreadful wounds, but all were happy and proud. From this point we diverged off to the right, and wound round the outskirts of the city with very trifling opposition, until we got on to the road which leads along the bank of the Goomty, and straight towards the Residency. We had stopped once or twice on our way round the outskirts to let the heavy guns close up, and at one of these halts the General was repeatedly cheered by his men and the artillerymen, which made him very happy, and he laughed so, when Captain Olpherts (who is a splendid officer) called out to his men, 'The sound of your guns is music to the ladies in Lucknow.' Soon after we had got on to the road along the Goomty, and little dreaming of the opposition which we had yet to meet, the General several times said: 'How very thankful we should feel for having been preserved through the dangers of the day (it was now between two and three in the afternoon), and I for having escaped when my horse was killed under me!' We were riding quietly along the road at the head of the men, admiring the beauty of some of the buildings, and of the country on the other side of the Goomty, when some guns from that very side suddenly opened on us, and at the same time a sharp fire of muskets from the building known as the 'Mess House,' and from the Kaiser Bagh walls on our left, and two or three guns also kept firing at us from one of the gates of the Kaiser Bagh. The Mess House was within one hundred yards of us. It is an upper storied house with a turret at each corner, and shots poured out at every window and opening, and our musketry fire could not keep down theirs, and we had not time to wait and storm the house, for it was most essential that relief should reach the garrison that very night, so we were just obliged to push on. The General had two or three rounds fired into the house from one of the guns, which caused their musketry fire to cease for a short time. We then got into a walled enclosure, and rested for a little, and allowed the troops to close up. The General dismounted and sat down, and we had a cigar, I think, and some tea or something to drink. We then started again, and had to go along a lane, and then through what had been the compound of an officer's bungalow. All this time we were concealed from the enemy's view, but at the end of the compound we had to come out on to one of the main roads, fully exposed to the Kaiser Bagh, and several large mosques and buildings, and for about two hundred yards we had to go through an incessant storm of bullets, grape, &c., to which, what we had been exposed to in the morning, was not to be compared in fierceness. Men were cut down on all sides, and how any single one escaped was perfectly miraculous. At the end of the two hundred yards, we got behind the shelter of a large house, which was immediately occupied by the Madras Fusiliers, who, by the General's order, tried hard to keep down the musketry fire from the mosque behind, but it wasn't until after repeated discharges from our guns that it was even partially silenced." After further interesting details, which I reluctantly omit, the writer proceeds to relate: "It was now getting dusk, and our infantry were marching through the court-yard, which had flat-roofed houses on either side and at the far end, with an archway in the middle of the far end, under which we had to go. . . The General was sitting on his horse quite coolly, giving his orders and trying to prevent too hasty a rush through the archway, as one of the guns had not yet been got out of the lane where we had been halting. He sent me back to see what was the delay in getting the gun on; and these were the last words I heard him utter, as I rode off immediately to the lane, and in about three minutes returned with the gun, when, to my great grief and horror, I was told that he was no more. He, sitting there quietly on his horse, had formed too prominent an object for the sure aim of the mutineer Sepoys, who fired at him through a loophole above the archway, and the fatal bullet performed its mission but too truly, and in one instant closed the earthly career of our greatest and most noble soldier and beloved General, our only consolation being that he was at peace and had died a soldier's death, and passed from a short-lived earthly career of glory into one of glorious immortality. . . He must have had his head turned towards the lane, watching probably for the gun to make its appearance round the corner, for the bullet entered the side of his head behind, and a little above the left ear.

"When the fatal bullet took effect," continues the narrator, "the body fell forward on the horse's back, and the animal, through fright, galloped off towards the lane, and the body fell off near the corner of the lane. Spurgin had gone to the very place where he had seen the body fall off the horse, and was fortunate enough to have it put on to a gun-waggon, on which it was brought into the Residency. We were out all that night, and I followed the gun on which the dead remains were into the Residency compound at daybreak on Saturday morning, the 26th. It was then taken off the gun and put into a doolie. . . . It was unsafe to enter the churchyard during the day, it was so much exposed to the enemy's fire, although our good clergyman, Mr. Harris, offered to go at any hour during the day; but as the garrison custom was to have funerals in the evening, we thought it best not to cause unnecessary exposure to the men by having it during the day. He was left just as he was, with a ruzaie wrapped round him, and was committed to the earth at dusk in the churchyard, the funeral service having been performed by Mr. Harris, and many a tear shed and prayer offered up on the occasion. It would have been some little consolation if you could have heard the sorrow expressed by the whole brigade, and more especially by his own Fusiliers. His death was so unexpected by every one. He seemed to move about with a charmed life, and he had been so long looked on as the master-mind and stay of our force by those around him, that his being suddenly cut off came upon us with a terrible shock."

And upon all his countrymen, both in India and in England, fell the news of his death as a "terrible shock," from which they did not soon recover. In the course of a few months he had made a great reputation. He had waited long and patiently for his opportunity; it had come at last, and he had suddenly developed into a great military commander. In an unexampled crisis, he had displayed all the finest soldierly qualities; and there was not among the brave men who were pushing forward to the rescue, one in whom greater confidence was felt than in James Neill. All said of him, that he was "the man for the occasion." Like the two Lawrences, like Outram, and like Nicholson, he had wonderful self-reliance; and there was no responsibility so great as to make him shrink from taking upon himself the burden of it. When Lord Canning said of him, that "in the great struggle in which the best and bravest of men of any age or country would have been proud to bear a part, there was no leader more reliable, no soldier more forward than Neill," the sentiment was echoed by his countrymen all over the world. But only those who knew him well, who had lived in familiar intercourse and taken sweet counsel with him, knew how truly good and great he was. These were times, as we have seen, when the good old Covenanter spirit glowed within him, and he smote with an unsparing sword at the persecutors of our race. But in all the ordinary transactions of life, he was tender and gentle as a woman; he was one of the most unselfish and considerate of men, unceasingly watchful for opportunities of serving others, and ever forward in the performance of deeds of charity and love. The delight of a happy home, and the bright example of a devoted family, he was an upright and a God-fearing man, walking ever humbly with that God, and recognising in all the vicissitudes of life, the hand of an Almighty Providence. His career was short, but it has been truly said, "not too short for his fame;" for in the great muster-roll of Indian heroes, there is scarcely a name more cherished by their comrades than that of JAMES GEORGE NEILL.

* * *

THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

WITHIN the last few weeks a common sorrow has spread throughout our land, such as has never befallen it since the day when England's Prince was stricken down in the fulness of his manhood. And yet it is for no prince, noble, statesman, patriot, whom we have been accustomed to see among us, to look up to, or to follow. He never trod the soil of our islands; not one in many thousands among us ever saw his face. An ocean separated us from him; he ruled over another State. And yet, at such an hour as this, we feel that ABRAHAM LINCOLN was indeed bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—that the great race which reads the Bible in the same mother-tongue on both sides of the Atlantic, whatever differences of polity may separate its various fractions, is yet but one people. Strange workings of a Hand mightier than man's! The pistol of an assassin—born, it would seem, of an English father on American soil—has done more to bring this country and America together than all the years which have elapsed since a monarch's obstinacy tore them asunder. O! how blessedly different from those times of bitter fratricidal strife are these, when a widowed English Queen, anticipating the almost universal instinct of her people, could of her own accord address at once in her own hand to that other widow across the Atlantic the expression of her deep sympathy for the murder of the chief magistrate of the United States!

It were waste of time here to express horror at a crime which, taking it with all its circumstances, stands unexampled in political history. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Let us be content with awe to remember those words: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay." Yea, He will repay! The blood of the innocent was never shed before His eyes in vain. A deed as hideous as any, since the Son of God hung between heaven and earth on the slave's cross, has been perpetrated on His lowly follower, whom the Pharisees of this world mocked as a "rail-splitter," a "bargee," a "village attorney." He who is higher than the highest regardeth. The Judge of all the earth shall do right.

But God's vengeance is not as man's vengeance. His justice is shown by sparing the many guilty for the sake of the few righteous. His doom for sin was the sending of a Saviour. The revenge of martyrdom is never fulfilled but by the conversion of the world, which slew the martyrs, to the truths for which they bore witness. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Freedom's last and greatest martyr, can only be avenged by the conversion to freedom of the slave-world. Already we have heard of the grief of Lee, of the tears of Ewell. Who can tell in how many bosoms horror of the crime will not ripen into abhorrence of the evil root from which it sprang? Who can tell how many gallant but hitherto misguided Southerners it will not rally to the cause of that Union which their fathers loved, worked for, fought for? By the thrill of sympathy which it has awakened amongst ourselves, may we not judge how much mightier should be that which it will awaken in men not only speaking the same language, but long united as one nation by a thousand ties of neighbourhood, interest, kinship, fellow-help and fellow-work? Take that simple record of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's last-recorded hour of statesmanship: "He spoke very kindly of Lee." Oh, what a revenge was there already by anticipation for Booth's pistol-shot, over all Secessionists who bore yet a human heart within their bosom! And let us remember that it is not only an American that has fallen, but a Southerner born, a child of the Slave-State of Kentucky, and one who in youth had largely mingled with the men of the South, and worked for his bread among them; and that this it is which gave such weight to that testimony of his against slavery, which he has at last sealed with his blood. Let us rest assured, that to many a truly gentle and chivalrous heart at the South that blood will henceforth appeal in tones no longer to be resisted. Most remarkable is it indeed that the great witnesses for Union alike and for Freedom have in

America almost always been Southern men. Jefferson the Virginian gives for first utterance to American nationality that Declaration of Independence which proclaims the natural freedom and equality of all mankind; Washington, and the other great Virginian Presidents who follow him, establish the Union; Jackson the South Carolinian, with his Secretary of State, Livingstone of Louisiana, arrests for awhile its destruction, when threatened by the hotheaded "Nullificationists" of the South. And now, in the fulness of the time, the Kentuckian LINCOLN spends his life in the earnest endeavour to restore the Union on the ground of universal freedom, leaving his high office and the fulfilment of his task to another Southerner, the North Carolinian Andrew Johnson. Will not the South understand at last that Secession is treason against its own purest glories, against the fair fame of its greatest men?

We indeed must see that the cause of that Slave-Power, which declared that slavery was to be the corner-stone of its Government, has now melted away for ever in the blood of its latest victims. Acquit, as we most willingly should, the leaders of Secession of all complicity in the foul deed, yet it is the accursed spirit of slavery which spoke in the deed, in the words of the assassin. "Thus be it always to tyrants!" cried the frantic ruffian as he escaped across the stage, after having shot an unarmed man through the back of the head, by his wife's side, and in the midst of his countrymen. An utterance which would be ludicrous, if it were not ghastly,—if it did not indicate that utter perversion of man's spirit which the mere tolerance of slavery engenders, making him call evil good and good evil, and to mistake for a tyrant the man whose proud privilege throughout all time shall be, that he proclaimed freedom to four millions of his fellow-men. What superstructure the corner-stone of slavery may bear, the whole world should see henceforth.

The great American people, could we have understood the facts of a struggle, long shamefully misrepresented by a too large portion of our press, has been from the beginning, is doubly henceforth, entitled to our fullest sympathies whilst engaged in its present gigantic task of self-purification and self-reform. That God's blessing has rested upon it throughout that struggle,—in the arts of peace and in the arts of war,—in the reverses which it has known how to bear, and in the triumphs which it has known how to wait for, and when achieved, how to use,—in the valour of its generals, in the wisdom and gentleness of its rulers,—above all, in the stedfast self-devotion of its masses, we cannot doubt. The clash of warfare may be well-nigh over, but a vast work yet remains to be done. Let us hope and pray that it may be worthily fulfilled, and that upon a basis of large forgiveness for the errors of the past, but at the same time of equal rights and equal duties for all classes of citizens of whatever colour, a renewed Union may be built up, free from many of the political imperfections of the old, more truly worthy of the admiration of the world; and that the name of LINCOLN may inaugurate a series of rulers, who shall endear themselves even more to their countrymen than Washington and his great contemporaries did to their forefathers.

To the martyred President, such a Union will be the only true earthly monument; to his bereaved family, it will be the highest earthly consolation. *He* stands far above all puny pity of ours. That Lord whom he acknowledged in all his acts, and in none more signally than in that second Inaugural Message of his,—one of the noblest state-papers, because one of the lowliest, that ever dropped from the pen of an earthly ruler,—has called him to Himself. Shall we rebel, and say that it was too soon? It is written: "When the fruit is brought forth, IMMEDIATELY He putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." Immediately,—whether that sickle take the shape of disease, or old age, or accident, or the assassin's pistol-shot; immediately,—for the Lord of the harvest knows without fail when the fruit is brought forth. Let us rest assured that for that brave and gentle spirit the suddenness of death had no terrors, and that to the voice of Him who is saying for ever, "Surely I come quickly," his only answer would be, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW HEREWARD GATHERED AN ARMY.

THE voyage round the Norfolk coast was rough and wild. Torfrida was ill, the little girl was ill; the poor old mother was so ill that she could not even say her prayers. Packed uncomfortably under the awning on the poop, Torfrida looked on from beneath it upon the rolling water-waste, with a heart full of gloomy forebodings, and a brain whirling with wild fancies. The wreaths of cloud were grey witches, hurrying on with the ship to work her woe; the low red storm-dawn was streaked with blood; the water which gurgled all night under the lee was alive with hoarse voices; and again and again she started from fitful slumber to clasp the child closer to her, or look up for comfort to the sturdy figure of her husband, as he stood, like a tower of strength, steering and commanding, the long night through.

Yes; on him she could depend. On his courage, on his skill. And as for his love, had she not that utterly? And what more did woman need?

But she was going, she scarce knew whither; and she scarce knew for what. At least, on a fearful adventure, which might have a fearful end. She looked at the fair child, and reproached herself for a moment; at the poor old mother, whining and mumbling, her soft southern heart quite broken by the wild chill northern sea-breeze; and reproached herself still more. But was it not her duty? Him she loved, and his she was; and him she must follow, over sea and land, till death; and if possible, beyond death again for ever. For his sake she would slave. For his sake she would be strong. If ever there rose in her a home-sickness, a regret for leaving Flanders, and much more for that sunnier South where she was born, he at least should never be saddened or weakened by one hint of her sadness and weakness. And so it befel that, by the time they made the coast, she had (as the old chronicler says) "altogether conquered all womanly softness."

And yet she shuddered at the dreary mud-creek into which they ran their ships, at the dreary flats on which they landed shivering, swept over by the keen north-east wind. A lonely land; and within, she knew not what of danger, it might be of hideous death.

But she would be strong. And when they were all landed, men, arms, baggage, and had pitched the tents which the wise Hereward had brought with them, she rose up like a queen, and took her little one by the hand, and went among the men, and spoke:

"Housecarles and mariners! you are following a great captain, upon a great adventure. How great he is, you know as well as I. I have given him myself, my wealth, and all I have, and have followed him I know not whither, because I trust him utterly. Men, trust him as I trust him, and follow him to the death."

"That will we!"

"And, men, I am here among you, a weak woman, trying to be brave for his sake—and for yours. Be true to me, too, as I have been true to you. For your sake have I worked hard, day and night, for many a year. For you I have baked, and brewed, and cooked, like any poor churl's wife. Is there a garment on your backs which my hands have not mended? Is there a wound on your limbs which my hands have not salved? Oh, if Torfrida has been true to you, promise me this day that you will be true men to her and hers; that if —which Heaven forbid—aught should befal him and me, you will protect this my poor old mother, and this my child, who has grown up among you all—a lamb brought up within the lions' den. Look at her, men, and promise me, on the faith of valiant soldiers, that you will be lions on her behalf, if she shall ever need you. Promise me, that if you have but one more stroke left to strike on earth, you will strike it to defend the daughter of Hereward and Torfrida from cruelty and shame."

The men answered by a shout which rolled along the fen, and startled the wild fowl up from far-off pools. They crowded round their lady; they kissed her hands; they bent down and kissed their little playmate, and swore—one by God and his apostles, and the next by Odin and Thor—that she should be a daughter to each and every one of them, as long as they could grip steel in hand.

Then (says the chronicler) Hereward sent on spies, to see whether the Frenchmen were in the land, and how folks fared at Holbeach, Spalding, and Bourne.

The two young Siwards, as knowing the country and the folk, pushed forward, and with them Martin Lightfoot, to bring back news.

Martin ran back all the way from Holbeach, the very first day, with right good news. There was not a Frenchman in the town. Neither was there, they said, in Spalding. Ivo Taillebois was still away at the wars, and long might he stay.

So forward they marched, and everywhere the landsfolk were tilling the ground in peace; and when they saw that stout array, they hurried out to meet the troops, and burdened them with food, and ale, and all they needed.

And at Holbeach, and at Spalding, Hereward split up the war-arrow, and sent it through Kesteven, and south into the Cambridge fens, calling on all men to arm and come to him at Bourne, in the name of Waltheof and Morcar the Earls.

And at every farm and town he blew the war-horn, and summoned every man who could bear arms to be ready, against the coming of the Danish host from Norwich. And so through all the fens came true what the wild fowl said upon the meres, that Hereward was come again.

And when he came to Bourne, all men were tilling in peace. The terror of Hereward had fallen on the Frenchmen, and no man had dared to enter on his inheritance, or to set a French foot over the threshold of that ghastly hall, over the gable whereof still grinned the fourteen heads; on the floor whereof still spread the dark stains of blood.

Only Geri dwelt in a corner of the house, and with him Leofric the Unlucky, once a roystering housecarle of Hereward's youth; now a monk of Crowland, and a deacon, whom Lady Godiva had sent thither that he might take care of her poor. And there Geri and Leofric had kept house, and told sagas to each other over the beech-log fire night after night; for all Leofric's study was, says the chronicler, "to gather together for the edification of his hearers all the acts of giants and warriors out of the fables of the ancients, or from faithful report, and commit them to writing that he might keep England in mind thereof." Which Leofric was afterwards ordained priest, probably in Ely, by Bishop Egalwin of Durham; and was Hereward's chaplain for many a year.

Then Hereward, as he had promised, set fire to the three farms close to the Bruneswold; and all his outlawed friends, lurking in the forest, knew by that signal that Hereward was come again.

So they cleansed out the old house: though they did not take down the heads from off the gable; and Torfrida went about it, and about it, and confessed that England was after all a pleasant place enough. And they were as happy, it may be, for a week or two as ever they had been in their lives.

"And now," said Torfrida, "while you see to your army, I must be doing; for I am a lady now, and mistress of great estates. So I must be seeing to the poor."

"But you cannot speak their tongue."

"Can I not? Do you think that in the face of coming to England, and fighting here, and plotting here, and being, may be, an Earl's Countess, I have not made Martin Lightfoot teach me your English tongue, till I can speak it as well as you? I kept that hidden as a surprise for you, that you might find out, when you most needed, how Torfrida loved you."

"As if I had not found out already! Oh, woman, woman! I verily believe that God made you alone, and left the devil to make us butchers of men."

Meanwhile went round through all the fens, and north into the Bruneswold, and away again to Lincoln and merry Sherwood, that Hereward was come again. And Gilbert of Ghent, keeping Lincoln Castle for the Conqueror, was perplexed in mind, and looked well to gates, and bars, and sentinels; for Hereward sent him at once a message, that forasmuch as he had forgotten his warning in Bruges street, and put a rascal cook into his mother's manors, he should ride Odin's horse on the highest ash in the Bruneswold.

On which Gilbert of Ghent, inquiring what Odin's horse might be, and finding it to signify the ash-tree whereon, as sacred to Odin, thieves were hanged by Danes and Norse, made answer:

That he Gilbert had not put his cook into Bourne, nor otherwise harmed Hereward or his. That Bourne had been seized by the king himself, together with Earl Morcar's lands in those parts, as all men knew. That the said cook so pleased the king with a dish of stewed eel-pout, which he served up to him at Cambridge, and which the king had never eaten before, that the king begged the said cook of him Gilbert and took him away; and that after, so he heard, the said cook had begged the said manors of Bourne of the king, without the knowledge or consent of him Gilbert. That he therefore knew nought of the matter. That if Hereward meant to keep the king's peace, he might live in Bourne till Doomsday, for aught he Gilbert cared. But that if he and his men meant to break the king's peace, and attack Lincoln city, he Gilbert would nail their skins to the door of Lincoln Cathedral, as they used to do by the heathen Danes in old time. And that, therefore, they now understood each other.

At which Hereward laughed, and said, that they had done that for many a year.

And now poured into Bourne from every side brave men and true, some great holders dispossessed of their land; some the sons of holders who were not yet dispossessed; some Morcar's men, some Edwin's, who had been turned out by the king.

To him came "Guenoch and Alutus Grogan, foremost in all valour and fortitude, tall and large, and ready for work," and with them their three nephews, Godwin Gille, "so called because he was not inferior to that Godwin Guthlacsson who is preached much in the fables of the ancients," and Douti and Outi,* the twins, alike in face and manners; and Godric, the knight of Corby, nephew of the Count of Warwick; and Tosti of Davenesse, his kinsman; and Azer Vass, whose father had possessed Lincoln Tower; and Leofwin Moue †—that is, the scythe, so called, "because when he was mowing all alone, and twenty country folk set on him with pitchforks and javelins, he slew and wounded almost every one, sweeping his scythe among them as one that moweth;" and Wluncus the Black-face, so called because he once blackened his face with coal, and came unknown among the enemy, and slew ten of them with one lance; and "Turbertin, a great-nephew (surely a mistake) of Earl Edwin;" and Leofwin Prat (perhaps the ancestor of the ancient and honourable house of Pratt of Ryston), so called from his "Prat" or craft, because he had oft escaped cunningly when taken by the enemy, having more than once killed his keepers; and the steward of Drayton; and Thurkill the outlaw, Hereward's cook; and Oger, Hereward's kinsman; and "Winter and Linach," two very famous ones; and Ranald, the butler of Ramsay Abbey—"he was the standard bearer;" and Wulfric the Black and Wulfric the White; and Hugh the Norman, a priest; and Wulfard, his brother; and Tosti and Godwin of Rothwell; and Alsin; and Hekill; and Hugh the Breton, who was Hereward's chaplain, and Whishaw, his brother, "a magnificent" knight, which two came with him from Flanders;—and so forth:—names merely, of whom nought is known, save, in a few cases, from Domesday-book, the manors which they held. But, honour to their very names. Honour to the last heroes of the old English race.

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* Named in Domesday-book (?).

† Probably the Leofwin who had lands in Bourne.

These valiant gentlemen, with the housecarles whom, more or fewer, they would bring with them, constituted a formidable force, as after years proved well. But having got his men, Hereward's first care was, doubtless, to teach them that art of war, of which they, like true Englishmen, knew nothing.

The art of war has changed little, if at all, by the introduction of gunpowder. The campaigns of Hannibal and Cæsar succeeded by the same tactics as those of Frederic or Wellington; and so, as far as we can judge, did those of the master-general of his age, William of Normandy.

But of those tactics the English knew nothing. Their armies were little more than tumultuous levies, in which men marched and fought under local leaders, often divided by local jealousies. The commissariats of the armies seem to have been so worthless, that they had to plunder friends as well as foes as they went along; and with plunder came every sort of excess—as when the northern men, marching down to meet Harold Godwinsson, and demand young Edwin as their Earl, laid waste, seemingly out of mere brute wantonness, the country round Northampton, which must have been in Edwin's earldom, or at least in that of his brother Morcar. And even the local leaders were not over-well obeyed. The reckless spirit of personal independence, especially among the Anglo-Danes, prevented anything like discipline, or organised movement of masses, and made every battle degenerate into a confusion of single combats.

But Hereward had learned that art of war, which enabled the Norman to crush piecemeal with inferior numbers, the vast but straggling levies of the English. His men, mostly outlaws and homeless, kept together by the pressure from without, and free from local jealousies, resembled rather an army of professional soldiers than a country *posse comitatus*. And to the discipline which he instilled into them; to his ability in marching and manœuvring troops; to his care for their food and for their transport, possibly also to his training them in that art of fighting on horseback in which the men of Wessex, if not the Anglo-Danes of the East, are said to have been quite unskilled,—in short, to all that he had learned as a mercenary under Robert the Frison, and among the highly civilised warriors of Flanders and Normandy, must be attributed the fact, that he and his little army defied for years the utmost efforts of the Normans, appearing and disappearing with such strange swiftness, and conquering against such strange odds, as enshrouded the guerilla captain in an atmosphere of myth and wonder, only to be accounted for, in the mind of Normans as well as English, by the supernatural counsels of his sorceress wife.

But Hereward grew anxious and more anxious, as days and weeks went on, and yet there was no news of Osbiorn and his Danes at Norwich. Time was precious. He had to march his little army to the Wash, and then transport it by boats—no easy matter—to Lynn in Norfolk, as his nearest point of attack. And as the time went on, Earl Warren and Ralph de Guader would have gathered their forces between him and the Danes, and a landing at Lynn might become impossible. Meanwhile there were bruits of great doings in the north of Lincolnshire. Young Earl Waltheof was said to be there, and Edgar the Atheling with him: but what it portended, no man knew. Morcar was said to have raised the centre of Mercia, and to be near Stafford; Edwin to have raised the Welsh, and to be at Chester with Alfgiva, his sister, Harold Godwinsson's widow. And Hereward sent spies along the Roman Watling Street—the only road, then, toward the north-west of England—and spies northward along the Roman road to Lincoln. But the former met the French in force near Stafford, and came back much faster than they went. And the latter stumbled on Gilbert of Ghent, riding out of Lincoln to Sleaford, and had to flee into the fens, and came back much slower than they went.

At last news came. For into Bourne stalked Walfric the Heron, with axe, and bow, and leaping-pole on shoulder, and an evil tale he brought.

The Danes had been beaten utterly at Norwich. Ralph de Guader and his Frenchmen had fought like lions. They had killed many Danes in the assault on the castle. They had sallied out on them as they recoiled, and driven them into the river, drowning many more. The Danes had gone down the Yare again, and out to sea northward, no man knew whither. He, the Heron, prowling about the fenlands of Norfolk to pick off straggling Frenchmen and looking out for the Danes, had heard all the news from the landsfolk. He had watched the Danish fleet along the shore as far as Blakeney. But when they came to the isle, they stood out to sea, right north-west. He, the Heron, believed that they were gone for Humber Mouth.

After a while, he had heard how Hereward was come again and sent round the war-arrow, and thought that a landless man could be in no better company; wherefore he had taken boat, and come across the deep fen. And there he was, if they had need of him.

"Need of you?" said Hereward, who had heard of the deed at Wrokesham Bridge. "Need of a hundred like you. But this is bitter news."

And he went in to ask counsel of Torfrida, ready to weep with rage. He had disappointed—deceived his men. He had drawn them into a snare. He had promised that the Danes should come. How should he look them in the face?

"Look them in the face? Do that at once: now: without losing a moment. Call them together and tell them all. If their hearts are staunch, you may do great things without the traitor Earl. If their hearts fail them, you would have done nothing with them worthy of yourself, had you had Norway as well as Denmark at your back. At least, be true with them, as your only chance of keeping them true to you."

"Wise, wise wife," said Hereward, and went out and called his band together, and told them every word, and all that had passed since he left Calais Straits.

"And now I have deceived you, and entrapped you, and I have no right to be your captain more. He that will depart in peace, let him depart, before the Frenchmen close in on us on every side and swallow us up at one mouthful."

Not a man answered.

"I say it again: He that will depart, let him depart."

They stood thoughtful.

Ranald, the Monk of Ramsay, drove the White-Bear banner firm into the earth, tucked up his monk's frock, and threw his long axe over his shoulder, as if preparing for action.

Winter spoke at last.

"If all go, there are two men here who stay, and fight by Hereward's side as long as there is a Frenchman left on English soil; for they have sworn an oath to Heaven and to St. Peter, and that oath will they keep. What say you, Gwenoch, knighted with us at Peterborough?"

Gwenoch stepped to Hereward's side.

"None shall go!" shouted a dozen voices. "With Hereward we will live and die. Let him lead us to Lincoln, to Stafford—where he will. We can save England for ourselves without the help of Danes."

"It is well for one at least of you, gentlemen, that you are in this pleasant mind," quoth Ranald the monk.

"Well for all of us, thou valiant purveyor of beef and beer."

"Well for one. For the first man that had turned to go, I would have brained him with this axe."

"And now, gallant gentlemen," said Hereward, "we must take new counsel, as our old has failed. Whither shall we go? For stay here, eating up the country, we must not do."

"They say that Waltheof is in Lindsay, raising the landsfolk. Let us go and join him."

"We can at least find what he means to do. There can be no better counsel. Let us march. Only we must keep clear of Lincoln as yet. I hear that Gilbert has a strong garrison there, and we are not strong enough yet to force it."

So they rode north, and up the Roman road toward Lincoln, sending out spies as they went; and soon they had news of Waltheof. News, too, that he was between them and Lincoln.

"Then the sooner we are with him, the better, for he will find himself in trouble ere long, if old Gilbert gets news of him. So run your best, footmen, for forward we must get."

And as they came up the Roman road, they were aware of a great press of men in front of them, and hard fighting toward.

Some of the English would have spurred forward at once. But Hereward held them back with loud reproaches.

"Will you forget all I have told you in the first skirmish, like so many dogs when they see a bull? Keep together for five minutes more, the pot will not be cool before we get our sup of it. I verily believe that it is Waltheof, and that Gilbert has caught him already."

As he spoke, one part of the combatants broke up, and fled right and left; and a knight in full armour galloped furiously down the road right at them, followed by two or three more.

"Here comes some one very valiant or very much afeared," said Hereward, as the horseman rode right upon him, shouting:

"I am the king!"

"The king?" roared Hereward, and dropping his lance, spurred his horse forward, kicking his feet clear of the stirrups. He caught the knight round the neck, dragged him over his horse's tail, and fell with him to the ground.

The armour clashed; the sparks flew from the old grey Roman flints; and Hereward, rolling over once, rose, and knelt upon his prisoner.

"William of Normandy! yield or die!"

The knight lay still and stark.

"Ride on!" roared Hereward from the ground. "Ride at them and strike hard! You will soon find out which is which. This booty I must pick for myself. What are you at?" roared he, after his knights. "Spread off the road, and keep your line, as I told you, and don't override each other! Curse the hot-headed fools! The Normans will scatter them like sparrows. Run on, men-at-arms, to stop the French if we are broken. And don't forget Guisnes field and the horses' legs. Now, king, are you come to life yet?"

"You have killed him," quoth Leofric the deacon, whom Hereward had beckoned to stop with him.

"I hope not. Lend me a knife. He is a much slighter man than I fancied," said Hereward, as they got his helmet off.

And when it was off, both started and stared. For they had uncovered, not the beetling brow, Roman nose, and firm curved lip of the Ulysses of the middle age, but the face of a fair lad, with long straw-coloured hair, and soft blue eyes staring into vacancy.

"Who are you?" shouted Hereward, saying very bad words, "who come here aping the name of king?"

"Mother! Christina! Margaret! Waltheof Earl!" moaned the lad, raising his head and letting it fall again.

"It is the Atheling!" cried Leofric.

Hereward rose, and stood over the boy.

"Ah! what was I doing to handle him so tenderly? I took him for the Mamzer, and thought of a king's ransom."

"Do you call that tenderly? You have nigh pulled the boy's head off."

"Would that I had! Ah!" went on Hereward, apostrophising the unconscious Atheling, "ah, that I had broken that white neck once and for all! To have sent thee feet foremost to Winchester, to lie by thy grandfathers and great grandfathers, and then to tell Norman William that he must fight it out henceforth not with a straw malkin like thee, which the very crows are not afraid to perch on, but with a cock of a very different hackle, Sweyn Ulfsson, King of Denmark."

And Hereward drew Brain-biter.

"For mercy's sake! you will not harm the lad?"

"If I were a wise man now, and hard-hearted as wise men should be, I should—I should—" and he played the point of the sword backwards and forwards, nearer and nearer to the lad's throat.

"Master! master!" cried Leofric, clinging to his knees; "by all the saints! What would the Blessed Virgin say to such a deed?"

"Well, I suppose you are right. And I fear what my lady at home might say: and we must not do anything to vex her, you know. Well, let us do it handsomely, if we must do it. Get water somewhere, in his helmet. No, you need not linger. I will not cut his throat before you come back."

Leofric went off in search of water, and Hereward knelt with the Atheling's head on his knee, and on his lip a sneer at all things in heaven and earth. To have that lad stand between him and all his projects, and to be forced, for honour's sake, to let him stand!

But soon his men returned, seemingly in high glee, and other knights with them.

"Hey, lads!" said he, "I aimed at the falcon and shot the goose. Here is Edgar Atheling prisoner. Shall we put him to ransom?"

"He has no money, and Malcolm of Scotland is much too wise to lend him any," said some one. And some more rough jokes passed.

"Do you know, sirs, that he who lies there is your king?" asked a very tall and noble-looking knight.

"That do we not," said Hereward sharply. "There is no king in England this day, as far as I know. And there will be none north of the Watling Street, till he be chosen in full husting, and anointed at York, as well as Winchester or London. We have had one king made for us in the last forty years, and we intend to make the next ourselves."

"And who art thou, who talkest so bold of king-making?"

"And who art thou, who askest so bold who I am?"

"I am Waltheof Siwardsson, the Earl, and yon is my army behind me."

"And I am Hereward Leofricsson, the outlaw, and yon is my army behind me."

If the two champions had flown at each other's throats, and their armies had followed their example, simply as dogs fly at each other they know not why, no one would have been astonished in those unhappy times.

But it fell not out upon that wise; for Waltheof, leaping from his horse, pulled off his helmet, and seizing Hereward by both hands, cried:

"Blessed is the day which sees again in England Hereward, who has upheld throughout all lands and seas the honour of English chivalry!"

"And blessed is the day in which Hereward meets the head of the house of Siward where he should be, at the head of his own men, in his own earldom. When I saw my friend, thy brother Osbiorn, brought into the camp at Dunsinane with all his wounds in front, I wept a young man's tears, and said, 'There ends the glory of the White-Bears' house!' But this day I say, the White-Bears' blood is risen from the grave in Waltheof Siwardsson, who with his single axe kept the gate of York against all the army of the French; and who shall keep against them all England, if he will be as wise as he is brave."

Was Hereward honest in his words? Hardly so. He wished to be honest. As he looked upon that magnificent young man, he hoped and trusted that his words were true. But he gave a second look at the face, and whispered to himself, "Weak, weak. He will be led by priests: perhaps by William himself. I must be courteous: but confide I must not."

The men stood round, and looked with admiration on the two most splendid Englishmen then alive. Hereward had taken off his helmet likewise, and the contrast between the two was as striking as the completeness of each of them in his own style of beauty. It was the contrast between the slow-hound and the deer-hound: each alike high bred; but the former, short, sturdy, cheerful, and sagacious; the latter tall, stately, melancholy, and not over wise withal.

Waltheof was a full head and shoulders taller than Hereward—one of the tallest men of his generation, and of a strength which would have been gigantic, but for the too great length of neck and limb, which made him loose and slow in body, as he was somewhat loose and slow in mind. An old man's child, although that old man was as one of the old giants, there was a vein of weakness in him, which showed in the arched eyebrow, the sleepy pale blue eye, the small soft mouth, the lazy voice, the narrow and lofty brain over a shallow brow. His face was not that of a warrior, but of a saint in a painted window; and to his own place he went, and became a saint, in his due time. But that he could out-general William; that he could even manage Gospatric and his intrigues, Hereward expected as little, as that his own nephews Edwin and Morcar could do it.

"I have to thank you, noble sir," said Waltheof, languidly, "for sending your knights to our rescue when we were really hard bestead—I fear much by our own fault. Had they told me whose men they were, I should not have spoken to you so roughly as I fear I did."

"There is no offence. Let Englishmen speak their minds, as long as English land is above sea. But how did you get into trouble, and with whom?"

Waltheof told him how he was going round the country, raising forces in the name of the Atheling, when, as they were straggling along the Roman road, Gilbert of Ghent had dashed out on them from a wood, cut their line in two, driven Waltheof one way, and the Atheling another, and that the Atheling had only escaped by riding, as they saw, for his life.

"Well done, old Gilbert!" laughed Hereward. "You must beware, my Lord Earl, how you venture within reach of that old bear's paw?"

"Bear? By-the-by, Sir Hereward," asked Waltheof, whose thoughts ran loosely right and left, "why is it that you carry the white bear on your banner?"

"Do you not know? Your house ought to have a blood-feud against me. I slew your great-uncle, or cousin, or some other kinsman, at Gilbert's house in Scotland long ago; and since then I sleep on his skin every night, and carry his picture in my banner all day."

"Blood-feuds are solemn things," said Waltheof, frowning. "Karl killed my grandfather Aldred at the battle of Settrington, and his four sons are with the army at York now——"

"For the love of all saints and of England, do not think of avenging that! Every man must now put away old grudges, and remember that he has but one foe, William and his Frenchmen."

"Very nobly spoken. But those sons of Karl—and I think you said you had killed a kinsman of mine?"

"It was a bear, Lord Earl, a great white bear. Cannot you understand a jest? Or are you going to take up the quarrels of all white bears that are slain between here and Iceland? You will end by burning Crowland Minster then, for there are twelve of your kinsmen's skins there, which Canute gave forty years ago."

"Burn Crowland Minster? St. Guthlac and all saints forbid!" said Waltheof, crossing himself devoutly.

"Are you a monk-monger into the bargain, as well as a dolt? A bad prospect for us, if you are," said Hereward to himself.

"Ah, my dear Lord King!" said Waltheof, "and you are recovering?"

"Somewhat," said the lad, sitting up, "under the care of this kind knight."

"He is a monk, Sir Atheling, and not a knight," said Hereward. "Our fen men can wear a mail-shirt as easily as a frock, and handle a twybill as neatly as a breviary."

Waltheof shook his head. "It is contrary to the canons of Holy Church."

"So are many things that are done in England just now. Need has no master. Now, Sir Earl and Sir Atheling, what are you going to do?"

Neither of them, it seemed, very well knew. They would go to York if they could get there, and join Gospatric and Merlesweyn. And certainly it was the most reasonable thing to be done.

"But if you mean to get to York, you must march after another fashion than this," said Hereward. "See, Sir Earl, why you were broken by Gilbert; and why you will be broken again, if this order holds. If you march your men along one of these old Roman streets—— By St. Mary, these Romans had more wits than we; for we have spoilt the roads they left us, and never made a new one of our own——"

"They were heathens and enchanters,"—and Waltheof crossed himself.

"And conquered the world. Well—if you march along one of these streets, you must ride as I rode, when I came up to you. You must not let your knights go first, and your men-at-arms straggle after in a tail a mile long, like a scratch pack of hounds, all sizes but except each others'. You must keep your footmen on the high street, and make your knights ride in two bodies, right and left, upon the wold, to protect their flanks and baggage."

"But the knights won't. As gentlemen, they have a right to the best ground."

"Then they may go to —— whither they will go, if the French come upon them. If they are on the flanks, and you are attacked, then they can charge in right and left on the enemy's flank, while the footmen make a stand to cover the waggons."

"Yes—that is very good; I believe that is your French fashion?"

"It is the fashion of common-sense, like all things which succeed."

"But, you see, the knights would not submit to ride in the mire."

"Then you must make them. What else have they horses for, while honester men than they trudge on foot?"

"Make them?" said Waltheof, with a shrug and a smile. "They are all free gentlemen, like ourselves."

"And, like ourselves, will come to utter ruin, because every one of them must needs go his own way."

"I am glad," said Waltheof as they rode along, "that you called this my earldom. I hold it to be mine of course, in right of my father: but the landsfolk, you know, gave it to your nephew Morcar."

"I care not to whom it is given. I care for the man who is on it, to raise these landsfolk, and make them fight. You are here: therefore you are Earl."

"Yes, the powers that be are ordained by God."

"You must not strain that text too far, Lord Earl; for the only power that is, whom I see in England—worse luck for it—is William the Mamzer."

"So I have often thought."

"You have? As I feared!" (To himself) "The pike will have you next, gudgeon!"

"He has with him the Holy Father at Rome, and therefore the blessed Apostle St. Peter of course. And—is a man right in the sight of Heaven, who resists them? I only say it. But where a man looks to the salvation of his own soul—he must needs think thereof seriously, at least."

"Oh, are you at that?" thought Hereward. "Tout est perdu. The question is, Earl," said he aloud, "simply this. How many men can you raise off this shire?"

"I have raised—not so many as I could wish. Harold and Edith's men have joined me fairly well: but your nephew, Morcar's——"

"I can command them. I have half of them here already."

"Then—then we may raise the rest?"

"That depends, my Lord Earl, for whom we fight!"

"For whom?—I do not understand."

"Whether we fight for that lad—Child Edgar—or for Sweyn of Denmark, the rightful king of England."

"Sweyn of Denmark! Who should be the rightful king, but the heir of the blessed St. Edward?"

"Blessed old fool! He has done harm to us enough on earth, without leaving his second-cousins' aunts' malkins to harm us after he is in Heaven."

"Sir Hereward, Sir Hereward, I fear thou art not as good a Christian as so good a knight should be."

"Christian or not, I am as good a one as my neighbours. I am Leofric's son. Leofric put Harthacanute on the throne, and your father, who was a man, helped him. You know what has befallen England, since we Danes left the Danish stock at Godwin's bidding, and put our necks under the yoke of Wessex monks and monk-mongers. You may follow your father's track, or not, as you like. I shall follow my father's, and fight for Sweyn Ulfsson, and no man else."

"And I," said Waltheof, "shall follow the anointed of the Lord."

"The anointed of Gospatric and two or three boys!" said Hereward. "Knights! Turn your horses' heads. Right about face, all! We are going back to the Bruneswold, to live and die free Danes."

And to Waltheof's astonishment, who had never before seen discipline, the knights wheeled round: the men-at-arms followed them; and Waltheof and the Atheling were left to themselves on Lincoln Heath.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW ARCHBISHOP ALDRED DIED OF SORROW.

In the tragedies of the next few months Hereward took no part; but they must be looked at near, in order to understand somewhat of the men who were afterwards mixed up with him for weal and woe.

When William went back to the South, the confederates, Child Edgar the Atheling, Gospatric, and their friends, had come south again from Durham. It was undignified; a confession of weakness. If a Norman had likened them to mice coming out when the cat went away, none could blame him. But so they did; and Osbiorn and his Danes, landing in Humber-mouth, "were met (says the Anglo-Saxon chronicle) by Child Edgar and Earl Waltheof and Merlesweyn, and Earl Gospatric with the men of Northumberland, riding and marching joyfully with an immense army;" not having the spirit of prophecy, or foreseeing those things which were coming on the earth.

To them repaired Edwin and Morcar, the two young Earls, Arkill and Karl, "the great Thanes," or at least the four sons of Karl—for accounts differ—and what few else of the northern nobility Tosti had left unmurdered.

The men of Northumberland received the Danes with open arms. They would besiege York. They would storm the new Norman Keep. They would proclaim Edgar king at York.

In that Keep sat two men, one of whom knew his own mind, the other did not. One was William Malet, knight, one of the heroes of Hastings, a noble Norman, and chatelain of York Castle. The other was Archbishop Aldred.

Aldred seems to have been a man like too many more—pious, and virtuous, and harmless enough, and not without worldly prudence: but his prudence was of that sort which will surely swim with the stream, and "honour the powers that be," if they be but prosperous enough. For after all, if success be not God, it is like enough to Him in some men's eyes to do instead. So Archbishop Aldred had crowned Harold Godwinsson, when Harold's star was in the ascendant. And who but Archbishop Aldred should crown William, when his star had cast Harold's down from heaven? He would have crowned Satanas himself, had he only proved himself king *de facto*—as he asserts himself to be *de jure*—of this wicked world.

So Aldred, who had not only crowned William, but supported his power north of Humber by all means lawful, sat in York Keep, and looked at William Malet, wondering what he would do.

Malet would hold it to the last. As for the new Keep, it was surely impregnable. The old walls—the Roman walls on which had floated the flag of Constantine the Great—were surely strong enough to keep out men without battering-rams, balistas, or artillery of any kind. What mattered Osbiorn's two hundred and forty ships, and their crews of some ten or fifteen thousand men? What mattered the tens of thousands of Northern men, with Gospatric at their head? Let them rage and rob round the walls. A messenger had galloped in from William in the Forest of Dean, to tell Malet to hold out to the last. He had galloped out again, bearing for answer, that the Normans could hold York for a year.

But the Archbishop's heart misgave him, as from north and south at once came up the dark masses of two mighty armies, broke up into columns, and surged against every gate of the city at the same time. They had no battering-train to breach the ancient walls: but they had—and none knew it better than Aldred—hundreds of friends inside, who would throw open to them the gates.

One gate he could command from the Castle tower. His face turned pale as he saw a mob of armed townsmen rushing down the street towards it; a furious scuffle with the French guards; and then, through the gateway, the open champaign beyond, and a gleaming wave of axes, helms, and spears, pouring in, and up the street.

"The traitors!" he almost shrieked, as he turned and ran down the ladder to tell Malet below.

Malet was firm, but pale as Aldred.

"We must fight to the last," said he, as he hurried down, commanding his men to sally at once *en masse* and clear the city.

The mistake was fatal. The French were entangled in the narrow streets. The houses, shut to them, were opened to the English and Danes; and, overwhelmed from above, as well as in front, the greater part of the Norman garrison perished in the first fight. The remnant were shut up in the Castle. The Danes and English seized the houses round, and shot from the windows at every loophole and embrasure where a Norman showed himself.

"Shoot fire upon the houses!" said Malet.

"You will not burn York? Oh, God! is it come to this?"

"And why not York town, or York Minster, or Rome itself, with the Pope inside it, rather than yield to barbarians?"

Archbishop Aldred went into his room, and lay down on his bed. Outside was the roar of the battle; and soon, louder and louder, the roar of flame. This was the end of his timeserving and king-making. And he said many prayers, and beat his breast; and then called to his chaplain for blankets, for he was very cold. "I have slain my own sheep," he moaned, "slain my own sheep!"

His chaplain hapt him up in bed, and looked out of the window at the fight. There was no lull, neither was there any great advantage on either side. Only from the southward he could see fresh bodies of Danes coming across the plain.

"The carcass is here, and the eagles are gathered together. Fetch me the holy sacrament, Chaplain, and God be merciful to an unfaithful shepherd."

The chaplain went.

"I have slain my own sheep," moaned the Archbishop. "I have given them up to the wolves—given my own Minster, and all the treasures of the saints, and—and—I am very cold."

When the chaplain came back with the blessed sacrament, Archbishop Aldred was more than cold; for he was already dead and stiff.

But William Malet would not yield. He and his Normans fought, day after day, with the energy of despair. They asked leave to put forth the body of the Archbishop; and young Waltheof, who was a pious man, insisted that leave should be given.

So the Archbishop's coffin was thrust forth of the Castle-gate, and the monks from the Abbey came and bore it away, and buried it in the Cathedral church.

And then the fight went on, day after day, and more and more houses burned, till York was all aflame. On the eighth day the Minster was in a light low over Archbishop Aldred's new-made grave. All was burnt, Minster, churches, old Roman palaces, and all the glories of Constantine the Great and the mythic past.

The besiegers, hewing and hammering gate after gate, had now won all but the Keep itself. Then Malet's heart failed him. A wife he had, and children; and for their sake he turned coward and fled by night, with a few men-at-arms, across the burning ruins.

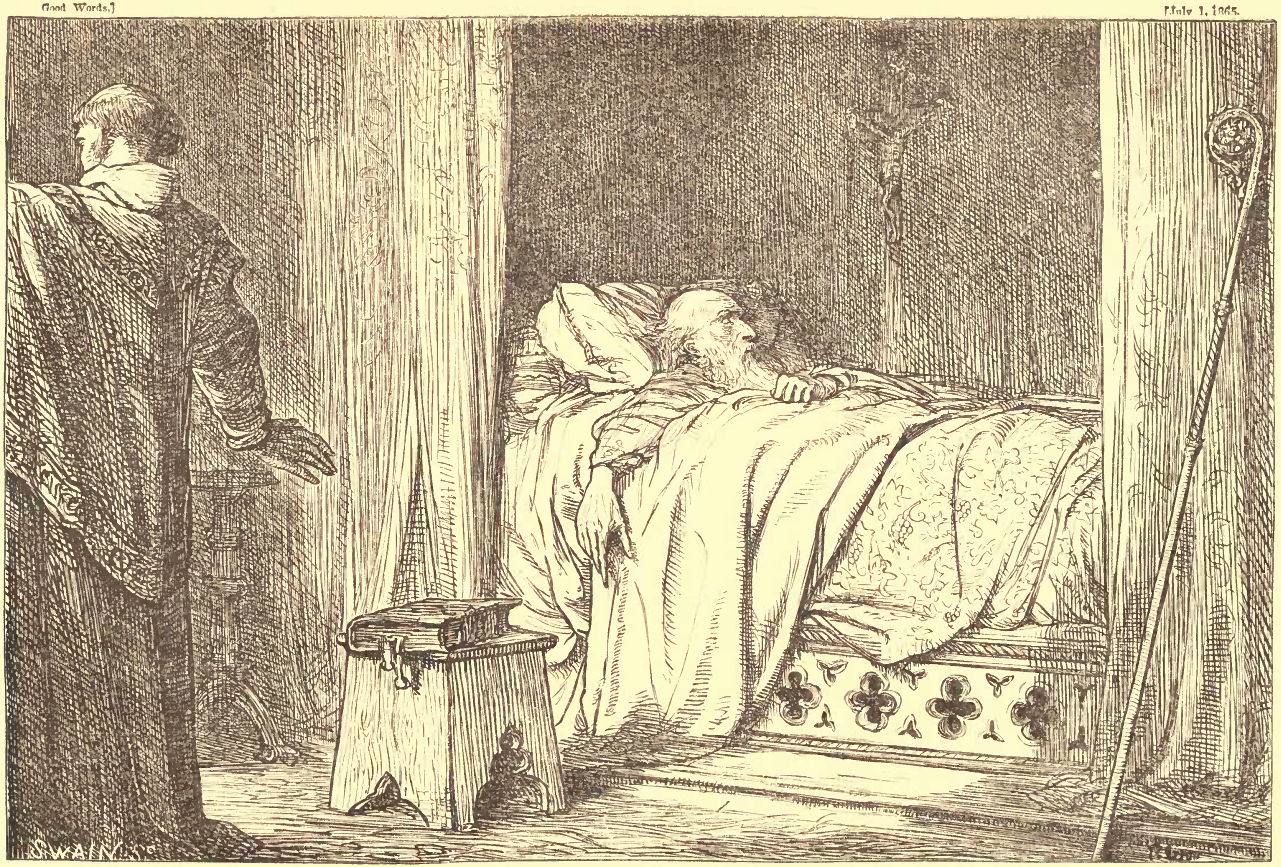
Then, into what once was York, the confederate Earls and Thanes marched in triumph, and proclaimed Edgar king—a king of dust and ashes.

And where were Edwin and Morcar the meanwhile? It is not told. Were they struggling against William at Stafford, or helping Edric the Wild and his Welshmen to besiege Chester? Probably they were aiding the insurrection, if not at these two points, still at some other of their great earldoms of Mercia and Chester. They seemed to triumph for awhile: during the autumn of 1069 the greater part of England seemed lost to William. Many Normans packed up their plunder and went back to France; and those whose hearts were too stout to return showed no mercy to the English, even as William showed none. To crush the heart of the people, by massacres, and mutilations, and devastations, was the only hope of the invader: and thoroughly he did his work whenever he had a chance.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW HEREWARD FOUND A WISER MAN IN ENGLAND THAN HIMSELF.

There have been certain men so great, that he who describes them in words—much more pretends



"HIS CHAPLAIN HAPT HIM UP IN BED, AND LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE FIGHT."

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to analyze their inmost feelings—must be a very great man himself, or incur the accusation of presumption. And such a great man was William of Normandy,—one of those unfathomable master-personages, who must not be rashly dragged on any stage. The genius of a Bulwer, in attempting to draw him, took care, with a wise modesty, not to draw him in too much detail: to confess always, that there was much beneath and behind in William's character, which none, even of his contemporaries, could guess. And still more modest than Bulwer is this chronicler bound to be.

But one may fancy, for once in a way, what William's thoughts were, when they brought him the evil news of York. For we know what his acts were; and he acted up to his thoughts.

Hunting he was, they say, in the forest of Dean, when first he heard that all England, north of the Watling Street, had broken loose, and that he was king of only half the isle.

Did he—as when, hunting in the forest of Rouen, he got the news of Harold's coronation—play with his bow, stringing and unstringing it nervously, till he had made up his mighty mind? Then did he go home to his lodge, and there spread on the rough oak board a parchment map of England, which no child would deign to learn from now, but was then good enough to guide armies to victory, because the eyes of a great general looked upon it?

As he pored over the map, by the light of bog-deal torch or rush candle, what would he see upon it?

Three separate blazes of insurrection, from north-west to east, along the Watling Street.

At Chester, Edric, "the wild Thane," who, according to Domesday-book, had lost vast lands in Shropshire, Algitha, Harold's widow, and Blethwallon and all his Welsh—"the white mantles," swarming along Chester streets, not as usually, to tear and ravage like the wild cats of their own rocks, but fast friends by blood of Algitha, once their queen on Penmaenmawr.* Edwin, the young Earl, Algitha's brother, Hereward's nephew—he must be with them too, if he were a man.

Eastward, round Stafford, and the centre of Mercia, another blaze of furious English valour. Morcar, Edwin's brother, must be there, as their Earl, if he too was a man.

Then in the fens and Kesteven. What meant this news, that Hereward of St. Omer was come again, and an army with him? That he was levying war on all Frenchmen, in the name of Sweyn, King of Denmark and of England? He is an outlaw, a desperado, a boastful swash-buckler, thought William, it may be, to himself. He found out, in after years, that he had mistaken his man.

And north, at York, in the rear of those three insurrections, lay Gospatric, Waltheof, and Merlesweyn, with the Northumbrian host. Durham was lost, and Comyn burnt therein. But York, so boasted William Malet, could hold out for a year. He should not need to hold out for so long.

And last, and worst of all, hung on the eastern coast the mighty fleet of Sweyn, who claimed England as his of right. The foe whom he had part feared, ever since he set foot on English soil, a collision with whom had been inevitable all along, was come at last: but where would he strike his blow?

William knew, it may be, that the Danes had been defeated at Norwich: he knew, doubt it not, for his spies told him everything, that they had purposed entering the Wash. To prevent a junction between them and Hereward was impossible. He must prevent a junction between them and Edwin and Morcar's men.

He determined, it seems—for he did it—to cut the English line in two, and marched upon Stafford as its centre.

So it seems; for all records of these campaigns are fragmentary, confused, contradictory. The Normans fought, and had no time to write history. The English, beaten and crushed, died and left no sign. The only chroniclers of the time are monks. And little could Ordericus Vitalis, or Florence of Worcester, or he of Peterborough, faithful as he was, who filled up the sad pages of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle—little could they see or understand of the masterly strategy which was conquering all England for Norman monks, in order that they, following the army like black ravens, might feast themselves upon the prey which others won for them. To them, the death of an abbot, the squabbles of a monastery, the journey of a prelate to Rome, are more important than the manœuvres which decided the life and freedom of tens of thousands.

So all we know is, that William fell upon Morcar's men at Stafford, and smote them with a great destruction; rolling the fugitives west and east, toward Edwin, perhaps, at Chester, certainly toward Hereward in the fens.

At Stafford met him the fugitives from York, Malet, his wife, and children, with the dreadful news that the Danes had joined Gospatric, and that York was lost.

William burst into fiendish fury. He accused the wretched men of treason. He cut off their hands, thrust out their eyes; threw Malet into prison, and stormed on north.

He lay at Pontefract for three weeks. The bridges over the Aire were broken down. But at last he crossed and marched on York.

No man opposed him. The Danes were gone down to the Humber. Gospatric and Waltheof's hearts had failed them; and they had retired before the great captain.

Florence of Worcester says that William bought Earl Osbiorn off, giving him much money, and leave to forage for his fleet along the coast, and that Osbiorn was outlawed on his return to Denmark.

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* See the admirable description of the tragedy of Penmaenmawr, in Bulwer's "Harold."

Doubtless William would have so done if he could. Doubtless the angry and disappointed English raised such accusations against the Earl, believing them to be true. But is not the simpler cause of Osbiorn's conduct to be found in this plain fact?—He had sailed from Denmark to put Sweyn, his brother, on the throne. He found on his arrival that Gospatric and Waltheof had seized it in the name of Edgar Atheling. What had he to do more in England, save what he did?—go out into the Humber, and winter safely there, waiting till Sweyn should come with reinforcements in the spring?

Then William had his revenge: he destroyed, in the language of Scripture, "the life of the land." Far and wide the farms were burnt over their owners' heads, the growing crops upon the ground; the horses were houghed, the cattle driven off; while of human death and misery there was no end. Yorkshire and much of the neighbouring counties lay waste for the next nine years. It did not recover itself fully till several generations after.

The Danes had boasted that they would keep their Yule at York. William kept his Yule there instead. He sent to Winchester for the regalia of the Confessor; and in the midst of the blackened ruins, while the English for miles around wandered starving in the snows, feeding on carrion, on rats and mice, and at last upon each other's corpses, he sat in his royal robes, and gave away the lands of Edwin and Morcar to his liegemen. And thus, like the Romans, from whom he derived both his strategy and his civilization, he "made a solitude and called it peace."

He did not give away Waltheof's lands; and only part of Gospatric's. He wanted Gospatric; he loved Waltheof, and wanted him likewise.

Therefore through the desert he himself had made he forced his way up to the Tees a second time, over snow-covered moors; and this time St. Cuthbert had sent no fog, being satisfied presumably with William's orthodox attachment to St. Peter and Rome; so the Conqueror treated quietly with Waltheof and Gospatric, who lay at Durham.

Gospatric got back his ancestral earldom from Tees to Tyne; and paid down for it much hard money and treasure;—bought it, in fact, he said.

Waltheof got back his earldom, and much of Morcar's. From the fens to the Tees, was to be his province.

And then, to the astonishment alike of Normans and English, and it may be, of himself, he married Judith, the Conqueror's niece; and became once more William's loved and trusted friend—or slave.

It seems inexplicable at first sight. Inexplicable, save as an instance of that fascination which the strong sometimes exercise over the weak.

Then William turned south-west. Edwin, wild Edric the dispossessed Thane of Shropshire, and the wilder Blethwallon and his Welshmen, were still harrying and slaying. They had just attacked Shewsbury. William would come upon them by a way they thought not of.

So over the backbone of England, by way, probably of Halifax, or Huddersfield, through pathless moors and bogs, down towards the plains of Lancashire and Cheshire, he pushed over and on. His soldiers from the plains of sunny France could not face the cold, the rain, the bogs, the hideous gorges, the valiant peasants—still the finest and shrewdest race of men in all England—who set upon them in wooded glens, or rolled stones on them from the limestone crags. They prayed to be dismissed, to go home.

"Cowards might go back,' said William; "he should go on." If he could not ride, he would walk. Whoever lagged, he would be foremost. And, cheered by his example, the army at last debouched upon the Cheshire flats.

Then he fell upon Edwin, as he had fallen upon Morcar. He drove the wild Welsh through the pass of Mold, and up into their native hills. He laid all waste with fire and sword for many a mile, as Domesday-book testifies to this day. He strengthened the walls of Chester, and trampled out the last embers of rebellion; he went down south to Salisbury, King of England once again.

Why did he not push on at once against the one rebellion left alight, that of Hereward and his fen-men?

It may be that he understood him and them. It may be that he meant to treat with Sweyn, as he had done, if the story be true, with Osbiorn. It is more likely that he could do no more; that his army, after so swift and long a campaign, required rest. It may be that the time of service of many of his mercenaries was expired. Be that as it may, he mustered them at Old Sarum—the Roman British burgh which still stands on the down side, and rewarded them, according to their deserts, from the lands of the conquered English.

How soon Hereward knew all this, or how he passed the winter of 1070—71, we cannot tell. But to him it must have been a winter of bitter perplexity.

It was impossible to get information from Edwin; and news from York was almost as impossible to get, for Gilbert of Ghent stood between him and it.

He felt himself now pent in, all but trapped. Since he had set foot last in England ugly things had risen up, on which he had calculated too little, namely Norman castles. A whole ring of them in Norfolk and Suffolk cut him off from the south. A castle at Cambridge closed the south end of the fens; another at Bedford, the western end; while Lincoln Castle to the north cut him off from York.

His men did not see the difficulty; and wanted him to march towards York, and clear all Lindsay and right up to the Humber.

Gladly would he have done so, when he heard that the Danes were wintering in the Humber.

"But how can we take Lincoln Castle without artillery, or even a battering ram?"

"Let us march past it, then, and leave it behind."

"Ah, my sons," said Hereward, laughing sadly, "do you suppose that the Mamzer spends his time—and Englishmen's life and labour—in heaping up those great stone mountains, that you and I may walk past them? They are put there just to prevent our walking past, unless we choose to have the garrison sallying out to attack our rear, and cut us off from home, and carry off our women into the bargain, when our backs are turned."

The English swore, and declared that they had never thought of that.

"No. We drink too much ale this side of the Channel, to think of that—or of anything beside."

"But," said Leofwin Prat, "if we have no artillery, we can make some."

"Spoken like yourself, good comrade. If we only knew how."

"I know," said Torfrida. "I have read of such things in books of the ancients, and I have watched them making continually—I little knew why, or that I should ever turn engineer."

"What is there that you do not know?" cried they all at once. And Torfrida actually showed herself a fair practical engineer.

But where was iron to come from? Iron for catapult-springs, iron for ram-heads, iron for bolts and bars?

"Torfrida," said Hereward, "you are wise. Can you use the divining-rod?"

"Why, my knight?"

"Because there might be iron-ore in the wolds; and if you could find it by the rod, we might get it up and smelt it."

Torfrida said humbly that she would try; and walked with the divining-rod between her pretty fingers for many a mile in wood and wold, wherever the ground looked red and rusty. But she never found any iron.

"We must take the tires off the cart-wheels," said Leofwin Prat.

"But how will the carts do without? For we shall want them if we march."

"In Provence, where I was born, the wheels of the carts are made out of one round piece of wood. Could we not cut out wheels like them?" asked Torfrida.

"You are the wise woman, as usual," said Hereward.

Torfrida burst into a violent flood of tears, no one knew why.

There came over her a vision of the creaking carts, and the little sleek oxen, dove-coloured and dove-eyed, with their canvas mantles tied neatly on to keep off heat and flies, lounging on with their light load of vine and olive-twigs beneath the blazing southern sun. When should she see the sun once more? She looked up at the brown branches overhead, howling in the December gale, and down at the brown fen below, dying into mist and darkness as the low December sun died down; and it seemed as if her life was dying down with it. There would be no more sun, and no more summers, for her upon this earth.

None certainly for her poor old mother. Her southern blood was chilling more and more beneath the bitter sky of Kesteven. The fall of the leaf had brought with it rheumatism, ague, and many miseries. Cunning old leech-wives treated the French lady with tonics, mugwort and bogbean, and good wine enow. But, like David of old, she got no heat; and before Yule-tide came, she had prayed herself safely out of this world, and into the world to come. And Torfrida's heart was the more light when she saw her go.

She was absorbed utterly in Hereward, and his plots. She lived for nothing else; and clung to them all the more fiercely, the more desperate they seemed.

So that small band of gallant men laboured on, waiting for the Danes, and trying to make artillery and take Lincoln Keep. And all the while—so unequal is fortune when God so wills—throughout the Southern Weald, from Hastings to Hind-head, every copse glared with charcoal-heaps, every glen was burrowed with iron diggings, every hammer-pond stamped and gurgled night and day, smelting and forging English iron, wherewith the Frenchmen might slay Englishmen.

William—though perhaps he knew it not himself—had, in securing Sussex and Surrey, secured the then great iron-field of England, and an unlimited supply of weapons: and to that circumstance, it may be, as much as to any other, the success of his campaigns may be due.

It must have been in one of these December days that a handful of knights came through the Bruneswold, mud and blood bespattered, urging on tired horses, as men desperate and foredone. And the foremost of them all, when he saw Hereward at the gate of Bourne, leaped down, and threw his arms round his neck and burst into bitter weeping.

"Hereward, I know you, though you know me not. I am your nephew, Morcar Algarsson; and all is lost."

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As the winter ran on, other fugitives came in, mostly of rank and family. At last Edwin himself came, young and fair, like Morcar; he who should have been the Conqueror's son-in-law; for whom his true-love pined, as he pined, in vain. Where were Sweyn and his Danes? Whither should they go till he came?

"To Ely," answered Hereward.

Whether or not it was his wit which first seized on the military capabilities of Ely is not told. Leofric the deacon, who is likely to know best, says that there were men there already holding theirs out against William, and that they sent for Hereward. But it is not clear from his words, whether they were fugitives, or merely bold Abbot Thurstan and his monks.

It is but probable, nevertheless, that Hereward, as the only man among the fugitives who ever showed any ability whatsoever, and who was, also, the only leader (save Morcar) connected with the fen, conceived the famous "Camp of Refuge," and made it a formidable fact. Be that as it may, Edwin and Morcar went to Ely; and there joined them a Count Tosti (according to Leofric), unknown to history; a Siward Barn, or "the boy," who had been dispossessed of lands in Lincolnshire; and other valiant and noble gentlemen—the last wrecks of the English aristocracy. And there they sat in Abbot Thurstan's hall, and waited for Sweyn and the Danes.

But the worst Job's messenger who, during that evil winter and spring, came into the fen, was Bishop Egelwin of Durham. He it was, most probably, who brought the news of Yorkshire laid waste with fire and sword. He it was, most certainly, who brought the worse news still, that Gospatric and Waltheof were gone over to the king. He was at Durham, seemingly, when he saw that; and fled for his life, ere evil overtook him: for to yield to William that brave bishop had no mind.

But when Hereward heard that Waltheof was married to the Conqueror's niece, he smote his hands together, and cursed him, and the mother who bore him to Siward the Stout.

"Could thy father rise from his grave, he would split thy craven head in the very lap of the Frenchwoman."

"A hard lap will he find it, Hereward," said Torfrida. "I know her—wanton, false, and vain. Heaven grant he do not rue the day he ever saw her!"

"Heaven grant he may rue it! Would that her bosom were knives and fish-hooks, like that of the statue in the fairy tale. See what he has done for us! He is Earl not only of his own lands, but he has taken poor Morcar's too, and half his earldom. He is Earl of Huntingdon, of Cambridge, they say—of this ground on which we stand. What right have I here now? How can I call on a single man to arm, as I could in Morcar's name? I am an outlaw here, and a robber; and so is every man with me. And do you think that William did not know that? He saw well enough what he was doing when he set up that great brainless idol as Earl again. He wanted to split up the Danish folk, and he has done it. The Northumbrians will stick to Waltheof. They think him a mighty hero, because he held York-gate alone with his own axe against all the French."

"Well, that was a gallant deed."

"Pish! we are all gallant men, we English. It is not courage that we want, it is brains. So the Yorkshire and Lindsay men, and the Nottingham men too, will go with Waltheof. And round here, and all through the fens, every coward, every prudent man even—every man who likes to be within the law, and feel his head safe on his shoulders—no blame to him—will draw each from me for fear of this new Earl, and leave us to end as a handful of outlaws. I see it all. As William sees it all. He is wise enough, the Mamzer, and so is his father Belial, to whom he will go home some day. Yes, Torfrida," he went on after a pause, more gently, but in a tone of exquisite sadness, "you were right, as you always are. I am no match for that man. I see it now."

"I never said that. Only——"

"Only you told me again and again that he was the wisest man on earth."

"And yet, for that very reason, I bade you win glory without end, by defying the wisest man on earth."

"And do you bid me do it still?"

"God knows what I bid," said Torfrida, bursting into tears. "Let me go pray, for I never needed it more."

Hereward watched her kneeling, as he sat moody, all but desperate. Then he glided to her side, and said gently:

"Teach me how to pray, Torfrida. I can say a pater or an ave. But that does not comfort a man's heart, as far as I could ever find. Teach me to pray, as you and my mother do."

And she put her arms round the wild man's neck, and tried to teach him, like a little child.

LONGEVITY.

The question of Longevity has of late been well aired in the public press, but it does not appear that much light has been thrown upon the matter: indeed, the only new element observable in the discussion is the one of doubt introduced by the late Sir Cornewall Lewis: and, in such a case, the still more authoritative name of the Registrar-General. That very many old people set themselves down as much older than they really are, may fairly be conceded. When a person's age becomes remarkable, he is vain of its possession, as it is often the only point which distinguishes him from the crowd, and in the majority of instances he makes the most of it. But granted that there have been a great number of sham centenarians, we cannot for all that give up a belief in the power of the human frame to compass more than five score years.

In a vast forest of trees there will be one or two venerable patriarchs that may have seen the lapse of hundreds of years. If then one seed shall have vitality enough to have lived down successions of its fellows, when all the circumstances of climate and soil are identical, it may, we think, readily be conceded that the human *vis vitæ* may be prolonged in some rare instances even to double its ordinary duration. Accidents and diseases cut off the majority of mankind before their time. Some are lucky enough to escape these sources of mortality; and when the original frame is healthy, there is nothing so remarkable in its sustension through a comparatively long period of time. Old Jenkens, the most extreme example of longevity of which we have any authentic account, passed through a measure of time to which others of the race may at long intervals attain. It may be urged that the testimony of an old and illiterate man is not to be depended upon; and possibly, if there were nothing but this to be given in proof of his extreme old age, the case may be looked upon as very doubtful; but even then we can scarcely believe that he merely dreamed a fact which in a great measure settled his high antiquity—namely, that in his boyhood he was employed to take a horseload of arrows from his native place to Northallerton, for the use of the Earl of Surrey at the battle of Flodden Field, which was fought in the year 1513. Old Jenkens must have had a very picturesque memory indeed to invent such a circumstance. Taking for granted, however, that he did make this journey, it was well calculated to make an impression upon his mind which lasted to the latest moment of his life. It must be remembered that the very old recollect with extreme vividness events which have occurred in their boyhood; we may therefore put more trust in their memory of very early events, than in those which have occurred at a later period of their lives. The old man used to say, that, whilst in the service of Lord Conyers of Hornby Castle, he had often seen the Abbot of Fountains, a very jolly priest, at his master's table. Now as this monastery was suppressed in the year 1537, or thereabouts, it gives another indication of his age which seems to be about as trustworthy as any personal testimony well could be. But, independently of this evidence, we have the statement of another person, who, curious to see this animated fossil, went to his cottage for that purpose. Here, in the garden, he met an old man apparently upwards of a hundred years of age, whom he took for the veritable Henry Jenkens, but he was soon undeceived by the old man, who, in reply to his interrogatory, said, "It's my fayther you want, he is yonder;" and true enough, a little farther on, the veritable relic was found. We very much question if such testimony is not of more value than a mere register of birth and death, for we know such evidence is often untrustworthy. Parish clerks of old were not very literate men; and even now what means has a registrar of testing the correctness of entries of births and deaths, which those who make them may have the best possible reasons for falsifying? Again, the dates on tombstones are well known to be unreliable, as they are often falsified either for mischief or through carelessness. The testimony of contemporaries, especially when events have taken place in country villages where everybody is known, is, we think, as good evidence as the mere strokes of the pen made by clerks who have no knowledge of the facts which they record. If, however, sceptics must have documentary evidence of a circumstance which was patent to the whole country-side, we have the best of all such proof in the fact that the registers of the Court of Chancery prove that he gave evidence one hundred and forty years before his death.

Thomas Parr, the Shropshire man, worked as a labourer until his 130th year, and at 152 years of age he made a journey to London. The old Countess of Desmond, again, is another very remarkable instance of the power some persons have possessed of retaining their accustomed vigour up to a period double that of ordinary old age. This very remarkable old lady—a true Geraldine—was born in 1464, and whilst yet in her teens was married to her kinsman, who ultimately became the tenth Earl of Desmond. At her bridal she danced with the Duke of York, afterwards Richard the Third, and described him as a straight and well-formed young man; so much for the "hunchback" history has given him. This remarkable old lady survived all her kinsmen, and was in her latter years reduced to great poverty in consequence of her estate being appropriated by the English settlers. Fynes Morayson, in his "Tour of Ireland," in 1613, describes the old lady, then in her 139th year, as "being able to go on foot four or five miles to the market towne (Youghal), and using weekly so to doe." But she was destined to take a much longer journey than this, for ultimately, being wholly despoiled by the English settlers, she determined to seek redress from the king. In order to do this, being without adequate means for such a journey, she had to beg a passage in a sailing-vessel to Bristol, and when arrived there, to make her way across England—remember, reader, this famous old lady was in her 139th year. She arrived in Bristol with her daughter, a very old woman, and so infirm, that she could not attempt the journey on foot. Consequently a small wheeled vehicle was procured, in which the infirm daughter was placed, and thus along the horrible Great Western Road of those days this sad cavalcade pursued its way—the old countess trudging beside the cart on foot. The wonderful vigour of the old countess was equal to the task, however, which would have killed the majority of her sex even at an early age. The king granted her suit, and she trudged her weary way back as before. Even this journey was not too much for her, as she survived a year afterwards, and then met her death in a perfectly accidental manner, as is thus related in the Earl of Leicester's "Table Book":—"Shee might have lived much longer had shee not mett with a kind of violent death; for shee must needs climb a nutt-tree, to gather nutts, soe, falling down shee hurt her thigh, which brought on a fever, and that brought death." Well might Thomas Moore, in his "Fudge" papers, term her a "frisky old girl!"

The history of these three old people all testify to one fact, the superabundance of life they possessed up to the latest hour of their lives. It must be remembered that when we speak of human life extending over these long periods of time, we must not suppose that the same identical body has enshrined the spirit through all that period. In the early years of life every portion of the human frame is renewed annually. As life progresses, the process of reconstruction becomes more slow and debilitated, and in the last years of the centenarian, reconstruction almost ceases. It will be remembered that the faces of the very old are seamed in every direction by wrinkles. This is owing to the fact that the skin is no longer thrown off as it is in youth—like the outer bark of a tree it becomes tough and consolidated, and by the absorption of the subcutaneous fat this consolidated horn, for it is nothing less, falls into folds. Now as the human machine may be said to wind itself up; just as the original life is strong or feeble will this winding-up process be continued many or few times. There are watches that require winding-up every day, and eight-day clocks that more than see the week out, and clocks with powerful weights descending through long distances which make the circle of the year. The centenarians we have mentioned, worked with these long-descending weights. In the case of two of them, the wheels of life appear to have been stopped by extraneous causes. Indeed it has been observed that in many of these cases of extreme old age, nature has made extraordinary attempts to renew its youth. Hufeland says in several instances of great age it has been remarked that persons in their sixtieth or seventieth year, when others cease to live, acquired new teeth and new hair, and his translator, Erasmus Wilson, adds, "I have mentioned several instances of very old persons in whom the natural colour of the hair returned after they had been for years before grey." This was the case with John Weeks, who lived to the age of 114. Sir John Sinclair reports a similar circumstance in an old Scotchman who lived to be 110; and Susan Edwards when in her 95th year recovered her black hair, but became again grey previously to her death at the age of 105. Thus the fable of old Æson renewing his youth has some foundation in nature after all. Instances of persons living to a very great age are much more numerous than is generally imagined. In the board-room of St. Margaret's workhouse, Westminster, is a portrait of Margaret Patten, a Scotchwoman, who was brought to London to prepare Scotch broth for King James II. She died in the workhouse in 1739, aged 136; and in 1727, a man of the name of Effingham died in Cornwall at the age of 144; and in 1772, a Dane named Draakenberg died in his 146th year. It is remarkable that all the very long-lived persons have been inhabitants of Northern Europe. England, Scotland, and Ireland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Russia have all contributed remarkable examples of longevity.

At the census of 1851, three hundred and nineteen persons (one hundred and eleven men and two hundred and eight women) returned themselves as ranging between 100 and 119 years of age. Of these sixty-nine were described as widows of no occupation (possibly annuitants?) sixteen as agricultural labourers, male and female, and nineteen as farmers.

The census of 1861 gives a list of only 201 centenarians who were born before the conquest of Canada and before George III. was king. It is observable that more women attain to old age than men, but the greater strength of the latter is necessary to attain to the extreme limits of human life.

Haller, who has collected the greatest number of instances of longevity, thus tabularises them:—

Of men who lived from 100 to 110, there have been	1000
110 to 120	60
120 to 130	29
130 to 140	15
140 to 150	6
169	1

Hufeland, generalising from these facts, thinks that the organisation and vital powers of man are able to support a duration and activity of 200 years! This is of course only an individual opinion, which must be taken for what it is worth, but there can be no manner of doubt that as civilisation advances the whole mass of human life is being lifted and lengthened. The causes of disease are slowly being eliminated. As compared with 100 years ago, the present duration of life is as four to three. This being the case, there is every reason to suppose that exceptional lives will tower above the general level of longevity as they did of old.

Sometimes when any old lives are linked together, they are enabled to transmit the memory of events over intervals of time which are perfectly startling. One person conversing with another, has been known to carry us back into the actual presence of circumstances the printed records of which have mainly perished, or at least lived in black-letter or worm-eaten paper only to be found in the library of the antiquary. It seems strange to be told that, as late as the year 1780, there was a Spitalfields weaver alive who had witnessed the execution of Charles I., and of a Cumberland woman alive in 1766 who remembered the siege of Carlisle by Cromwell. If this woman had ever conversed with Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was ten years old at the time of her death, we should have had an old gentleman alive only ten years ago who had been in direct conversation with one of the witnesses of a siege in the Great Rebellion. But perhaps the most extraordinary length of time bridged over by two lives is that mentioned by Mr. Sidney Gibson, F.S.A., who relates that he knew a gentleman who had often heard his father say he had conversed with one Peter Gordon, who died in the year 1786 at the age of 127, who, when a boy, had heard Henry Jenkens give evidence in a court of justice of his having carried arrows to Flodden Field. The imagination almost refuses to believe that the span of life in two persons should have touched the beginning of the sixteenth and the end of the eighteenth centuries—that these two individuals should have ranged over events in our history beginning with a border warfare in the days of bows and arrows, and ending at a time when India had been virtually conquered nine years at the battle of Pondicherry.

When one is asked what are the causes of longevity, it may be pretty safely answered that a good digestion is at the bottom of the whole business. The perfect action of the organ by which the frame is nourished must clearly be of the first moment. Whether the assertion of the cynic that, in addition to a good digestion, a bad heart is also necessary, may perhaps be open to doubt. That insensibility to the sufferings of others relieves us of much mental anguish—a great cause of decay—there can be little doubt; but, on the other hand, the pleasurable emotions that spring from a pure heart are of infinite potency in prolonging life. It is the little worrying cares that nag at the springs of existence. Great natural philosophers, great painters, and great poets have lived long. Galileo, Kepler, and Newton survived to a good old age. So did Herschel and his sister Lucretia, although she spent many years of nights in the observatory assisting her brother in his labours. It may be that the calm contemplation of other worlds so lifts the mind above the petty cares of this, that the body has little cause to grow old. Swift, Corneille, Young, Goethe, Anacreon, Sophocles, and Wordsworth all lived beyond the appointed threescore and ten years; and the longevity of some of the greatest painters has been remarkable. Titian and Michael Angelo both lived to the age of 96. It is also a daily matter of remark that great lawyers attain to a long age. Within our own memory three law lords—Eldon, Stowell, and Lyndhurst—passed their 90th year. We apprehend, however, that much of this connection of great age with great offices is patent enough to life actuaries. Lawyers, for instance, are not appointed to the great offices of state until they have passed all the more dangerous epochs of human life, and when the chances of existence are materially enhanced. At the same time it must be conceded that great fame of an enduring character must be dependent upon prolonged vitality. A man's reputation, if it is sustained with full vigour in popular estimation, increases with his increasing years. The spectacle of Lord Eldon working by his solitary lamp up to the latest day of his life, impressed the public mind with his prodigious powers; and we can understand the almost superstitious veneration with which Michael Angelo and Titian were contemplated by their contemporaries, who beheld them dying almost with their brushes in their hands.

But, after all, these exceptional cases prove but little. They are good examples of the powers of a sound constitution sustained by a vigorous flame of life to keep the human machine going for a very long period, even in the face of great mental and bodily wear and tear; but they say nothing as to the effect of particular occupations on classes. The conclusions all actuaries have arrived at is that the longest lives are those of agricultural labourers whose conditions are favourable enough to enable them to become members of Friendly Societies. Both Jenkens and Parr were children of the soil: thus science and theory are in this matter in accord. On the other hand, kings and princes sink to the lowest place in the scale of life.

The power persons who have lived to a remarkable age have of transmitting longevity to their posterity is also very remarkable. The great-grandson of old Parr died in Cork only a few years ago at the age of 103; and the son of old Jenkens appeared, as we have seen, to have reached to a hundred even in his father's lifetime. The Costello family in county Kilkenny afford remarkable instances of the long life which seems hereditary in some families. Mary Costello, who died in 1824, lived to the age of 102, and her brother to upwards of a hundred; their mother also attained the age of 102, their grandmother a similar age, and their great-grandmother's life was lengthened to the span of 125 years! Sometimes all the members of a family appear to have derived a remarkable stock of longevity from their parent. A lady who died in 1836, in the Edgeware Road, in her 103rd year, had three sisters who lived to the respective ages of 107, 105, and 100 years.

It would be a curious experiment to intermarry the children of families remarkable for longevity, in order to discover if by this means a race could be raised capable of resisting the inroads of time beyond the ordinary length of human life. Peculiarities in the animal and vegetable world are perpetuated in this manner, we know, and there would seem to be no reason why the peculiarity of longevity should not be produced by the careful selection of parents endowed with the gift of long life. We all know that intermarriages between families afflicted with some constitutional taint inevitably tends to shorten the life of its offspring, and we may therefore very fairly assume that a selection of lives possessing presumably a superabundance of vitality would have a tendency to perpetuate a very long-lived stock. Had the children of Jenkens and Parr, for instance, married, we cannot doubt but that they would have transmitted to their descendants no small portion of that gift of longevity for which their sires had been so famous.

Possibly, however, mankind may think that, after all, the gift is of a very doubtful value, and that the passage of human life through this vale of tears is not so happy that we should desire to see it materially prolonged.

ANDREW WYNTER.

ON LIGHT.

By SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart.

PART II.

THEORIES OF LIGHT.—INTERFERENCES.—DIFFRACTION.

Two theories only, entitled to any consideration as rational and intelligible explanations of the phenomena of Light, have been advanced—the one proposed by Sir Isaac Newton, commonly known as the "Corpuscular;" the other by Christian Huyghens, as the "Undulatory" theory. According to the former, light consists in "Corpuscules" or excessively minute material particles darted out in all directions from the luminous body, in virtue of some violent repulsive power or other energetic form of internal action, acting under such circumstances, and under such laws, as to give them all the same *initial* velocity which they retain unchanged in their progress through space, as well as their initial direction according to the general laws of motion (to all which they implicitly conform), until they meet with some material body by whose action their course is changed. All this and all subsequent changes of direction and velocity are held, on this theory, to be effected by attractive or repulsive powers resident in the bodies on which the light-corpuscules fall (or, which comes to the same thing, in the corpuscules themselves), and from which they are either reflected, if the repulsive powers be too strong to permit their penetration; or in which they are refracted, if they are able to enter and make their way among the particles of the refracting body. Colour, according to this theory, is accounted for by specific diversity among the luminous particles; and difference of refrangibility, by differences in the intrinsic energy of the acting forces as determined by the specific nature of the molecules, or, which comes to the same, by a difference of proportion between their *moving force* and their *inertia*. This is one of the many weak points of the theory. It runs counter to the only analogy which the observation of nature furnishes. It is as if the sun should be supposed to attract a planet of lead and one of cork with different *accelerating* forces; or as if, here on earth, a lump of platina and a lump of iron should be supposed to acquire different velocities in falling through the same space. It runs counter, too, to the original assumption, that when first emitted from a luminous body, in their passage through empty space, all the coloured particles move with equal velocities, and *have* therefore been *equally accelerated* by the emitting forces. That they *do* so we know from astronomical observation. The *Aberration* of all the coloured rays is the same. Were it not so, every star seen through a highly magnifying telescope ought to appear as drawn out into a short, coloured *spectrum* in a certain definite direction. Light requires 42 minutes to reach the earth from Jupiter at its mean distance. Supposing the rays of one end of the spectrum—the violet, for instance—to travel faster than those at the other (the red), a satellite undergoing eclipse by immersion in the shadow of the planet ought to change colour before extinction, from white to red; the last emitted red rays lagging behind the violet on their journey to the earth; while at its reappearance a blue colour ought to be first perceptible.

Among the stars are many which vary periodically in brightness, and some of them undergo complete extinction. As light takes *several years* to travel from the stars, the difference in the times of arrival for any sensible difference of velocity would amount to many days, and would be quite sufficient to tinge the disappearing and reappearing star with the hues belonging to opposite ends of the spectrum. No such thing, however, is observed. Most of them retain their whiteness, and though some *do* assume a deep red colour when undergoing extinction, or when at their minimum of splendour, it is *not* changed to blue at their reappearance, or on their commencing augmentation of brightness.

The reflexion and refraction of light are, as we have stated, accounted for on this theory by supposing the particles of all material bodies, besides the attractive force of gravitation, to be endowed with other forces both attractive and repulsive: the latter extending to a greater distance than the former, so as to constitute an attractive and a repulsive sphere one within the other; the particles of light being repelled while passing through the outer or repulsive sphere, and attracted when arrived within the internal or attractive one. These forces are supposed immensely energetic, and to decrease with such excessive rapidity as to be absolutely insensible at any, the very smallest, distance appretiable to our senses. In virtue of this repulsive force, the surface of any material body may be conceived as coated (metaphorically speaking) with a film of repulsive power, off which, as from an elastic cushion, the luminous particles may be imagined to rebound: in which case, according to the known laws of elastic rebound, the angle of reflexion (perfect elasticity being supposed) would be equal to that of incidence, and the velocities before and after reflexion equal.

Reflexion, then, is easily and readily explained on this theory. In fact, it is explained *too well.* For it will be at once asked, how, on such suppositions, there can be such a thing as *partial* reflexion. Since all the luminous particles of a ray arrive at (suppose) a plane surface in the same direction and with the same velocity; whatever happens to one, *the repul-*

sive force being the same, must happen to all. This is another weak point of the corpuscular theory; and to escape from the difficulty so created, it becomes necessary to supplement the original hypothesis of *luminous particles* with another, converting those particles into mechanisms of a peculiar nature, of which the simplest conception that can be formed is to suppose them as it were *minute magnets* having attractive and repulsive poles, and during their progress through space revolving round their own centres about axes not coincident with the direction of their motion. Under such circumstances it is clear that some might arrive at the reflecting surface with the attractive pole foremost—others with the repulsive. The former would be attracted, and escape the reflective action; the latter repelled, and therefore subjected to it. Or, without making any supposition as to the sort of mechanism by which such a result might be attained, we might content ourselves with assuming, as Newton (the framer of this hypothesis) did, that the particles of light, throughout their whole progress through space, pass periodically through a succession of alternating physical states—or, as he called them, "fits"—"of easy reflexion and easy transmission:" the only objection to such a form of statement being, that it conveys no clear *physical* conception to the mind.

The particles so escaping reflexion are conceived to have penetrated within the limit of the repulsive, and to have entered that of the attractive forces, while yet at some inconceivably minute distance *outside* of the actual surface of the medium. Their movement of approach therefore to the surface is accelerated by the attractive force whose resultant direction is perpendicular to the surface, and when they have arrived *within* the medium so far that all further action ceases (by the counteraction of equal and opposite forces on all sides) each of them will have undergone the total amount of acceleration due to the attractive force—*in the direction of that force, i.e.*, at right angles to the surface. Its velocity estimated in this direction will therefore be greater within the medium than without—while that parallel to the surface remains unchanged: the force in that direction being *nil.* The direction of the motion therefore will be more highly inclined to the surface within the medium than without, in the same manner and for the very same reason, that the path of a projectile shot obliquely downwards from the top of a hill makes a greater angle with the horizon when it reaches the ground than it did in the commencement of its descent. And the conclusion, on strict dynamical principles, is the same in both cases. Supposing the initial velocity of projection the same, the sines of the angles made by the direction of the motion *with the* vertical or perpendicular to the surface, at the beginning, and at the end of the descent (*i.e.* in the case of light, those of the angles of incidence and refraction) will be to each other in an invariable proportion, the total *height* of the descent being the same. Thus we see that the law of refraction is satisfactorily accounted for, on the corpuscular hypothesis; and that, on that theory, the velocity is greater in the interior of a refracting medium than in empty space; and the more so, the greater the refractive power.

Let us now see in what sort of conclusion we are landed as to the intensity of the forces we have pressed into our service. To consider only the reflective force, we have this to guide us—that, supposing the incidence perpendicular, and the light therefore reflected back by the path of its arrival, that force must have been sufficiently great to destroy the whole velocity of the luminous particle, and to generate an equal one in the opposite direction, in the time occupied by the particle in traversing forwards and backwards the thickness of our stratum of reflecting force. Now the velocity of light, as we have seen, is 186,000 miles per second. To destroy and reproduce this velocity in a projectile shot directly upwards, by the force of gravity on the earth, supposed uniform or undiminished by distance, would require its action to be continued for 706 days, or very nearly two years, while the same effect has to be produced by the reflecting force, (also supposed uniform,) in that inappretiable instant of time *in which* the act of reflection is performed—a time which would be extravagantly overrated at the *billionth** part of a second. After this we need hardly trouble our readers with any estimation of the intensity of the refracting forces. The sturdiest philosophy may fairly be staggered at such a postulate as the foundation of a physical theory.

According to the "undulatory theory" light consists in an undulatory or vibratory *movement* propagated through an elastic medium pervading all space, not even excepting what is occupied, or seems to be occupied, by what we call material bodies—that is, such as have *weight*, and which, to us, constitute the visible and tangible universe of things. It therefore resembles sound, which is not a travelling entity, but a propagated motion in the air, analogous to the tremulous movement which runs from end to end of a stretched cord, or to the waves which *appear* to travel along the surface of water; though in reality such a wave is only an *advancing form*, the real movement of the watery particles being vertically up and down. Colour in this view of the subject is analogous to *tone*, or *pitch*, in music (if it be supposed to depend solely on refrangibility). As the *frequency* of the vibrations which reach the ear from a sounding-string determines the pitch of the musical note it yields, so the frequency of the undulations of this elastic medium or luminiferous "*ether*," as it is called, determines to the nerves of the eye the colour of the light. *Or* in that view of colour which considers all but three primary hues composite, it must on this theory be assimilated to a difference analogous to *quality* in a musical tone—as, for instance, between the sounds of a violin, a flute, and a trumpet, only much more decided and strongly characterized.

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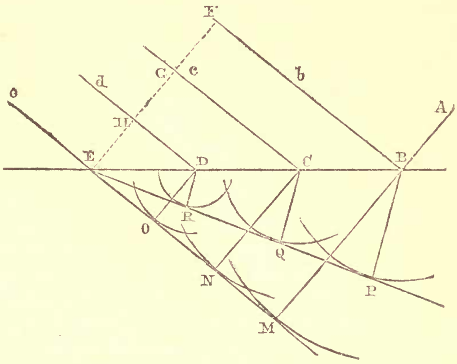
* A billion is a million times a million. The French *milliard* is a thousand millions.

As sound spreads through the air with equal rapidity in all directions, and may be considered as propagated from its origin as a spherical shell continually enlarging, so in this theory must light be regarded as the movement of a WAVE in the ether, running out spherically in all directions from the luminous point, whose situation with respect to the eye, or to any other point on which the wave may strike, is judged of as the centre of the sphere —*i. e.*, as lying in a line perpendicular to its surface. A *ray* of light then in this theory is a purely imaginary line from such point, perpendicular to the general surface, or *front* of the wave, and has no other meaning. The *wave*, not the *ray*, is the primary object of contemplation. If the point where the luminous excitement originates be near, the perpendiculars from it to the wave-surface diverge conically; but if so far remote that the portion of that surface at the eye may be regarded as sensibly plane, they are to all sense parallel, as in the case of light emanating from the stars or the sun.

The reflexion of light in this theory is in exact analogy with that of any other undulatory movement. We cannot see the waves of sound, but those on smooth water are easily followed and their reflexion made matter of ocular inspection. Drop a small pebble into still water, and a wave will be seen to spread out in an enlarging ring. Let this be done near the perpendicular and smooth side of any large tank or pond, or near a board held vertically in the water, and the ring will be seen on reaching the board to be reflected, and will thence spread back over the surface, still enlarging, as the segment of another ring whose centre might be supposed as far on the land side of the reflecting surface as the place where the pebble was dropped was in reality on the water side. If several pebbles be dropped in succession, or a regular up and down movement given to the water at that point, a continued series of circular waves will be generated and reflected, the reflected waves running out and intersecting the direct exactly as if they originated in two distinct centres. What in water is seen to be a reflected wave, in air we recognize as an *echo*. And in the fact that a sound, though partially reflected as such from a window, a board partition, or a wall, is heard, though with diminished intensity, on the other side,—we have the analogue to the partial reflexion of a beam of light at a transparent surface; and on the other hand, in the deadening of sound in passing through woolly or puffy substances, while it is transmitted with exceeding sharpness and distinctness through compact solids or through water, we have the parallel to the absorption of light in some media and its copious transmission through others.

The explanation of refraction on the undulatory theory is exceedingly simple. Suppose a plane wave to sweep obliquely along the surface B E of a medium capable of propagating within it the luminiferous undulation, and let it be supposed at equal intervals of time (successive seconds, for instance) to assume successive positions B b, C c, D d, E e, arriving in succession at equidistant points B C D E of the surface. So soon as any point in the surface is struck by the wave it will be set in undulatory motion and propagate from it a movement which will run out spherically from that point in all directions with such (uniform) velocity as belongs to the luminous undulation *in* the medium. When therefore the wave has reached the position E e, E will just have begun to move; the internal wave propagated from D will have travelled during one second, from C two, from B three seconds, and the motion in virtue of these, respectively, will have extended to the surfaces of spheres about those points as centres, having radii in the proportions 1, 2, 3, so that a plane passing through E which touches one of them will touch them all, and the same is true for all points intermediate between these. Such a plane will define *the limit up to which the movement has reached* within the medium when the exterior wave has the position E e, and will therefore be *the front of a plane wave* advancing within it. If the velocity of the undulation within the medium be the same as without, D O, C N, B M, the radii of our spheres will be equal to E H, E G, E F, the spaces run over in one, two, three seconds outside, and the touching plane E O N M will evidently be a continuation of the exterior plane wave e E. In this case, then, there is no *refraction*, the direction of the interior ray B M being the same as A B, perpendicular to the exterior wave. But suppose the velocity within the medium less than that without. In that case the radii of our spheres D R, C Q, B P, will be less than D O, C N, B M, and in a constant proportion. The plane E P touching them all then, or the front of the interior wave will be inclined at a less angle B E P to the surface than B E M, or its equal E B F, and the sines of these angles to a common radius E B are evidently in the proportion to each other of P B to B M, or of the *velocity of light* in the *medium*



to the velocity out of it. Now, as the *ray* is perpendicular to the *wave*, the inclination of the latter to the surface is the same as that of the former to the perpendicular, and thus these angles are respectively identical with those of refraction and incidence.

To such of our readers as may find a difficulty in following out this reasoning, the following familiar illustration will convey a full conception of its principle. Imagine a line of soldiers in march across a tract of country divided by a straight boundary line into two regions, the one smooth, level, and well adapted for marching, the other difficult, rough, and in which from its nature the same progress cannot be made in the same time. Suppose, moreover, their line of front oblique to the line of demarcation between the two regions, so that the men shall arrive at it in succession, and not simultaneously. Each man then, from the moment he has stepped across this line, will find himself unable to make the same progress as before. He will be therefore unable to keep line with that part of the troop which is still on the better ground, but must of necessity lag behind; and that, by the greater space, the longer he travels. Since each man on his reaching the line of division experiences the same difficulty; if they will not break line and straggle, but persist in still marching *in* line and keeping up their connexion, it will follow of necessity that the front of *their* line must to a certain extent fall back and make an obtuse angle at its point of junction with that of the unimpeded line. Thus, in our figure, B E will represent the line of division between the two regions, B b the advancing front of the troop when the first man arrives at that line, E e that of the portion still on the good ground after some time elapsed, and E P that of the other portion who have been unable to keep up to the same rate of march. And as the necessity of keeping step and not crossing each other's line of march will oblige each man to step out *right in front*, (*i.e.*, at right angles to the new frontage,) the progress, B P, made by the first man after crossing the line, will be perpendicular to E P, and will be to what he would have made (B M) had it not been for the retardation, in the proportion of his new to his former velocity of march.

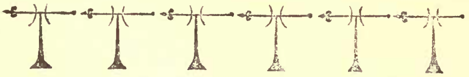
Thus then we see that when light passes (in this theory) out of what is called a rarer medium into a denser, or when the angle of refraction is less than that of incidence, the velocity of propagation of the undulating movement is *diminished*, while on the corpuscular doctrine it is increased, and *vice versâ*. Thus too we see that on the undulatory hypothesis the connexion between refrangibility and velocity within the refracting medium *is immediate and absolute*, and consequently that it being certain, as we have shown, that light of all refrangibilities travels equally fast in *what we call* empty space, (*i.e.*, through the ether alone,) it follows with equal certainty that in material media the more refrangible rays are propagated slower than the less so, and all, more slowly than in free space. In other words, this amounts to supposing the elastic force of the ether either to be enfeebled in the interior of material bodies, or else that the movements of its particles are *in some way or other* clogged or burthened by some sort of connexion with or adhesion to the material molecules among which they are disseminated, and *that* more for the more refrangible rays than for the less so.

Until lately this difference of velocity between the differently refrangible rays had always been considered an insuperable obstacle to the admission of the undulatory hypothesis. All sounds of whatever pitch (it was contended) travel equally fast in one and the same elastic medium. The profounder researches of later mathematicians, however, have shown that this conclusion is not absolute, and that on certain suppositions which are not altogether inadmissible in respect of the vibrations of light, the difference in question is not contradictory to strict dynamical laws.

As we have attempted to form an estimate of the intensity of the forces required to account for observed facts on the corpuscular hypothesis, let us now attempt a parallel estimate on the undulatory. And here the way is equally open and obvious. Starting with the observed facts, that sound travels in air at the rate of 1090 feet per second, while light is propagated through the ether 186,000 miles in the same time (that is to say, 901,000 times as fast), we are enabled to say how many fold the elastic force of the air, or its resistance to compression, would require to be increased *in proportion to the inertia of its molecules*, to give rise to an equally rapid transmission of a wave through it. For it results from the theory of sound that in media of different elasticities (so understood), but similarly constituted in other respects, these forces are to each other as *the squares* of the velocities with which the waves travel: so that the elastic force of the air would require to be increased in the proportion of the square of 901,000 (*i.e.*, 811,801,000,000) to 1, to produce an equal velocity. Even this enormous number must be still further increased, since the velocity of sound is augmented by a peculiarity in the constitution of air which we should hardly be justified in attributing to the luminiferous ether; in virtue of which its elasticity is increased by heat given out in the act of its compression, and without which the velocity of sound would be only 916 feet per second instead of 1090. Thus the number above arrived at has to be further increased in the proportion of the square of 1090 to that of 916, which brings it to 1,148,000,000,000. Let us suppose now that an amount of our ethereal medium equal *in quantity of matter* to that which is contained in a cubic inch of air (which *weighs* about one-third of a grain) were enclosed in a cube of an inch in the side. *The bursting power* of air so enclosed we know to be 15 lbs. on each side of the cube. That of the imprisoned ether then would be 15 times the above immense number (or upwards of 17 billions) of pounds. Do what we will—adopt what hypotheses we please—there is no escape, in dealing with the phenomena of light, from these gigantic numbers; or from the conception of *enormous physical force in perpetual exertion at every point, through all the immensity of space.*

As this is the conclusion we are landed in—(for the evidence for the truth of the undulatory doctrine, or something equivalent, accumulating, as we shall see, in all quarters, and in the most unexpected manner receiving confirmation from facts utterly uncontemplated by its originator, obliges us to look on this result as something more than a scientific rhodomontade)—we shall endeavour to present it to the conception of our readers in a point of view which may enable them to realize it more distinctly. All who know the nature of a barometer are aware that the column of mercury 30 inches in height sustained in its tube, is the equivalent of the pressure of the aërial ocean which covers us, on its sectional area; and is just sufficient to counterbalance the pressure, on an equal area, of an atmosphere five miles in height of air *everywhere of the same density as at the surface of the earth.* This height (five miles) is what is termed in Barometry, "the height of a homogeneous atmosphere," and affords a measure of what may be called the intrinsic elasticity of the air, of an exceedingly convenient nature; and which is received as a kind of natural unit, in Meteorology and Pneumatics. Substituting now light for sound, and for air the luminiferous ether, we should have for the corresponding height of our homogeneous atmosphere (gravity being supposed uniform) 5½ billions of miles, or about one-third of the distance to the nearest fixed star! The measure thus afforded of intrinsic elastic power is of the same kind as that afforded of the intrinsic *tensile strength* of a wire or thread of any material by the statement of how much in length *of itself* it can bear without breaking. It frees us from the necessity of any mental reference to the actual weight or specific gravity of the material, which in this case is the more necessary, as, though we suppose the ethereal molecules to possess *inertia*, we cannot suppose them affected by the force of gravitation.

There is yet another theory of light which might be proposed, in which, still retaining the idea of an ethereal medium, its constitution should be conceived as an indefinite number of regularly arranged equidistant points (mathematical localities) *absolutely fixed and immovable in space*, upon which, as on central pivots, the molecules of the ether, supposed *polar* in their constitution, like little magnets (but each with *three pairs of poles*, at the extremities of three axes at right angles to each other), should be capable of oscillating freely, as a compass needle on its centre, but *in all directions.* Any one who will be at the trouble of arranging half a dozen small magnetic bars on pivots in the *linear* arrangement of the annexed figure, will at once perceive how any vibratory movement given to one, at any point of the chain, will run on, wave-fashion, both ways through its whole length. And he will not fail to notice that the bodily movement of each vibrating element will be *transverse to the direction of the propagated wave*—a condition which, as we shall hereafter see, is essential to be fulfilled in the luminous undulations. As this hypothesis, however, has hitherto received no discussion, and is here suggested only as one not unworthy of consideration, however strange its postulates, we shall not dwell on it; remarking only that every phenomenon of light points strongly to the conception of a solid rather than a fluid constitution of the luminiferous ether, in this sense,—*that none of its elementary molecules are to be supposed capable of interchanging places*, or of bodily transfer to any measurable distance from their own special and assigned localities in the universe. The constitution above suggested would merely superadd to this abstract idea of a solid structure, the further conception of polar forces bearing some general analogy to those which may possibly subsist among the gross particles of a tesseral crystal.



This would go to realize (in however unexpected a form) the ancient idea of a crystalline orb. And it deserves notice that under no conception but that of a solid can an *elastic and expansible* medium be *self-contained.*[*] If free to expand in all directions, it would require a bounding envelope of sufficient strength to resist its outward pressure. And to evade this by supposing it infinite in extent, is to solve a difficulty by words without ideas—to take refuge from it in the simple negation of that which constitutes the difficulty. On the other hand: such a "crystalline orb" or "*firmament*" of solid matter conceived as a hollow shell of sufficient strength to sustain the internal *tension*, and filled with a medium *attractively, and not repulsively elastic*, might realize (without supposing a solid structure in the contained ether) the condition of transverse vibration; by establishing, *ipso facto*, lines of *tension* in every possible direction, along which undulations might be conveyed, like waves along a stretched cord, thus furnishing a fourth hypothesis, which to those fond of such speculations may afford matter, *sui generis*, for consideration.

Interference of the rays of light. There is hardly a more beautiful or a more instructive object in nature than a large well-blown soap-bubble. Whether we consider the perfect regularity of its form, illustrating, as it does, in its exact equilibration the great mechanical laws to which the sun and planets owe their spherical figure—demonstrating, by its resistance to disruption by blasts of wind which distort it, and by its ready and complete resumption of its normal shape on their cessation, the powerful tensile force which holds it together; and proving by the instantaneous collection of its filmy tissue into water-globules, in the act of bursting, the immense intrinsic energy of that force as compared with gravitation;—to the mechanician it is fraught with matter of the highest interest. To the photologist, on the other hand, the vivid colours which glitter on its surface afford at once the simplest and most elegant optical illustration of the "law of interference" of the rays of light: a law we shall now proceed to explain, taking for our first exemplification of it this very phenomenon.

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[*] From a liquid the extreme particles would be constantly flying off in vapour and dissipating themselves in space.

If a soap-bubble be blown in a clean circular saucer with a very smooth, even rim, well moistened with the soapy liquid,* and care be taken in the blowing that it be single, quite free from any small adhering bubbles, and somewhat more than hemispherical; so that, while it touches and springs from the rim all round, it shall somewhat overhang the saucer: and if in this state it be placed under a clear glass hemisphere or other transparent cover to defend it from gusts of air and prevent its dying too quickly;—the colours, which in the act of blowing wander irregularly over its surface, will be observed to arrange themselves into regular circles surrounding the highest point or vertex of the sphere. If the bubble be a *thick* one (*i.e.*, not blown to near the bursting point) only faint, or perhaps no colours at all will at first appear, but will gradually come on growing more full and vivid, and *that*, not by any particular colour assuming a greater richness and depth of tint, but, by the gradual *withdrawal* of the faint tints from the vertex, while fresh, and more and more intense hues appear at that point, and open out into circular rings surrounding it; giving place as they enlarge to others still more brilliant, until at length a very bright white spot makes its appearance, quickly succeeded by a perfectly black one. Soon after the appearance of this the bubble bursts. During the whole process it has been growing gradually thinner by the slow descent of its liquid substance on all sides from the vertex, till at length the cohesion of the film at that point gives way under the general tension of the surface. The annular arrangement of the colours, and the coincidence of their common centre with this, the thinnest point of the film, evidently go to connect their tints with the thicknesses of that film at their points of manifestation, and to indicate that *a certain tint is developed at a certain thickness*, and at no other. This, we shall presently see, is really the case.

The order of the colours and the sequence of the tints is in all cases one and the same, provided the series be complete, *i.e.* provided time has been given for the black central spot to form. Thus the first series, or order, contained within the first *ring* consists of black, very pale blue, brilliant white, very pale yellow, orange, red; the second of dark purple, blue, imperfect yellow-green, bright yellow, crimson; the third of purple, blue, grass green, fine yellow, pink, crimson; the fourth of bluish-green, pale pink inclining to yellow, red; the fifth pale bluish green, white, pink. After these the colours grow paler and paler, alternately bluish green and pink, and can hardly be traced beyond the seventh order.

None of these tints are *pure prismatic colours*. To see them to the best advantage the bubble with its glass shade should be placed out of direct sunshine, where only dispersed light, such as that of a cloudy sky, shall fall on it. Or, the illumination of the rings may be effected by a thin semi-transparent paper, or a ground-glass screen interposed between them and the incident light. And if, instead of illuminating *this* with the direct light of the sky, the coloured rays of a spectrum, formed by passing a sunbeam through a glass prism, be thrown upon it, the composite nature of their tints will be at once apparent. If all the rays but those at the red end of the spectrum be excluded from the illuminating beam, the rings will appear wholly red, separated by black intervals, and *much more numerous*. And if, now, the colour of the illuminating light be changed, so as to pass in succession through the whole prismatic scale of tints—orange, yellow, green, &c., from the red to the violet—the *colour* of the rings will undergo a corresponding change, the dividing intervals preserving their blackness, but their *number* still continuing greater than in white light. But, besides this, a very remarkable phenomenon will be observed. The rings *contract rapidly in diameter* as the colour of the illumination changes, being a maximum for a red and a minimum for a violet illumination; and if, by a slight movement given to the prism, the spectrum be made to traverse to and fro on the illuminating screen, the rings will appear to open and close in an exceedingly beautiful manner, undergoing at the same time a corresponding change of colour.

The composite nature of the rings, as seen in white light, is now abundantly clear. White light is a mixture of all the prismatic rays, and the set of rings seen in such light is of course a *mixture* of the several individual sets (*concentric, but differing by a regular gradation of size*), of all the several coloured elements of which white light consists. Imagine a painter who could "dip in the rainbow" and lay on, one after another, on the same paper and with the same centre, such a series of rings gradually decreasing in diameter, and each set tinted with the pure prismatic hue which corresponds to its size, from the extreme red to the extreme violet, in their proper degrees of intensity;—he would produce just such a series. If the diameters for all colours were alike, the compound rings would evidently be white and infinite in number, separated by black intervals. If they differed only a little—starting from a common origin—the first ring would be nearly white, but exhibiting a bluish border inwards and a reddish outwards, growing more and more "pronounced," and broken into intermediate tints in those beyond; but if considerable, the rings of different orders for different colours would soon mingle with and confuse each other's tints, creating the sensation of uniform whiteness: thus accounting for the comparative paucity of the mixed series.

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* M. Plateau gives the following recipé for such a liquid. 1. Dissolve one part, *by weight*, of *Marseilles soap*, cut into thin slices in forty parts of distilled water, and filter. Call the filtered liquid A. 2. Mix two parts, *by measure*, of pure glycerine with one part of the solution A, in a temperature of 66° Fahr., and after shaking them together long and violently, leave them at rest for some days. A clear liquid will settle, with a turbid one above. The lower is to be sucked out from beneath the upper with a siphon, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the latter to mix with the clear fluid. A bubble blown with this will last several hours even in the open air. Or, the mixed liquid, after standing twenty-four hours, may be filtered.

In order then clearly to understand the nature of this phenomenon, it must be divested of this source of complexity, and studied in reference to light of one single colour or refrangibility—or, as it is called, "homogeneous" light, pure red, or yellow, for instance. But before proceeding further, something more must be said of the whole class of phenomena referable to this head. And first, these colours are not dependent in any way on any colorific quality of the liquid of which the bubbles consist. Any sufficiently thin film, of any kind, suffices to produce them. They are seen in the oily scum on the surface of a stagnant pool. They are seen on the brilliant scales of old glass in stable windows, or on the wings of gaudy-coloured insects, or even on polished steel. Bubbles may be blown of a variety of liquids—nay, even of glass. However highly coloured, their intrinsic colour disappears when reduced to such extreme tenuity as is requisite for the purpose in question. But *all* exhibit *the same hues* in the same invariable order. Nay, more—it requires *no medium at all* to produce them, but only *an interval between two surfaces.* They are seen in the crack of a thick piece of glass which does not extend quite through its whole substance. They are seen when a piece of mica is partially split and one of the laminæ lifted up, following, as a series of coloured lines, the limit of the commencing fissure. It may be said that though no *solid or liquid medium* is here present, there is *air* between the divided surfaces. But under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, there is no diminution of the colours or alteration of their forms. It is to the *interval between the surfaces* that we have to look for their origin.

Here, then, we have LIGHT brought face to face with SPACE, and no escape! What happens at or between these surfaces? How is it that while a single surface reflects a dispersed beam of light indifferently over its whole extent, this indifference is destroyed by placing another reflecting surface behind it; and the reflexion (at least the *effective reflexion as regards the spectator*) rendered impossible when the second surface is at a certain distance, *or at certain distances*, from the first, while if placed at intermediate distances, it is either not at all affected, or only to a certain extent enfeebled? and *that*, when there is nothing, or at least nothing realizable to any of our methods of observation, between them? This is the problem before us, reduced to its simplest terms,—a problem which the corpuscular theory of light resolves imperfectly and unsatisfactorily, and the undulatory fully and without reserve.

(To be continued.)

ESSAYS, THEOLOGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

VII.—REPORT OF "A DIALOGUE ON STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS."

WHO has not often found himself an attentive—though perhaps, as in my own case, a silent—member of one of those little self-elected Parliaments, extemporised at a dinner party after the ladies have retired; in which difficult and profound questions of politics shall be discussed, with almost as much wisdom and eloquence as in St. Stephen's itself!

I was present the other day at such a debate. It was respecting that momentous subject, "Strikes and Lock-outs;" and, as an incidental turn in the conversation (involving the supposition that *other* classes besides working-men and their employers resorted to similar measures), seemed to set not only the measureless absurdity, but, socially considered, even the criminality of all such barbarous methods of settling disputes in a somewhat new light, a tolerably correct "report" of it may not be uninteresting to the reader. The conversation took place at the house of a wealthy merchant, one of the many men among us who by strong native sense and energy of character, have not only compensated some defects of early education, but to a good extent cultivated their own minds in intervals of leisure, and forced their way to opulence and social position. Among the guests were two or three manufacturers of the neighbourhood, one of whom had not only been making money, but learning philosophy also, among the spindles, for some forty years, and who took a principal part in the conversation. There were two clergymen, both intelligent men, one in the established church, the other out of it, and who, however they might have differed touching "Church and State," sang in perfect time and tune the woeful mischiefs which two or three long and memorable strikes had wrought among their respective flocks; while a physician and lawyer who were also of the party expatiated, the one on the increase of disease and the other on the increase of crime, engendered by the dissipation and destitution produced by these same strikes. Add to these an amiable and intelligent young man, the son of our host, who had received an excellent education, was well-read in political economy, and (as it was whispered) was looking forward to attaining one day a seat in Parliament. He was, as young men are apt to be, rather advanced in politics; a strenuous advocate of the *laisser faire* principle, desirous of a large extension of the franchise, and disposed to make the working-classes his clients. He warmly defended their rights, and among the rest to strike as often as the humour seized them; but also, as he frankly added, their "right" to bear the penalty of so doing. Some thought that his zeal was partly influenced by a love of popularity; but I do not believe it. I think it was enthusiasm on behalf of "rights" and hatred of "wrongs," (real or supposed), and zeal for the abstract perfection of a darling theory. The first is always natural and amiable in youth, and the second surely pardonable in a young philosopher, since we usually find it equally obstinate in an old one.

It may be thought a bad omen for the fairness of any such discussion, that while the "Lock-outs" were very abundantly represented, the "Turn-outs" had neither puddler, nor joiner, nor mason, nor tailor "on strike," to represent them. And yet they were well protected too; not only by the general antipathy to lock-outs entertained by the entire company, but by the volunteer championship of the young gentleman last mentioned, who though not liking strikes in the abstract, nor thinking them in general conducive to their professed end, yet distinctly avowed the absolute "right" of men to indulge in this expensive luxury, and the inexpediency, if not impossibility, of any legislation in relation to them. But he also affirmed, as already said, that though the right of men collectively to strike, if they pleased, must be conceded, it was only on the principle that it was also the right of men, if they thought proper, collectively to "ruin themselves."

The company agreed with him as to the almost insuperable difficulty of legislation; but most of them thought that it was worth while to try anything and everything, except the utterly retrograde policy of re-enacting any of the laws against "trade combinations;" some were even in favour of Mr. Ludlow's recent plan of giving the trade-combinations, both of masters and men, a legal *status* and corporate existence, and so making them amenable to the law; all were in favour of trying Courts of Conciliation or Arbitration, and hoped something from the extension of co-operative principles; but they seemed to have most faith in the formation and expression of a much more decided public sentiment in relation to the social wrong both of lock-outs and strikes, except in the rare case where the one is an absolute necessity of self-defence, provoked by the other. They seemed to think that the tone of the press, and of society generally, was much too gentle and tolerant considering the enormity of the evil, which was too often spoken of as an exercise of a "right," unwise indeed, but not deserving any very grave censure. Yet, if strikes and lock-outs are in themselves justifiable, everyone felt, as the discussion proceeded, that the position involved the strangest paradoxes. If justifiable *per se*, still more if they may be resorted to with the frequency and levity with which they are just now; if, by the agency of combinations, they may at any time convulse or paralyze a whole trade, and even indirectly involve many other trades in the consequences; then it would seem that *that* is justifiable which may produce many of the evils of civil war, and disorganise society without society's having any voice in the matter or any means of self-defence; *that* is justifiable which may reverse some of the most important principles of public policy and destroy the best part of each individual's liberty.

The conversation began something in this way. One of the clergymen (the vicar of the neighbouring town) expressed his gratification at the termination of the great strike in the iron trade; "which," said he, "has, as usual, been attended with great loss to everybody, and benefit to nobody. But the lesson seems in vain. There are half-a-dozen strikes going on in different parts of the country at this moment; and I am just now plagued by one myself." He explained, by saying that the repair of his church was standing still, because the masons had struck. His clerical brother told him that they were in the same predicament at the new chapel. The Episcopalian good-humouredly nodded, and said, with a smile, "We can hardly be expected to sympathise with each other in *such* a case, so fully as in others. But it is not the masons only who are on strike; the tailors are out too, as if we were to be deprived at once of houses to live in and clothes to wear, and reduced to naked savages at once. I went yesterday to my tailor to order a suit of clothes which I wanted immediately; he told me, with a long face, that he feared he must disappoint me this time, for that all his men were out on strike, as well as those of every other tailor in the town."

He added, that what with the vexations he had suffered from the masons' strike, and much pondering on the great "Iron Strike and Lock-out," his brain had been so wrought upon, that he had had on the preceding night a curious dream. "I thought," said he, laughing, "that all the learned professions—doctors, parsons, lawyers, journalists, schoolmasters, and professors—had struck for higher fees and better pay, and, like my tailor, refused to do another stitch of work till their just demands were complied with. The journals, methought, all announced the strike simultaneously, and then vanished the next morning, leaving the world in utter darkness as to all that was going on in it,—the great 'professional strike' included. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, was roaring in a fit of the gout, and in vain sent for his doctor, who coolly reported that he was out on strike, and that the 'Doctors' Union' would not allow him to come. Another, an old lady, was *in articulo mortis*, and her distressed heirs in vain implored a lawyer to come and make her will; he told them she might die *intestate*, for him. As for me, with an odd mixture of feelings, —of shame and remorse at the thought of abandoning my sacred duties, and of noble heroism, such as only the martyrs of a strike can comprehend, —I stuck faithfully to our 'Clerical Trades-Union;' sent bride and bridegroom unmarried from the altar, held out with still greater courage against baptising a sick infant, and, to prevent the congregation from assembling to no purpose on the Sunday, ended by locking the church, and riding off with the key in my pocket; thus indulging in a strike and a lock-out at one and the same time. Upon my word," he concluded, "I almost think it would be well for the whole nation to strike together, by way of applying to the system the *reductio ad absurdum*. We should at all events get, what often seems the great object of strikes (with such levity and wantonness are they resolved upon), our fill of idleness for a few weeks."

We made ourselves merry by pursuing the odd dream a little, and fancying some of the incidents which diversify ordinary strikes. We imagined a "non-union" doctor hastening to a patient, but hoaxed into going ten miles in another direction to a pretended case of far greater urgency; or a "union" doctor, slyly stealing to his work, but waylaid and beaten by his indignant brethren, and dosed with his own physic; the horrors of Paterfamilias on finding that all his ten children were to have an enforced holiday for the half year; or if not, that himself must be sole tutor; or a clergyman of the "union" betrayed into the weakness of marrying a fond couple, and then tossed in a blanket in gown and cassock by his irritated brethren; or the case of a lawyer drawing a will for a client *in extremis*, and finding himself reduced almost to the same condition for thus setting the "rules" of the "legal trade-union" at defiance.

The other minister said, "Well, and if such a dream as yours, or something like it, could come true, would not the principles on which strikes are generally justified, justify these classes, *i.e.*, on the supposition that they were conscientiously convinced (as ordinary 'turnouts' are supposed to be) that their just claims are withheld by their niggardly paymasters, the public? I am quite confident," he continued, with a smile, "that there are thousands of poor preachers, as well as doctors, lawyers, and literary men, who are living on less pay than many skilled artisans; nay, to whom some puddler's wages would be a fortune. I am certain also that we are the classes for whom the recent beneficial *fiscal* reforms have done the least. The general effect of recent legislation has been,—and sincerely do I thank God for it,—to relieve the working-classes of all taxes which press on articles of prime necessity, or greatly to reduce them; while they are entirely relieved from the *income-tax* which has so long pressed heavily on many of us. I do not envy them this exemption for a moment: God forbid! but such is the fact.—And the benefit of a reduced or abolished tax, I grant, has not been lost, even where the *consumer* has not gained; but it has not come to *us*. It has gone to the manufacturer, merchant, and trader. Now as the articles thus relieved from taxation have been very various, large classes of the commercial world, (one after another,) have had, in addition to the reduced price of many articles in which they do not deal, (by which of course we too benefit), a separate *bonne bouche*, to sweeten the nauseous taste of the Income Tax. Thus the repeal of the paper duty was a great boon to newspaper proprietors, to booksellers, and to merchants who used large quantities of coarse paper. One of the last assures me that it saved his firm two hundred or more a year, and that he was much obliged to the Government for having thus paid him back, in one lump, more than his Income Tax! But my penny paper is still a penny paper to me; I do not see that the new books I buy are any cheaper; and as to stationery, why, if there be a difference, it is so slight," said he, laughing, "that I do not suppose that, on all the sermons I have written since the paper duty was abolished, I have saved three halfpence. Even if I were as voluminous as Richard Baxter, and scribbled a folio every year, I should hardly be richer by a sixpence."

"But at all events," said Mr. Charles D——, our host's son, "you partake in that *general* prosperity of the nation which flows from just principles of commercial freedom."

"Of course," was the reply; "though not, I think, in the same proportion with those who are engaged in commerce. But do not imagine I am grumbling. I am only mentioning it to show that, if any classes could be justified in a strike, I think it is ours. And what I ask, is just this:—If any of us, or all of us, were to combine on some fine morning, strike for higher wages through the country, and suspend all our functions till we got them, would it be merely the assertion of a *right*, which, because legislation cannot deal with it, is on that account innocent? Or, granting that legislation cannot deal with it, because impossible or inexpedient, would it be still a *crime* against society?"

"Perhaps," said the young man, laughing, "we might be able to bear with equanimity the 'parsons' strike,' and allow him to indulge in a lock-out into the bargain."

"Ah! Mr. Charles," said the other, good-humouredly, but with gravity, "that might do, if men found it as easy to die without religion as to live without it. But I have exercised my function too long not to know that the feelings with which they regard it in the fulness of bread and in the flush of health and youth, are apt to alter very much when poverty or sickness, and especially death, knock at their door. And I fancy you would not deny, that if all who teach the ignorant the truths and duties of morality and religion were 'to cease out of the land,' your servants would hardly be quite so honest or your merchandise so safe as they are now. The Canaanite—including all the varieties of Hittite, Hivite, Perizzite and Girgashite—would soon increase upon you."

"I willingly acknowledge it, sir," said the other; "believe me, it was but a joke, and perhaps not a very courteous one."

"That is well," said the vicar, "and handsomely said. And then you know," he continued, smiling, "there are functions of ours which not even youth thinks tedious. It would not be pleasant to bring your bride to the altar, and lead her away unmarried. And so we return to the question. On the grounds on which you justify the artisans' strikes, would you think such a general strike of the learned professions justifiable, though it produced through the country something much worse than old Pope Innocent's interdict in King John's reign; if none were baptised, buried, or married, and if no doctor would physic his patients, or lawyer advise his clients?"

Our young friend whispered to his right-hand neighbour something which made him laugh. "Come, Charles," said his father, "no *asides*—what were you saying to Mr. N——?"

"I was only saying, sir, that half the nation would be still better pleased with the strike, if the lawyer and doctor turned out with the parsons."

"Take care," said the doctor, laughing, "I may make you recant, when you next send for me."

"And I," said the lawyer, "will certainly torment you, Mr. Charles, by three weeks' needless delay in drawing out your marriage settlements."

"Ay, ay," said the vicar, "make him pay for his jest. But, seriously, these strikes are no jest. If God does not send us trouble, it seems we make it for ourselves. He smote one of our great sources of commercial prosperity—the cotton trade—with the canker, and then, in the iron trade, we must needs do what we could to destroy another with our own hand. They talk about the political right to indulge in strikes and lock-outs; perhaps it is impossible to deny it, but recollecting all the mischief and misery that have flowed from them, and their tendency to produce still greater, I think that to originate or abet them is a downright crime against society."

"Come, come, my dear sir," said Mr. Charles, "be more moderate: crime, it surely cannot be; for those who strike only exercise a right which we all claim, 'to do what we will with our own.' And they exercise that right *together*,—that is all. Recollect, before you call it a 'crime,' that the legislature allows the legitimacy of combinations of workmen (and consequently of the masters also), by having repealed all penalties against them. You surely do not wish to restore those foolish laws?"

"Not I," said the other; "trade-combinations have, no doubt, their legitimate uses, though I do not reckon strikes among them: neither will we quarrel about a word. 'Crime,' in the political sense, these strikes may not be,—as many other things are not, which yet are very properly called grievous sins against society notwithstanding. We must both admit, I suppose, that there are many offences, of which law can and does take no notice, but which are the fruitful sources of the crimes of which it *does* take notice,—as, for example, private intoxication, licentiousness, ingratitude, filial disobedience; all which society can only repress, for the most part, by that frown of abhorrence and contempt, that consignment to a Pariah caste, which the generality of men, not utterly abandoned, feel far more deeply than any moderate legal penalty. It is ever a tendency of a too lenient public morality, to take its measure of what is right or wrong, innocent or criminal, from what the law can reach, or fails to reach; from what can be made the matter of positive statute and definite punishment, or otherwise. This is that subordination of the 'spirit' to the 'letter,' which, though but an unavoidable result of the infirmity of all civil law, and the necessary consequence of its restricted object and aim, is apt to operate unfavourably on our ethical conceptions; and, if it does not impair our theoretical code of morals, makes us view with lenience many actions of the most pernicious character, merely because the law cannot touch them. Such errors it is the part of an enlightened *public sentiment* to correct."

"I cannot admit that strikes are to be accounted crimes even in that sense," said our young friend. "That they are in every case great folly, I fully admit: and it may be shown in a minute, for it lies in a nut-shell. The principal element," said he, clearing his voice a little, and settling himself, as it were, to deliver a little economical demonstration—"the principal element that must determine the relations of capital and labour is the law of demand and supply. If there are a hundred workmen, and you only want fifty, they will by competition bring down wages to the lowest level on which it is possible to subsist. Now, to strike in such a crisis is to refuse the little that can be got, and to resolve that 'half a loaf is *not* better than no bread.' This was the case in many of the earlier strikes, when England was suffering, some forty years ago, from a *plethora* of the labour-market, and political economists were full of alarm as to what was to be done in a few years, when that market should become still more crowded;—so little was human wisdom able to foresee the march of events, and to anticipate that in a generation or so the nation would be likely to suffer from a lack of men rather than from their superabundance, and that wages would be *high*: just on the opposite principle to that mentioned before,—that if you want a hundred workmen, and there are only fifty, they will make you pay in proportion."

"But," said his father, "strikes have not become less frequent in this condition of things; rather they have become more frequent and prolonged."

"Just so, sir," said his son, "for the 'Unions' have better funds to maintain them; but their folly is just as easily shown—nay, it is greater; for you may make allowance for the blindness of a starving artisan, when you can make none for a man who kicks down his full pail. But the *folly* is still clear. The limits within which the capitalist and the labourer co-operate are simply these:—the workman must at least have wages sufficient for his subsistence, the capitalist sufficient profit to induce him to invest his capital; what lies *between*, when these ends are attained, is the prize; and the question is, in what proportions it shall be divided? and it is a larger slice of it that the strike, when wages are good, is designed to secure. But the folly is still equally manifest; for the moment the strike begins, and so long as it continues, the *prize itself* vanishes, and both parties are left with *nothing*! In the one case, it is as if a child would not eat his cake, because it was not as much as would satisfy his appetite; in the other, because, though it was enough, his brother had a cake twice as big."

"Or as if Joseph's brethren sullenly put their plates away, because Benjamin's mess was five times as large!" said his father. "Well, Charles, you may call it folly, as undoubtedly it is; but if committed with eyes open—as I believe it often to be—by the men who *direct* and carry out these strikes, and who often live a very merry life at the expense of their more ignorant victims, I call it a crime against society as well as folly. But then, what do you say to the consequences of these strikes,—the destitution which often follows them, the starving women and children, the increased burdens on the parish and the poor's rates,—the collateral injuries inflicted on connected branches of trade,—do not these things constitute strikes a crime against society?"

"If the folly of the thing be fully seen, and the consequences to which you advert fully seen too, I can hardly deny that they are."

Here Mr. W——, already referred to as one of the chief spokesmen, a sort of Nestor of the Spindles,—who had seen many a long strike during the last forty years, and had gathered much and sorrowful wisdom from his experience,—insinuated himself into the conversation; I say insinuated, for he spoke in a low, gentle, persuasive voice, and with great deliberation.

"Your little speech, Mr. Charles, about the *folly* of strikes and lock-outs is all very well; and, certainly, next to war, they are the most uncouth and barbarous modes of settling differences that men ever contrived; nay, a strike or a lock-out *is* war; or rather it is still more senseless: for in war the soldiers that win don't proceed to commit suicide, whereas here, in nine cases out of ten, both sides must be losers. But now, quite approving of your little speech,—which I hope you will one day enlarge at the hustings,—you have not answered the question of our clerical friends; namely, whether, if such a thing *could* be as that all the professional folks of a whole district, or, for the matter of that, of the whole kingdom, were suddenly to turn out on a strike for higher fees or salaries, you would say it was a *justifiable* step? For my part, I am inclined to think that a strike, or lock-out, is not only a blunder, but a crime."

"Why, Mr. W——," said the young man, "I reckoned confidently on your taking the other side. I have heard you often say that the evil must be left to the correction of the evils produced by it."

"So perhaps I think still; but among those correctives I have often thought that the moral reprobation of society ought to be added, and that it would be well if these things were always thought of and spoken of as crimes as well as blunders."

"But did I not hear you the other day defend the masters in the great lock-out in the iron-trade?"

"You did, and I am still of the same opinion. When the organisation of men against masters became general, an equally extensive organisation of masters against men became necessary: and if the strife must go on, I think so gigantic an exhibition of the evil would in the end be the truest mercy to all parties. For my part, I would rather see the battle in one or other of our great trades fought out to the last, and the whole nation thus roused to a sense of the enormity of these evils, than see the perpetual disturbance of one branch of trade after another, and often of several at the same time, and no end of misery produced in all parts of the kingdom; just as in war, I would sooner have things brought to issue in one great pitched battle, than see guerillas doing fifty times the mischief in detail. But apart from such reasons as these, you never yet heard me, and never will hear me, say one word of good of either strikes or lock-outs. There are only two cases (and they are very rare) in which they can be justified, and then they are a pure necessity. First, when, either from the competition in the labour-market, or scanty capital, or the scantier *humanity* of those who possess it, wages are offered on which the workman cannot subsist; then, of course, he must and ought to strike, if it be only to change his employer or his occupation, or to emigrate; for one of these he *must* do:—and secondly, when the scanty supply of labour in the labour-market leads the labourer to insist on terms which, in fact, would make the trade not worth carrying on,—in which case the master must have a lock-out with a witness, and is very sorry for it; as it is then necessary to 'shut up' his factory as well as 'lock out' his men! But between these limits there never *ought* to be a strike or a lock-out. Words cannot express, as you say, the *folly* of them,—for though either party may, in a particular case and for a little while, be successful, such success never can pay for the loss inflicted on *both* parties by the total suspension of trade. It is not enough to say that such folly is like that of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs—or like that of the harlot in Solomon's judgment, who said of the child, 'Let it be neither mine nor thine'—or like that of the dog that let go the substance and caught at the shadow—or anything else that is most foolish.—In every case, masters and men, as rational creatures, *ought*, by conference and arbitration, to be able to adjust these quarrels without destroying the very thing they are quarrelling about; that they do not, is a great blot on our civilisation; and considering the immense mischiefs, not only to themselves, but to others, which spring from their present courses, these things are not a folly merely, but a grievous wrong to society. But, in order that we may see whether we ought so to call it, I should like to know once more what you would think of a doctors', or lawyers', or parsons' strike, any or all of them?"

"But the very idea is absurd, my dear sir."

"Of course it is; but still it will perhaps serve as an illustration,—and the absurder the better for that purpose: for you acknowledge that a strike is the extreme of folly."

"Well, such a strike would at all events be more deliberately cruel, and on that account, as well as because the men might be supposed to know better, would make society more *angry*."

"I quite agree with you there," said Mr. W——; "but I think you would hardly say that *that* nullifies the principle you have laid down; namely, that everybody is at liberty to set the value he pleases on his skill and services, and that, by parity of reason, any number of men may agree to do so. And as to the inhumanity, or inconvenience to society, it is but a question of degree after all. I am sure you will allow that the sum total of the miseries which many a long strike has occasioned to tens of thousands of starving men, women, and children,—the ruin of many prosperous manufacturers and merchants,—the sufferings involved in the disorganisation of trade, in some cases its transfer to other lands,—and the loss of all that is implied in the loss of millions of wages (to say nothing of the demoralising effects) will hardly admit of computation; and if the suffering produced in this case does not affect the *principle*, neither will it in the other.—But what other objection can you find to this peculiar strike or lock-out, that would not apply to the ordinary ones?"

"Well, I might say that they would involve a breach of contract with society. You know the workman must complete his contract before he strikes, and so must these."

"Let us suppose, then, the doctor to have finished with his patients in hand, and the lawyer with the causes he has begun, and the curate with his year of service, and so on, and then begin their strike,—what objection then?"

"But, from their position, and the reasonable expectations of society, and the nature of the functions they are supposed to perform, may they not be considered under a permanent implied contract to society?"

"I certainly think they may; but in no other sense than are our labourers and capitalists. I deny that any body of men have a right, if they please, to fold their arms, and refuse to employ their time, skill, and strength for the benefit of the community, except on such terms as they may dictate, however extravagant those terms may be. All of us owe duties to the society of which we are members, and from which we expect the protection of our rights; and the collective muscle, sinew, skill, and brains, of the men who have, it may be, little else, are no more simply theirs, to use or not to use, than the coal and iron of the landed proprietor. If they be capriciously wasted or foolishly left idle, (as you admit is the case in strikes), the whole community, and not the men or their masters only, suffer severely, as the history of strikes teaches us full well. The waste, again, of the 'Union' funds, collected for more legitimate purposes,—the waste of the public money, to support those who might have supported themselves,—the waste of private charity, the increase of idleness,—are chargeable upon these strikes; and I once more say, make them not only a blunder, but a crime."

"You spoke just now of the proprietor of coal and iron. Is *he* not allowed to do what he will with his own? To let it lie idle, or to waste it, if he pleases?"

"I think not,—without a *crime;* whether the law regards it as such or not: though I apprehend it soon would do so in an extreme case. The natural riches of a country are intended for the benefit of the nation; and the law of property, in securing to some a special interest in them, does not design that the nation shall be debarred from all beneficial interest in them. 'Property,' as Burke justly says, 'has its duties as well as its rights, and the one are correlative to the other;' and if those duties be wholly neglected, it will not be property long. Take an extreme case. Suppose all the coal and iron through the kingdom were the property of ten persons. Do you think the nation would endure that, because it was their *property*, they should play the part of the dog in the manger, and either seclude it from use, or (if it were possible) destroy it? would not the nation rather resume its rights over what is essentially national wealth and therefore to be used for the benefit of the whole community?"

"I certainly think it would in so extreme a case. But I do not see how it could deal similarly with refractory workmen who should choose to withhold or waste what you truly call *their* part of the 'national wealth.'"

"Neither do I, nor am I now speaking of *that*:—but merely showing that the nation would certainly in the one case regard the supposed conduct as a crime against society; and by parity of reason may do so in the other.—But what other objection have you to apply to the 'professional' strike which does not apply to the rest?"

"Well, if one must reason on so absurd an hypothesis, I should say that it would bring upon us all the evils of a system of monopoly and protection, which the nation has abjured."

"Very well; but is not that just what a strike tends to? Is it not an attempt to affix, by combination, an artificial price upon a certain commodity, and so to bring upon us all the evils of monopolies and protection, though abjured and abandoned by the state? The labourers do it by agreeing that they will not sell their labour under a given price; not that which is determined by the competition of the open market, but by a combination which artificially creates a *monopoly* of the commodity, and vends it on the principles of protection. Nor does it matter at all whether the commodity be skill and labour, or any other,—say, for example, iron or coal. If all the coal and iron masters were to agree that they would not sell either of their commodities under 20*l.* per ton, would it not be just the same thing in effect, as the legislature's fixing an artificial value on corn, and decreeing that it should not be sold under that price?"

"Well, and do not the iron-masters of a whole district meet from time to time to agree on the price at which they will sell that commodity, and bind themselves to adhere to it, though I admit they find it difficult to carry out their object?"

"Do you condemn, or approve that practice?"

"Well, I think it the assertion of a *right*, on the grounds already applied to strikes."

"You are consistent, at all events; *I* believe they are to be condemned on those very grounds; *I* believe that all such attempts are of the nature of strikes and lock-outs, and are unjustifiable for precisely similar reasons. I believe that they are only tolerable; first because, as you say, the attempt can only be partially successful; and secondly because the sellers rarely venture to deviate much from the price which unrestricted competition would produce. But if, by a stringent combination, they agreed to accept nothing under 20*l.* a ton for their commodity, I scarcely think you would consider such an artificial price a *justifiable* use of their rights of property."

"But the very supposition is an absurdity. On the principles of human nature to which a sound political economy appeals, we know that they *would* not act thus, still less throw away their commodities for nothing."

"Quite true; but it is still an *imaginable* case, and I want to know how you think society would designate such conduct, and how, if persisted in, society would act?"

"Well, of course, if such things were done at all, society would naturally attribute it to madness, and shutting up the so-called proprietors, give their possessions to the next heirs, who would know what to do with them. If such conduct *could* be supposed to flow from sane persons, it would certainly, as you say, be regarded as a crime against society, and justly incur the transfer or forfeiture of the national wealth thus rendered useless or destroyed."

"Very well, that admission is sufficient for the application of my argument."

"Excuse me for saying, that, on the contrary, it seems to me that its being a purely imaginary case altogether vitiates it. It seems to me, that we may fearlessly depend on the principles of an enlightened political economy in all such matters, and cling to the *laisser-faire* principle. You know the old laws against speculation in corn, and the indignation expressed against those who stored it up, waited for advancing prices, and sold it (as was complained) in times of scarcity at famine prices. They are now universally admitted to be great public benefactors, who, thus storing it, and selling it at a price in proportion to scarcity, prevent the commodity from being wasted, teach the community thrift in the use of it, and make it thereby last as long and go as far as possible. You surely would not have any laws made to regulate such matters, even in times of the greatest pressure; but would trust to the infallible principles of human nature to regulate them."

"Most assuredly. So far from wishing any laws on the subject, the avaricious man mentioned in some old author, (you know his name, I dare say,—the fact is mentioned in M'Culloch's 'Political Economy,') who, in a siege, sold a rat for 200 shillings, should go untouched for me."

"The story is told in Pliny," said Mr. Charles; "and pray recollect what M'Culloch adds from Valerius Maximus—for it makes for me, and shows that things adjust themselves very well—'that the seller had the worst of the bargain, dying of hunger, while the purchaser was saved by his rat!'"

"Well, Mr. Charles, so far from denying a syllable of what you have said of corn-speculators and the like, I have devoutly believed it all, a score of years before you were born. I heartily agree that the class of which you speak, once so ignorantly libelled, confer immense benefits on society; and I only hesitate to call them in the *fullest* sense of the word Benefactors, because we generally associate *designed* benevolence with the term; in that sense, they are no more benefactors in preserving your corn for you, than the weazel who kills the rats that would eat it; for he does it for his *own* pleasure, and not for your profit. However, I fully grant that the corn-speculator and the owner of coal or iron may be trusted, on the principles of human nature and political economy, not to destroy their commodities, nor to refuse the highest price they can get for them. Still, as before, it is an imaginable case, and that will do for me. Let us suppose, then, —to take the corn-speculator,—that he either set his granaries on fire in a time of scarcity, or refused to sell corn except at such prices as it was impossible to pay, and so multitudes starved with food before their eyes:—a purely imaginary case, I admit, but still imaginable. Now what would society in such a case call such conduct, and how would it act? Would it not take one or other of the two alternatives you have mentioned—lock the man up as mad, or treat him as a criminal, and confiscate his corn to public use?"

"I admit it; but still it is an imaginary case."

"Very good; but if it occurred, you would call it by strong names. Now this, which, I grant, is only an imaginary folly of the possessors of coal-mines or the speculators in corn, is really what is done in that portentous madness or social crime called a strike;—the commodity, while the strike lasts, is simply wasted and destroyed; and at the best, even if after the strike it sells at a little advance, it is as if the corn-factor destroyed part of his corn in hope of getting a better price for the rest! Even if a strike be occasionally successful, (as no doubt it is,) it is not perhaps once in twenty times that the additional gain makes up for the loss entailed in getting it;—and for the frequent loss, *not* in money, but in things far more precious, no money can ever pay at all. And even as regards money, taking what has been lost by all strikes compared with what has been gained, the former probably exceeds the latter in a ratio that can hardly be computed. The late strike in North Staffordshire alone is computed to have cost the iron-workers at least 100,000*l*."

"Very true," replied Mr. Charles; "and even when there is a gain from a strike, it would generally come without the loss entailed by one: for if the labour-market is scantily supplied, if employers want fifty men and can only get ten, these last are pretty sure of being able to make their own terms."

"To resume our argument, then; since the implied breach of contract with society, and the charge of reintroducing monopoly, certainly no more apply to a 'professional' strike than to any other, what other objection have you?"

"I fancy it might be said that if such a thing were possible at all, it could only be effected by some unimaginable *moral compulsion*, operating on the members of such a combination,—attended with the destruction of individual liberty."

"The very thing, I imagine, which may be most reasonably objected to ordinary strikes. It is for that very reason that I argue that strikes are a grave social offence, inasmuch as they necessarily involve a violation of the principles of individual liberty. If there be one thing that Liberty should insure, it should be the power of every one to use his skill, time, toil, and brains to the best advantage; to sell his commodities at the best price he can obtain for them, without having the terms dictated to him by a combination which tells him, if he belongs to it, that he must not work at all, except upon the terms it dictates; and if he does *not* belong to it, too often procures his dismissal from employment, simply because he does not. This is one of the most crying evils of strikes, that they introduce a social tyranny as intolerable as that of the most iron despotism."

"I can quite go with you," said the other, "in admitting the gross social tyranny which strikes too generally engender, and the miseries they bring; but still I do not see how legislation, so long as the combination is purely voluntary, and no overt acts of violence are committed, can possibly deal with them. As soon as any such acts are committed, the law, you know, steps in and asserts, and properly asserts, its rights,—for as Stuart Mill says in his 'Political Economy,' 'No severity, necessary to the purpose, is too great to be employed against attempts to compel workmen to join a Union, or take part in a strike, by threats or violence.' But these acts, though numerous enough in the early history of strikes, are now, as you are aware, very rare in comparison; the old tricks of incendiarism, or of machine-breaking, as directed against obnoxious masters, and of way-laying and beating obnoxious workmen, throwing vitriol on them, or the like gentle methods of suasion, have been pretty well discontinued since the memorable trials between 1838 and 1843. The organisers of strikes have been at least more prudent and cautious, if not more enlightened."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. W——; "but even now it may be said that similar acts have not wholly ceased; even during the last year, most serious outrages by brickmakers and others were committed, which their perpetrators are now expiating in penal settlements. Nay, we had a riot at Dewsbury only the other day. Nor have I the smallest hope, while strikes are in fashion, that it will not be one of their incidental, but still certain, evils, to lead to such deplorable violence. When men's passions are excited, when party-feeling runs high, when anger, malignity, and revenge are inflamed, and there is nothing but ignorance to control them, such results are to be periodically looked for, and will cease only when strikes themselves shall cease."

"Still," said Mr. Charles, "when they *do* take place, the law steps in and avenges them. I do not see what more it can do, so *long* as the combinations in question are purely voluntary, and the intimidation—persecution, if you choose to call it so—of individuals, and the consequent repression of individual liberty, however annoying or pernicious, are effected only by moral influence. I do not see that it admits of any legislative remedy. As to *that*, all you have said seems to me very little to the purpose."

"What I have said," replied Mr. W——, "has been indeed to very little purpose, if it has not shown you that I am not inquiring whether the evils in question admit of any legislative remedy; perhaps on that point I am as doubtful as you can be; but whether the thing be the grave social wrong which I think it is; whether, if it be so, we do wisely, merely because it may be one with which legislation cannot directly grapple, in speaking of it, (as is too often the case,) as if it were a justifiable thing in itself,—an unwise indeed, but still innocent, exertion of a *right;* whether, on the other hand, we shall not do well, if it be a flagrant wrong, nothing less than a social *crime*, in calling it so, and thus endeavouring to bring public opinion to bear upon it. If this can be done; if the nation generally can be got to speak of an organiser or abettor of strikes in the same terms as they would of a mad dog, or any other social plague, it will tend not a little to abate the mischief. It is not the masters only, or society in general, that are to be pitied as the victims in a thousand ways of this social tyranny. Thousands and tens of thousands of the strikers themselves are yet more to be pitied. You have only to go amongst them and talk with them, to see how many there are, who in every strike bitterly complain of their fellow-workmen, as compelling them to join, under the pressure of this moral persecution, in acts which they feel in fact must involve them in present want, and often irretrievable ruin. Often and often, have I heard one and another of these poor creatures say:—'I am very sorry; for my part, I was contented with my employers, and my wages; but the bulk of them resolved to strike, and what could *I* do? I should have been persecuted in a thousand petty ways, or cut off from all share in the funds of the Union' (collected, by the way, for very different purposes), 'and so what could I do but strike with the rest?"

"Very true; the condition of thousands of them is most pitiable; but still, how can you help them? It is the ascendancy of numbers and headstrong passions over a minority with feeble wills; but it is a *voluntary* subserviency, and I do not see how the thing can be remedied."

"Neither, perhaps, do I,—by *legislation:* though, by the way, even the law does not absolutely regard this species of tyranny as beyond its cognisance, when it *can* take hold of it. The spiritual influence which an artful priest sometimes exercises over a weak woman, and which the law, when it can, severely punishes, is precisely of the same nature; neither worse nor better, than that which a tyrannical majority in a thousand cases of strike exercises over a timid minority, who are dragged into months of misery and starvation, because they have not the courage to resist. 'It is truly wonderful,' says one of the best writers on this subject, 'to reflect that scarcely any existing government in Europe, from Constantinople to Petersburg or Paris, would venture to exercise so stringent a rule over its subjects as a large proportion of our working men submit to from other men of their own order.' But it does not make the tyranny less hateful, nor to exercise it the less criminal, that it is of a *moral* character. I may mention an example that recently came under my knowledge of the comprehensive nature of this social tyranny. I had a friend residing in the south of England, who successfully competed for the erection of a certain public building in a northern county. He made contracts with the brickmakers in the neighbourhood, to supply him with bricks. Having in his own employ a gang of men whom he could thoroughly depend upon, and having undertaken to complete his contract in a given time, he thought it would be worth his while to bring them from the south, and did so. He immediately received intimation from the 'Trade Union,' that if he did not dismiss all these workmen, he should not have a single brick! He said he should bring that to the test, and immediately applied to his brickmakers to supply the bricks. But he soon found that the Israelites could as soon complete their tale of bricks without straw, as these men could complete *their* tale of bricks without the consent of their 'Jack Straw,'—the brickmakers' Union. They told him it was out of their power to fulfil their contracts; they could not send him a single brick in the face of that pressure which their own men threatened them with. It was in vain that he urged that they had entered into contracts with him, and were liable to penalties for breach of them. They told him they were very sorry; none could be more strongly aware of the iniquitous tyranny of the 'Trade's Union' than they were; but it was out of their power to supply him, without incurring heavier penalties than that of throwing up their contracts with him, and they must pay the forfeiture! Now I should like to know, whether you can imagine a more complete destruction of all the reality, nay, of all the semblance of liberty, than in this case? The builder could not employ his own known and tried workmen, the men could not work for their own master, the brickmakers could not fulfil their contracts, but had to pay the forfeiture for breach of them! No one was permitted in the whole transaction to dispose of his own brains, time, capital, labour as he judged for his interests, and as individual freedom demanded; and all because the brickmakers determined, in their sovereign will, that if any one of these persons acted as a freeman might and ought, they would indulge in the luxury of revenge in the shape of a strike! Is it possible to imagine any exercise of tyranny more gross or monstrous than this? or any bondage more humiliating or more absolute than that of its victims? Is it not just as tyrannical as if, when the projectors of the said public building had declared that any builder in the country might compete, the architects, contractors, and master-builders of the neighbourhood, had combined in a 'professional' strike, in order to defeat them?"

"I have nothing to say for it. It is not possible to imagine, I admit, a greater social wrong than you have described. But what is the remedy?"

"I don't know," said the other; "only, as before, do not let us refrain from calling things by their right name; nor pretend that such vile conspiracies against freedom as these are the legitimate assertion of rights; or anything else—whether the law can reach them or not—than flagrant wrongs to society. Nor let us venture to boast of our freedom as a nation, while such social tyranny prevails. If these combinations be indeed an example of the fruit of liberty, that fruit has become rotten. Have you read the remarkable pamphlet on this subject of that able architect Mr. Waterhouse, whose beautiful 'Hall of Justice' in Manchester is one of the noblest architectural triumphs of our day?"

"Yes. I see that his men struck, delayed the work for some time, and entailed much loss on all parties, because he refused to dismiss a solitary gang-leader, over whom he had no control. I believe the senseless men have got rid of Mr. Waterhouse instead of the gang-leader! The workmen of other localities will get the benefit."

"But such things are the necessary consequence of the *right* to form these combinations?"

"I cannot deny that," said our young philosopher; "though I have not a word to say for such suicidal selfishness."

"Meantime, you have not mentioned any objection to strikes of the 'professional' class, or indeed any other, which does not equally apply to ordinary strikes; but since the former, if they could exist at all, and were as widely ramified as those of strikes and lock-outs have recently threatened to be, would certainly issue in the utter disorganization and ruin of society, and would be denounced on that ground alone, not simply as monstrous blunders, but enormous wrongs too, I cannot see why you should not apply the term to the latter.—And the remedy for all is, of course, the same in all cases?"

"Certainly; *laissez faire*. You must," said he, laughing, "if your imaginary strike should ever take place, and be as obstinate as some we have known, import your surgeons, doctors, and clergymen from abroad, or you must migrate to find them."

"As to the doctors," said the other, "their patients would be dead before the foreign physician could come; as to the clergyman, we must be content with a few missionaries; as to the lawyers, perhaps the law-suits would often be as soon finished if the suitors waited for foreign help."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Charles, "it is the only remedy that I see, in the last resort, for either your imaginary or the real cases. In these last, the labour or the commodities (if strikes or lock-outs were obstinate) may and will in the last resort be got from abroad, or the trade and its capital will migrate thither; and so the foolish people will at last burn their fingers."

"Very likely; but the remedy, if not worse than the disease, is scarcely better. In the first place, the remedy cannot be applied at once, and immense loss and suffering will be entailed in the interval; secondly, suppose the commodity—iron or labour, say—can be obtained, it must be at an increased cost to the community, and all incurred in the interest of principles virtually the same with those of Protection; thirdly, the disorganization of trade which attends such a course—even if happily no violence or outrage accompany it—must involve thousands in ruin; fourthly, if, by the introduction of artificial labour, or any commodity from abroad, in consequence of such strikes, many are permanently thrown out of employment and come on the poor's-rates—a case continually happening in ordinary cases of a prolonged strike—a great wrong is done to society. Lastly, as to your *second* remedy,—if indeed it be not rather ruin,—namely, that the ultimate consequence of triumphant strikes and lock-outs would be that your trade, and the capital which supports it, would flow away from a nation, emigrate to a soil where they would not be thus persecuted, would that be no wrong done to society? rather would not a course of action which had that result, be a crime against society of the most heinous character? But, further; it does not follow that you will be able to apply even any such ruinous remedy as this, for if our 'Trade Unions' should be able to carry out the boastful threats they have often uttered, and should organise their conspiracy against capital as effectually abroad as they have often done it at home; 'belt the world round,' as some of them say, in one chain of impregnable Trade Unions; and if the lock-outs should be co-extensive in *their* combinations—the evil would be wide as the world. *That*, indeed, is scarcely to be apprehended; but it is the tendency of such combinations; and shall we not call them, not merely blunders, but wrongs?"

"You need be under no apprehension," said one of the other gentlemen; "if it must come to a general struggle between lock-outs and strikes, the masters are sure to beat the workmen; and though I hate a lock-out as heartily as I do a strike, except as an absolute necessity of self-defence, I have no doubt in the world, that if the workmen are resolved to bring it to such issue, that we shall beat them."

"Perhaps so," said our host. "But I confess that it is a victory which would be only one degree better than defeat. The masters do not combine so readily or so firmly as the men; and by the time some such contest had come to an end, the prize for which both parties contend might have vanished in the conflict, and important branches of our trade have been hopelessly disorganised, or transferred to other lands. Meantime every one seems in doubt whether legislation can do much; and since these disputes between the men and their employers as to whether an equitable share of the conjoint products of capital and labour falls to each, are certain to continue, according to the variations of capital and population, ought not all parties to do their very uttermost to try fairly the proposed 'courts of arbitration,' or 'conciliation,' as they call them in France?"

"I shall be very glad, for one," said the last speaker, "to see the experiment fairly tried, but it must not be an arbitration such as one of the men recently proposed—an 'arbitration,' the sentence of which *must* be acceptable to the workmen. That would be like a 'reciprocity treaty' all the advantages of which should be on one side. It reminds one of the woman who, being exhorted to remember the duty of obeying her husband, said 'Obey? I have no objection to obey him, but I won't be ruled.'"

"Let the method be tried, at all events," said our host, "and I hope something also may be done by the gradual and wise extension of the co-operative system."

"There is the less reason for resorting to such ruinous measures as strikes in our day," said Mr. W——, "and the more for trying rational methods, that both parties can *afford* to reason. Ours are not starvation strikes. Wages are good, and likely to be so from the condition of the labour-market. It is a case, therefore, that ought to admit of the same reasonable course that is taken in other like cases. To destroy at once the present means of subsistence in the hope of enlarging them, is like burning down your house in the hope of improving it. In every other class of people, this method of endeavouring to mend insufficient pay, is usually thought the very extremity of mad imprudence. A man who is receiving less than his due, or what he thinks less (as a clerk in a bank, for example, or a poor curate), naturally endeavours to better his condition, but never dreams of letting go his hold of what keeps him from starving, till he has got something better; any more than a drowning man will quit his plank for nothing. Now and then an individual may act thus; but he is called a fool for his pains. It is only among our workmen that such insanity becomes epidemic. To act as men do in a strike, even if they really have reason to complain of their wage, and to refuse to put up with it without an effort to increase it, is much as if the clerks in a bank, having a strong conviction that they were underpaid, should resolve some fine morning to leave their desks in a body, and take their chance of suddenly finding another berth, wisely hoping in the meantime that their past savings, out of that same insufficient income, may enable them to live in idleness!"

"Try anything and everything," said our host; "but among other things, let us remember the advice of our friend here, to call things by their right names. If the public will but learn to call this evil, which is eating more and more as a canker into our national prosperity, by its right name;—an evil which, even in the judgment of my son, involves at least drivelling folly, since by the very terms of the contest, the entire prize of 'profits,' for which both parties contend, absolutely vanishes the moment they begin to fight for it; an evil which encourages periodic and wholesale idleness in large portions of our population, and in that way leads to the moral ruin of thousands; inflicts long periods of want and suffering on thousands of women and children; fills the workhouse and the pawnbroker's shop; increases the public burdens; wastes the funds which thrift had put by for sickness and age; encourages all kinds of ill-will between class and class; disorganises the relations of one branch of trade after another, and may possibly (if it goes on as it has gone on of late years) lead to gigantic struggles in which important portions of our trade may flit altogether; which restores in another form the evils of protection and monopoly, and destroys in thousands of cases the rights of the individual; if the public, I say, will agree to call this evil by the right name, and look upon every organiser or abettor of strikes or lock-outs as a traitor to society; if the public press will uniformly speak of these things as flagitious as well as absurd, instead of adopting the measured tone it too often does, the frown of society will do much to abate the nuisance, however little the legislature may do."

"And let me tell you, Mr. Charles," said Mr. W., "that if you are really anxious for that extension of the franchise which you advocate,—and I suppose all of us would be glad continually to increase the area of the representation in proportion as knowledge and education descend among the people,—there is no one thing that is so essential, as to show the working classes the folly and wickedness of strikes. Though little might be said about it in the late debates on Reform, the thing that was chiefly running in almost everybody's head, was the lesson taught by the gigantic strikes which have pestered the country of late years. They are an index at once of the ease with which, it is too plain, the masses *might* be moved in any one direction by means of artful leaders, and of the preposterous and mischievous objects to which this immense force might be applied. To give them a vote while their present organizations are so compact, and yet so blindly subservient to the will of a few men who pull the wires, would, in the estimation of the educated classes, be to saddle the country with Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. As numbers must prevail if the suffrage descends to the masses, so, if the masses have no more wisdom than they display in the matter of strikes, their combined action might end in that simple partition of political privileges, whereby the poor should make all the laws, and the rich pay all the taxes."

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ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

It happened that at dinner one day, shortly after the receipt of Miss M'Quarrie's letter, Alfred expressed his entire approval of the steak set before him, which was the more remarkable that he was difficult to please in the matter of steaks. He was fond of a steak. He admitted that he had sometimes in London before his marriage eaten a steak worthy of the name, but his provincial experience of steaks he averred had been more or less unsatisfactory. He regarded a steak as one of the delights of bachelorhood, and one of the terrors of matrimony.

"It is curious," he said, meditatively surveying a portion stuck on the prong of his fork, "how difficult it is to cook a steak properly, and yet it seems a simple enough matter. I should say it is as difficult to cook a good steak as it is to write a good song. *This* one is all right. Generally speaking, Martha has no more idea of a steak than a Hottentot. Usually she presents you with a piece of leather floating in a sea of extraneous gravy. This one is tender, and it holds the gravy in itself, as an orange holds its juice. The retention of the juice is the great thing," he went on learnedly. "A steak should be, and should not be, like Gideon's fleece. It should not be dry when everything around it is moist; it should be moist when everything around it is dry—as it is to-day. I must tell Martha how pleased I have been."

The artful woman sitting at the other side of the table had been waiting for her opportunity for days. She seized it when it came.

"I suppose," she said, in as careless a tone as she could assume, and as if the matter had been long ago finally concluded, and could admit of no argument now,—"I suppose we will have to be making arrangements for Jack's going to Hawkhead to stay with Aunt Kate?"

"What puts that in your head, Margaret?" said the husband, laying down his knife and fork. "I have not the slightest intention of placing my son under your sister's charge."

"Alfred, dear!" returned Mrs. Hagart, putting on a look of the most innocent astonishment, "you surely forget! You promised, you know, that, if Miss Kate wished it, you would allow Jack to go and live with her. Don't you remember—that last evening you came home from Spiggleton—tired, and wet, and hungry, and with all your sketches unsold?"

Our friend here gave a slight grunt of dissatisfaction. He had no taste for these reminiscences.

"And when you said," his wife went on relentlessly, "that you did not wish Jack to follow your profession, and that you wished you could give it up yourself. You promised me that Miss Kate might have Jack if she liked. Now, I have a letter from her wishing him to come, and saying that she will be ready for him in a few days."

Hagart could not but admit that some such promise had been given, but he urged the unfairness of holding him to it. "I was low that evening, and no wonder. But things have improved since. I have plans of my own with regard to Jack."

"And what may these plans be, Alfred?"

Then Hagart developed the plan he had for some days back been maturing—that he would apprentice Jack to one of the most famous of the pattern designers in Paris; and proceeded to show that in a few years, when Jack had become an adept in his profession, and when he had himself established his depôt for Parisian designs on a sure basis, and was in a position to rule the manufactures of Greysley, Hawkhead, and Spiggleton in matters of taste, he would be able to give Jack constant employment, and explained how they could profitably work into each other's hands: and how, by their united exertions, a handsome fortune could be made as certainly as ever two and four made six. Mrs. Hagart listened patiently till he was done, and then, like a she-falcon, she went at his pet scheme, and tore it into the merest shreds and tatters. Hagart was surprised at her fierceness.

"Well, then," he said, "you have demolished my plan, Mag. May I now ask what great good will accrue from Jack's going to stay with your sister?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you. As Jack is not to follow your profession—we agreed on that before, bear in mind—he must go to Hawkhead at any rate, to attend the High School and the University, and, when he *does* go to Hawkhead, it is surely better for him to live in the house of a relative than in that of an entire stranger. Then, Alfred, my sister has money, and I rather think she means to spend a portion of it on the boy, and that the remainder will come our way in the end—I think this from what she has said to me, and from what she has written. She wishes Jack to come to her, and with his chance it would be foolish in us not to comply with her wishes."

"Chance! that's what Stavert is always talking about. I am not sure about the money. Your sister hates me, and I am told she has said the most shameful things about me."

"Who told you that my sister hates you? that she has said shameful things about you?"

"Stavert told me so, when he walked part of the way home with me the other day."

"And don't you see his motive, Alfred?" his wife went on, with a kindling eye. "The days of the Stavert dynasty are over. He does not wish to see me reconciled to my sister. He does not wish to see my sister coming about the house. Depend upon it, he has been trying to poison your mind."

"He did say," said Hagart, stroking his chin thoughtfully, "that I should not encourage Miss Kate's visits. That I was to keep a sharp eye on her."

"I thought so. You see he has his own purposes to serve. I don't think you have a very sharp eye for character, my dear."

"Perhaps not. I certainly did not see Stavert's talk in that light. But, Margaret, I don't like the idea of giving up the boy, even to your sister."

"But, perhaps, we won't have to give him up for long. We will see him often; and then, of course, he will spend all his holidays with us. Besides, it is not impossible that we may be living in Hawkhead ourselves before many years are over."

"What makes you think that?" asked Hagart, hastily. The idea of going to Hawkhead had a certain mystery and fascination about it. Personally, he could see no probability of such a removal, but his wife could. Meanwhile, the bare suggestion gave ample scope for the exercise of imagination. He was yielding fast to her influence and her ways of thinking.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Hagart, smiling and nodding in a knowing manner. "Leave that to me. I'll manage it all very nicely. I have a great head for planning, and I have been planning a good deal of late. You don't know what a treasure you have got in me. Do you know that my sister and I have been considering what profession would be most suitable for Jack, and we have agreed that he should become a lawyer."

"A lawyer!" said Hagart, with a sort of astonished gasp. He had gone souse over head in a sea of wonder.

"Yes; we must make a gentleman of Jack, and of all the learned professions Miss Kate thinks the law is the most gentlemanly." Mrs. Hagart saw that victory was within her reach, and she resolved to make her victory complete. She knew her husband's weakness, and she resolved to play upon it—as good wives have done since the beginning of the world. "The law is certainly a most honourable profession, and it opens a path to all kinds of advancement. Lawyers go into Parliament, they hold high posts in India, and in the colonies. Lord Brougham was once a plain barrister, and Lord Eldon and his pretty wife—it was a runaway match, too, like one we know about—cooked their breakfasts in Lincoln's Inn with their own hands, before practice and reputation came. If Jack gets on, we may live to see him a sheriff or a judge, perhaps. I don't think that, if you apprenticed him to a pattern designer in Paris, he would ever come to anything like that."

This was, it must be confessed, an adroit stroke of generalship on the part of Mrs. Hagart, and it was completely successful. Hagart's eyes were blinded by the glittering prospect. His objections melted like May hoar-frost before the sun. He consented that Jack should go to Hawkhead at once, consented amply, unreservedly. His excited imagination played prodigious riot with him all the evening. As clearly as Dick Whittington heard Bow-bells ringing, "Turn again Dick Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London," he, leaning back in his chair, heard ringing in the shining future the music of his son's coming greatness. All sorts of wonderful visions crowded upon him. With sonorous voice and eloquent hand aloft, he saw and heard Jack address a jury of his countrymen; in ermined robe and portentous wig, he saw him in solemn procession entering Hawkhead to hold the assize, while bells rang, and the crowds ran and shouted, "The lords, the lords!" and helmeted dragoons with drawn sabres capered on either side of his carriage. His vivid and excitable imagination conjured up vision after vision of professional success, until at last—perhaps he had some dim notion of Jack on the woolsack, and presiding over the highest council of the nation—he brought his hand down on his thigh with a slap, "He must go to the English bar, Mag! Great legal prizes, like grape bunches, are only to be had in the South. It is England that always crowns genius. I've made up my mind to enter him at the English bar. Westminster, not Edinburgh, must be his field."

"Have you?" said his wife, and there was a slight shade of sadness in her smile. She was victorious; but, like most victors, she was a little remorseful when she thought of the means by which she had obtained victory. "Very well, just as you please. But it will be a long time before he can be called to either bar. We will be getting old people by that time, Alfred!"

"Ah!" said Hagart, with a slight sigh, as he rose up hastily and took a turn or two through the room. "Life's very short when there's anything great to be done in it, or anything great to expect from it. What will be the use of Jack's success, if we are not there to see it?"

And so it was arranged that Jack was to go into Hawkhead and live with Aunt Kate. When Jack was informed of the family decision, he was in a wonderful flutter of spirits. He seemed to have swallowed some astonishing elixir. He trod on air, and no longer on the gross earth. His blood sang through his veins, and made a triumphal drumming in his ears. He would see Hawkhead, and the splendid buildings and the crowds and the ships. He was going into the world—into that strange, remote, wonderful world which he had so often dreamed about, and into which the long, white passage-boat carried happy people from Greysley twice in the day. These people he had often envied. He would be carried by the passage-boat himself now. In a single night he had become older, graver, staider. A single night took him out of all his companionships. Around the clump of houses he no longer rushed with his fellows in the game of "tig" or "I spy." All that kind of thing seemed on a sudden years behind him. He was proof against the importunities of the gamesome lads of his own age. He walked about in the evenings alone, thinking about Hawkhead and the splendid crowded life on which he was to enter. Only one thing vexed him—and that was that he could not pour out all his excitement, thoughts, plans, hopes, and wishes into Katy's ear. He should have liked so much to have done that. His whole mind was crowded, brilliant, excited,—like a Roman street in Carnival time,—but if he had had Katy to talk to, he would have to a great extent got relief from the oppressive unrest and turmoil. But that was not to be, of course. We miss the dead most at seasons of great grief or of great joy. Young as Jack was, he found out that, or at least some portion of it.

As Jack was going to leave home, there were certain necessary preparations to be made; amongst other things it was essential that, in his going forth from the family, he should go forth provided with two suits of clothes. Accordingly one day Mrs. Hagart and Jack walked into Greysley and called on Mr. Moss, the tailor and clothier, in High-street, where they sat for half an hour inspecting various piles of broadcloth—the reign of Tweeds had not begun at the period of which I write, and Galashiels was a quiet village which lived on salmon, and listened to the river babbling ballads as it ran—which that respectable tradesman and his indefatigable assistant brought out of shelves which they reached by means of steps, and laid down before them on the counter. Grave and anxious was the deliberation; Mrs. Hagart anxious about price, durability, and texture, and Mr. Moss putting in an assuring sentence at intervals. At last the matter was settled, the two suits of clothes were ordered, and were promised to be duly delivered before the close of the week. The day before, Hagart, on his way to Wedderburn Brothers, had dropped in on his friend Mr. Moss—paid him a small matter to account—and intimated in a lordly way that his wife and son would call soon and give him an order, that a great stroke of good fortune had come to his family, that his son had become heir to a rich relative, and was going into Hawkhead to stay with the rich relative, and to pursue his studies in that city. In consequence of this visit Mr. Moss, when his customers were retiring, came round the counter rapidly, accompanied them to the shop door, and, to his mother's confusion, felicitated Jack on his good luck, shook hands with him, and cordially wished him success. And after they were gone, in the shop door Mr. Moss remained standing, looking after the retiring figures with a smile on his face and rubbing his dumpy palms together.

When Jack and his mother had walked down High-street, and were approaching the Saracen's Head, they met the little schoolmaster, who stopped, took off his hat gallantly, and shook hands with both in the most cordial manner. "And so you are going to take away my best scholar, Mrs. Hagart!" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Blake. John has told you that he is going to Hawkhead—to the High School and the University. I am sure I am very grateful for the care you have bestowed on—on both my children."

"The care is not worth speaking about—it was nothing more than my duty. And so you are going to don the scarlet cloak? Going to the University, John?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I remember when I wore it too. Those were the happy days! It's a grand thing to be a student when one is full of hope, and in love with knowledge. When I see these lads in scarlet cloaks, I look on the rulers of the next age. As the French soldier carries in his knapsack the bâton of a marshal, the student under his red gown carries a chancellor's wig, the gown and bands of the Moderator of the General Assembly, or,—or the taws of the dominie. I missed the two former, I got the latter. I hope you'll have better luck!"

"I hope he will be industrious and get on well," said the mother.

"I have no doubt he will. You must make a name, John; so that when I am an old man, and when I hear people talking about you, I shall be able to say with pride that you were a scholar of mine. Will you?"

"I'll try, sir!"

"I know you will." And then the rusty black figure shook hands with them again, took off its hat, and went along the street.

When they reached home they found a letter from Miss McQuarrie, to the effect that proper maids had been secured, and that she expected Jack would take up his abode with her on the Saturday following. On that day Ann would be in waiting for the passage-boat when it arrived at the basin at Hawkhead. Although looked for daily, the letter sent a chill into Mrs. Hagart's heart. Jack was actually to go at last! The camp had been busy with preparations for some little time, and now the actual order to march had arrived!

Now that matters were fairly settled, Mrs. Hagart felt inclined almost to draw back from her covenant with her sister, and to keep Jack at home. She knew that the house would be doubly lonely when the boy was gone, and all sorts of unreasonable maternal fears crowded upon her. Not very long before, she had boasted of her faculty for "planning," it repented her now that her "planning" on Jack's account had been successful. Her feelings on this matter she kept, of course, to herself, but she was unusually tender to the lad, hung about him continually, grudged every moment he was out of her sight, and slipped into his room, to look on him in his sleep, and perhaps to cry a little in secret, as is the habit of foolish mothers, when their sons are about to leave them. Hagart—when his early feeling of opposition to the scheme was got over—had no qualms of conscience or regret. He expressed delight at the brilliant prospect opening for his son, and looked forward to Saturday with as much eagerness as did Jack himself.

It was arranged originally that on Saturday morning, Jack, with his slender store of luggage, should be taken into Greysley and deposited in the passage-boat at the canal-basin, and instructed to remain there till Hawkhead was reached, and Ann had made her appearance. But on Thursday, Hagart to some little extent proposed a change in the maternal programme. He thought it but fair that the lad should have some sort of convoy; he would ask the Wedderburn Brothers to allow him a holiday on Saturday; that on the morning of the day of parting, Martha should carry the *impedimenta* to the passage-boat, give it in charge there to the proper authorities; and that he should accompany Jack along the canal-bank to the station-house, and wait there till the boat arrived. By this means, Jack would be enabled to depart with some little *éclat*, and he should have an opportunity as they walked, to speak seasonable words of consolation and advice'; naturally enough, on such an occasion, he should like to be with his son as long as possible. To this scheme Mrs. Hagart made no objection, and it was accordingly adopted.

CHAPTER XVI.

SATURDAY morning came at last. One of those warm, bright, serene, November days—like the mood of a cheerful old man, when the passions have worn themselves out like the grinders, and the cheerfulness is the cheerfulness of reminiscence, and the memory plays with good deeds and happy faces,—one of those bright November days in which summer and winter are curiously mixed; bright, but with a touch of pensiveness in it, and in which everything reminding one of the past season should fitly come to a close—in which the last withered leaf should fall to the ground, and the last hip—with its scarlet skin withered, seamed, and puckered like the face of an old weather-beaten tar—should be plucked by the chattering chaffinch from the hedge—a November day that made you pensive like itself, for it carried the imagination to the past and the future: to the summer that was gone, and to the summer that was coming: to the life that had been, and to the life that was at hand—that touched alike memory and hope.

In his little bed-room, Jack slept soundly enough, but about seven o'clock he awoke, when the daylight was stealing in on the window, and he could not help thinking that it was, perhaps, the last time he should sleep there. Meditating on his approaching removal to Hawkhead, he began to get excited somewhat; his thoughts darted about like a swift on the wing; now it was Katy he was thinking about, now his mother, now the little schoolmaster, but mainly, Hawkhead,—that great, unknown, wonderful city, of which, before the evening, he was to be a denizen. While all this thinking was going on, the window became pure white, and in a short time, Martha tapped at the bed-room door. He got up, and saw his new clothes placed on a chair beside his bed. In a moment, in a more vivid manner they brought all the new life before him. When these were donned the new life would have begun.

The breakfast of the Hagart household was quiet that morning. Hagart was more silent than was his wont. Jack and his mother crumbled only a bit of toast, and drank a cup of tea. When breakfast was over, Hagart in a loud mock-cheery tone of voice, announced that it was time to go, and Mrs. Hagart and Jack rose at once. "Martha," cried he, "you'll take the things to the canal-basin after we start. If you leave this, in half an hour or so, you will be in plenty of time. Don't be late, mind, and be careful to place them in the charge of the boatman. Now then, be a brave fellow, John," he said, as he was pulling on his gloves, and pottering about in the oddest corners in search of his stick. "Come along, come along," he cried, after he had secured the stick, and was standing outside the door, midway between it and the gate, and Mrs. Hagart was hanging over the boy, kissing him and crying. "Bless me," he said, looking back with rather a forced laugh, "you don't look, Margaret, as if John were going to turn out a Lord Chancellor. Come along."

"Go, go, darling!" said Mrs. Hagart, who was holding her son tightly and kissing him all the time.

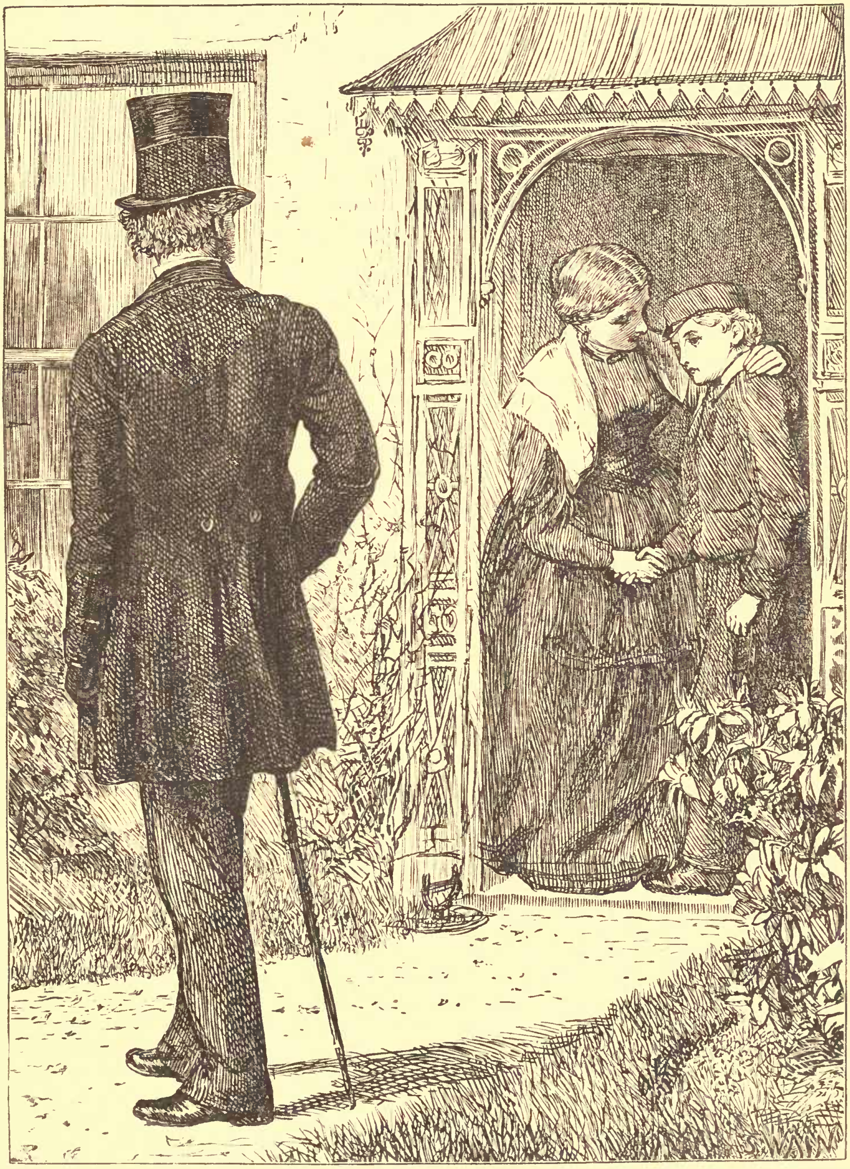
With a lump in his throat as big as an apple Jack got clear of the maternal embrace, and he had no sooner turned out of the gate, when the whizz of an old shoe—which up till now Martha had been keeping in hiding under her apron—came past his ear; and then the girl came running out to have a last look, uttering a sort of hysterical giggle, which was compounded of laughing and crying in pretty nearly equal proportions. Jack knew that his mother would be at the window, as he had seen her once before, but he did not dare to look back.

In silence they marched along the road toward Greysley till they drew near the distilleries, and could hear the roar of the river as it tumbled over the rocks; silently they turned up the little footpath which led along the distilleries, and silently they emerged on the canal bank. Along the bank they had not proceeded far when Hagart said, slackening his pace a little as he did so,—

"And so, John, you are leaving your father's house and going into the world to seek your fortune, like the young people in the story books!"

"Yes," said John, making a brave effort to swallow the apple in his throat, which seemed however to be getting bigger.

His father went on a few paces without speaking, "It's just twenty-five years and a few months since I left my father's house to seek my fortune. Twenty-five years ago, and a few months. I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was a



"COME ALONG."

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summer morning and my father walked with me, as I am walking now with you. He's been dead these many years, and perhaps the time will come, John, when you will walk with a son of your own, and say the same of me."

The apple was so big in the throat now that it brought the tears into the boy's eyes.

"My father's farm-house," Hagart went on, "was at Old Rome Forest in Ayrshire—where Burns lived when he was correcting the proof sheets for the Kilmarnock printing-press—and that morning I got up early and took farewell of everything. I saw the hares scudding across the dim fields, and felt in the thickets the fine lines of the gossamer break across my face as I pushed through. I went down to the river in which I used to fish, and stood on the bridge looking down into it, and saw the trout darting about, and I remember that as I looked down, from behind me, the first ray of the sun flashed into the water, and turned the pebbles at the bottom to amber and gold. I climbed to the top of Dundonald Castle, and saw Arran far away with a white cloud on it, and the sea, nearer me, sparkling as with a million of newly minted silver pieces; and a belt of surf white as snow on the yellow Irvine sands, white as snow to the eye, silent as snow to the ear. I went into the garden to have a last look of a thrush's nest, and the mother bird went off with a whirr that made my heart jump, and then I took out the warm eggs one by one, and put them back again. I was very sorry and happy that morning, John. I was going to London. I had dreamed of London before that. Its great roar filled my imagination. I thought of London when I read in my Bible on Sunday evenings about Babylon, Damascus, and Nineveh, and the great cities of old."

"Did you like living in London?"

"Of course! who that ever lived in London could endure to live anywhere else? The English air is softer and warmer than ours. The English earth is fatter, the English trees are taller and greener. The voices of the English women are sweeter and more silvery. England is to Scotland, John, what the rose is to the broom, or the nightingale to the linnet. Everything there is plenteous, gracious, and of soft outline; everything here is harsh, angular, and high-cheek-boned. You must see London, my boy! There is the carved Abbey filled with the dust of kings, statesmen, soldiers, and poets. There is St. Paul's with its dome and its cross of gold standing above the smoke. You must stand on the floor of St. Paul's and see the great roof floating above you like heaven. From the river you must see the dome looming through the sunset. You must see the moon rising over it, as it rises over the shoulder of a mountain. But it's a dreadful city too, John. It's a terrible city. For every one it smiles on, it breaks the hearts of a thousand. It's the brilliant candle that attracts the moths of the three kingdoms—I was attracted like the rest, and singed my wings."

"Then you did not get on in London."

"Has the cab horse that was once entered for the Derby got on well? No, I did not succeed. I went there with a sketch of Britannia weeping over the body of Nelson, and that sketch is in one of my old portfolios. I cannot bear to look at it. I tried art and I was starved into pattern-drawing—I suppose from some inherent weakness—I was too diffident, I know. But *you* must succeed. I don't care about myself so long as you get on; and I think you have very good chances. I have often watched when I was young the waves coming on the Irvine sands. One comes and breaks and dissipates itself a yard from your feet; a second and a third does the like; but the fourth, with higher crest and of greater volume, sweeps over all the others and drenches you to the knee. I am one of the broken and dissipated ones; you are the fourth, I hope, and will reach success."

Here Jack, who was at that time crossing the bridge which carried the canal over the river, said that he would do everything he could to succeed. The engineering difficulty presented itself again to his mind, but he dismissed it summarily.

"To succeed, a man must have constancy as well as hope, he must have bottom as well as spirit. You have, I think, your mother's nature as well as mine. I give you the big sails and the sharp clean cut bows; she gives you the ballast in the hold, the helm, and the hand and eye at the helm. I am sure that you will succeed, and that I shall see you covered with honours before I die."

In a short time they came in sight of the castle on the hill, on the other side of the canal bank. Hagart took no notice of it, but for the moment it absorbed his son's attention to the exclusion of everything else. The trees around its base were bare now, but broken tower and loop hole, and the ragged rents of ruin were even more clearly defined against the soft sky than when he saw it previously. No birds were flying over and across it. The incidents of the day when he went there with his sister came back upon his memory. Katy was again walking by his side in her bonnet and cloak. He remembered how proud he had been as her guide. He remembered the pleased flush on her cheek, and the look of wonder in her eyes. He remembered that she had said she would always remain at home with her mother, and that he had expressed a desire to see foreign countries and to knock about in the world; and thinking how she had gone to that most foreign country of all, and that he was on his road to Hawkhead, the lump rose in his throat again. His father had been talking all the while, but he had not heard a word he was saying.

"What are you thinking about, John. I don't think you are listening to me!"

At this, Jack gave a little start, and the Greysleyan cemetery, to which imagination had wafted him, faded out of his mind. "I was thinking of Katy," he said, "and of the day when we were here together—the day when we met Aunt Kate at the station house."

"Poor Katy!" and Hagart walked on for a little in silence. "The meeting your aunt," he resumed, "one would have supposed was a mere nothing—but it was the beginning of fortune, John. Who could have thought it? Your namesake in the story-book when he planted the bean had no idea what would be the result of his planting. I hope the bean you have planted will grow as well as the one in the story, and that you will find a castle, and carriages, and horses at the top of it."

"And a great wild giant too, who would like to make his supper on Jack," cried the boy, looking up with a half smile.

"Not so bad at all! Very good, indeed! A very neat turn that!" cried the father with a shining face. "In your progress through the world you should study the art of conversation. You will find it extremely useful. The man who can talk well has a great pull over the man who can't. The two may be equally rich, but the one can get his money out of his purse when required, whereas the other can't, and with the onlooker seeing is believing. In this as in other matters a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Yes, a great wild giant, as you say, who keeps watch over the castle and the carriages and the horses, and would like to sup on all who come near. Now then, John, what would you call this great wild giant of yours?"

"I don't know."

"*I* would call him Diffidence! I had my chance once too of the castle and the carriages and the horses, but Diffidence ate me up. Don't undervalue yourself, whatever you do. Better over-estimate your abilities than under-estimate them. If you turn tail the world runs after you and smites you hip and thigh. If you charge the world boldly, the chances are *it* runs away and allows you to gather up the spoil at your leisure. It was Mr. Great-heart, you remember, who led the pilgrims through all their troubles. You must be bold, John, and stout-hearted!"

"Yes," said John.

"To-day is your start in life," said Hagart, flowing on copiously. "You are like a newly raised regiment that has taken the field, and whose flag is a plain unadorned sheet of silk. So act, my boy, that when the campaign is over, the maiden sheet, riddled and tattered by bullets—for it is certain to be *that*, mind—shall be heavy with the embroidery of victories—something to be proud of—like one of the banners hanging up in Westminster Abbey."

Jack, rather frightened by the picture, remained silent. Hagart still flowed on.

"Your mother and your aunt are of opinion that you should, when your university course is finished, enter on the study of the law, and I am quite agreeable that you should do so. I looked into a biographical dictionary the other day merely to satisfy myself, and was astonished to find how many of the higher offices of state are open to successful lawyers, and how many of the past and present occupants of those offices have been originally as poor as you are. It's a fine thing to sit on the bench or the woolsack. Lots of poor Scotch boys have risen to distinguished eminence in their several walks of life. Resolve that you shall rise to eminence. Above all things, as I said before, beware of diffidence. That has been my greatest foe—who knows what I might have been to-day but for that! A man once owed me some money in London before I married. My debtor's way to his office and my way to the boarding-school, where I taught the young ladies water-colours—your mother was one of the number, John, and very beautiful she was then—crossed each other. Well, I was afraid to meet him, afraid that he would think, 'Here comes that fellow Hagart with his bill in his face,' and so, to avoid him, I reached the school by the most circuitous routes; if I saw my man coming, I bolted down the next street, or plunged into an opportune entry, or fairly turned on my heel and fled. He was the only debtor I ever had, and I was afraid of him. Creditors don't usually act in that manner—at all events, none of *my* creditors ever did. Of course I never got my money. Yes, John, beware of diffidence!"

By this time they had reached the station-house, and saw several intending passengers lounging about on the wooden wharf. Hagart took out his watch and found that they had hit the time exactly. They sat down on a little bench, and in about ten minutes after the black caps and scarlet jackets of the outriders were seen at a turn above the leafless hedge, and the moment after the long white passage-boat came in sight.

"Now then," said his father, rising and placing his hand on Jack's shoulder, "you are going off at last. When you become a great man, John, you must not forget us, mind!"

Jack's heart was in his mouth, and he could say nothing.

"I don't know that I shall ever get on with Miss Kate, or whether she would care for me coming to her house. Perhaps she wouldn't care to see me there. In any case, John, we must manage to meet and have a talk. You will see your mother in Hawkhead frequently, of course, and you will spend some of your holidays with us. Perhaps you could manage, say every third Saturday, when the weather is fine, to take the boat as far as this, and I'll come out from Greysley to meet you and talk with you. I dare say every third Saturday or so I could take, or make, a holiday. I could talk more freely to you here than at home, or in Hawkhead, and you could take the return boat, you know."

Jack drew his hand swiftly across his eyes and said he would come.

"Very well. I'll write and arrange for our meetings. The walk will do me good, at any rate, cooped up as I am just now. I have not stretched my legs till to-day since I came back from Spiggleton. Now we must get you your seat, and look after your things."

By this time the horses and their riders had drawn up a little beyond the station-house—but Jack had no interest in them to-day, he did not even notice whether they were his favourites, Smiler and Paddy-from-Cork. And the passage-boat came along the wharf with a bump. A seat was procured for Jack: his parcels were placed beside him. "Now, be careful when you arrive, and don't get out till you see Miss Kate's maid. You have seen her before, will you recognise her?"

"O yes, I saw her once before."

"Well, then, you're off now," said Hagart, as he stepped out on the wharf. "God bless you, and hold you in His keeping! Be sure to write, and if you think of coming this length on a Saturday, let me know, and I'll meet you."

Jack tried to say something, but the words would not come. Meanwhile the riders cracked their whips, Smiler and Paddy-from-Cork started at a brisk trot, and the passage-boat glided away with a rippling sound from the wharf. Hagart looked after it till it reached the first bend, about a hundred yards beyond. The boat would be invisible in a few moments, so he took off his hat and waved a farewell, and Jack's eyes were so thick with tears, that it is very doubtful whether he saw the hat waving.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE UNSATISFIED HEART.

When in a May-day hush
Chanteth the mistle-thrush,
The harp o' the heart makes answer with murmurous stirs;
If robin redbreast sing,
We chide the tardy Spring,
And culvers, when they coo, are love's remembrancers.

But thou, in the trance of light,
Stayest the feeding night,
And Echo makes sweet her lips with the utterance wise,
And casts at our glad feet,
In a wisp of fancies sweet,
Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned prophecies.

Her central thought right well
Thou hast the wit to tell,
To take the sense o' the dark and to yield it so,
The moral of moonlight
To set in a cadence bright,
And tell our loftiest dream that we thought none did know.

I have no nest as thou,
Bird, on the blossoming bough,
Yet over thy tongue outfloweth the song o' my soul,
Chanting, "Forbear thy strife,
The spirit out-acts the life,
And MUCH is seldom theirs who can perceive THE WHOLE.

"Thou drawest a perfect lot,
All thine, but, holden not,
Lie low at the feet of beauty that ever shall bide;
There might be sorer smart
Than thine, far-seeing heart,
Whose fate is still to yearn and not be satisfied."

JEAN INGELOW.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

VII.—THE GOSPEL OF THE FLOOD.

"I do set my bow in the cloud."—Genesis ix.

The Creation, the Fall, the Flood, the Call—these are the great landmarks of primeval history.

It is a magnificent record; not more in the marvel of its preservation, than in the character of its facts.

Many things in it are hard to be understood: how could it be otherwise?

Many things in it stimulate curiosity: is it not well?

Many things in it baffle philosophy, irritate scepticism, furnish forth cavils: may not the humble Christian learn a lesson even from this? learn that God's teaching is different from man's? his foolishness (as an Apostle writes) wiser than our wisdom, his weakness stronger than our strength?

We are not indeed to despise the added light which Philology or Science may throw upon the Book of God. Still less are we to tremble at each new discovery, as though it might shake the foundations of Divine Truth. Truth and the Truth must always be at one: if we cannot always see how, we must be patient, we must be trustful, we must wait and pray.

Meanwhile I fear not to say that each one of these four great landmarks of which I have spoken—the Creation, the Fall, the Flood, the Call—is essential to the understanding of all truth and to the consistency of all history. Take any one away, and there is a breach made which you cannot heal. You will have to come back for the discarded item, in order to understand where you are, and what; where you are in God's world, and what you are in God's sight.

Let us take one of these great revelations by itself now, and ask what it says to us.

The Flood. The Deluge. What Prophecy calls "the waters of Noah." Surely there is enough here to instruct and to solemnize, even if there be many things about it which we cannot explain and cannot settle.

Between the Fall and the Flood there lie upwards of sixteen centuries.

A long time, measured by years. Longer than from Abraham to Malachi: longer than from David to Mahomet: longer than from Constantine to us.

But not a long time, when reckoned by generations. The chronology of Scripture tells us that Adam himself lived fifty-six years into the lifetime of Methuselah, and that Methuselah lived till the very year of the Flood. Adam may have known Methuselah, and Methuselah reached to the Deluge.

One bright spot marks the interval. There was a saint of God between Adam and Noah. Mysterious, like the rest of the record, when you begin to ask how: but in itself scarcely mysterious, to those who believe in the grace of God, and know that He is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. "Enoch walked with God: and he was not: for God took him." "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. And without faith it is impossible to please him."

Not promise only cheered that dark time: grace too, grace in the heart of man and grace in the life of man, proved, to such as would enquire, that God had not forsaken the race which had gone astray.

And Noah too walked with God. He "was a just man, and perfect in his generations," that is, amongst those of his time; "and Noah walked with God."

These experiences, even more than that one dark hint of Prophecy, given on the day of the Fall, must have given hope and reassurance to the drooping hearts of men.

All else was dark enough around them. The curse had speedily operated: the toil of man, and the suffering of woman: yes, and worse things than pain and weariness; deeds of unnatural bloodshed: a brother's blood crying from the ground, and the murderer driven out, with a mark set upon him, to be a fugitive and vagabond on the earth: these had been the beginnings of sorrows: and what had they grown to!

"The earth itself was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence."

Sin, like leaven, soon spreads; spreads in a soul, spreads in a life, spreads in a community, spreads in a world.

Dark hints are given as to the source of this evil —of its development, I mean—for the root and the germ of it was in the Fall.

We read of "sons of God" taking to themselves wives of the "daughters of men." As though perhaps there was a nobler and a less noble race even among the fallen: the race of Seth, with men "calling upon the name of the Lord;" numbering amongst its descendants the saintly Enoch and the righteous Noah: and on the other hand, the race of Cain, "gone out from the presence of the Lord" eastward from Eden, to dwell in a city of his own building, apart from the repentant Adam and his worshipping household; and counting among his offspring an Enoch and a Lamech of his own; a Lamech marked by a Cain-like bloodshed, even as the other Lamech rejoices with a resigned and pious joy in his son Noah as given to comfort them "concerning their work and toil of their hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed." It may be so: we know not. It may be that the riddles of the sixth chapter of the Bible are to be read by this key; that the race of Seth began to intermarry with the race of Cain; and that, as is usual in such "unequal yokings," the worse rises not to the better, but the better sinks down to the worse.

And although we are to conceive of deeds of strength—of "mighty men" and "men of renown"—marking the fearful period which followed hereupon; yet what is might without right? What is human prowess or human wisdom, divorced from the recollection and from the blessing of God? "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. It repented the Lord"—so speaks He in condescension to our infirmity, adopting the language not only of human sense but of human feeling—"It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." A scene of lust, rapine, and outrage, occupies (with one exception) the whole face of the earth.

In these soft days we have almost lost the plain name of sin, and the very conception of its hideousness in the sight of God. There is indeed a humanity falsely so called, prevalent enough and to spare amongst us; crying out at the sight of physical suffering, and counting punishment cruel as soon as it becomes painful. But this, so far from being in itself a good sign, is in reality but one expression of the very evil now under notice. We have lost the conception of sin, and therefore we do not see why sin should suffer. So far indeed as sin causes pain to ourselves; when it comes nigh to us in the form of peril to our homes, or wrong to our fortunes; then we demand satisfaction: then we find that sin has inconveniences, and for the moment desire its coercion. But for sin in itself—sin as against another man—still more, sin as against God—who feels as he ought? who in deed and in truth feels at all?

If we would see what sin is, we must read not treatises on morals, not poems of sentiment, not speeches of philanthropists, but another book altogether: the Book of God: the Old Testament, to show us what sin has cost in judgment; the New Testament, to show us what sin has cost in expiation.

Instead of carrying our preconceptions to the Divine Word, and judging it by them; discarding from our Canon of Scripture, or from our system of doctrine, everything in Revelation which squares not with our ideas of what God ought to do and (let me say it plainly) of what God ought to be; let us open the oracles of truth for an opposite purpose: to learn what God has said, and what God has done; what He has judged necessary in the way of retribution, and what He has declared Himself to be in his estimate of the sinfulness of sin.

It may be that the time will yet come, for the Church if not for the world, when it shall be felt that the Old Testament Scriptures, instead of being obsolete and superseded, are of paramount and predominant use. It is they which contain those first lessons of the Divine displeasure against sin, and also those records of the working of the human heart in its deepest agonies of repentance for sin, which, in proportion as they are learnt, give to the Gospel itself its chief value, and in proportion as they are disparaged or set aside, carry away with them all that makes it worth while for a Saviour to have suffered. If these better times should come round again, how will men blush to think that they wasted precious time in discussing the probability of the Deluge—its extent in space, or its compatibility with facts of science—before they had yet laid to heart its solemn lessons, and learnt from it what sin is, in its character and in its consequences!

I. First, then, regard the record before us as a history: a history having a twofold aspect: an aspect of judgment, and an aspect too of mercy.

1. "God," St. Peter says, "spared not the old world." He "brought in a flood upon the world of the ungodly." He who made can destroy. He who in the beginning "divided the waters from the waters" can break up the fountains of the great deep, and open again the windows of heaven at his pleasure. The machinery for so doing is in his hand. The Creator must be the Owner, and the Owner of all things can unmake or remake all things at his will.

The Flood was a judgment. The record of it is "written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

When sin reaches a certain point, it demands the interposition of God. It is so in individual life. "God is provoked every day." He is long-suffering and of great pity. He gives a thousand chances. He calls and calls again. He reproves gently. He rebukes sternly. He chastens tenderly. He smites severely. Every sinful career is marked by such gradations of discipline. At last the cup is full. Long trifled with, "God is not mocked:" and he who would not have Him for his Father must at last know Him as his Judge.

It is so with individual lives, and it is so with the life of communities and of the world.

Long did God strive, by conscience and by his Spirit, with that wicked generation to which Noah testified. Even when judgment was resolved upon, and its coming heralded, an interval (it would seem) of one hundred and twenty years was granted to mankind before its execution. "My Spirit shall not alway strive with man: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." "The long-suffering of God waited," St. Peter says, "in the days of Noah." In the meantime, that sign might be added to prediction, and sight to hearing, a long-continued preparation made ready the Ark which was to save one family. "By it," by the Ark, Noah "condemned the world." By it he proved his faith, and by it he rebuked the obstinate infidelity of his generation. All that time, all those years, whosoever would might "hear and fear" and be saved.

And even when judgment fell; even when it was too late, either for the world or any of its inmates, to escape the punishment; yet a dark hint is given as to the difference between punishment and perdition; and St. Peter says again, that even "spirits in prison," "once disobedient in the days of Noah," received in their place of "safe keeping" a visit from the Saviour, preaching to them that Gospel which had comfort in it even for them, and showing that even a forfeited life, even a death incurred through sin, does not of necessity bring after it an everlasting damnation.

2. Thus the record of judgment passes on into a record of mercy. Like all God's judgments, it was tempered with mercy. St. Paul tells us of some persons in the Church of Corinth, who for a particular sin—that of profaning the Lord's Table—not only were "weak and sickly," but even "slept," were sick even unto death, "that they might not be condemned with the world;" that the destruction of the body might even (under grace) be the saving of the soul. Was it not thus—may not St. Peter's words imply that it was thus—with some at least of those who perished in the great Flood? Brought down at last to penitence and faith, by the very arrival of the mighty waters; crying to God at last in deep contrition as they were swept to ruin; even for them, for some of them, there may have been mercy still, and a life lost here may have been found there.

But certainly towards the one righteous house mercy triumphed over judgment.

How wonderful the record of that Divine tenderness which guided and watched over the seed of the new world! How minute the providence, how strong the protection, how sufficient the provision, how sure the salvation! "Come thou and all thy house into the ark. . . . The Lord shut him in. . . . The waters increased and bare up the ark. . . . And the ark went upon the face of the waters. . . . Noah only remained alive. . . . God remembered Noah. . . . And God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged. . . . And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. . . . And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark. . . . Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee. . . . Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." And when Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt offerings on the altar, then the Lord (it is written) "smelled a sweet savour, and said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

And they have not ceased. Four thousand years have set their seal to the promise, and ratified the new charter of the Creator to his restored and renewed earth. We, my friends, live under that charter still, and it has never failed us nor been broken yet!

And thus that mercy which had been shown in preservation was shown also in reconstruction.

No revelation (it has been well said) could have been at that moment so reasonable, as one which renewed to the survivors of the Deluge the possession of Creation gifts. What must have been the misgivings, the right and reasonable misgivings, of that little band, emerging from a year's imprisonment upon a scene desolate and without inhabitant, as to the hopes and prospects of a race once given up to so fearful a judgment? Nothing less than the express word of God Himself could have given them courage to begin again, under circumstances so discouraging, the daily round of toil, and the weary struggle with an earth now doubly barren. That word was not withheld: at that moment it was the best of Gospels. "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth: and the fear of you and the dread of you," few and feeble as you may count yourselves, "shall be upon every beast of the earth. . . . Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you. . . . Bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein. . . . And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you. . . . Neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood. . . . When I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow shall be seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant." Yes, that secure replanting in a forfeited inheritance was the one first want of the failing spirit of the faithful few.

And now a fresh start is given to the human being. Warned and solemnized and comforted, he is set again to his task, of being God's representative to his lower creation, God's king and God's priest upon the earth given back to him. Who has not had occasion to thank God for such an opportunity, on a humbler scale, in his own little life? When, as children, we have been brought to a due sense of some childish transgression; when we have been made at last to feel that we were in fault, and a parent's forgiveness has set its seal to a parent's correction, and we are taken back into favour, tried again and trusted, loved again and loving, to be as before and to do (we hope) better; who does not look back upon such a moment as one of the purest and tenderest of all his recollections, a very token and glimpse and foretaste of heaven? Such was the mercy shown in the history before us. Alas! how soon to be overcast! how soon to be disappointed, forgotten, and sinned away! O these fresh starts, so often vouchsafed to us; these opportunities of beginning anew and of perfecting reformation; how vain, how profitless, how condemning! even like that departure, from his home in the soul, of the evil spirit, to be followed, after brief pause and respite, by a return in sevenfold force to the merely "swept and garnished" dwelling! The mercy is God's: the loss is ours!

II. We have spoken of the Deluge as a fact in history; having an aspect of judgment, and an aspect of mercy. We have now briefly to think of it in its uses; as a type, as a prophecy, and as a warning.

1. St. Peter, in a passage of his First Epistle, already referred to for a different purpose, speaks thus of the typical character of the event now before us. He speaks of those "who sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein"—or rather, "into which (ark) few, that is, eight souls, were saved through water: the like figure whereunto, even Baptism"—or more exactly, "to which" water, the water of the Deluge, "answering," corresponding, as the antitype to the type, "Baptism doth also now save us; not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God;" not the mere outward washing, but the confession of a true believing heart; "by the resurrection of Jesus Christ."

That water through which Noah and his family passed into their Ark—for already it was beginning to rise around them when at the last moment they entered its sheltering refuge—was like the water of holy Baptism, through which a Christian, penitent and believing, finds his way into the Church of the living God. Through the water of Baptism, in obedience to our Lord's charge and command, we pass into that Holy Catholic Church which is the house and family of God. Only, St. Peter says to us, rest not in the form—in the outward application of the sacred water—but see that you have the heart of Baptism also. See that you believe in Jesus Christ with all your heart, and confess Him honestly with your lips and in your life. Then shall you be safe in the refuge of a Saviour's body, even as the one chosen family was borne up in its Ark above the surging waters. So shall you pass securely "the waves of this troublesome world," and reach finally "the land of everlasting life, there to reign with Christ world without end."

2. Such is the Flood as a type. The same Apostle exhibits it to us also as a prophecy.

He speaks in his Second Epistle, written at the close of life, of certain scoffers who should come in the last days, walking after their own lusts, and saying, "Where is the promise of Christ's coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Now, St. Peter says, it is their own fault if they cannot read more truly the lesson of the Deluge. They ought to know that the heavens and the earth were originally so constituted by the word of God, as to make a Deluge possible. The earth was first brought to consistency out of and by means of the water of Chaos, and by the arrangement then made the same water was ready (as it were) for that work of judgment by which the old world was punished for sin. If they had remembered this, he says, they would have been prepared for that other revelation, which destines the element of fire, in its turn, to be the agent of a final and more fearful judgment. "The heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." Let them remember that God measures not time as we measure it: "one day is with him as one thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Delay, as men count delay, is no proof of uncertainty. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise." Rather He "is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." But, though it tarry, yet "the day of the Lord will come, as a thief in the night." Then shall the very "elements melt with fervent heat;" "the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

Such is the prophecy. The Flood of waters becomes in its turn the prediction of a last flood of fire. He who foretold the one—and notwithstanding long delay the word was fulfilled—may be believed when He threatens the other, and no pause or respite can defeat the certainty of the performance.

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness!"

3. Finally, there is one special warning appended by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself to the Scriptural record of the great Deluge.

"As the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." A state of general unconcern is no security against the coming of the day of judgment. On the contrary, it is a predicted sign. The Flood is in this point also a type of the last judgment. The inhabitants of the earth saw no danger. To them, as to us now, all things seemed to be as from the beginning. In one respect even more so: because they had not yet, as we have, proofs of the Almighty power of God to punish. Their fate is written for our admonition. By so much less is our excuse for carelessness than was theirs. But in this we are alike. Everything speaks of security, save just one thing only. Long continuance, uniform experience, this points to safety. Generation after generation has lived out its appointed time, and known no sudden shock of judgment. Nature runs its daily, its monthly, its yearly round: seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, fail not in their revolutions: surely the laws of the universe are constant, and the more we learn of them the more constant?

Yes, all is safe for us in our carelessness—except one thing.

The men of Noah's generation had heard him speak of a threatened destruction: he had called to them in the name of his God and theirs, and nothing had yet come of it.

When they saw him building his Ark, well might they scoff and ridicule his credulity: the laugh was still with them—he was the visionary, he was the enthusiast. Not until the one hundred and twenty years reached their destined end; not until the flood-gates of heaven were actually broken up; did they begin to suspect that there might have been something in it after all! Eating and drinking, buying and selling, planting and building, marrying and giving in marriage—even thus did they spend their last days of reprieve, and knew not until the Flood came and took them all away!

And we, my friends, like them, have everything, save one only, in favour of confidence and of carelessness. That one thing, for us as for them, is just the word of God: his prediction, his solemn warning, of a judgment to come. It speaks to us in a Book which may be disregarded; sometimes in a Sermon which may be criticized or talked away; sometimes in a voice within, echoing the revelation, but still in a tone which can be silenced, which is daily silenced in a thousand hearts. And there is this also: the revelation of judgment, in our case, fixes not the day nor the year; declares it to be indiscoverable; warns us that it may be remote; in the same degree, no doubt, encourages the thoughtless in their thoughtlessness!

Yes, Christian friends; but "in the end it shall speak and not lie." "The vision is yet for an appointed time"—and we know not the time within a century nor within a millennium—"but in the end it shall speak and not lie!"

"Though it tarry," then, "wait for it!"

But we live, as that doomed generation lived of old, in all the occupations of a busy, a distracted, or a tranquil being; carry on the work of life—and we do well to do so; enjoy the pleasures of life—and, if God were in them for us, this too were well; exercise the affections of life, wind them round our very hearts, and scarcely admit the possibility of replacing one of them by that which is Divine. In the midst of all these things, without further notice, will come, for us, as for them of old, the revelation of a searching and a consuming judgment. "As the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." O, my friends, "who shall live when God doeth this?" Which amongst us is ready, either for the summons to go, or for the cry, "He comes?" Which amongst us is ready? Let the question prompt self-examination, quicken prayer, consecrate common duties, and break off (by God's grace) some obstinate sins!

"The Lord shut him in." Then he was safe: and he knew it. Let us seek the same grace, enter the same refuge, and we too shall be found of Him in peace, believing, watching, resting, safe!

DAWN.

In the cool star-glimmer, night's dream of dawn,
When dew-bells blink'd upon the lawn,
I rose ere yet the lark's keen eye
'Twitch'd to the subtlest rift in the sky.
Downward I went by a forest way
Companionless, to an ocean bay:
And all around the stillness hung
Like silence on a prophet's tongue—
Which may not speak the thing it knows
Till God's fire on the altar glows—
And I, alone of human birth,
Seem'd all that walk'd the soundless earth.

In the blanket of her wing the wren
Slept far within the forest ken:
The sinless mouse, in her hollow sod,
Lay safe as in the breast of God:
In honey-golden cell, the bee
Humm'd in a dream of melody:
And other tiny pensioners lay
Under the veiling mists till day.

Nor innocent things alone, but those
That make all living else their foes,
Were caught by the opiate clouds that fall
With the shadowy eve on the eyes of all.
The subtle snake lay coil'd at ease
By the cedar's many-cycled knees,
Acting perchance, in his chamber'd brain,
The drama of Paradise again;
Cheating once more with golden lie
The mother of all humanity:
The tiger slept in his bosky land,
Dark, like an inky smouldering brand,
Which, touch'd by the faintest gleam that came,
Would leap to life like a living flame:
Old eagle, with talons and beak of blood,
Brooded above the plunging flood,
Fix'd as from all eternity,
God of the moaning mystery:
Under the billow, in caverns dark,
Hung suspended the long keen shark,
Till ocean should open his blood-red eye—
To dart at the white ship sailing by.

The forest was pass'd; I reach'd the bay,
Haunted by silence all the way:
The far-borne murmur of the deep
Waked not the sleeping land from sleep:
The music of that tremulent noise
Seem'd audible without a voice,

According sweetly with the chime
That haunts the solemn calms of time.

Low-eastward, where dim ocean flows,
Swift points of glimmering spears uprose,
And up the shadowy lanes of light
Vanish'd the fawn-like stars in fright.
But stilly the forest began to stir,
With stealthy wings in oak and fir;
And round about each wrinkled root
Whisk'd horny claw and woolly foot;
Out of her blanket peep'd the wren,
With eyes like the eyes of fairy men;
The innocent mouse on nature's quest
Crept from her Maker's genial breast;
Forth from his citadel strumm'd the bee
Blowing the trump of industrie:
The tiger, at the lark's sweet note,
Woke with a bloodhound at his throat,
And shot at space with a burning mouth,
And dropt like a star in the sedgy south;
Out of his coils, as from an abyss,
Flash'd the old snake with a startled hiss,
And, chased by the ghost of his vision, fled
As if some heel had bruised his head:
A motion I saw on the motionless sea,
Rushing between the dawn and me,
Silent and black as an upturn'd keel,
Swift as death on an edge of steel—
'Twas the shark who follow'd in hungry joy,
A ship with a death-doom'd sailor boy:
The eagle, melancholy shape,
Fatelike, calm on the shadowy cape,
Oped an unfathomable eye
Full on the dawn's grey-vizor'd spy,
Then rose on wide heroic wing,
Making the cool air quiver and sing,
And upward wheel'd through many a spire,
To bathe in the solar surge of fire.

Morn on the sea! morn on the land!
Light floweth from a fountain'd hand:
We have lain in the grave of the faithful night,
And now we are clothed with the beauty of light.
Lord, when we have lain in Thy Dark and Thy Death,
Vouchsafe us Thy Love, and Thy Light, and Thy Breath!

WILLIAM FREELAND.

EASTWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

VI.—JERUSALEM (WITHIN THE WALLS).

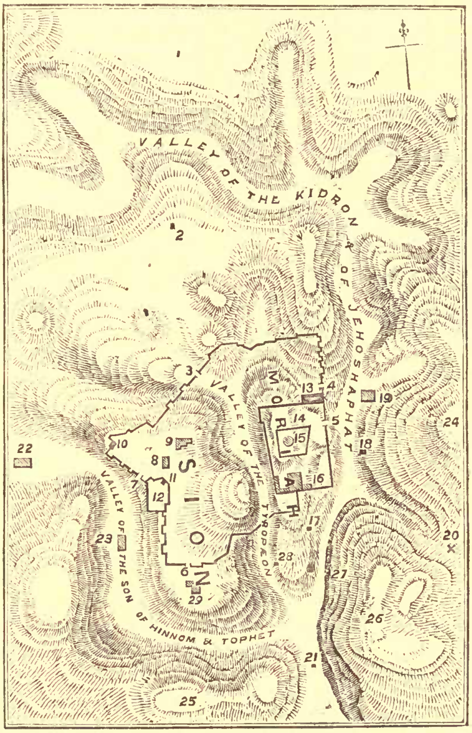
"I SEE your next article is to be about Jerusalem," remarked to me, the other day, a grave and kind friend, who I really believe is benevolent enough to read my papers; "and of course," he continued, "you will be very serious now, and have no more jokes." "It is not my habit," was my reply, "to arrange beforehand when I shall laugh or weep; or at what point in my journey I shall smile or sigh: these emotions must come and go as the soul listeth." "No doubt, no doubt," my friend said; "but——" and he paused as if in difficulty. "But what?" I inquired. "At Jerusalem, you know, one must be cautious. It is a peculiar place—very. Excuse me, but I thought I would take the liberty of giving you the hint. Not that *I* care; but there are people, you know —people who have odd notions—people who—who——" "I understand," I said. "I am glad you do," he continued, as if somewhat relieved; "for there are people who—who—yes, good people, and sensible people too—who do not understand a clergyman if he——but I see you understand what I would be at, and I need say no more." Then turning round, he added, "*I* don't myself object to a joke at all, even in Palestine; but there are people who—you understand? Good bye!"

Yes, I quite understood my friend, as well as the good people whom he described with so much clearness.

I remember a lady, whose mind was engrossed with the question of the return of the Jews to Palestine, being dreadfully shocked by a religious and highly respectable man, who presumed to express the opinion in her hearing, that the time was not far distant when there might be a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the cry be heard from an English voice of, "Bethlehem Station!" The fair friend of Israel thereupon drew herself up indignantly and exclaimed, "Pray, sir, don't be profane!" The unfortunate friend of progress went home that night under the impression that, unknown to himself, he had hitherto been an infidel. Now who could joke about anything in Palestine with such a fair one as this for his reader?

Again, a relative of mine who visited Jerusalem a few years ago, met there a sea-captain and his wife. The vessel, a collier from Newcastle, which the former commanded, or possibly the latter, from her manifest influence over her husband, had taken refuge at Jaffa, and the captain had been induced by his lady to come up to Jerusalem to see the sights. My friend one day noticed a serious controversy going on, in low whispers, between the worthy pair, and accompanied by most dramatic looks and words, in which the wife seemed to be pleading some point with her husband, in whom signs of suppressed wonder, obstinacy, and anger, were alternately manifested. Thinking they had got into some perplexity from which he might be able to relieve them, my friend meekly offered his services. "Thank you, sir, most kindly," said the lady. "But I am really provoked with the captain; for he is, I am ashamed to say, sir, quite an unbeliever." "Humbug, my dear!" interrupted the captain. "No humbug at all, sir," replied his mate, addressing my friend, "but wery expensive unbelief too, I do assure you; for what is the use, I'd like to know, of one's paying a guide for showing you all them famous places if one does not, like the captain, believe what the guide says?" "Easy, my dear," protested the honest sailor, laying his hand quietly on his wife's arm; "I knows and believes as well as you do the Scripturs, and knows that all them places are in the Bible; but don't let any of them guides come it over me so strong with their lies, and tell me that that hill is the Mount of Holives, and that other place the Holy Sepulchre, and Calvary, and all that sort of thing. I came here to please *you*, Anne Jane, but not to have all those things crammed down my throat; so belay. I'll pay for *your* sake, but I won't believe them Jews: I knows them far too well; you don't!" Whether the captain was ever able to square the actual Jerusalem with his ideal one, I know not.

Now these stories, literally true, only illustrate in a ludicrous form the fact, that many people have, like the captain, a Jerusalem of their own—full of the beautiful, the sacred, the holy, and the good—but which is no more like the real Jerusalem than is the "New Jerusalem;" and hence, when they visit Jerusalem, they are terribly disappointed; or when any traveller who has done so, describes it as he would any other city, and admits that he has felt some of the lighter and more ordinary emotions of humanity in it, it looks to them almost like profanity, or what some people call, with equal wisdom, "irreverence."



Site of Jerusalem.

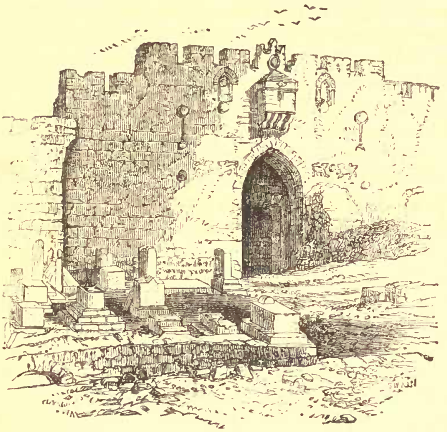
(From a drawing by Mr. Fergusson.)
Scale, 1084 yards to the inch.

1. Scopus.
2. Tombs of the Kings.
3. Damascus Gate.
4. St. Stephen's Gate.
5. Golden Gate.
6. David's Gate.
7. Jaffa Gate.
8. Pool of Hezekiah.
9. Church of the Holy Sepulchre.
10. Jalûd Ruin.
11. Castle of David.
12. Citadel.
13 Pool of Bethesda.
14. The Haram, or Holy Place, containing
15. The Dome of the Rock, and
16. The Mosques El-Aksa and Omar.
17. Fountain of the Virgin.
18. Pillar of Absalom.
19. Gethsemane.
20.* Shoulder of the Mount of Olives, where "He beheld the city, and wept over it."
21. Enrogel.
22. Upper Pool.
23. Lower Pool.
24. Summit of the Mount of Olives.
25. Hill of Evil Counsel.
26. Mount of Corruption.
27. Village of Siloam.
28. Pool of Siloam.
29. Sepulchre of David.

But after all there needs no effort to "get up" feeling in Jerusalem. It has no doubt its commonplace, prosaic features, more so indeed than most cities of the Eastern world; but it has its glory, its waking-dreams, its power over the imagination and the whole spirit, such as no city on earth ever had or can have. Therefore I shall tell what I saw and felt in Jerusalem, how sun and shade alternated there, how smile and tear came and went in it, just as I would when speaking of any other spot on this material earth.

Yet I entered Jerusalem with neither smile nor tear, but with something between the two; for I had no sooner doffed my tabousch in reverence as I passed through St. Stephen's Gate and experienced that queer feeling about the throat which makes one cough, and dims the eyes with old-fashioned tears, than my horse—very probably owing to my want of clear vision—began to slide and skate and stumble over the hard, round, polished stones which pave or spoil the road. I heard some of my companions saying, "Look at the Pool of Bethesda! See the green grass of the Temple Area! We are going to enter the Via Dolorosa!" but how could I take in the full meaning of the words, when with each announcement a fore-leg or a hind-leg of my horse went off in a slide or drew back with a shudder, and when the horrors of broken bones became so present as for a moment to exclude all other thoughts? "Such is life," as the saying is. And such were the prosaic circumstances of my entrance into Jerusalem. I tried, however, to make them more harmonious with my body and mind, by descending from my horse, handing him to Mecki, wiping my brow, and begging my brother to repeat some of his information, while I sat on a portion of an old wall to listen.

Within a few yards of the Gate of St. Stephen, by which we entered, there was a large square space, into which we looked. It is a large tank, about 365 feet long, 30 broad, and 50 deep, with high enclosing walls, and is called the Pool of Bethesda. The bottom is earth and rubbish; but the ledge is sufficient, along its northern slope, to afford room for a half-naked Arab to plough it with a scraggy ass. Its porches and everything like ornament are gone, and nothing remains save the rough walls of this great bath. Some say it was the ditch of the fortress of Antonia; but we do not enter on such questions.

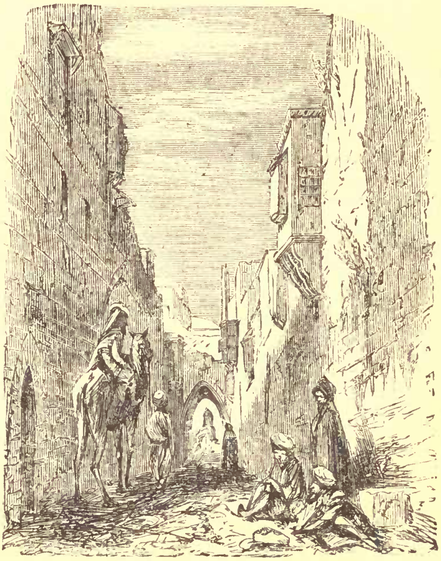

J. Graham, Photo.

St. Stephen's Gate.

Turning the eyes to the left you see, about fifty yards off along the city wall, southward, a narrow gateway opening into bright green grass, looking fresh and cool. That is one of the entrances into the Haram Area, or the wide, open space where once stood the Temple. But we dare not enter it at present, for it is holy ground, and we must get a letter from the Pasha, and pay him a good "backsheesh" to secularize the spot sufficiently to admit us. We shall pay for the privilege, and visit it by-and-by. In the meantime let us walk to the hotel. Our path is along the so-called "Via Dolorosa." This is a narrow street, roughly paved, and hemmed in with ruined walls sadly wanting in mortar. In some parts there are arches overhead, and many delightful studies of old houses and ancient mason work, which, by the way, a young lady was sketching as we passed, seated on a camp stool, with a white umbrella over her head. How one's thoughts went home to the happy English fireside, with Paterfamilias, and brothers and sisters, looking over her drawings!

One repeats to himself as he goes along this street, "The Via Dolorosa!"—words so full of meaning, but which the street does not help to interpret; unless from its being, as seen "in the light of common day," a tumble-down, poverty-stricken, back lane, without anything which the eye can catch in harmony with the past.

Was this the real "Via Dolorosa?" But we must not begin with our scepticism as to places, or encourage those "obstinate questionings" which constantly suggest themselves in Jerusalem. "The Church," no doubt, makes up for the silence of authentic history by supplying, out of her inexhaustible store of traditions, a guide to pilgrims, which enables them to see such holy spots as the following:—"The window in the 'Arch of Ecce Homo,' from which Pilate addressed the people!"—"the place where Pilate declared his innocence,"—"where Jesus stood as He addressed him,"—"where Mary stood near Him as He spoke,"—the several places "where Jesus fell down under the weight of the cross,"—"the spot where Simeon had the cross laid upon him," &c. &c.* All Jerusalem is thus dotted by the Church with fictitious places, "in memoriam," to excite the devotion of the faithful. To their eye of "faith" the Via Dolorosa is necessarily a very different street from what it can possibly be to us whose "faith" is not quite so firm in tradition.


Via Dolorosa.

After leaving the Via Dolorosa we passed through the bazaar, but it is poor, squalid, and unworthy of any particular notice, after those of Cairo, or even Alexandria. There was the usual narrow path between the little dens called shops, with the accustomed turbans presiding over the usual wares,—shoes, seeds, pipes, clothes, tobacco, hardware, cutlery, &c., while crowds moved to and fro wearing every shade of coloured clothes, and composed of every kind of out-of-the-way people, Jews,

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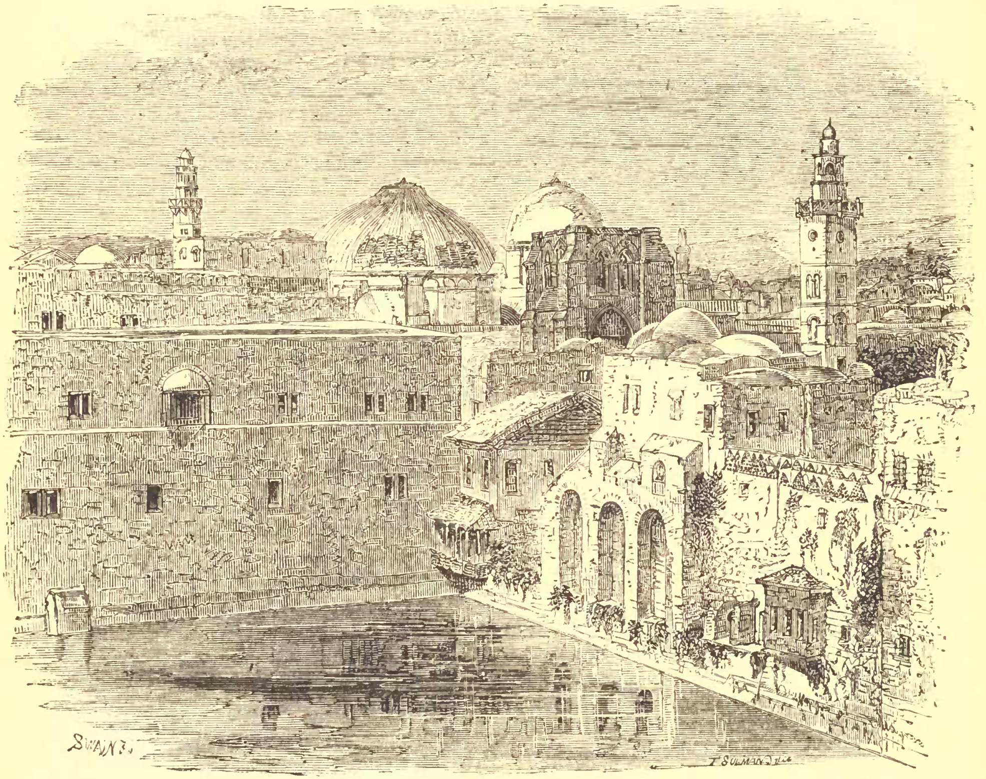
* All such places are carefully noted in the lithographed "Album of Jerusalem," (from photography,) published by Zoeller, Vienna.

Turks, Greeks, Bedaween, with horses, asses, camels, all in a state of excitement.

We then went to an hotel to call for a friend. How shall I describe these so-called hotels? I cannot indeed now separate in memory one hotel from the other—and there are but three in Jerusalem. They are, however, wonderfully confused and picturesque, with their rooms, corners, passages, outside stories from floor to floor, giving endless peeps of open sky, with balconies and flat roofs, all huddled together like a number of hat-cases, or band-boxes, and approached, not as in other countries by an imposing door, over which hangs an enormous gilt sign of the Golden Bull, or Spread Eagle, or by an open court, beyond which drays, gigs, and carriages are seen, but by a steep, narrow trap-stair, which ascends from a door in the street, but which is more a slit in the wall than a door, and might conduct from a condemned cell to the gallows. This sort of architecture is very characteristic of a country where, in a moment's notice, or without it, the orthodox descendants of the Prophet might take it into their turbaned heads to gain heaven by attacking the hotel, under the influence of some fanatical furor. "There is no saying!" as the cautious and timid affirm when they expect some mysterious *doing*. And thus the steep stair rising from the narrow door, would act as a mountain pass for the defenders of the hotel; while the more extended battle-field of the open spaces above, overlooked by upper stories like overhanging precipices, would become strategic points of immense importance. The "travellers' room" in this hotel is not unlike what one finds in small country inns in Britain. The back windows are in a wall which forms one of the sides of the "Pool of Hezekiah!"—so-called. There the old reservoir lay, immediately beneath us, with its other sides formed by walls of houses, their small windows looking into it just as the one did I gazed through. It was an odd association, when one withdrew his head and surveyed the room, to see placards on the wall advertising "Bass" and "Allsopp." No wonder the captain was sceptical as to his being in the Holy City of his early associations!



J. Graham, Photo.

The Pool of Hezekiah.

My first desire on entering the hotel was to ascend to the uppermost roof to obtain a glimpse of the city. I was enabled to gratify my wishes, and to see over a confusion of flat and domed buildings, pleasantly relieved here and there by green grass and trees. The elegant "Dome of the Rock" rose over them all, while above and beyond it was the grey and green Mount of Olives, dotted with trees. To take in this view at first was impossible. One repeated to himself, as if to drive the fact into his brain, or as if addressing a person asleep or half idiotic, "That is the Mount of Olives! that is the Mount of Olives! Do you comprehend what I am saying?" "No, I don't," was the stupid reply; "I see that hill, and hear you repeat its name; but in the meantime I am asleep, and dreaming; yet, as I *know* that I am asleep, perhaps this half-intelligent consciousness hopefully prophesies a waking up."

Before going to our own "khan," we went to the post-office, for letters from home. It was a queer sort of cabin, and was reached by a flight of outside stairs rising from the street leading to the Jaffa Gate. Letters from home! Were you ever abroad, reader? If not, you cannot understand the pleasure of getting letters. It reminds us of the olden days when we left home for the first time. One of the blessings of travel is the new world, or rather series of worlds, into which it introduces us,—worlds no doubt of human beings singularly like ourselves; but yet to whom our whole circle of ordinary thought, and the ten thousand things which we believe, do, suffer from, or hope for,—all are utterly unknown and uncared for, just as the troubles of the landlord of a Jerusalem hotel are unknown to Lord Palmerston, and disturb not his repose. But this feeling of being the inhabitant of another world only enhances the delight of receiving letters from our old world, detailing the characteristic sayings and doings of the circle, smaller or greater, round the warm centre of that blessed spot called our fireside. It is singular how hazy many of our friends become in a few weeks. Old neighbours become myths, and local disputes faint echoes from a pre-existent state of being.

Letters read, and good news received by all, we went to our hotel, which from a small board a foot or so long, nailed over the narrow door, we discovered to be "The Damascus." Hadji Ali had procured for us three rooms on the first landing, which opened on a paved court whose roof was the glorious sky. The rooms were vaulted, clean, and comfortable, and not intolerably muggy. The beds had mosquito curtains, and the floors were flagged. The supply of water from a pump near our doors was unlimited. Our retainers had a space allotted to themselves, where they squatted like gipsies, cooked for us in the open air, and lived very much as they would have done in the desert. Meeki and his muleteers were the only absentees, and where they lived I know not. Very probably it was in the stables with their horses and asses, whose sleep they would no doubt disturb. Hadji and his coadjutors, Nubi the waiter and Mohammed the cook, took the sole charge of us while in this domicile; so that I do not know whether there were any persons in the hotel in the capacity of host or waiters. There were among its inhabitants an English party, whose orthodoxy we can certify from their rising early, sometimes before the sun, to discharge their religious duties in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Among them was an intelligent, agreeable, and pious High Church clergyman. They were housed in places reached by outside stairs, somewhere among the highest roofs of the many-roofed building. On the evening of our arrival, I climbed over their apartments, ascending to the highest point by a ladder, and from thence I again saw Olivet, just as the last rays of the sun were colouring it with a golden hue, and making the Dome of the Rock sparkle with touches of brilliant light. And from the same spot I saw it immediately before sunrise next morning, when the silence of the city, and the freshness of the air, and the shadows cast from the hill, gave it a quite different, but equally fascinating aspect. And thus slowly, but very surely, I began to *feel* that this was indeed the real Mount of Olives!

Never did I retire to rest with deeper thanksgiving than on my first night in Jerusalem. Ever and anon as the mind woke up, while the body gradually sank into repose, the thought, "I am in Jerusalem!" more and more inspired me with a grateful sense of God's goodness and mercy in having enabled me to enter it.*

Before saying anything of next day's visits, I must declare that I abjure all discussions, with a few exceptions afterwards to be noticed, as to the antiquities of Jerusalem; and shall give no opinion on any of its old walls, first, second, or third, nor upon the value of this or that closed-up archway or crumbling ruin. Like most travellers I had "crammed" to some extent before leaving home, and brought a box of books with me, and sundry articles and pamphlets to "study" on the spot. But finding my time short, and impressed with the utter impossibility of forming a sounder opinion on controverted questions in Jerusalem than in my own room at home, I vowed to separate myself from any of the party who mentioned "the tower Hippicus"—one of the bones, a sort of hip-joint, of great importance, and of great contention, in the reconstruction of the old skeleton. I preferred to receive, if possible, some of the living impressions which the place was fitted to impart; to get, if possible, a good fresh whiff from the past—an aroma, if not from Jerusalem, yet from Nature, unchangeable in her general features, as revealed on the slopes and in the valleys of Olivet, or in the silent recesses around Bethany. I succeeded in doing so, at least to my own satisfaction, from the moment I cut the tower Hippicus.

One word more of preliminary remark. Within the walls—if we except perhaps the Temple Area, that one grand spot of surpassing interest in Jerusalem—there is not a street which either the Saviour or his Apostles ever trod. The present roadways, if they even follow the old lines, are above the rubbish which "many a fathom deep" covers the ancient causeway. There is not one house standing on which we can feel certain that Our Lord ever gazed, unless it be the old tower at the Jaffa Gate. So let us for the present dismiss every attempt to associate *that* past with "the Jerusalem which now is." We may feel disappointed at this, yet I believe that it is so. The heavens above and the hills around, not the streets beneath, are the same.

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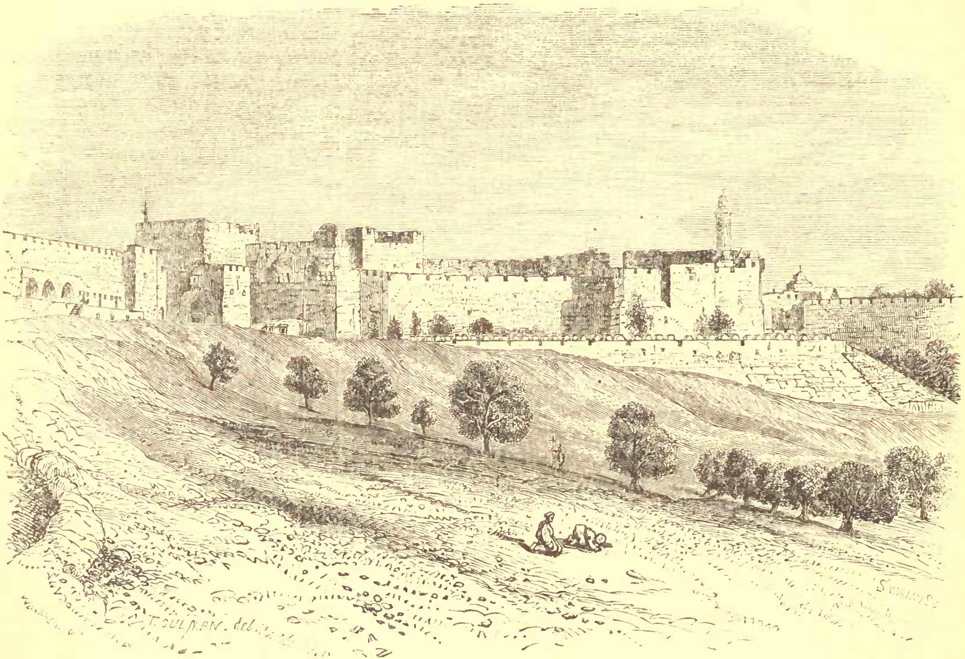
* It may be worth mentioning that the only sound which broke the stillness of the night was the crowing of cocks. This never ceased. It is evident, therefore, that the hour when Peter betrayed our Lord cannot be fixed by the cock crowing.

It is modern Jerusalem, then, which in the meantime we must glance at; and the first place which naturally attracts us is the Church of the so-called "Holy Sepulchre."

We enter an inner court by a narrow doorway. Squatted on every side are rows of Easterns, who are selling, with well-defined profit-and-loss countenances, all the accompaniments of "religious" worship—beads, incense, crucifixes, pilgrim shells, staffs, &c. &c.; while a ceaseless crowd from all lands is passing to and fro. What the outside of this church is like, the accompanying illustration will tell better than any mere description.

Now we must understand, first of all, that this church is a very large one, so that under the one roof are several chapels in which different "communions" worship. These do not of course call themselves "sects," for that would look as if the one true Apostolic Church could be divided. Each church only calls every other a sect. But while there is this one true, Apostolic, Catholic Church, as distinct from the sadly divided Protestant Churches, yet a Protestant, much more an unfortunate Presbyterian, may be pardoned if he does not at once discover the fact when he enters the building—the only one, be it remembered, in universal Christendom where "Apostolic" churches meet under one roof, to find their unity, as some allege, or their differences, according to others, around the tomb of Christ. The Greek Church, "Catholic and Apostolic," representing, as it does, some eighty millions of the human race, has its chapel, adorned with barbaric splendour, in the centre, where it claims the sole privilege and honour of receiving once a year from Heaven, and of transmitting to the faithful—that is to the Greeks—miraculous fire representing the Holy Spirit. The Latins, as they are called in the East, the Catholics, as they call themselves, or the Papists, as some presume to call them, also have a chapel and service, and loudly profess a very supreme contempt for the Greeks and their base superstitions—as if they themselves were perfectly innocent of such infirmities, and as if they had not for centuries, until they lost the privilege by accident, shared in the rites and gains of this Holy Fire! The Greeks retaliate by expressing feelings of dislike and horror at "the image worshippers." The Copts and Armenians, as members of the one undivided Church, have also their chapels, whose size bears a relative proportion to the number of their followers. I have heard, I think, of one or two other "Catholic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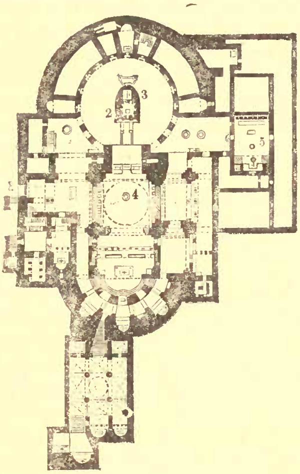
J. Graham, Photo.

The Old Tower at the Jaffa Gate and the Citadel.

and Apostolic Churches;" but these were not represented here. But, apart from possible ecclesiastical reasons, there is really no room for them. For as the church now stands, there is sufficient space for the worship of those who possess it; but they are sometimes inconvenienced for want of room when a stand-up fight takes place, and a ring cannot be formed. At the entrance of the church, seated on a divan to the right, are a few respectable, quiet-looking Turks, who stroke their beards, smoke their pipes, and are most benevolent, *douce*-looking men. They are ready at any moment to show their kindness, at the risk of their turbans or even their lives, by throwing themselves between the various Orthodox Christians as they fight their fight of faith with each other even unto death.*



Ground Plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

1. Principal Entrance.
2. Chapel of the Angel.
3. Holy Sepulchre.
4. Greek Chapel, and "Centre of the Earth."
5. Latin Chapel.

Now, whatever amount of real evil may exist from the outward divisions, chiefly as to forms and government, in the Protestant Church, we can hardly conceive it culminating in jealousy, hate, and constant war, ending sometimes in those bloody battles which are witnessed at the only spot on earth where, from close personal contact, the "unity" of the "Holy Orthodox Churches" is fairly tested. We fancy that the "Moderators" of Presbyterian Assemblies, and the "Presidents" of Wesleyan or Congregational conferences, could meet with the Archbishops of the Church of England without giving one another bloody noses, or having a fight with sticks or mitres such as Donnybrook Fair, with all its Bacchanalian orgies, never witnessed. Our principles may not possibly be so orthodox, but our practices are on the whole more Christian. We are constrained, however, to admit that mere Protestantism is no security against the spirit of Popery, and that even Presbyterian may occasionally appear as "Priest, writ large." Yet after all, the amount of real evil resulting from our outward divisions, is immensely exaggerated, while the good arising from that exercise of Christian freedom and personal responsibility essential to true faith is forgotten.

Within this famous church, there are certain places and things shown, about whose authenticity all those witnesses for Catholic truth seem agreed. These are all connected with the last memorable scenes in the life and death of Him "who was the Truth." At the entrance of the church, for example, is a broad marble slab, where He was anointed for His burial. The Duke of Modena was kneeling and reverently kissing it as we went in. Close on the left is the spot "where Mary stood while the body was anointing;" and then upstairs and downstairs, in nooks and corners, amidst the blaze of lamps and the perfume of incense, here, and there, and everywhere, are other noteworthy places. What think our readers of such *real* spots as these:—"where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene as the gardener;" and "to his mother after the resurrection;" and "where his garments were parted;" and "where He was mocked;" "where He was bound;" where "His friends stood afar off during the crucifixion;" "the prison where He was detained while waiting for the crucifixion;" "the holes in which the three crosses were inserted;" the very "rent made in the rock by the earthquake;" and "the place where the three real crosses were found" 300 years afterwards, the true cross being discovered by its working a miracle? All these "sacred spots" are marked by altars, crosses, &c. There are also to be seen in this marvellous museum the actual tombs of Adam (Eve unknown) and of Melchizedek, and of John the Baptist, and of Joseph of Arimathea; finally, of Our Lord. All these wonders are clustered round a spot which is in its way almost as great a wonder as any of the rest—"the centre of the earth!" One asks, with reasonable curiosity, whether "Protestantism," left to the blind guidance of its own erring private judgment of the Word of God, with the Holy Spirit as its interpreter, ever witnessed in any part of the earth to any falsehood, or any error, to be compared with those palpable lies which the "Orthodox" Churches ask us to accept, and this too beside what they believe to be the tomb of Jesus and the place of His crucifixion!

The Holy Sepulchre is not what many people suppose it to be. It is not a cave, or a hole in a rude rock; but a small marble chapel, which rises up from the flat stone floor.

The *theory* of this sort of sepulchre is, that the mass of the rock out of which it was originally hewn has been all cut away from around the mere slab on which Our Lord's body lay, leaving the slab or *loculus* only, and a thin portion of the original rock to which it adheres; just as we see a pillar of earth rise out of a flat in a railway cutting, marking where the original mass, of which it had formed a part, had been. In its present state, therefore, nothing can be more unlike a sepulchre than this. Not one atom of the original rock,—if it is there at all, which is doubted by not a few,—is visible, all being cased in marble. What a miserable desecration of the original cave, if it ever existed here! What are we to think of the taste, or judgment, of those who dared to apply hammer or chisel to the holy spot? It might with almost equal propriety be transported now to be exhibited in Paris, London, or New York. There is not a trace existing of its original appearance. This chapel of "the Holy Sepulchre" consists of two small apartments, neither of which could hold above half-a-dozen persons. The whole chapel is but twenty-six feet high and eighteen broad. The first small closet, which is entered between gigantic candlesticks, is called the Chapel of the Angel, as being the place where it is alleged the angel rolled away the stone, a fragment of which is pointed out. Within this, entered by a narrow low door, is the sepulchre. It is seven feet long and nine broad. The roof is a small dome supported by marble pillars. The marble slab, which, it is said, covers the place where Our Lord's body lay, occupies the space to the right of the door as you enter. Over it are placed a few most paltry artificial flowers in pots, with some miserable engravings, and votive offerings. Several small candles are always burning. The sale of these candles must yield a considerable revenue to the Church, as every pilgrim offers one, so that tens of thousands must each year be consumed. In addition to these candles, an immense number of gold and silver lamps—forty, I believe—are kept burning inside this small vault.

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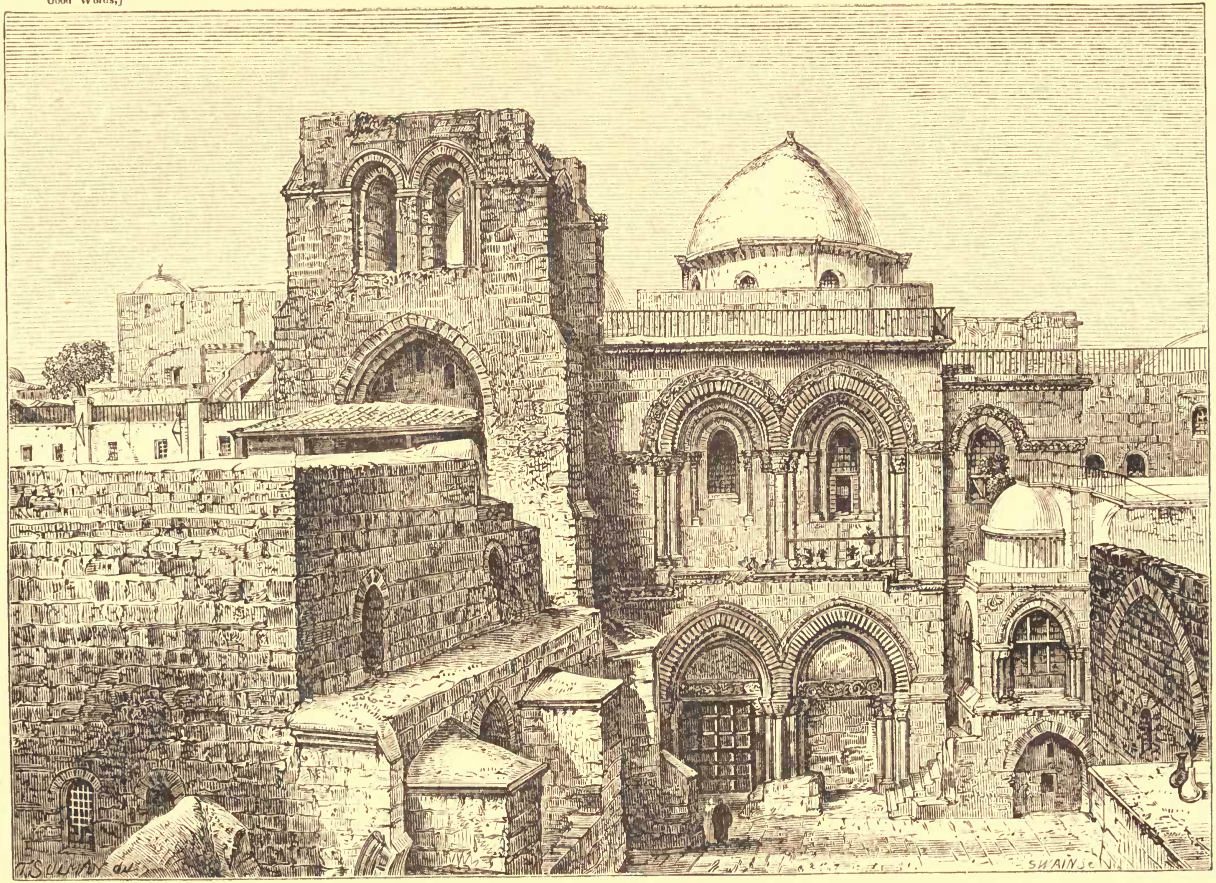
* At the famous Easter fight in the church, some thirty years ago, four hundred lives were lost!

I went on two occasions into the Holy Sepulchre. On the second, I remained in silence beside the attending priest for about a quarter of an hour, and was deeply interested in the pilgrims, who entered in a ceaseless stream to do homage to the sacred spot. They came in, knelt, kissed the stone, prayed for a second, presented their candle, and retired to make way for others. It was impossible not to be affected by so unparalleled a spectacle. These pilgrims had come from almost every part of Europe at least. Greeks from the islands and shores of the Levant; Russians from the far-off steppes of Tartary, clothed in their sheepskin dresses; French, Italians, Germans, and Portuguese, of every age and complexion; old men with white beards, tottering on their pilgrim-staffs; friars and monks, with such a variety of costume and of remarkable physiognomy as could nowhere else be seen;—faces stranger than ever crossed the imagination—some men that might have sat to an artist as his *beau idéal* of cut-throat pirates, and others who might have represented patriarchs or prophets; some women who were types of Martha or Mary, others of the Witch of Endor. The expression of most was that of stolid ignorance and superstition, as if they were performing a mysterious sacred duty; but of others it was that of enthusiastic devotion. I shall never forget one woman who kissed the stone again and again, pressing her lips to it, as if it were the dead face of her first-born. It was a touch of nature which made one's eyes fill, and was the most beautiful thing I saw in the church, except a fair child with lustrous eyes, who, indifferent to the grand spectacle of bishops and priests, was gazing at the light as it streamed through the coloured glass of one of the old windows.

It was strange to think of those people who had come such distances to this one spot. How many had been hoarding their little fractions for years to defray the expense of the long journey; how long they had planned it; how far they had travelled to accomplish it—that old Russian for example, with his big boots and hairy cap. What a thing this will be to them, when they go out of that door, and begin the journey homeward,—to tell all they saw, and to comfort themselves in life and death by the thought of their having made the pilgrimage and kissed the shrine! And stranger far to think of how this stream of superstition, custom, divine love, or call it what we may, poured on through that door for centuries before America was discovered, or the Reformation dreamt of. All thoughts of the more distant past were lost to me in the remembrances of the Crusades, and of old romantic ballads about the mailed men, the lords of many a ruined keep, from the banks of the Scottish Tweed to the castellated Rhine, whose silent effigies in stone, with hands clasped in prayer, have reposed for ages in gorgeous cathedrals, rural parish churches, and far-away chapels on distant islands. My mind was filled with stories that told of how they came to visit this spot, how they parted from their lady love, and travelled over unknown lands encountering strange adventures, and voyaging over unknown seas in strange vessels, with stranger crews; how they charged the Saracens in bloody battles, shouting their war cries, and at last reached—one in twenty perhaps—this spot so full to them of mystery and awe, here to kneel and pray as the great object and reward of all their sacrifices.

Historically, I must confess that I had no faith whatever in this being the true Sepulchre. Had I thought so, it would only have filled me with pain, and with a deeper longing to be able to lift those pilgrims up from the shadow to the substance; to remind them with the voice of a brother, "He is not here, but risen!" even while inviting them to "come and see the place where the Lord lay." Nor did I feel disposed to attach much moral blame to those who had long ago introduced this superstition. It is easy to realise the temptation, when teaching the ignorant masses, and attempting to interest them in an unseen Christ, and in spiritual worship, to supply them with a visible and sensuous religion of symbolism and relics, as a substitute for the reality, which it is assumed is too etherial for ordinary men to sympathise with. We know how


T. SULMAN del.
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THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

(From a Photograph by James Graham.)

all such human plans utterly fail. But perhaps we know this more from observing their actual results in Roman Catholic countries, than from any wisdom of our own. I do not therefore so much wonder at the original experiment, which was natural at least, as at the obstinate keeping up of it now that it has been found to sensualise instead of spiritualise the mind. But the presence of so much superstition filled me with unutterable pain. And perhaps the more so that it has been too long upheld to be now easily abolished,—lest in shaking the faith of the masses in this foolish dream we might shake their faith in the glorious reality. My displeasure at the spectacle may be thought by some to indicate the "irreverence" of a Presbyterian, unaccustomed to symbols and forms. For irreverence towards lies, I thank God! But even "reverence" has its own peculiar cant. And accordingly the Scotch peasant is often accused of "awful irreverence" merely for keeping on his old, oddly-shaped hat, when he enters a Scotch church—a relic this of an old protest against the folly of holy stone and lime—though he may be a peasant saint, a true temple himself of the Holy Ghost, fearing God, reverencing Him and His Word, guiding his life by its precepts, and drawing daily nourishment from its stores; while, on the other hand, the Italian bandit is thought "reverent" who pauses in drawing the trigger of his pistol because his kneeling victim names his patron saint; and a "Catholic nation," like Spain, is considered "reverent" in comparison with Protestant England, though she baptises her war ships "The Holy Ghost" (Spiritu Santo), or "The Holy Trinity" (Santissima Trinadada)! Reverence results from a sense of God's presence, and is a consequent worshipping of Him in spirit and in truth—and the scenes at the Holy Sepulchre did not impress me with its existence there.

In leaving it, however, I was comforted by the thought, that the Holy Spirit of God, who is perfect love and wisdom, and who dispenses His gifts and graces to every man as He will, can "fulfil Himself" in many ways, can discern and meet the truthful spirit seeking truth, and can impart the truth to it; and that, under wood, hay, and stubble, which are destined to be consumed, many a humble soul may here be building on the true foundation of faith in Christ alone. I also felt the awful responsibility attached to the blessed liberty which in God's gracious Providence Protestants enjoy; for Protestantism is not itself a religion, but is only the most favourable condition for obtaining religion, and for enabling us to *see* the truth, and to know and love God our Father in Jesus Christ our Saviour.

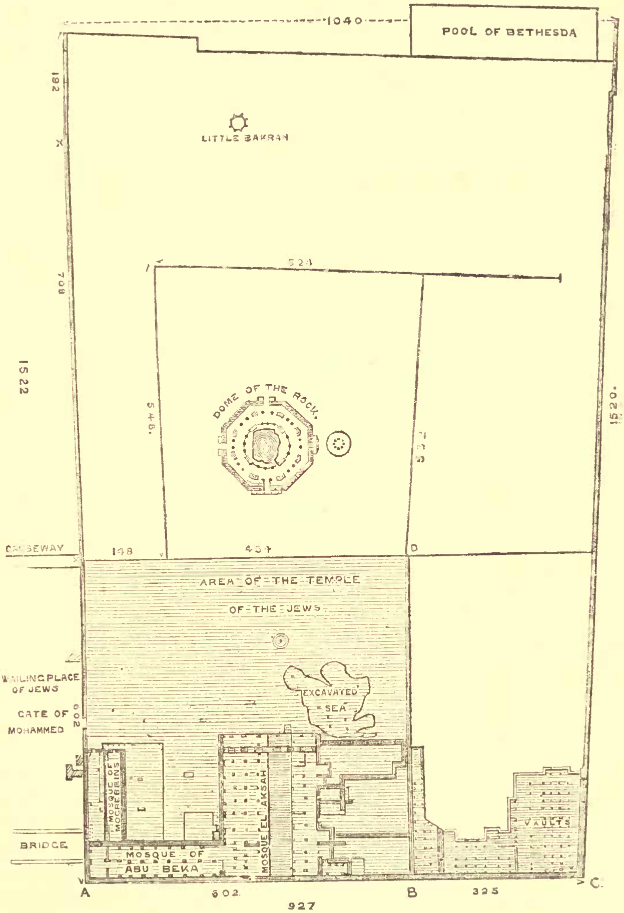
On the Lord's Day, I had the privilege of worshipping in the church presided over by the good Bishop Gobat. How pure, how simple, how true and refreshing was the service! It was not new to me. Though a Presbyterian, I had read it for months, long ago, abroad, to a congregation, and I have used it very often since then, in similar circumstances, while travelling. I have also read its burial service over the dead at sea. I have often communicated at the altar of the Church of England, with gratitude; and, in Jerusalem, I was thankful to worship with my brethren according to their forms. And which, I asked myself, was most in accordance with Apostolic practice—this, or that? the forms of the Church of England (and the same question could be asked by me with at least equal force of those of the Church of Scotland), or those of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its incense, pictures, images, and mummeries? It has been asked which Church "the Fathers" of the earlier and middle ages would recognise as theirs if they rose from the dead and visited the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches? But what, I ask in reply, would have been the judgment of earlier and greater men,—the Apostles? What would St. Paul think? Would he recognise the Church of the Sepulchre as more in accordance with *his* Christianity and his habitual forms of worship, than Bishop Gobat's? Of which would he say, This reminds me of the early Church? It is impossible, I think, to doubt his reply. The Church of the Sepulchre would perhaps remind him of some of the features of the old Temple service which had passed away, with its attractiveness to the eye, and its "carnal ordinances," but not assuredly of *his* Apostolic Church. No, no! Let us have worship in spirit and in truth, freed from all that can hinder, but including all that can assist, the living spiritual man to hold direct communion through Christ with the living God.

There is one other spot within the walls of Jerusalem to which I would conduct the reader—yet with greater awe, with greater fear and trembling, from my feeling as to the unspeakable interest attached to it—and that is the Haram es Sherif, or the site of the old Temple, and, dare I add, of the *real* Holy Sepulchre?

It is but as yesterday—immediately after the Crimean War—that this sacred enclosure could be entered by any except Moslems, or those who cared to pass themselves off as Moslems at the risk of their lives. All, without respect of persons, but only of purse, can enter it now. There must no doubt be a few forms gone through, but these your dragoman manages; and they are not more serious than what travellers are familiar with in most European cities, when "orders" have to be obtained, and signed and countersigned by heads of Police or of Government, while the "guide" or "commissionaire" magnifies the difficulty of getting them, the secret in every case, East and West, being the old golden key—"backsheesh." To see the Temple Area the "backsheesh" is pretty heavy, amounting, as far as I can recollect, though I am not certain, to about 1*l.* for each traveller. But never was money paid with more good will than that which admitted us to the most memorable spot on the face of the whole earth.

The general shape of the Haram, or Temple Area, will be easily understood by the help of the accompanying plan. It is nearly a parallelogram, its greatest length being 1500 feet—rather more than a quarter of a mile—and its greatest breadth about 1000. It is surrounded on all sides by walls; some of them to the north and west serving also as walls of houses, which belong chiefly to civil or ecclesiastical officials. The east and south walls are also a part now of the city walls. Only a comparatively small portion of this great open space is occupied by buildings. About the centre is the Mosque el Sakrah (or "Dome of the Rock"), and at the south end the Mosque el Aksah.

The first thing that strikes one on entering this sacred spot is its profound repose. It is for the most part covered with grass, which is green and beautiful, even at this early season of the year. Various kinds of trees, chiefly the dark, tall cypress, are scattered through it. Oriental figures float about with noiseless tread. No sound of busy traffic from the city breaks the silence. All is quiet as if in the heart of the desert. The spot seems consecrated to meditation and prayer.


1040
POOL OF BETHESDA
192
LITTLE SAKRAH
X
708
1522
524
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DOME OF THE ROCK.
1520.
CAUSEWAY
148
454
D
AREA OF THE TEMPLE
OF THE JEWS
EXCAVATED
SEA
WAILING PLACE
OF JEWS
GATE OF
MOHAMMED
602
MOSQUE OF MOGREBINS
MOSQUE EL AKSAH
VAULTS
BRIDGE
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A
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927

Ground Plan of the Haram es Sherif.

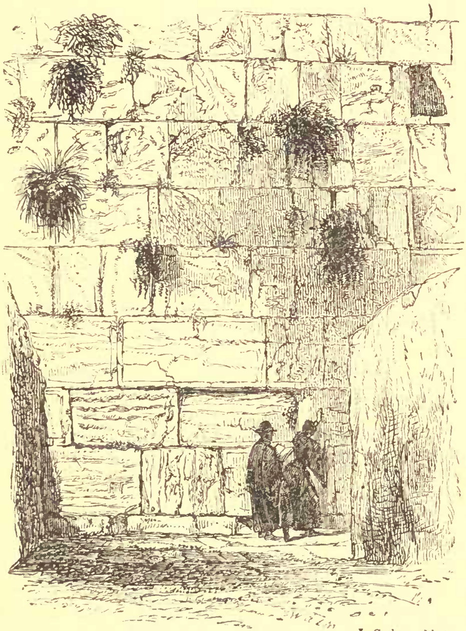
Most probably the first questions which those readers whom I chiefly address will ask is this—What of the old Temple? Can its site be determined? Are there any traces of it? Now I am glad to say that answers perfectly satisfactory—to me at least, and I fancy to all who will pay any attention to the inquiry—can be given.

Let my readers, in the first place, understand that no remains whatever of the old Temple exist above ground. Every atom of its dust, as far as we can discover, has been swept away from the surface of the earth as with the besom of destruction. Literally, not one stone has been left upon another. Nevertheless, its site can with almost perfect accuracy be determined. I will as briefly as possible endeavour to explain how.

There is no question whatever as to the Temple having been built *somewhere* within this space called the "Haram." We know also from Josephus, who is corroborated by other sources of evidence, that the whole area occupied by the Temple of Herod with its surrounding courts was a square of 600 feet. This fact is also, I believe, universally admitted. Now the question is, Can such a square be traced? Can we measure with any degree of certainty such a portion of this wide space as will entitle us to say, within this square of 600 feet once stood the Temple? I presume to affirm that we can do so, without any doubt or difficulty; and I hope that many of my readers, who have hitherto perhaps not paid any attention to this subject, will try to follow me as I endeavour to state the evidences which warrant this interesting conclusion.

We have, then, to search for this square, or for four sides of 600 feet each, which included the Temple.

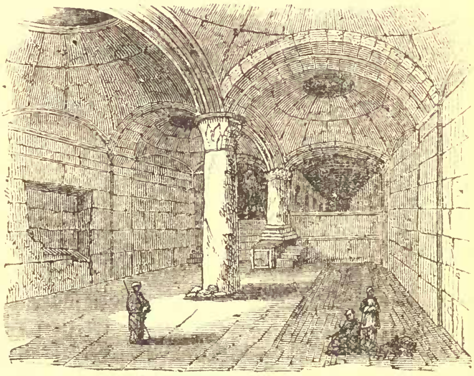
Let us try if we can get one side first, and that may help us to the others. Now there is one corner of the wall surrounding the whole of the wide area I have spoken of which is an important starting-point in this inquiry. That corner is the south-west, which is marked A in the plan. The portion of the wall from A north to the "causeway" is very ancient. It is about 50 feet high on the outside, and is built of huge stones. There are four courses of these seen above ground, and the lowest corner-stone of them is 30 feet 10 inches, by 6½; while the others vary from 24½ and 20½ in length to 5 feet in depth. This wall is admitted to be old Jewish architecture. It is a portion of this wall, moreover, which is called "the Jews' wailing place;" for here may be seen every day some Jews kneeling in prayer towards the place where they believe their Temple once stood, and kissing those great stones; and so have they done, since the third century at least, and probably since their Temple was destroyed. Again, we know that from the end of one of the grand colonnades, or cloisters of the old Temple, there was a bridge which connected it with the city *to the west.* The site of that bridge is marked in the plan, for on that part of the same old wall Dr. Robinson discovered the spring of a huge arch, which unquestionably is the remains of this bridge. We are also informed by Josephus that the Temple was entered by two gates from the west. One gate in the wall we are describing was long ago discovered, and is known as the Gate of Mahommed. The other, we have no doubt, will soon be brought to light when the excavations are begun. Finally, there are the remains of an old causeway, which crossed the same valley, and *at this point* the old wall with the large stones terminates.


J. Graham, Photo.

The Wailing Wall.

Now let it be noticed that this same old wall, from the corner A to the causeway, including the remains of the old bridge, and the place of the Jews' wailing, and the two gates, is *six hundred feet.* Let this portion of wall in the meantime be assumed to be one side of the square which bounded the site of the old Temple; and let us search for another side.

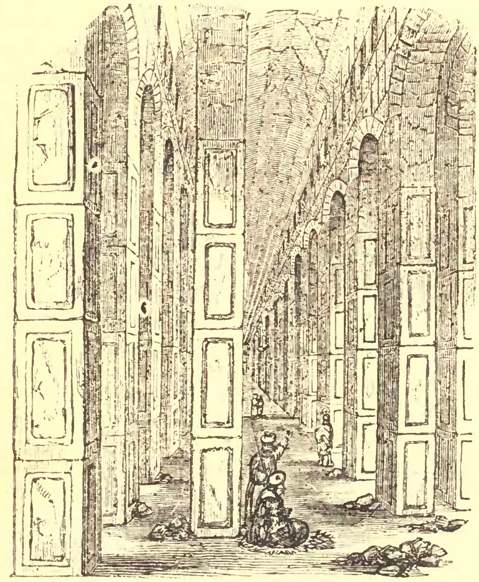
We begin with the wall which extends from the same corner A along the south from west to east. That this is also a part of the old boundary wall of the Temple is almost certain, for two reasons:—first, that a portion of it is built of the same cyclopean stones (one of them being 23 feet long); and secondly, that there are in it the remains of a noble gateway, described by Josephus as being in *the south wall* of the Temple. To see it one has to enter it from within the Haram, as the gateway is built up from without. There is no monument of antiquity in Jerusalem so interesting as this. We have an entrance-hall about 50 feet long and 40 wide, and in the centre a column of a single block of limestone, 21 feet high and about 18 feet in circumference. The sides of this hall are built with huge stones. A flight of steps at the end leads to a long passage, sometimes horizontal, sometimes a gentle inclined plane, but extending 259 feet, and emerging by another flight of steps into the area above. Now,


Entrance-hall from Gateway in South Wall of the Temple.

this south wall, marked by its great stones, and the magnificent old entrance, now useless, extends *for six hundred feet* east from the corner A to B. Does not this look like another side of the square we are in search of?

But what of the other two sides? Well then, from the very point which marks the end of the 600 feet east from the corner, there is another wall, underground, running due north for 600 feet to D. The fourth and last side of the square is from D to the causeway, and is now marked by the edge of the platform on which the Mosque el Sakrah is built. Here we have our fourth boundary of 600 feet.

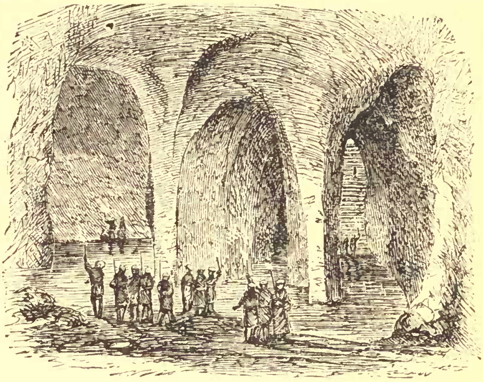
Once more, to complete the proof. We know from Josephus that the Temple was built on both rock and solid earth. Now the whole of the space within the above square of 600 feet is rock and solid earth; while the ground beyond this space to the east (from B to C) is occupied by arches, strong enough to support soil or any light building, and now forming underground structures with high and airy chambers admirably adapted for keeping the cattle required for the Temple service, but too weak to sustain such immense buildings as those of the old Temple.



Underground Buildings in the south-east corner of the Haram es Sherif.

Finally, within the square we have indicated are huge underground cisterns, filled from natural springs, which no doubt supplied the Temple with the water that was constantly required in its services. These cisterns are now got at by an opening like a well or chimney, near the Mosque el Aksah.

Surely these proofs ought to satisfy the reader who duly weighs them, that the site of the Temple was in the south-west of the Haram, being a square of 600 feet, two sides of which are measured from the south-west angle of the old wall. This being settled, we can, within a few yards, or even feet, fix the site of the great altar; and it is a remarkable coincidence that it is opposite the very spot where the Jews now pray and weep for Zion!

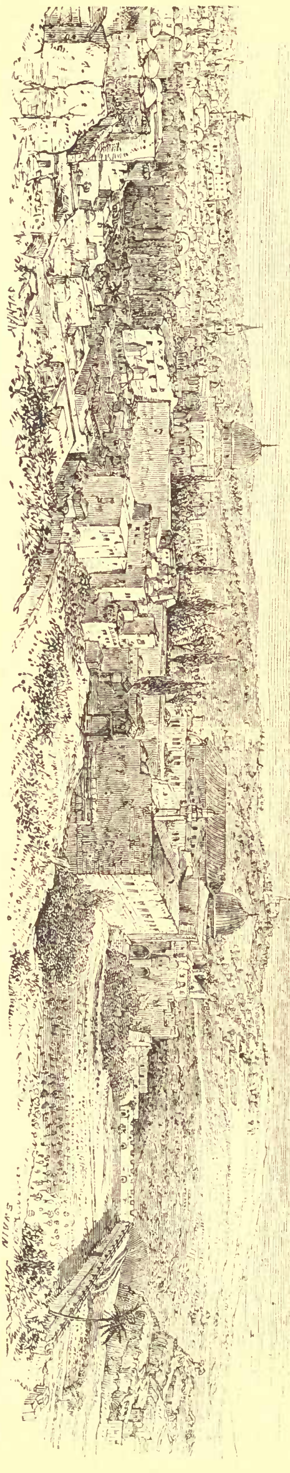


Underground Cisterns.

As I walked over this small green spot once occupied by God's Holy Temple, I cried—"Oh for a voice to utter the thoughts that arise in me!" For who can adequately express the thoughts which here rush upon the mind, wave upon wave in rapid and tumultuous succession, out of the vast and apparently limitless ocean of past history? How profoundly impressive, for example, was the simple fact, that here alone in all the earth was the only living and true God worshipped throughout long ages! Majestic Rome, with all her wisdom, had "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things;" the philosophic and refined Athens had erected an altar "to the unknown God;" but here, in this remote corner of the earth, and in a sequestered spot among the lonely hills, shepherd clans for centuries worshipped Him whom civilised nations still worship as the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.

This green spot is the narrow strait through which the living stream passed 3000 years ago, which is now flooding the whole earth. If we ask *how* this enduring worship came to be established, our inquiry receives a reply from the Books of Moses, in which its origin and establishment are recorded. In these we read a history of Creation, to which, like a spring rising in the far-off hills, can be traced the mighty river of our religious belief and worship. When one thinks of the state of the world, with reference to its knowledge of God, at the time when Moses wrote, and as contrasted with the period when the Temple with its worship was here located, it is impossible not to recognise in the revealed account of Creation the origin of this and of every true temple erected for the worship of God. There may be in Genesis "difficulties" not yet removed, and "questions" relating to science not yet solved; but greater than these, as mountains are greater than the boulders which are scattered over their surface, is the glorious moral teaching of the narrative. What a protest does it contain, for example, against all idolatries!—what a confounding of them by the mere statement of facts, which, from other independent sources, the most thoughtfully devout arrive at! That record tells us, for instance, that God in the beginning made the heavens and the earth; if so, then matter is not eternal, but had a beginning, and it owes that beginning not to itself, nor to a blind fate, but to a personal God. It tells us that light and darkness have no ethical meaning, for *God* divided them, calling the darkness night, and the light day;—that neither sun, moon, nor stars, are to be adored, as they have been, for God made them, and set them in the heavens, not for worship, but, as far as man is concerned, for light. It tells us that the vegetable and the animal worlds owe their origin neither to the air, the land, the sea, nor to any inherent power in themselves or in nature, but to God alone, who said, "Let these be." It tells us that God made the bird, the beast, and creeping thing, and leaves us to infer that *therefore* neither beast (as the bull Apis), nor bird (as the Ibis), nor creeping thing (as the Scarabæus, so honoured in Egypt, and from Egypt in other countries), are to be worshipped, but God only. It tells us, moreover, and very emphatically, that man is made after God's image, and has dominion over the earth and over all mere animal creation; and the inference suggested is obvious, that man is not to turn things upside down, by creating a god after his own image, and worshipping the animals over which he is to rule. It tells us further that woman is of man, and for man, given by God to him, and therefore to be respected and loved, as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; and not to be made the occasion—as woman, alas! has been made *in every form of false worship*—of tempting man from God. And, finally, it tells us that God made all things very good, and if so, that *matter* is not evil, nor anything else as made by God; that all evil has come from the creature, and all good from the Creator. This glorious revelation of God as the Creator was given to Moses, and was expressed and embodied in the worship of "the Mosaic economy" upon this green spot. All true religion on earth has sprung from it. O! let us never forget what we owe to it, least of all when "standing here upon this grave."

And from the day in which the old "Tabernacle," or Tent of the Wilderness was enlarged into the grand Temple of Solomon, what events rise up before the memory! In vain we attempt to suggest, in the most hurried form, the incidents which make this the most memorable spot on earth to the Christian—ay, and "to the Jew also." There passes before the inner eye the august founding of Solomon's Temple, with its stately rites, ceremo-



Panoramic View of the Temple Area from Mount Zion.

J. Graham, Phot.

nies, and solemn prayers;—its costly sacrifices, and the presence within it of the mysterious Shekinah. Again, we see the memorable day when the Temple of Zerubbabel was founded, when "the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy: so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." We see the last and greatest Temple of all—that of Herod—of which it was said, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts,"—all this passes before our minds, until the vision of the past is closed by the unparalleled horrors of the destruction of the last Temple by the Roman army, leaving no trace behind except the faded sculptures of some of its holy things on the crumbling Arch of Titus.

But standing here one loves to linger on earlier days, and to recal the holy men and women, the kings, priests, and prophets, who came up to this spot to pray—whose faith is our own, whose sayings are our guide, whose life is our example, and whose songs are our hymns of worship. We seem to hear the majestic psalms of David which have ascended from this spot, and have never been silent since on earth, nor will be until they are absorbed into the worship of the Temple above. Nor can we forget the frightful idolatries, the devilish wickedness, the falsehoods, hypocrisies, murders, blasphemies, which have been here witnessed and punished; the awful denunciations against sin in every form which have been here pronounced; the sieges, famines, destructions, dispersions, weepings, desolations, and restorations, which have here occurred; the prayers which have been addressed, not only from this spot but to it—by Jonah "out of the depths;" by Daniel from Babylon; by Ezekiel from the banks of the Chebar; by the captives who hung their harps on the willows and wept as they remembered Zion; and by every Jew throughout the world since then! What thoughts, longings, tears, hopes, and joys of millions throughout long ages have been thus associated with this Temple.

But what more than absorbs all else into itself as a source of reverential wonder, was the presence here in his own Holy Temple of Jesus Christ, "the desire of all nations." How affecting to recal his teaching, within this spot, his holy and awful works here done, his words of love and power here spoken—the incidents of his boyhood, temptation, and ministry down to his last hours, ending, as the result of all, in the establishment of a Church on earth in which each member is himself a priest, a sacrifice, and a temple of the Holy Spirit.

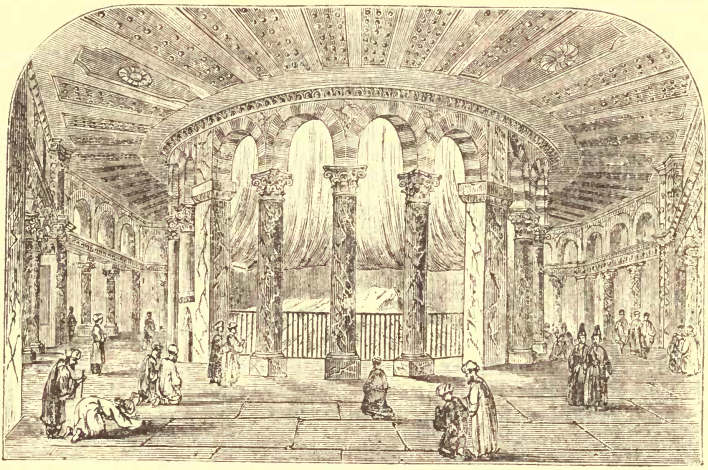
How, we ask, can such associations be adequately expressed? Yet how difficult to be silent when writing about the holy place by which they are necessarily suggested. Again we say, it is the most remarkable spot on earth. It is good for us to think about it; to recal what God has here done for the world; to remember how here, as the very Thermopylæ of the universe, the battle was long fought, and at last gained, which for ever secured to us, if not "the place where the Lord lay," yet the Lord Himself as the living and abiding Saviour of the whole world, and that "kingdom which cannot be moved."

These, and such like thoughts passed through my mind, as I trod on this sacred spot—now so calm, silent, dead. The dust of which man is made alone remains and covers all. Not an object meets the eye on which Kings and Prophets, with Jesus and his Apostles gazed, except the Mount of Olives and the blue sky. Yet it may be those holy feet have trod the steps of that old passage; and his lips may have drunk from the waters that "made glad the city of God," and with reference to which He on the first day of the feast cried, saying "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink, and the water which I shall give him shall be in him," as the water is within the Temple, "a living fountain springing up into everlasting life!"

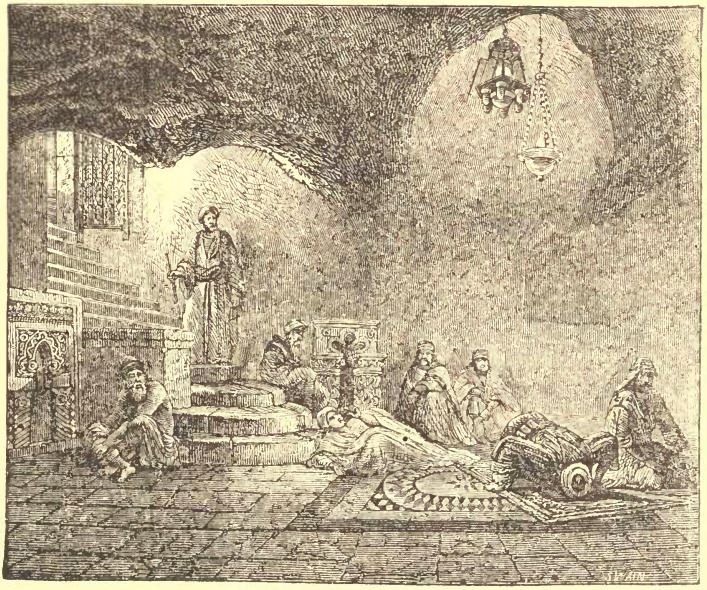
Will the Temple ever be, in any form, restored? Will Jerusalem be again built? Will the tribes go up together once more to this sacred spot, weeping for Him whom they pierced? Will salvation yet once again come out of Zion? Will Jesus be here worshipped, so that it will be said of Him, or of his ministers, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord?" I know not. Yet the very *may be* that Jerusalem and the site of the Temple are to be still connected somehow with the future of the Church and of the world, only adds to the solemn and awful interest which already attaches to both. But in whatever way, or in whatever place, the blessing may come, we should earnestly desire that it may come soon, in all its fullness, to those who are "beloved for their fathers' sake." Pray for the peace of Jerusalem!

But we must leave the site of the old Temple, with its solemn memories, and enter El Sakrah, or the "Mosque of Omar"—as it is commonly, though we think erroneously, called—and which occupies nearly the centre of the great Haram enclosure. On entering it, one is immediately and irresistibly impressed by its exquisite proportions, its simplicity of design, and wonderful beauty. Nowhere have I seen stained-glass windows of such intense and glowing colours. Indeed one of the marked features of the interior is the variety and harmony of colour which pervade it, caused by the marbles of the pillars and walls—the arabesque ornaments and Arabic inscriptions—the rich drapery hanging in the sunlight—with the flickering touches everywhere of purple and blue and golden yellow, from the Eastern sun pouring its splendour through the gorgeous windows; while every Oriental worshipper, as he bends in prayer or moves about in silence, displays some bright bit of dress embroidered with gold or silver in the looms of Damascus, or possibly of India, and thus adds to the brilliancy of the scene.

What chiefly attracts the eye and arrests the attention, however, within this holy temple of Mohammedan worship, is an object which one never saw before in any such place, or beneath any roof, except the sky. Immediately under the dome, and within the circle of marble pillars which support it, with silk drapery overhanging it like a banner over the tomb of a hero, lies a huge rock! It is not the work of a cunning artist, shaped to a form of beauty, or to serve any useful or religious purpose, but an unhewn mass, rough as a boulder on a mountain-side or on the sea-shore. This stone is about 60 feet long and 50 broad, and rises about five feet above the level of the floor, or 15 feet above the original surface of the ground. Moreover, it has on the south-east side an open door which leads by a few steps down to a room, cut out of the rock, about eight feet high and 15 feet square. Above is a hole pierced three or four feet through the rock, with a lamp suspended near it. Such is



The Rock under the Dome.



The Cave cut out of the Rock.

the general appearance and position of this famous rock. I may add, that if one stamps on a circular marble stone about the centre of the cave, seen in the accompanying engraving, hollow sounds and echoes are heard beneath, evidencing the existence of considerable underground excavations.

"But what," the reader asks, "means this rock? Why has it been preserved, and preserved *here* as a holy and revered thing?" A question to be asked, verily! but one by no means so easily answered. For this stone has given rise to a great controversy which still rages, though only, of course, with such calm, suppressed, and reticent energy as archæologists and antiquaries are capable of in a case where passion decreases with the square of the distance that, in time, separates them from the subjects of their inquiry.

Without attempting in a few lines to state the arguments which have been brought forward in support of the various conflicting theories, or presuming to give any decided judgment on so complicated a question, let me endeavour, however meagrely, to satisfy, or rather to prompt, the curiosity of those of my readers who may wish to know how this stone has become such a stumbling-block.

(1) The most prosaic account of it is, that it was a draw-well for the fortress of Antonia, the excavations below the cave being but a part of the great natural cisterns which honeycomb the Temple area. But the fortress did not stand here; and even if it did, that would not account for the well of a barracks ever becoming a holy and consecrated spot.

(2) Was it then, as some suggest, the stone on the summit of Mount Moriah on which Abraham offered up Isaac? This is a mere conjecture, without any evidence whatever to support it, and the difficulty of accepting it is increased by the fact that Mount Gerizim is claimed—and that not without weighty and, as Dr. Stanley and others think, conclusive reasons—to be the mountain of Abraham's sacrifice.

(3) A more probable supposition is, that this place was the threshingfloor of Araunah (or Ornan) the Jebusite, which David bought, and on which he erected the great Altar of Sacrifice. The account given in Scripture of this transaction is as follows:—

> "And the angel of the Lord *stood by* the threshingfloor of Ornan the Jebusite. And David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem. Then David and the elders of Israel, who were clothed in sackcloth, fell upon their faces. . . . Then the angel of the Lord commanded Gad to say to David, that David should go up, and set up an altar unto the Lord in the threshingfloor of Ornan the Jebusite. And David went up at the saying of Gad, which he spake in the name of the Lord. And Ornan turned back, and saw the angel; and his four sons with him hid themselves. Now Ornan was threshing wheat. And as David came to Ornan, Ornan looked and saw David, and *went out of the threshingfloor*, and bowed himself to David with his face to the ground."

We read also that—

> "Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the threshingfloor of Ornan the Jebusite. And he began to build in the second day of the second month, in the fourth year of his reign."

This narrative, it is alleged, makes all clear. On the summit of this stone, *by* the threshingfloor, stood the angel of the Lord, seen as if between earth and heaven. Beside the stone was the threshingfloor; its top was the place for winnowing the grain, which was poured down through the hole into the cave, that was at once a granary and contained a well. In this cave, moreover, Ornan and his sons hid themselves, and "came out" to meet David. On the summit of the same rock was afterwards erected the great altar, which was reached by steps, or by a gradual ascent, and *through the hole* the remains of the sacrifices and the blood were sent into the cave below to be disposed of by the Levites, and to be carried, by some means or other, without the Temple through its subterranean excavations. So far well. But the great objection to this theory is, that it is impossible to bring the rock within the site of the Temple, as it is 150 feet from the nearest point of its outer wall. It could not, therefore, have been the base of the great altar. For Herod's Temple (within the square of 600 feet) occupied, or rather, from its being much larger, included the site of the Temple of Solomon.

(4) The last, and which will appear to our readers to be the most improbable and astounding theory is, that this cave was the "true sepulchre of our Lord!"

Mr. Fergusson, its propounder and defender, broached this theory fifteen years ago, and has maintained it with great ability and with increasing confidence ever since. He lately visited Jerusalem to test its accuracy still further by an actual inspection of the spot, and has returned more convinced, if possible, than ever!

While this theory is maintained on historical grounds, yet it is based chiefly on architectural. And let no one reject this kind of evidence, as if from its nature inapplicable. The very reverse is nearer the truth. Suppose we find a canoe, embedded in the silt of an English river, and the wreck of a steamer on the shores of an uninhabited island. Every one can understand how it is possible to decide with absolute certainty as to the relative ages of those two specimens of ship-building, and to know that the one was before and the other after a certain historic period. And so in regard to architecture. Mr. Fergusson, one of the first living authorities on the history of this department of art, has endeavoured to prove, and I presume to think successfully, that (1) the so-called Mosque of Omar never was, nor could have been, built for a place of Mohammedan worship;—(2) that it could not have been built either before or after the age of Constantine; (3) and that the present church of the Holy Sepulchre could not have been erected earlier than the time of the Crusades. He concludes that this so-called Mosque of Omar was the church which Constantine built—for that *a* church was built by him all admit—over the sepulchre of Christ.

I cannot enter further into this controversy, but must refer my readers, who may now wish to follow it out, to some of the well-known works which fully discuss it.[*] If I might presume to give any opinion on the subject, it would be briefly this: I cannot accept of the proofs in favour of the authenticity of the tomb in the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

It seems to me to be demonstrated by Mr. Fergusson that "the Dome of the Rock" was built by Constantine, and that, too,—in the absence of any other known motive,—because he believed it to be the tomb of our Lord.[†] I recognise also the strength of the evidence adduced to establish the probability of Constantine having been able, even in the fourth century, to ascertain the real position of the sacred spot, both from the tradition of the Christian Church in Jerusalem, and also from the perfection of the Roman census—an argument brought to bear for the first time on this question by the learned and accurate Mr. Finlay.[*]

Mr. Fergusson has also, I think, satisfactorily disposed of the objection to his theory from the supposed impossibility of our accounting for the change of site from the Dome of the Rock to the present church, without there being any record of such a transaction. For the pilgrims, when shut out of the true one by the Moslems, would most likely be supplied by the priests with a false one—and that, too, with the best intentions on their part. The supposition of such a pious fraud, which appears at first so revolting to our sense of truth, is nevertheless in harmony with what was done in many parts of Europe, and more especially in Italy. Everybody knows that the house of Joseph and Mary was carried by angels from Nazareth to Loretto, where it has been visited every day for centuries by more pilgrims than the Holy Sepulchre. This transference, let it be observed, was rendered expedient by the same causes as might have induced the change of the site of the Holy Sepulchre. It was dangerous under Moslem rule to make a pilgrimage to the church in the Haram, just as it was to make one to Nazareth,—where, however, we may add, another house equally authentic is also now shown.[†]

Admitting all this, then, it may be asked how I can avoid coming to the conclusion that the authentic site has at last been discovered? I must confess my inability to give any reply, beyond the very unsatisfactory one—that I cannot believe! My doubt, I frankly acknowledge, is chiefly derived from the mere force of impressions made on the spot.

To believe that this room, with its hollow excavations beneath, was a tomb at all; that Joseph of Arimathea got possession of the huge rock, occupying so remarkable a position, as his own private property, and was allowed to cut out the *first* tomb in it; that he who was terrified to confess Christ before the Sanhedrim, should have had the boldness to bury Him, or rather should have been permitted to do so, *within one hundred and fifty feet of the Temple wall*, and overlooked by the fanatics who had condemned Him, and the Roman soldiers who had executed Him; and that the resurrection, involving the presence of Roman guards, holy angels, pious women, agitated apostles, and Christ Himself, should have taken place here, nominally indeed at that time without the walls, but practically under the gaze of both the Temple and the fortress—all this I cannot as yet assent to. Moreover, it does not seem to me at all unlikely that the place of Christ's burial should have died out of the memory of the early Church. To the first believers the tomb of the dead Christ would, it appears to me, be soon lost in faith in the living Christ. Golgotha as a place, with its dreadful horrors, would be uncared for in their adoring love of the grand spiritual truths of which it was but the awful threshold. I can therefore quite conceive of St. Paul, for example, when in Jerusalem after his conversion, visiting neither the place of Christ's death nor that of his burial, nor caring thus to "know Him after the flesh," although he held living communion with Him every day in the Spirit. Belief in persons not places, in living realities not mere localities, appears to me as much more likely to have characterised the early than any subsequent age of the Church. And just as in the course of years faith began to grow weak in a living person or in eternal truths, so would it naturally seek to strengthen itself by a visit to places, until it became still weaker by contact with the visible, and the kernel be at last lost in the shell. In the meantime we wait for more light on this interesting subject. The spade and pickaxe, which we hope soon to see vigorously at work in Jerusalem, may help to solve these and many other questions.

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[*] Among others I would mention Dr. Robinson's great work on Palestine, as containing the most forcible arguments against the present site:—"Williams's Holy City" as its best defence, and also for the reply which it gives to Mr. Fergusson's theory in favour of the Dome of the Rock. Mr. Fergusson's view is given in his article "Jerusalem," in "Smith's Dictionary," and also in his recently published lectures. Lewin's "Siege of Jerusalem" may also be consulted, and Sandie's "Horeb and Jerusalem."

[†] Mr. Fergusson quotes in the Appendix to his recently published Lectures, an extract from a small volume of travels to the Holy Land, by a pilgrim named "Theodericus," in the year 1172, and entitled "Theodericus de Weis Sanctes." It is edited by Dr. Tobler, and was just issued from the German press as Mr. Fergusson's book was being printed. The pilgrim confirms all his views. He states more than once that the "Dome of the Rock" was erected by Constantine and his mother Helena. Some interesting inscriptions are given by him as copied from the church while in the possession of the Christians, who worshipped in it during the whole period of the Latin kingdom, and a few years before it was taken by Saladin. These inscriptions are along each of the eight sides, and some are as follows:—"Pax æterna ab æterno Patre sit huic domui;" "Templum Domini sanctum est. Dei cultura est. Dei sanctificatio est," &c. &c. "Bene fundatus est domus Domini super firmam petram," &c. Inscriptions of the same character were in other parts of the building. We must confess, however, that the omission of any reference to the tomb is remarkable. De Vogne, in his recent great work on the Temple, gives translations in French of some of the Arabic inscriptions, added most probably in the time of Saladin, and which read as a protest against the Christian Church and the known Christian beliefs, and probably displaced the Christian inscriptions of its founders and worshippers. They are such as the following: "Praise be to God, He has no Son"—"He does not share the empire of the universe"—"Jesus is the Son of Mary, sent by God, and his Word"—"Do not say there is a Trinity of God," &c. As Mr. Fergusson remarks, there is not a word in the Arabic inscriptions of David, Solomon, or even Mahomet, but of "Jesus the Son of Maria," whose name appears four times.

[*] "The census was so perfect that throughout the wide extent of the Roman empire every private estate was surveyed. Maps were constructed, indicating not only every locality possessing a name, but so detailed that every field was measured. And in the register connected with the map even the numbers of fruit-trees in the garden were inscribed. Not only every Roman province, and especially every Roman colony, but every municipality was surveyed with this extreme accuracy. A plan of the district was engraven on brass, and deposited in the imperial register office, while plans were placed in the hands of the local administration and in the provincial archives."—("Greece under the Romans," 561.) By this means Mr. Finlay thinks Constantine could have had no difficulty in ascertaining the true site, as a temple to Venus had been erected over it by Hadrian, to profane it.

[†] When in Jerusalem I was assured, on what seemed the best authority, that the Greeks had got up a new Gethsemane of their own, in opposition to the Latins; but on further careful inquiry I found this was not the case. How difficult it is even "on the spot" to ascertain the truth!

But should the sepulchre of Christ never be discovered—if it lies unknown in some lonely recess among the "braes" overlooking the Kedron, we are not disposed greatly to lament it.

"We have a vision of our own—
Ah, why should we undo it?"

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

OH! Jamie, Jamie, let me greet,
Your kindness cheers nae mair;
I canna dry my tears at will,
Nor frae me fling my care.
I ken your ain heart's sad, for she
Was sunshine in your ee;
But your's is but a faither's love,
And ye maun bear wi' me.

Oh! Jamie, let me greet—my heart
Is sad as sorrow's sel';
It seems but yesterday our tears
On Willie's wee face fell.
We thocht our lot was hard, when death
Ae bairn had taen awa',
But oh! how muckle harder noo
When we hae nane ava.

Had Heaven been pleased to warn us
O' the blow that was to fa',
And, lichtly leanin', let her dwine
As Willie dwined awa',
We micht hae schooled our hearts to bide
The fate we couldna' flee,
And waited wi' a patient grief
To close our darling's ee.

But oh! without a gloaming
Fell bereavement's night at last;
Wi' scarce a rustle o' its wings
Awa' her spirit passed.
Though hopefu' seemed her cheek's new bloom,
And hale her ee's blithe licht,
'Twas but the clearness o' the sky
When fa's the April blicht.

She wasna like anither bairn,
Whase prattlin's nocht but din;
For there was wisdom in her words
Far far her years aboon;
And whiles sic startlin' things she speired
That in my heart I've sain,
"An angel watchin' owre our souls
Is speakin' in my wean."

And ance wi' sparklin' een she sat
And at the lift gazed lang,
And speired, when I nae sang could hear,
"Wha sings that bonny sang?"
And yet, alas! we saw nae sign,
For hard were we to learn
That a' our love would fail to shield
Frae death our only bairn.

She aye was at my foot, Jamie,
And whiles I fashed awee,
When aiblins at my thrangest time
She grat to get my knee.
And but and ben, and out and in,
To toddle was her pride—
The dear wee lamb! she couldna bear
To leave her mither's side.

Oh! Jamie, twa lang days I've watched
Her sweet white face in vain;
My longing brings nae warmth—her smile
Will ne'er return again.
'Twas some sad solace on her brow
At times to lay my hauns,
But bleak will be the morning
On a bairnless hearth that dawns.

She'll lie in Willie's grave, Jamie:—
Oh! come nae first awa',
But wait and smooth the turf, and drap
A tear aboon the twa.
For if their spirits—as they may—
Unseen be lingering near,
'Twill cheer them even in heaven to mind
Their faither's parting tear.

DAVID WINGATE.

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

VII.—LORD CORNWALLIS.

In this little gallery of Indian worthies, I have hitherto exhibited the portraits only of men, who have held subordinate or, at most, secondary positions—who have executed the work entrusted to them, not taken the supreme direction of affairs, and borne upon their own shoulders the responsibilities of the government of an Empire. Of such, indeed, the collection will mainly consist. But I purpose here to vary the prevailing character of the series by giving some account of the career of a Governor-General; and I have selected Lord Cornwallis, because he was both a soldier and a statesman, and his career was one in which the perilous excitement of the camp, and the more tranquil labours of the council chamber, had alternately possession of his mind. His career was not merely an Indian career. During a long life devoted to the service of his country, he was distinguished on many different fields, in many distant parts of the world, for he lived in eventful times, and he was one in whom all men trusted. But it is as an Indian soldier, and an Indian statesman, that he must be here regarded. He was three times selected to govern the British Empire in the East. Twice, the burden of the Governor-Generalship actually descended upon him, and, the second time, it weighed him down to the grave.

He was the sixth child, and the eldest son, of the fifth baron, but first Earl Cornwallis, by a daughter of the second Viscount Townshend; and was born in Grosvenor Square, on the last day of the year 1738. Of his childhood, there appears to be no record, but at an early age he went as Viscount Brome, (the second title of the family,) to Eton, and ascended, by ordinary gradation to the sixth form. After leaving school, he chose the army as his profession, and entered the Grenadier Guards at the age of eighteen. Obtaining the permission of the Duke of Cumberland to complete his military education, he went to Turin, to study at the military academy there, but learning that a British army was about to be employed in Germany, he volunteered to join the force, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Granby. In this capacity, he was present in several actions, including the battle of Minden. His promotion was very rapid. He was a captain in the 85th in 1759, and two years afterwards, he was lieutenant-colonel of the 12th foot. This latter command he retained till 1765, when he was appointed aide-de-camp to the king. In 1762, he succeeded, by his father's death, to the earldom. In 1766, he was made colonel of the 33rd regiment. Two years afterwards, being then thirty years of age, he married Jemima, daughter of Colonel Jones, of the 3rd Foot Guards,—an union which was productive of the purest, but too short-lived, happiness to both.

The war of American Independence commenced, and Lord Cornwallis was appointed to command a division of the army which was to be employed in the suppression of the "rebellion." This service was extremely distasteful to him. His sympathies were with the so-called rebels; and it touched him to the heart to think of leaving his wife, his children, and his home. But he never hesitated for a moment. There was not in all the country one to whom the voice of duty more overpoweringly appealed. It is stated that his wife made powerful interest to cause his appointment to be rescinded, and the consent of the king was obtained. "But," says his biographer, "he peremptorily declined to avail himself of the permission."* On the 10th of February, 1776, he embarked for America. Of the events of the war I do not purpose to write. His first service in that country extended over a period of nearly two years. In January, 1778, he paid a brief visit to England. In April he again embarked for America; and from that time Lady Cornwallis, who had lived in retirement during his absence, a prey to the deepest melancholy, never recovered from her depression, but died, as she herself said, of a broken heart. Her husband, when he heard that she was dying, threw up his command, and returned to England. But it was too late. She survived his arrival by a few weeks, and then passed away from the world. From that time the public service became everything to Lord Cornwallis. He was eager to return to the seat of war, that he might find relief for his private sorrows in the exciting realities of the great conflict. His wishes were gratified. He was reappointed to the army; and he took an active part in its operations, until the capitulation of October, 1781, when he became a prisoner of war. In December, he embarked for England, and arrived at home in the early part of the following month.

He was then on his parole; and for some time he was kept in a state of painful uncertainty and anxiety respecting the exchanges which were in course of negotiation. The king's government, who had unabated confidence in him, though the "fortune of war" had been adverse, were anxious again to re-employ him, on some service of responsibility, and sounded him as to his willingness to go to India. It was in contemplation to invite him to assume the chief command of the army in that country. But the idea was not an attractive one to him. "The more I turn it in my mind," he said, "the less inclination I feel to undertake it. I see no field for extraordinary military reputation, and it appears to me, in every light, dangerous to the greatest degree. To abandon my children and every comfort on this side the grave; to quarrel with the supreme government in India, whatever it might be; to find that I have neither power to model the army nor correct abuses; and, finally, to run the risk of being beat by some Nabob, and being disgraced to all eternity, which, from what I have read of these battles, appears to be a very probable thing to happen—I cannot see in opposition to this, great renown and brilliant fortune." But when his sentiments were known the king's government, as represented by William Pitt, was willing to place both the civil and the military power in his hand. This changed the complexion of affairs—because it now appeared to him that there were prospects of more extensive usefulness in India. "My mind is much agitated," he wrote in May, 1784, to Colonel Ross. "I can come to no resolution till I know the plan; yet inclination cries out every moment 'Do not think of it; reject all offers; why should you volunteer plague and misery.'—Duty then whispers, 'You are not sent here merely to please yourself; the wisdom of Providence has thought fit to put an insuperable bar to my great degree of happiness; can you tell if you stay at home, that the loss of your son, or some heavy calamity, may not plunge you in the deepest despair? Try to be of some use; serve your country and your friends; your confined circumstances do not allow you to contribute to the happiness of others, by generosity and extensive charity; take the means, which God is willing to place in your hands.' "—In this sentence we see the very key-stone of his character—a prevailing sense that he was not sent into the world only to please himself. Other employment, however, was found for him at this time, and it was not until the beginning of 1786, that the king's ministers finally pressed upon him, and with good success, the joint offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India. On the 23rd of February, Lord Cornwallis communicated his willingness "to exchange a life of ease and content, to encounter all the plagues and miseries of command and public station."

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* "Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis." Edited, with Notes, by Charles Ross, Esq. I am greatly indebted for much valuable matter to these admirably-edited volumes.

The king's ministers had at this time before them the names of two men, either of whom might advantageously succeed Warren Hastings in India—Lord Cornwallis and Lord Macartney. Their preference turned towards the former, not merely because he was a soldier; but it was doubted whether his reluctance could be overcome. Lord Macartney had stickled for a British Peerage, and the Government were not inclined to grant it; so that nobleman was not much more willing to accept it than Lord Cornwallis. "That he had a strong disinclination to accept the appointment," says his biographer, Mr. Barrow, "and that the conditions on which only he could accept it were made solely on public grounds, the following anecdote, obligingly communicated by Lady Macartney, is an unequivocal proof. Her ladyship being one evening at a large party, Lord Macartney came in, and being impatient to communicate some intelligence to her, took out a card and wrote with a pencil on the back of it as follows, '*I am the happiest man in England at this hour. Lord Cornwallis, I hear, is Governor-General of India.*' The card is still in her ladyship's possession, with the pencil writing upon it."

Cornwallis arrived at Calcutta in the autumn of 1786, and wrote home to his son at Eton that he had a great deal more business every day, than the boys had on a whole schoolday, and that he never got a holiday. "I have rode once on an elephant," he added, "but it is so like riding in a cart that you would not think it agreeable." There was little or nothing at that time to distract him from the business of internal administration. In the autumn of 1787 he went up the country, and visited Lucknow; but by the end of the year, he was again in Calcutta.

But peace is never in India very long-lived; and the statesman who proceeds thither brimming over with benevolent desires to devote all the energies of his mind to the great work of improving the administration of the country, and advancing the prosperity of the people, is well-nigh certain, after a year or two, to discover, in bitterness of spirit, that all this is a mistake. Lord Cornwallis, for a time, worked, nobly and successfully, to improve both the revenue and judicial systems in force in the English provinces, and in both respects created a great revolution. But his social reforms were not less distinguished than his administration; for he carried to India what had never gone there before, the pure principles and the blameless life of a high-minded English nobleman. The social morality of the English in India, no less than their official integrity, improved mightily under his rule; and the improvement thus commenced has advanced steadily up to the present time without a symptom of backsliding.

But, as I have said, these dreams of an unbroken career of peaceful beneficence, were doomed to be disturbed. The restless ambition of the great Mahomedan usurper of Mysore, had been stimulated by revolutionary France; and Tippoo had provoked the hostility of the English by an unjustifiable attack upon one of their allies. It was held, therefore, to be equally politic and just, to commence military operations on a grand scale, to curb the power of this unscrupulous aggressor. Sir William Medows had been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Madras. He was a man of unsullied reputation, brave, chivalrous, idolised by all who had served under him. He had been engaged in the operations of the American war, and few men knew him better or loved him more, than Lord

Cornwallis himself. It was painful, therefore, to the Governor-General to supersede him in the command of the army, which was to check the aggressions of the sultan of Mysore; but, after mature consideration, he conceived that it was his duty to take personal command of the British troops, and it was characteristic of General Medows, that he accepted the subordinate position in a manner, which won the commendation and gratitude of his chief, and threw, as second in command, his whole soul into the work before him.

From Madras, on the 22nd of January, 1791, Lord Cornwallis wrote to Mr. Barlow, after some observations on the civil administration,*—"I have led a life of the greatest anxiety, in the first place from the disappointment in the arrival of our ships, and the total failure of the Monsoon, which has not perhaps occurred for the last forty years, and afterwards from the General's having brought too small a force from Arnee to ensure the safe conveyance of so great a train of artillery and provisions as we must take from hence. The latter is now set right, after its having caused me many sleepless nights, and we have now provided bullocks to enable us to march, even if none should arrive from Bengal. What fools are men, for wishing for power and command; and how much greater a fool am I, for embarking in all these troubles and anxieties without wishing for either. Tippoo in person has gone either against the Mahrattas, or Abercromby; but his numerous horse have committed and still commit the most shocking cruelties in the Carnatic. I shall march from hence on the 4th or 5th of next month for Bangalore and Seringapatam; and everything is so arranged that I do not expect to meet with any great obstructions, either from the want of stores or provisions." A week afterwards, Lord Cornwallis formally took command of the army, and marched into the Mysore country; and in March he struck the first great blow at the power of the Sultan, by capturing Bangalore. His intention was, in the next place, to push into the very heart of Tippoo's dominions, to invest the capital, and to dictate terms of peace under the walls of Seringapatam. Before the middle of May, he was within ten miles of that city; but, although he was strong enough to beat the enemy fairly "in the open," he saw at once that he had not the means of carrying so formidable a place as that which now stood, in proud defiance, before him. Bitter, indeed, was the mortification, which overwhelmed him, when he found that just at what he had believed to be the point of victory, he was compelled to retire. But he had neither stores nor provisions for a long siege; and to have attempted to carry the place with such insufficient means, would have been only to court a strangling failure. So he determined to break up his siege train, and to fall back upon Bangalore.

Then Lord Cornwallis began to experience, in all their bitterness, the horrors of a hot weather campaign in India, with insufficient appliances for the maintenance and protection of his army. An epidemic disorder broke out among his cattle. Numbers fell by the way, and the remainder with difficulty struggled on with their burdens. Grain was so scarce, that the famished camp-followers were compelled to feed on the diseased carcases of the bullocks. The cavalry horses were reduced to such a state that they could not carry their riders, and many were shot as useless incumbrances. The officers, who had given up the greater part of their private carriage for public uses, suffered so severely, that in many cases they were compelled to ask for the rations, which were served out to the privates. The tents were little better than tinder; and the clothes of officers and men were reduced to mere rags. "The ground at Camiambuddy," wrote Major Dirom, the historian of the war, "where the army had encamped but six days, was covered in a circuit of several miles with the carcases of cattle and horses; and the last of the gun-carriages, carts and stores of the battering train, left in flames, was a melancholy spectacle which the troops passed, as they quitted the deadly camp."

It was not strange that, in such distressing circumstances, the spirits of the commander should begin to droop. There was a necessary suspension of operations, for the rains had set in; and there is nothing so wearisome and enervating, as the inactivity of camp-life in an unhealthy season of the year. His constitution on the whole, bore up bravely; but continued anxiety began to tell upon him. "My health," he wrote to his brother on the 13th of July, "has not suffered, although my spirits are almost wore out, and if I cannot soon overcome Tippoo, I think the plagues and mortifications of this most difficult war will overcome me." Six long, dreary weeks of waiting passed away; and he still felt sad and sick at heart. "If Tippoo," he wrote to his son, on the 8th of September, "does not offer reasonable terms before that time, I hope to oblige him to do so by a successful attack on Seringapatam in November next; but however favourable a turn our affairs may take, I cannot now expect, consistently with the duty I owe to my country, to leave India before January, 1793, and I trust that my evil stars cannot detain me longer than that period. I grow old and more rheumatic, and have lost all spirits, and shall only say when I return:—

> 'A soldier, worn with cares and toils of war,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among you.'

"You remember Wolsey's speech, but I shall have an easier conscience than he, probably, had." And on the same day, he wrote to his friend Mr. Grisdale, saying "God knows when our war will end—I hope and trust it will be soon, or it will end me. I do not mean that I am sick. I have stood a burning sun and a cold wind as well as the youngest of them: but I am plagued and tormented and wearied to death."

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* *Unpublished Correspondence.* The extracts given in the subsequent pages are mostly from original correspondence in my possession. The remainder are from Mr. Ross's valuable work, to which I have already acknowledged my obligations.

But the cold weather, so eagerly looked for, came at last; and the interval of repose, wearisome and dispiriting though it was, had been turned to the best possible account. The army, which was now about to take the field, was very different from the army with which, in the hot weather, Lord Cornwallis had retired from Seringapatam. Great preparations had been made for the renewal of the war. Bengal had been drawn upon for artillery and carriage cattle,—especially elephants. A large supply of specie had come from England. Success was now almost a certainty. The army was set in motion again, and as it advanced, the spirits of Lord Cornwallis rapidly revived. On the 5th of February, Seringapatam was again in sight; on the night of the 6th, it was determined to make an attack on the enemy's camp and the works which they were constructing. General Medows was to command the right, Colonel Maxwell the left, whilst Cornwallis himself took command of the centre division. The left and the centre divisions were completely successful; but the right division under General Medows, "by one of those accidents, to which all operations in the night must be liable," failed to accomplish the work entrusted to it. Medows found himself before a well-defended redoubt, the assault of which was not a part of the intended plan of operations, and before he could carry it, and proceed to support the centre division, day had broken, and Lord Cornwallis had done his work.

The mortification of the good general was extreme. It was an accident, and one that might have befallen the bravest of men, and the best of soldiers. But it preyed tormentingly on his spirits. Seringapatam, however, was not yet taken. There was prospect of a siege, and General Medows sought permission to command the storming party,—a request which was readily granted. This buoyed him up for a time; but only to make more bitter his after-disappointment. Tippoo had begun to think of the expediency of not risking conclusions with the formidable force, which had just routed his best troops, and was now preparing to attack his stronghold. But one despairing effort might yet be made, if not by fair means, by foul, to cast confusion into the ranks of the enemy. In the eyes of an oriental potentate, to destroy the leader of an expedition, is to destroy the expedition itself. If Lord Cornwallis, who, in his own person, represented the supreme military and civil power of the English, could be cut off by any base stratagem, it appeared to Tippoo a certainty that the army would retire, discomfited and despairing, from Seringapatam. He did not think that the foul act would have excited to deeds of still higher daring the irrepressible manhood of the English army, and that Medows would certainly, in such a case, amply avenge the murder of his leader. So he sent a party of Mahomedan horsemen, drugged with *bang*, to the point of fury, to make their way into the English camp, and cut the English leader to pieces in his own tent. A man of simple and unostentatious habits, and ever disinclined for the sake of his own safety or comfort to give trouble to others, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief had always been content with a guard consisting of a couple of troopers of his own escort. If then, Tippoo's horsemen, who in such a heterogeneous assembly as that which was composed by the forces of the confederates, might easily have escaped observation, had taken their measures with any calmness and collectedness, they might have accomplished their object. But they went about their work wildly, and they failed. A party of Bombay sepoys turned out against them, and they fled in dismay from the English camp. After this, Lord Cornwallis was reluctantly persuaded to allow a party of English soldiers to mount guard over his tent.

Foiled in this desperate attempt upon the life of the English leader, Tippoo was eager to negotiate a peace. The negotiations extended over many weeks, and there was at least one man in camp, who watched their progress with the deepest interest, hoping that the peace-efforts would break down utterly, and that orders would be issued for the commencement of the siege. This was General Medows, who knew that he would regain all the credit he had lost, and a large measure besides, whether living to bear his honours, or dying in the breach. With bitter anguish of heart did he learn at last, towards the end of February, that the negotiations had so far succeeded, that Tippoo had consented to send two of his sons into the British camp, as hostages for the fulfilment of the terms of peace. What follows is one of the saddest things in Indian history. I tell it, as it was told, on the same day, by an officer on Lord Cornwallis's staff, writing to a friend in Calcutta:—"Tippoo," he said, "has, this afternoon, commenced the execution of the preliminaries of peace, by sending to camp his second and third sons as hostages, conformably with one of the articles, and this act was made particularly interesting and satisfactory to Lord Cornwallis, by Tippoo, without mentioning any of the other confederates, insisting that his children should be carried directly to his lordship's tent, and there delivered into his arms, with a request that he would, during their absence from their father, consider them, and treat them as his own children. It would, at any time, have been impossible to witness such a scene, which marked so great a change in their father's fortunes, without certain reflections on the instability of human grandeur. But all sensations of that nature were almost totally absorbed in the melancholy damp, into which we had been thrown a few hours before by a fatal act that General Medows had committed upon himself. The column that the General commanded on the night of the 6th, did not execute precisely what was allotted to it. But he has, by his uniform conduct through life, established his character with all mankind as the essence of honour and courage, and the mistake on that night was never considered, by any man in the army, in any other light than as one of those errors to which night attacks have been, and ever will be liable. The General, however, notwithstanding every consolation which his lordship could give him, continued dissatisfied with himself, and allowed this unlucky affair to prey continually upon his spirits, till this morning, when it seems he could bear it no longer, and discharged a pistol loaded with three bullets into his body. He is still alive, but there can scarcely be hopes that he will recover. You will be able to judge of the severity of this blow upon Lord Cornwallis, when I tell you that there are few men in the world whom his lordship more esteems and loves. This cruel stroke has poisoned all our enjoyment of the present favourable appearance of public affairs." These gloomy anticipations, however, were not realised. "Most miraculously," as the same officer afterwards wrote, "General Medows recovered, and became perfectly reconciled to himself, and all the world."

On the 18th of March, after much negotiation, and many hitches and obstructions, which every now and then threatened a general break-down, the definitive Treaty was sent out of the Fort, "signed and sealed by Tippoo," and was delivered to his lordship on the following day under a salute from a park of British Artillery and from the guns of Seringapatam booming together. Some considerable accessions of territory to the British Empire in India were the result of this war, but it belongs rather to the historian than to the biographer to write of these things. It is more to my present purpose to state here, that the generosity and humanity of Lord Cornwallis's nature were signally displayed, in many ways, during this campaign, but in none more than in his tender regard for the interests of the soldiery, who looked up to him as their leader. He was a man of a kind heart and a compassionate nature, and the meanest soldier in the camp was in his eyes an object ever worthy of his most thoughtful care. When he first joined the army, he saw to his dismay, that the sepoy regiments of the Madras force had no hospital doolies (litters) attached to them; and that their sick and wounded were carried in the rude blankets or horse-cloths of the country. "It is hardly credible," he wrote from camp to the Governor of Madras, "that so shocking a practice should have existed so long, and that successive generals could, without making the strongest remonstrances, have seen their wretched soldiers, either with a broken bone or a violent fever, squeezed into a blanket and carried by two of their comrades." It was not so in the Bengal army; so Lord Cornwallis at once directed the deficiency to be supplied. Not long afterwards, it happened that an army surgeon was tried by court-martial and convicted of neglecting to dress the wounds and to take proper care of the Europeans, who had been wounded at Seringapatam —"for which heinous breach of duty," said Lord Cornwallis in a general order, "and offence against the strongest and most affecting ties of humanity, which forcibly plead in every generous breast in favour of men who have shed their blood in the cause of their country, he is condemned only to be suspended from his rank and pay in the service for eight months, and to be reprimanded in public orders." "It is incumbent upon Lord Cornwallis," continues the order, "to show that he sets a higher value upon the lives and limbs of the soldiers than to expose them again to the hazard of falling under the charge of a man who has been guilty of such gross neglect. And he, therefore, declares to the army, that he shall recommend it to the Governor of Fort St. George, to continue Mr. ——'s suspension, until the pleasure of the Court of Directors shall be known; and that he shall order the Paymaster to give no share to Mr. —— of that gratuity which was obtained by the blood of those brave men, whom he afterwards suffered either to perish or to languish miserably for several weeks by an inhumanity, which by any person unacquainted with the evidence that was produced against him would be scarcely credible."

It happened that the same court-martial sate in judgment upon an officer of one of the King's regiments, who had acted with great brutality towards a native of the country. The officer owed money to the poor man, and when he was asked for it paid the debt not in coin, but in blows. It is an old story—a common mode of requital, I am afraid, familiar to many generations. The man was sent back again, by order of the commanding officer, accompanied by the adjutant of the regiment, and the debtor received him, "with the money that was due to him and the stick that was prepared to beat him lying on the same table," and administered a second correction to him, which "divided his ear." But the sympathies of the court were all with the white man, and he was acquitted as though this "new way to pay old debts" were quite in consonance with the acknowledged usages of officers and gentlemen. But Lord Cornwallis branded the man's conduct "as partaking both of ferocity and injustice, and no less unworthy of the manners of gentlemen than disgraceful to the character of officers;" and whilst severely censuring the court and reminding it that "true humanity consists not in screening the guilty, but in protecting the innocent and redressing the injured," he told the culprit that if he should "persevere in the shameful practice of beating his creditors instead of paying them, he should not on a future occasion escape the punishment that such conduct deserves." Cruelty, whether active or passive, evincing itself in brutal outrages, or in negligence scarcely less brutal, filled him with measureless indignation.

But it was not only by words such as these, and by the due exercise of his authority, that he manifested his kindly and generous consideration for all who looked up to him for protection. He was a large-hearted man, capable of heroic self-sacrifice for the good of others. To go to India, in those days, was to go in quest of money. Large fortunes were rapidly made; and men returned to England to buy estates, and to found families. There were many ways to wealth, in the last century, lawful and unlawful; honourable and dishonourable. Among the former—among the most lawful and the most honourable means of attaining wealth, the only lawful and honourable way of attaining it *per saltum*—was the acquisition of prize-money. If Lord Cornwallis had at one stroke added 50,000*l.* to his fortune, by receiving his "share" of the booty taken in the war, it would have been simply so much honourable gain, which the world would have said he fairly deserved. He was not a rich man. His estate, indeed, was scarcely adequate to the due maintenance of his title. But when the prize lay before him, he would not touch it. He threw the whole of the large share which belonged to him as Commander-in-Chief of the army into the common fund, to increase the gains of the officers and men who served under him; and General Medows, as second-in-command, with a generosity, equally prompt and earnest, also gave up his share to the army.

Lord Cornwallis returned to Madras, and was detained there some time for the settlement of the affairs of the Carnatic. It was not until the 17th of July, that he was able to write to Mr. Dundas, "I have at length settled everything with the Nabob, and I believe in the best manner that it could have been done, unless we had kept possession of the country; but that point could only have been carried by force, without the least shadow of reason or justice, and consequently was not to be attempted." Soon after this he sailed for Calcutta. It was his duty then to gather up a number of official threads, and to tie them up in safe knots. It would have pleased him much better if the exigencies of war had never drawn him from Bengal, where all the energies of his mind were devoted to the completion of a great scheme of civil administration. I have said elsewhere that "Lord Cornwallis is the first Indian ruler, who can properly be regarded as an administrator. Up to the time of his arrival, the English in India had been engaged in a great struggle for existence. Clive conquered the richest province of India. Hastings reduced it to something like order. But it was not until Cornwallis carried to that country the large-minded liberality of a benevolent English statesman, that our administrative efforts took shape and consistency, and the entire internal management of the country under our rule was regulated by a code of written laws (or regulations) intended to confer upon the natives of India the benefits of as much European wisdom and benevolence as was compatible with a due regard for the character of native institutions." Aided by Mr. Barlow, then secretary to Government—afterwards Provisional Governor-General, and for some years Governor of Madras, he drew up a code of laws, or as he, correcting the language of the secretary called them, "regulations," now known to history as the Regulations of 1793, which have since been the basis of our civil administration of India. Sir William Jones to whom the scheme was submitted, declared that it was worthy of Justinian.

This done, Lord Cornwallis was desirous above all things to lay down the reins of government. Sir John Shore, a civilian on the Company's establishment, who by a career of unsullied integrity, and by the indication of administrative ability of no mean order, had earned the confidence of his employers, was appointed to succeed him; and in the autumn of 1793 he proceeded to Madras, where he was detained for some time, in consequence of the King's ship bearing the admiral's flag, in which he was to have been conveyed to England, having been compelled to go into dock at Bombay. Lord Cornwallis, therefore, as his military secretary wrote, "took his chance in the 'Swallow';" and sailed from Madras, on or about the 10th of October.

He arrived in England, in the early part of February, 1794, and was soon settled in his Suffolk home. But to one who looked for nothing so much as for repose, the times were unpropitious. Europe was in an unsettled state, and the country had need of the services of all her best soldiers and diplomatists. At such a time it was not to be expected that Her Majesty's Ministers would give much time and attention to the affairs of India. They looked upon Lord Cornwallis not as one who had been employed for his country's good in the East, but as one *to be* employed for his country's good in the West. They concerned themselves with the future, not with the past; and very soon resolved to draw him from his retirement. Early in March he wrote to Mr. Barlow:—"Ministers highly approve of all we have done, but in the hurry of such pressing business as must daily occur, and so many urgent avocations, it is difficult to extract from them even a paragraph. Mr. Beaufoy, the Secretary of the Board of Control, who is a very sensible and zealous man, and who knows as much of Indian affairs as most people here (which God knows is very little), has promised to send out by these ships, a complete approval of the judicial regulations and a recommendation to extend them if possible to Benares. Lord Hobart, who goes to Madras, with the provisional succession to Bengal, has abilities and habits of business. I have had many long conversations with him, and have endeavoured to tutor him well. I have not time to enter into European politics. God send that we may do better; but I do not see any flattering prospect." A month later, he wrote to the same correspondent, saying:—"Much as I wish for quiet, I am afraid that I shall be forced from my intended retirement, and be engaged in a very difficult and hazardous situation in the busy scene on the Continent."

These anticipations were soon fulfilled. Before the end of May, Lord Cornwallis had received the expected summons from the King's Government to proceed to Flanders. On the 2nd of June, he landed at Ostend; but his mission was not a successful one. He had interviews with the Emperor of Austria at Brussels, but His Imperial Majesty was obdurate and could not be induced to comply with the wishes of the British Government. Before the end of the month he was recalled to England; and was, on his arrival, in frequent communication with Pitt and Dundas on the subject of the prosecution of the war. "I have taken Lord Hertford's house in Lower Grosvenor Street," he wrote to his brother in July, "completely furnished, for one year, for 600 guineas, which gives me time to look about me. My expedition has not been a profitable one, but my baggage, horses, and wine are returned; and I shall keep everything in readiness till the end of the war, that I may not be subject to another expensive equipment." It was then in contemplation to confer upon him the military command in Flanders, to counteract the incapacity of the Duke of York; but the appointment never took effect, and it was well for him that it did not, for it would have placed him in an anomalous and trying position in which he might have acquitted himself with honour, but scarcely with success. It was, therefore, a great relief to him to find that the scheme was abandoned. "I should have been," he wrote to Mr. Dundas, "in the most embarrassing and dangerous situation possible, with every prospect of ruin to myself, and very little probability of rendering any essential service to my country." Indeed, he feared that the mere suggestion might have done him injury at Court. "I conclude I am now completely ruined at St. James's," he said. "Indeed, I could not be much worse than I was before; but that is a circumstance which will not disturb my rest, nor abate in the smallest degree my attachment and affection for the great personage from whom I have formerly received much favour and kindness."

He was now eager to escape into the country, but the critical situation of affairs on the Continent detained him in London till the beginning of September, when he betook himself to Brome. From this place, he wrote on the 7th to Mr. Barlow:—"The very critical situation of the affairs of Europe, and the part which I have thought it my duty to take in giving every possible assistance to Government, by personal services and military counsel, have a good deal diverted my attention, and still more the attention of those with whom I converse, from the affairs of India; which, however, next to the immediate safety of Great Britain, will be always uppermost at my heart. . . . When I tell you that I have not had ten days' leisure, since my return from India, to attend to my private affairs, and that my situation is now so uncertain that I may be called upon in twenty-four hours to go to Flanders, you will not expect long letters, and it would require a large volume, if I were to attempt to enter into the politics of Europe, and the horrors of France which increase daily, and exceed all power of belief."

At the commencement of the following year, Lord Cornwallis was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance with a seat in the Cabinet. This compelled him, much against his natural inclinations, to spend the greater part of the year in London. In April, he wrote to his Indian correspondent, Mr. Barlow, assuring him that although he had little time to devote to Indian affairs, he had not ceased to take a lively interest in them:—"When I left India," he said, "I thought that I should have nothing to do on my return to this country but to look a little to Asiatic affairs, and to call the attention of Ministers to those points which I knew to be of the most pressing and important nature. The critical situation, however, of all Europe, and of our own country in particular, has entirely engrossed my mind, and the doubt whether we could possibly keep England has almost effaced all ideas of improving our Government in India." The following year (1796) still found him writing in the same strain. The critical state of affairs in Europe so occupied the minds of the King's Ministers, that they gave no heed to Indian affairs, and Cornwallis himself felt that he was powerless to interfere to any advantage. But the time was now approaching when there was to be also a "critical state of affairs" in our Indian possessions. The officers of the Bengal army were on the brink of mutiny. They dreaded a serious invasion of their rights, and were banding, or as it was said "conspiring" together to maintain them. There was a scheme of "amalgamation" afloat, the result of which would have been seriously detrimental to the interests of the Company's officers, and they resisted it, in some instances with an amount of vehemence not consistent with military discipline. Indeed, the excitement at one time was so great that a very little would have stirred the smouldering fire into a blaze. The state of affairs was alarming, and the alarm communicated itself to the Government in England. It was plainly necessary to do something. The something to be done took the shape of a peace mission from home. Some high officer of the Government was to go out to India, conciliatory but resolute, with the olive branch in one hand, and the *fasces* of the law in the other. But who was to proceed on this mission? The choice lay between Mr. Dundas, the President of the Board of Control, and Lord Cornwallis, the sometime Governor-General of India; and for awhile the probabilities of selection oscillated between the two. Mr. Dundas was more willing to go than Lord Cornwallis; but the Government, who probably thought also that the latter was the more fitting agent of the two, declared that the services of Dundas could not be spared in that conjuncture at home; so most reluctantly Cornwallis accepted the mission, and forthwith began to make preparations for his voyage to India. "You will no doubt," he wrote from Culford, to a friend in India, on the 31st of January, 1797, "be much astonished at the news of my return to India, but my earnest solicitude for the welfare of my country, and my particular apprehensions lest our Asiatic possessions should either be torn from us, or rendered a useless and unprofitable appendage to the British Empire, have induced me to sacrifice every personal consideration, and to gratify the wishes of Government, and I may venture to say of the public at large, by coming forward again at this late period of my life, to endeavour to restore our affairs in India to the prosperous state in which I left them." And then he proceeded to give precise instructions regarding the domestic arrangements which he desired should be made for his reception.

But this special mission to India belongs only to the "History of Events that never happened." The danger subsided, and with it the alarm. The officers of the Company's army, under sedative assurances, and satisfying concessions, began to return to their allegiance, and it was not necessary to apply the special remedies, of which I have spoken, to a disease which was dying out by itself. Instead of Lord Cornwallis going out to India as Governor-General, with his successor in his train, Lord Mornington was selected to be Governor-General in succession to Sir John Shore. The change delighted Lord Cornwallis. At the call of his king and his country, he was ready to go to India—as he would have gone anywhere, under a strong sense of duty—but he thankfully withdrew from the mission when he was no longer bound by these loyal considerations to undertake it. He had faith in the young statesman who had been selected for office; and he saw him depart with pleasure.

"When the shameful conduct of the Bengal officers," he wrote to Mr. Barlow, in October, "threatened India with immediate ruin, and it was thought that my services might be of consequence, I did not refuse to come forward. The business of my instructions was ill-managed here, and the favourable turn of affairs in Bengal rendered my presence less necessary. It is not wonderful, therefore that I should avail myself of so fair an excuse to decline an arduous task, which from untoward circumstances I should have undertaken with peculiar disadvantage. Lord Mornington, your new Governor-General, is a man of very considerable abilities, and most excellent character. I have known him from his childhood, and have always lived on the most friendly habits with him. He goes out with the best and purest dispositions. He is an enthusiast for the preservation of that plan of government which, without your powerful assistance, could never have been either formed or maintained. His lordship has no private views, nor a wish to do anything but what is for the public good; and I have taken upon myself to answer that you will have no reserve with him, either in regard to men or measures. Having assured you that Lord Mornington thinks exactly as I do both about India and yourself, I have only to add my sincere good wishes for your health and prosperity, and to express my hopes that when our dangers are over, we may meet happily in this country."

And now we come to an epoch in the great and varied career of Lord Cornwallis which, though to the general student of English history more interesting than any other, is the one of which most has been written by others, and of which I am least called upon to write. In a time of the greatest trouble and difficulty he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. He had to combat a great rebellion, and in combating it he was as merciful as he was resolute and courageous. But, with India all this has nothing to do—nor has his later mission to the Continent. One passage of a letter will suffice to illustrate both. From Paris he wrote on the 18th of November, 1801,—"I have been so constantly occupied, and my mind has been so much agitated by the critical state of public affairs, and the very important part which I was obliged to take in the great questions of the Union, and the privileges proposed to be granted to the Catholics of Ireland, that I could attend to no other matters. On my return to England, on the change of administration, where I expected, (after winding up the Irish business, and pacifying those who had claims for services in the Union contest) to retire and enjoy some quiet, I was called upon, in consequence of the serious preparations which the French were making to invade us, to accept the command in the Eastern District, and by the date of this letter, you will see that I have now undertaken to put the finishing hand to the work of peace, which was most ardently desired by the nation, and which appeared to me to be necessary for the preservation of our country. . . The Definitive Treaty will, I hope, be concluded in a few weeks. Bonaparte has, for the present, tranquillised France. The people are kept in excellent order: would to God that the discontented in England could see the *state of liberty* which this country, so much the object of their envy, enjoys. All persons here, speak with horror of the Revolution."

At last it seemed that the long-coveted season of repose was really at hand. The peace of Amiens was concluded; and Lord Cornwallis returned to England, and betook himself to the country;—"For a long time past," he wrote from Brome in September, 1802, "I have been out of the way of knowing what was going forward respecting India, and it was not until Lord Castlereagh called on me last week on his way from Ireland, (by Mr. Dundas's house in Scotland) to London, that I had an idea of the style of letters which have of late been sent by the Court of Directors to Lord Wellesley. I most earnestly hope that matters may be so accommodated as to induce his lordship to continue another year in the Government, which either with a view to its immediate or future effects, I conceive to be of the utmost importance to the interests of the British Empire. . . . I have now retired for ever from all public situation, but my feelings are still alive to the honor and interests of my country, and I shall to the end of my life reflect with the most heartfelt satisfaction, that by adopting and patronising your suggestions, I laid the foundation of a system for the prosperity of our Indian Empire, which has so gloriously flourished, and risen to such height, under the splendid administration of Lord Wellesley."

But, brilliant as were these prospects, the time soon came when the territorial acquisitions of Lord Wellesley alarmed Lord Cornwallis. It seemed to him that our empire was growing too large, and that we should find it difficult to administer its affairs with advantage to so immense a population. On this subject he wrote from Culford, in August, 1804, putting the whole case in a few pregnant sentences; —"By the last accounts from India, affairs appear to be in a most prosperous state. You have dictated the terms of peace, and have obtained every possession in India that could be desired. The question here from many persons is, Have we not too much? But I hardly know, when the power was in our hands, what part of our acquisitions we could prudently have relinquished." He little thought, when he wrote this, that out of the state of things that had then arisen in India, there was growing up that which in a very little time would draw him again from his retirement and compel him to go forth once more with the harness on his back. But so it was. Lord Wellesley had been playing the great game with such success that he had brought our Indian Empire to the very verge of bankruptcy. And the game was not yet played out. What then was to be done? Lord Wellesley was ambitious. Lord Wellesley was insubordinate. The advisers in whom he most trusted counselled him not to throw up the cards. But there was no money even to carry on The Trade; for the war engulfed every rupee. To the Directors in Leadenhall Street the crisis of ruin appeared to be imminent. They stood aghast at the prospect before them. It was necessary to do something—and that speedily. Nothing but a change of government would suffice to meet the difficulties of the case. Orders might be sent to India; but it was one thing to draft instructions, another to secure obedience to them. It had been arranged that Sir George Barlow should succeed Lord Wellesley in the Governor-Generalship. But Barlow was a member of Lord Wellesley's government; and the Court of Directors were, therefore, alarmed at the thought of his succession. The King's Ministers concurred in opinion with the Company that it was desirable to send out an English statesman with no leanings towards the prosecution of the war—a safe man, moderate but resolute, and if clothed with the authority of a great foregone career, so much the better. It was only in the common course of things, that the thoughts of the Government should have turned at once to Lord Cornwallis. There was a difficulty—an emergency—and again they turned to the old quarter for help. What followed may be told in his lordship's own words. Writing from Culford on January 6th, 1805, to Sir George Barlow, he said:—"I can hardly figure to myself the astonishment which you must feel at hearing that I am again returning to the station of Governor-General, and lest you should suppose that I can in the smallest degree have altered my sentiments with regard to yourself, and have ceased to think you capable of discharging the duties of that office to your own credit, and to the honour and advantage of the Company and of your country, I take the earliest opportunity that offers to explain to you in a few words the circumstances which have produced this extraordinary event. You will recollect that in the course of last year I informed you that Lord Wellesley's neglect and contemptuous treatment of the Court of Directors was exceedingly embarrassing to the King's Government at home. A line of conduct on his part somewhat similar has of late extended itself to that very Government, and his Majesty's Ministers have been liable to be called upon to account for measures of great importance, of the causes of which they were totally ignorant, although opportunities had offered for communication. I shall enter no further into these matters, but pass over to what immediately concerns yourself and my appointment. A few weeks ago Lord Castlereagh came down to this place, and after some previous conversation about India, informed me that the dissatisfaction of the Court of Directors with the conduct of Lord W. had risen to such a height, that it was absolutely necessary that he should be desired to leave the Government, that Ministers were very uneasy at the present state of matters, and expressed the earnest wish of his Majesty's confidential servants, that I would for a short time take the direction of affairs in that country. I answered, that I had not been in the habit of refusing my services, whenever they might be thought useful, but that I was too old for such an undertaking, and I felt it to be the more unnecessary, as the person named for the succession to the Government was in my opinion more capable of making a satisfactory arrangement than myself. He then informed me that the appointment of any Company's servant to the Government-General was *at this moment* out of the question; and in the particular case alluded to, it was the more impossible, as the Court of Directors could by no means be brought to consent, to the succession of a member of Lord Wellesley's government. After some discussion upon this subject, I proposed to undertake the present mission, provided that on my leaving the country I could be assured that you were to succeed me. Lord Castlereagh declared that an assurance of that kind was not to be expected, and could only say that my going would open the only chance for your succession. Unemployed as I have long been, and appeared likely to remain, in the line of my profession, and, in its present state, useless to my own family, I have consented to take the rash step of returning to India, by which, if I should ultimately be the means of placing the charge of our Asiatic Empire in your hands, I shall feel that I have rendered an essential service to my country."

Truly was it a hazardous duty, which he had thus undertaken at the age of sixty-five. There was nothing for which he longed more than for rest. He had an ample store of honour; he had an ample store of wealth. It was intended that he should sojourn only for a little while in India, and he could add but little, therefore, to either store. The service, indeed, upon which he was going was an unpopular and a thankless one. He was going upon a service of peace and retrenchment. Many private interests were likely to suffer grievously by the course of severe economy on which he was about to enter; and people, in such a case, rarely discriminate between the authors and the agents of the measures, which injuriously affect them. War is always popular in India; and there was scarcely a man in the two services from the veteran warrior Lake, to the boy-civilian Metcalfe, who did not utterly abhor and vehemently condemn the recreant policy of withdrawing from the contest before the great game had been played out. It is scarcely possible to conceive a mission less attractive than that on which the fine old soldier now set out, leaving behind him all that he held most dear, because he felt that it was his duty to go. It has been said that he "caught with the enthusiasm, which belongs to good and great minds, at the prospect of performing one more important service to his country before he died," and that he "listened with avidity to those, who, desirous of the authority of his great name to their plans, represented to him that his presence alone could save from inevitable ruin the Empire which he had before ruled with so much glory."* But I doubt whether he caught with any enthusiasm or any avidity at the proposal, honourable as it was to him and serviceable as it might be to his country. He did not hesitate to accept the charge entrusted to him. He had never hesitated in his life to do, at any cost to himself, that which he believed his country demanded from him. But he would fain have spent the remaining years of his life in repose. It was not enthusiasm or ambition that stirred him, but an irresistible sense of self-denying Duty.

But he soon found that the task which he had set himself was one beyond his powers adequately to perform. The hardships of life on board ship tried him severely. He would not suffer any distinctions, with respect to food and water, to be made in his favour, and the vessel was inadequately supplied with both. The discomforts to which he was subjected might have been nothing to a young man in robust health, but they aggravated the growing infirmities of age, and he arrived in Calcutta in very feeble health. He found things there even in a worse state than he had anticipated. Assuming the reins of government on the 30th of July, 1805, he began at once to perform the ungrateful work which had been assigned to him. "Finding," he wrote two days afterwards, "to my great concern, that we are still at war with Holkar, and that we can hardly be said to be at peace with Scindiah, I have determined to proceed immediately to the Upper Provinces, that I may be at hand to avail myself of the interval which the present rainy season must occasion in the military operations to endeavour, if it can be done, without a sacrifice of our honours, to terminate by negotiation a contest, in which the most brilliant success can afford us no solid benefit, and which, if it should continue, must involve us in pecuniary difficulties, which we shall hardly be able to surmount." At this time Lord Wellesley was in Calcutta; and it devolved upon Sir George Barlow to bridge over the gulf which lay between the old policy and the new, so as to mitigate as much as possible the evils of an abrupt and violent transition, to make the new ruler thoroughly understand the measures of the old, and to reconcile the old to the measures of the new. In this he succeeded with wonderful address. The fact is, that Lord Wellesley had already begun to see plainly that it was wholly impossible to play the great game any longer with an exhausted treasury and with our credit at the lowest ebb.

Attended by some of the chief officers of the Secretariat, and by the members of his own personal staff, Lord Cornwallis embarked on board his state-pinnace and proceeded up the river. But it was very soon apparent that he was breaking down. Day by day, the executive officers who attended him, saw that he was growing more feeble, and that sustained labour was becoming a greater difficulty and a greater pain. There were times when he could converse clearly and forcibly on the state of public affairs, and communicate to his chief secretary, Mr. Edmonstone, the instructions which he wished to be conveyed to the leading functionaries, civil and military, in different parts of the country; but at others, he was wholly incapable of holding the helm, and the orders, which went forth in his name, though based upon the sentiments which he had been able to express at intervals, were never supervised by him. After a few weeks, as they passed up the river, it became only too painfully apparent that the hand of death was upon the brave old man. He made great efforts to overcome his weakness. But the frail flesh succumbed; and, after lying for a while, insensible of all that was going on around him, he died at Ghazepore on the 5th of October, 1805, and was buried there without even a chaplain to perform the funeral service over his remains.

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* Sir John Malcolm.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW HEREWARD FULFILLED HIS WORDS TO THE PRIOR OF THE GOLDEN BOROUGH.

In the course of that winter died good Abbot Brand. Hereward went over to see him, and found him mumbling to himself texts of Isaiah, and confessing the sins of his people.

"'Woe to the vineyard that bringeth forth wild grapes. Woe to those that join house to house, and field to field,'—like us, and the Godwinssons, and every man that could—till we 'stood alone in the land.' 'Many houses, great and fair, shall be without inhabitants.'—It is all foretold in Holy Writ, Hereward, my son. 'Woe to those who rise early to fill themselves with strong drink, and the tabret and harp are in their feasts: but they regard not the works of the Lord.' 'Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge.' Ah—those Frenchmen have knowledge, and too much of it: while we have brains filled with ale instead of justice. 'Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure,'——and all go down into it, one by one. And dost thou think thou shalt escape, Hereward, thou stout-hearted?"

"I neither know nor care: but this I know, that whithersoever I go, I shall go sword in hand."

"'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword,'" said Brand, and blessed Hereward, and died.

A week after came news that Thorold of Malmesbury was coming to take the abbey of Peterborough, and had got as far as Stamford, with a right royal train.

Then Hereward sent Abbot Thorold word, that if he, or his Frenchmen, put foot into Peterborough, he Hereward would burn it over their heads. And that if he rode a mile beyond Stamford town, he should walk back into it barefoot in his shirt.

Whereon Thorold abode at Stamford, and kept up his spirits by singing the songs of Roland—which some say he himself composed.

A week after that, and the Danes were come.

A mighty fleet, with Sweyn Ulfsson at their head, went up the Ouse toward Ely. Another, with Osbiorn at their head, having joined them off the mouth of the Humber, sailed (it seems) up the Nene. All the chivalry of Denmark and Ireland was come. And with it, all the chivalry, and the unchivalry, of the Baltic shores. Vikings from Jomsburg and Arkona, Gottlanders from Wisby; and with them savages from Esthonia, Finns from Äland, Letts who still offered, in the forests of Rugen, human victims to the four-headed Swantowit—foul hordes in sheep-skins and primæval filth, who might have been scented from Hunstanton Cliff ever since their ships had rounded the Skaw.

Hereward hurried to them with all his men. He was anxious, of course, to prevent their plundering the landsfolk as they went—and that the savages from the Baltic shore would certainly do, if they could, however reasonable the Danes, Orkneymen, and Irish Ostmen might be.

Food, of course, they must take where they could find it; but outrages were not a necessary, though a too common, adjunct to the process of emptying a farmer's granaries.

He found the Danes in a dangerous mood, sulky, and disgusted, as they had good right to be. They had gone to the Humber, and found nothing but ruin; the land waste; the French holding both the shores of the Humber; and Osbiorn cowering in Humber-mouth, hardly able to feed his men. They had come to conquer England, and nothing was left for them to conquer, but a few peat-bogs. Then they would have what there was in them. Every one knew that gold grew up in England out of the ground, wherever a monk put his foot. And they would plunder Crowland. Their forefathers had done it, and had fared none the worse. English gold they would have, if they could not get fat English manors.

"No! not Crowland!" said Hereward; "any place but Crowland, endowed and honoured by Canute the Great,—Crowland, whose abbot was a Danish nobleman, whose monks were Danes to a man, of their own flesh and blood. Canute's soul would rise up in Valhalla and curse them, if they took the value of a penny from St. Guthlac. St. Guthlac was their good friend. He would send them bread, meat, ale, all they needed. But woe to the man who set foot upon his ground."

Hereward sent off messengers to Crowland, warning all to be ready to escape into the fens; and entreating Ulfketyl to empty his storehouses into his barges, and send food to the Danes, ere a day was past. And Ulfketyl worked hard and well, till a string of barges wound its way through the fens, laden with beeves and bread, and ale-barrels in plenty, and with monks too, who welcomed the Danes as their brethren, talked to them in their own tongue, blessed them in St. Guthlac's name as the saviours of England, and went home again, chanting so sweetly their thanks to Heaven for their safety, that the wild Vikings were awed, and agreed that St. Guthlac's men were wise folk and open-hearted, and that it was a shame to do them harm.

But plunder they must have.

"And plunder you shall have!" said Hereward, as a sudden thought struck him. "I will show you the way to the Golden Borough—the richest minster in England; and all the treasures of the Golden Borough shall be yours, if you will treat Englishmen as friends, and spare the people of the fens."

It was a great crime in the eyes of men of that time. A great crime, taken simply, in Hereward's own eyes. But necessity knows no law. Something the Danes must have, and ought to have; and St. Peter's gold was better in their purses, than in that of Thorold and his French monks.

So he led them across the fens and side rivers, till they came into the old Nene, which men call Catwater and Muscal now.

As he passed Nomanslandhirne, and the mouth of the Crowland river, he trembled, and trusted that the Danes did not know that they were within three miles of St. Guthlac's sanctuary. But they went on ignorant, and up the Muscal till they saw St. Peter's towers on the wooded rise, and behind them the great forest which now is Milton Park.

There were two parties in Peterborough minster; a smaller faction of stout-hearted English, a larger one who favoured William and the French customs, with Prior Herluin at their head. Herluin wanted not for foresight, and he knew that evil was coming on him. He knew that the Danes were in the fen. He knew that Hereward was with them. He knew that they had come to Crowland. Hereward could never mean to let them sack it. Peterborough must be their point. And Herluin set his teeth, like a bold man determined to abide the worst, and barred and barricaded every gate and door.

That night a hapless churchwarden, Ywar was his name, might have been seen galloping through Milton and Castor Hanglands, and on by Barnack quarries over Southorpe heath, with saddlebags of huge size stuffed with 'gospels, mass-robes, cassocks, and other garments, and such other small things as he could carry away.' And he came before day to Stamford, where Abbot Thorold lay at his ease in his inn with his hommes d'armes asleep in the hall.

And the churchwarden knocked them up, and drew Abbot Thorold's curtains with a face such as his who

> "drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
> And would have told him, half his Troy was burned;"

and told Abbot Thorold that the monks of Peterborough had sent him; and that unless he saddled and rode his best that night, with his meinie of men-at-arms, his Golden Borough would be even as Troy town by morning light.

"A moi hommes d'armes!" shouted Thorold, as he used to shout whenever he wanted to scourge his wretched English monks at Malmesbury into some French fashion.

The men leaped up, and poured in, growling.

"Take me this monk, and kick him into the street for waking me with such news."

"But, gracious lord, the outlaws will surely burn Peterborough; and folks said that you were a mighty man of war."

"So I am; but if I were Roland, Oliver, and Turpin rolled into one, how am I to fight Hereward and the Danes with forty men-at-arms? Answer me that, thou dunder-headed English porker. Kick him out."

And Ywar was kicked into the cold, while Thorold raged up and down his chamber in mantle and slippers, wringing his hands over the treasure of the Golden Borough, snatched from his fingers just as he was closing them upon it.

That night the monks of Peterborough prayed in the minster till the long hours passed into the short. The poor corrodiers, and other servants of the monastery, fled from the town outside into the Milton woods. The monks prayed on inside till an hour after matin. When the first flush of the summer's dawn began to show in the north-eastern sky, they heard mingling with their own chant, another chant, which Peterborough had not heard since it was Medehampstead, three hundred years ago;—the terrible Yuch-hey-saa-saa-saa—the war-song of the Vikings of the north.

Their chant stopped of itself. With blanched faces and trembling knees, they fled, regardless of all discipline, up into the minster tower, and from the leads looked out northeastward on the fen.

The first rays of the summer sun were just streaming over the vast sheet of emerald, and glittering upon the winding river; and on a winding line, too, seemingly endless, of scarlet coats and shields, black hulls, gilded poops and vanes and beak-heads, and the flash and foam of innumerable oars.

And nearer and louder came the oar-roll, like thunder working up from the northeast; and mingled with it, that grim yet laughing Heysaa which bespoke in its very note the revelry of slaughter.

The ships had all their sails on deck. But as they came nearer, the monks could see the banners of the two foremost vessels.

The one was the red and white of the terrible Dannebrog. The other, the scarcely less terrible white bear of Hereward.

"He will burn the minster! He has vowed to do it. As a child he vowed, and he must do it. In this very minster the fiend entered into him and possessed him; and to this minster has the fiend brought him back to do his will. Satan, my brethren, having a special spite (as must needs be) against St. Peter, rock and pillar of the Holy Church, chose out and inspired this man, even from his mother's womb, that he might be the foe and robber of St. Peter, and the hater of all who, like my humility, honour him, and strive to bring this English land into due obedience to that blessed Apostle. Bring forth the relics, my brethren. Bring forth, above all things, those filings of St. Peter's own chains, the special glory of our monastery—and perhaps its safeguard this day."

Some such bombast would any monk of those days have talked in like case. And yet, so strange a thing is man, he might have been withal, like Herluin, a shrewd and valiant man.

They brought out all the relics. They brought out the filings themselves, in a box of gold. They held them out over the walls at the ships, and called on all the saints to whom they belonged. But they stopped that line of scarlet, black, and gold, as much as their spiritual descendants stop the lava-stream of Vesuvius, when they hold out similar matters at them, with a hope unchanged by the experience of eight hundred years. The Heysaa rose louder and nearer. The Danes were coming. And they came.

And all the while a thousand skylarks rose from off the fen, and chanted their own chant aloft, as if appealing to heaven against that which man's greed, and man's rage, and man's superstition, had made of this fair earth of God.

The relics had been brought out: but, as they would not work, the only thing to be done was to put them back again and hide them safe, lest they should bow down like Bel and stoop like Nebo, and be carried, like them, into captivity themselves, being worth a very large sum of money in the eyes of the more Christian part of the Danish host.

Then to hide the treasures as well as they could; which (says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle) they hid somewhere in the steeple.

The Danes were landing now. The shout which they gave as they leaped on shore made the hearts of the poor monks sink low. Would they be murdered, as well as robbed? Perhaps not—probably not. Hereward would see to that. And some wanted to capitulate.

Herluin would not hear of it. They were safe enough. St. Peter's relic might not have worked a miracle on the spot: but it must have done something. St. Peter had been appealed to on his honour, and on his honour he must surely take the matter up. At all events, the walls and gates were strong, and the Danes had no artillery. Let them howl and rage round the holy place, till Abbot Thorold and the Frenchmen of the country rose and drove them to their ships.

In that last thought the cunning Norman was not so far wrong. The Danes pushed up through the little town, and to the minster gates: but entrance was impossible; and they prowled round and round like raging wolves about a winter steading: but found no crack of entry.

Prior Herluin grew bold; and coming to the leads of the gateway tower, looked over cautiously, and holding up a certain most sacred emblem—not to be profaned in these pages—cursed them in the name of his whole Pantheon.

"Aha, Herluin? Are you there?" asked a short square man in gay armour. "Have you forgotten the peatstack outside Bolldyke Gate, and how you bade light it under me thirty years since?"

"Thou art Winter?" and the Prior uttered what would be considered from any but a churchman's lips a blasphemous and bloodthirsty curse; but which was, as their writings sufficiently testify, merely one of the lawful weapons or "arts" of those Christians who were "forbidden to fight"—the other weapon, or art, being that of lying.

"Aha? That goes like rain off a duck's back to one who has been a minster scholar in his time. You! Danes! Ostmen! down! If you shoot at that man, I'll cut your heads off. He is the oldest foe I have in the world, and the only one who ever hit me without my hitting him again; and nobody shall touch him but me. So down bows, I say."

The Danes—humorous all of them—saw that there was a jest toward, and perhaps some earnest too, and joined in jeering the Prior.

Herluin had ducked his head behind the parapet; not from cowardice, but simply because he had on no mail, and might be shot any moment. But when he heard Winter forbid them to touch him, he lifted up his head, and gave his old pupil as good as he brought.

With his sharp swift Norman priest's tongue he sneered, he jeered, he scolded, he argued; and then threatened, suddenly changing his tone, in words of real eloquence. He appealed to the superstitions of his hearers. He threatened them with supernatural vengeance.

Some of them began to slink away frightened. St. Peter was an ill man to have a blood feud with.

Winter stood, laughing and jeering again, for full ten minutes. At last—"I asked, and you have not answered: have you forgotten the peatstack outside Bolldyke Gate? For if you have, Hereward has not. He has piled it against the gate, and it should be burnt through by this time. Go and see."

Herluin disappeared with a curse.

"Now, you seacocks," said Winter, springing up. "We'll to the Bolldyke Gate, and all start fair."

The Bolldyke Gate was on fire; and more, so were the suburbs. There was no time to save them, as Hereward would gladly have done, for the sake of the poor corrodiers. They must go:—on to the Bolldyke Gate. Who cared to put out flames behind him, with all the treasures of Golden Borough before him? In a few minutes all the town was alight. In a few minutes more, the monastery likewise.

A fire is detestable enough at all times, but most detestable by day. At night it is customary, a work of darkness which lights up the dark, picturesque, magnificent, with a fitness Tartarean and diabolic. But under a glaring sun, amid green fields and blue skies, all its wickedness is revealed without its beauty. You see its works, and little more. The flame is hardly noticed. All that is seen is a canker eating up God's works, cracking the bones of its prey—for that horrible cracking is uglier than all stage-scene glares—cruelly and shamelessly under the very eye of the great, honest, kindly sun.

And that felt Hereward, as he saw Peterborough burn. He could not put his thoughts into words, as men of this day can: so much the better for him, perhaps. But he felt all the more intensely—as did men of his day—the things he could not speak. All he said was, aside to Winter—

"It is a dark job. I wish it had been done in the dark." And Winter knew what he meant.

Then the men rushed into the Bolldyke Gate, while Hereward and Winter stood and looked with their men, whom they kept close together, waiting their commands. The Danes and their allies cared not for the great glowing heap of peat. They cared not for each other, hardly for themselves. They rushed into the gap; they thrust the glowing heap inward through the gateway with their lances; they thrust each other down into it, and trampled over them to fall themselves, rising scorched and withered, and yet struggling on toward the gold of the Golden Borough. One savage Lett caught another round the waist, and hurled him bodily into the fire, crying in his wild tongue—

"You will make a good stepping-stone for me."

"That is not fair," quoth Hereward, and clove him to the chine.

It was wild work. But the Golden Borough was won.

"We must in now and save the monks," said Hereward, and dashed over the embers.

He was only just in time. In the midst of the great court were all the monks, huddled together like a flock of sheep, some kneeling, most weeping bitterly, after the fashion of monks.

Only Herluin stood in front of them, at bay, a lofty crucifix in his hand. He had no mind to weep. But with a face of calm and bitter wrath, he preferred words of peace and entreaty. They were what the time needed. Therefore they should be given. To-morrow he would write to Bishop Egelsine, to excommunicate with bell, book, and candle, to the lowest pit of Tartarus, all who had done the deed.

But to-day he spoke them fair. However, his fair speeches profited little, not being understood by a horde of Letts and Finns, who howled and bayed at him, and tried to tear the crucifix from his hands: but feared "the white Christ."

They were already gaining courage from their own yells; in a moment more blood would have been shed, and then a general massacre must have ensued.

Hereward saw it, and shouting "After me, Hereward's men! a bear! a bear!" swung Letts and Finns right and left like cornsheaves, and stood face to face with Herluin.

An angry Finn smote him on the hind head full with a stone axe. He staggered, and then looked round and laughed.

"Fool! hast thou not heard that Hereward's armour was forged by dwarfs in the mountain-bowels? Off, and hunt for gold, or it will be all gone."

The Finn, who was astonished at getting no more from his blow than a few sparks, and expected instant death in return, took the hint and vanished jabbering, as did his fellows.

"Now, Herluin the Frenchman!" said Hereward.

"Now, Hereward the robber of saints!" said Herluin.

It was a fine sight. The soldier and the churchman, the Englishman and the Frenchman, the man of the then world, and the man of the then Church, pitted fairly, face to face.

Hereward tried for one moment to stare down Herluin. But those terrible eye-glances, before which Vikings had quailed, turned off harmless from the more terrible glance of the man who believed himself backed by the Maker of the universe, and all the hierarchy of heaven.

A sharp, unlovely face it was; though, like many a great churchman's face of those days, it was neither thin nor haggard: but rather round, sleek, of a puffy and unwholesome paleness. But there was a thin lip above a broad square jaw, which showed that Herluin was neither fool nor coward.

"A robber and a child of Belial thou hast been from thy cradle; and a robber and a child of Belial thou art now. Dare thy last iniquity, and slay the servants of St. Peter on St. Peter's altar, with thy worthy comrades, the heathen Saracens,* and set up Mahound with them in the holy place."

Hereward laughed so jolly a laugh, that the prior was taken aback.

"Slay St. Peter's rats? I kill men, not monks. There shall not a hair of your head be touched. Here! Hereward's men! march these traitors and their French prior safe out of the walls, and into Milton Woods, to look after their poor corrodiers, and comfort their souls, after they have ruined their bodies by their treason!"

"Out of this place I stir not. Here I am; and here I will live or die, as St. Peter shall send aid."

But as he spoke, he was precipitated rudely forward, and hurried almost into Hereward's arms. The whole body of monks, when they heard Hereward's words, cared to hear no more, but desperate between fear and joy, rushed forward, bearing away their prior in the midst.

"So go the rats out of Peterborough, and so is my dream fulfilled. Now for the treasure, and then to Ely."

But Herluin burst himself clear of the frantic mob of monks, and turned back on Hereward.

"Thou wast dubbed knight in that church!"

"I know it, man, and that church and the relics of the saints in it are safe therefore. Hereward gives his word."

"That—but not that only, if thou art a true knight, as thou holdest, Englishman."

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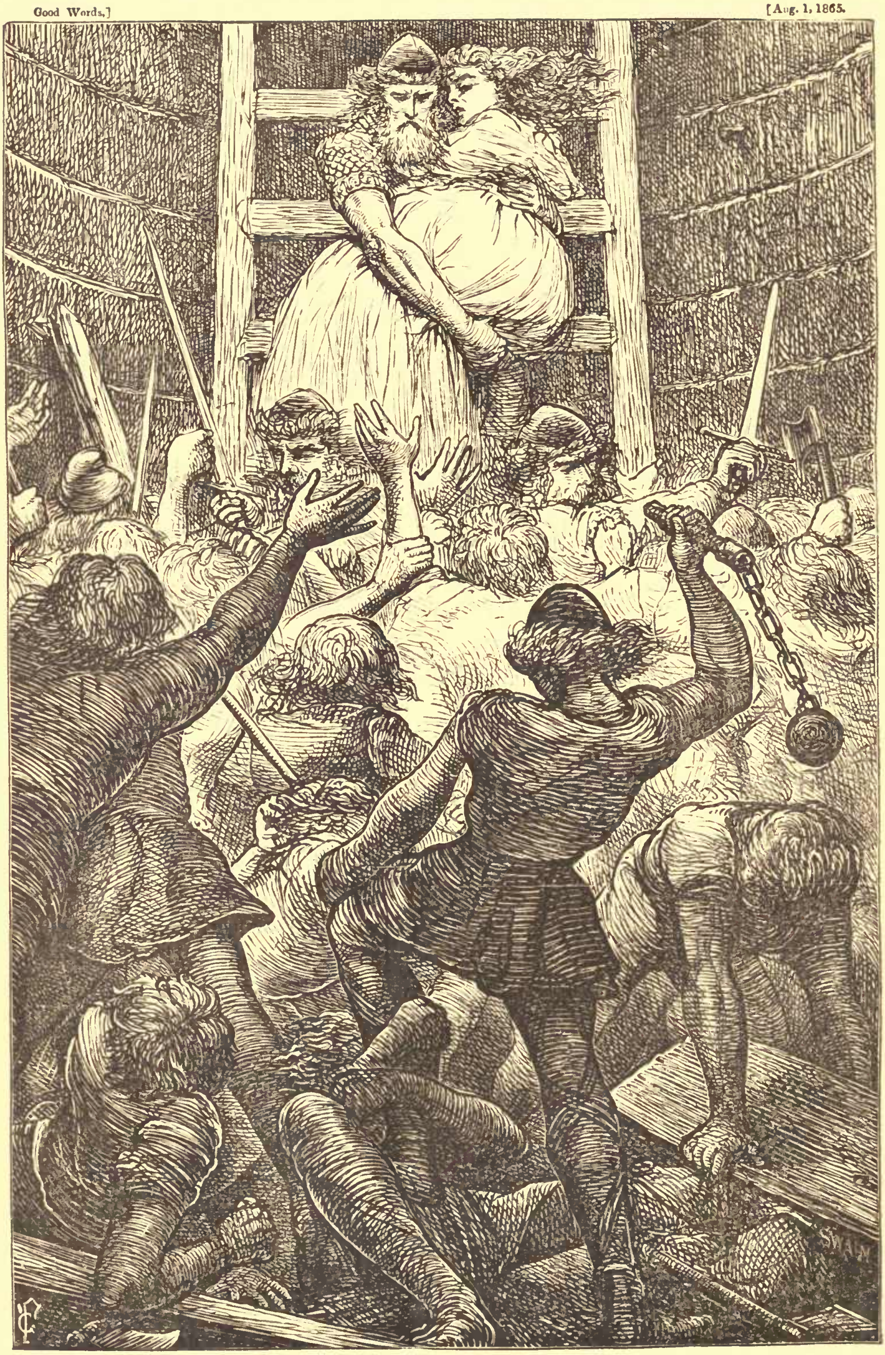
* The Danes were continually mistaken by Norman churchmen for Saracens, and the Saracens considered to be idolators. A maumeet, or idol, means a Mahomet.



"HE CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS, AND HURRIED DOWN THE STAIR."

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Hereward growled savagely, and made an ugly step toward Herluin. That was a point which he would not have questioned.

"Then behave as a knight, and save, save,"—as the monks dragged him away,—"save the hospice! There are women—ladies there!" shouted he, as he was borne off.

They never met again on earth: but both comforted themselves in after years, that two old enemies' last deed in common had been one of mercy.

Hereward uttered a cry of horror. If the wild Letts, even the Jomsburgers, had got in, all was lost. He rushed to the door. It was not yet burst: but a bench, swung by strong arms, was battering it in fast.

"Winter! Geri! Siwards! To me, Hereward's men! Stand back, fellows. Here are friends here inside. If you do not, I'll cut you down."

But in vain. The door was burst, and in poured the savage mob. Hereward, unable to stop them, headed them, or pretended to do so, with five or six of his own men round him, and went into the hall.

On the rushes lay some half-dozen grooms. They were butchered instantly, simply because they were there. Hereward saw: but could not prevent. He ran as hard as he could to the foot of the wooden stair which led to the upper floor.

"Guard the stair-foot, Winter!" and he ran up.

Two women cowered upon the floor, shrieking and praying with hands clasped over their heads. He saw that the arms of one of them were of the most exquisite whiteness, and judging her to be the lady, bent over her. "Lady! you are safe. I will protect you. I am Hereward."

She sprang up, and threw herself with a scream into his arms.

"Hereward! Hereward! Save me. I am——"

"Alftruda!" said Hereward.

It was Alftruda; if possible more beautiful than ever.

"I have got you!" she cried. "I am safe now. Take me away—Out of this horrible place—Take me into the woods—Anywhere. Only do not let me be burnt here—stifled like a rat. Give me air! Give me water!" And she clung to him so madly, that Hereward, as he held her in his arms, and gazed on her extraordinary beauty, forgot Torfrida for the second time.

But there was no time to indulge in evil thoughts, even had any crossed his mind. He caught her in his arms, and commanding the maid to follow, hurried down the stair.

Winter and the Siwards were defending the foot with swinging blades. The savages were howling round like curs about a bull; and when Hereward appeared above with the women, there was a loud yell of rage and envy.

He should not have the women to himself—They would share the plunder equally—was shouted in half-a-dozen barbarous dialects.

"Have you left any valuables in the chamber?" whispered he to Alftruda.

"Yes, jewels—robes—Let them have all, only save me!"

"Let me pass!" roared Hereward. "There is rich booty in the room above, and you may have it as these ladies' ransom. Them you do not touch. Back, I say, let me pass!"

And he rushed forward. Winter and the house-carles formed round him and the women, and hurried down the hall, while the savages hurried up the ladder, to quarrel over their spoil.

They were out in the court yard, and safe for the moment. But whither should he take her?

"To Earl Osbiorn," said one of the Siwards. But how to find him?

"There is Bishop Christiern!" And the bishop was caught and stopped.

"This is an evil day's work, Sir Hereward."

"Then help to mend it by taking care of these ladies, like a man of God." And he explained the case.

"You may come safely with me, my poor lambs," said the Bishop. "I am glad to find something to do fit for a churchman. To me, my house-carles."

But they were all off plundering.

"We will stand by you and the ladies, and see you safe down to the ships," said Winter, and so they went off.

Hereward would gladly have gone with them, as Alftruda piteously entreated him. But he heard his name called on every side in angry tones.

"Who wants Hereward?"

"Earl Osbiorn—Here he is."

"Those scoundrel monks have hidden all the altar furniture. If you wish to save them from being tortured to death, you had best find it."

Hereward ran with him into the Cathedral. It was a hideous sight; torn books and vestments, broken tabernacle-work; foul savages swarming in and out of every dark aisle and cloister, like wolves in search of prey; five or six ruffians aloft upon the rood-screen; one tearing the golden crown from the head of the crucifix, another the golden footstool from its feet.*

As Hereward came up, crucifix and man fell together, crashing upon the pavement, amid shouts of brutal laughter.

He hurried past them, shuddering, into the choir. The altar was bare, the golden pallium which covered it, gone.

"It may be in the crypt below. I suppose the monks keep their relics there," said Osbiorn.

"No! Not there. Do not touch the relics! Would you have the curse of all the saints? Stay! I know an old hiding place. It may be there. Up into the steeple with me."

And in a chamber in the steeple they found the golden pall, and treasures countless and wonderful.

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* The crucifix was probably of the Greek pattern, in which the figure stood upon a flat slab, projecting from the cross.

"We had better keep the knowledge of this to ourselves awhile," said Earl Osbiorn, looking with greedy eyes on a heap of wealth such as he had never beheld before.

"Not we! Hereward is a man of his word, and we will share and share alike." And he turned and went down the narrow winding stair.

Earl Osbiorn gave one look at his turned back: an evil spirit of covetousness came over him; and he smote Hereward full and strong upon the hindhead.

The sword turned upon the magic helm, and the sparks flashed out bright and wide.

Earl Osbiorn shrunk back, appalled and trembling.

"Aha?" said Hereward without looking round. "I never thought there would be loose stones in the roof. Here! Up here, Vikings, Berserker, and seacocks all! Here, Jutlanders, Jomsburgers, Letts, Finns, witches' sons and devils' sons all! Here!" cried he, while Osbiorn profited by that moment to thrust an especially brilliant jewel into his boot. "Here is gold, here is the dwarf's work! Come up and take your Polotaswarf! You would not get a richer out of the Kaiser's treasury. Here, wolves and ravens, eat gold, drink gold, roll in gold, and know that Hereward is a man of his word, and pays his soldiers' wages royally!"

They rushed up the narrow stair, trampling each other to death, and thrust Hereward and the Earl, choking, into a corner. The room was so full for a few moments, that some died in it. Hereward and Osbiorn, protected by their strong armour, forced their way to the narrow window, and breathed through it, looking out upon the sea of flame below.

"That was an unlucky blow," said Hereward, "that fell upon my head."

"Very unlucky. I saw it coming, but had no time to warn you. Why do you hold my wrist?"

"Men's daggers are apt to get loose at such times as these."

"What do you mean?" and Earl Osbiorn went from him, and into the now thinning press. Soon only a few remained, to search, by the glare of the flames, for what their fellows might have overlooked.

"Now the play is played out," said Hereward, "we may as well go down, and to our ships."

Some drunken ruffians would have burnt the church for mere mischief. But Osbiorn, as well as Hereward, stopped that. And gradually they got the men down to the ships; some drunk, some struggling under plunder; some cursing and quarrelling because nothing had fallen to their lot. It was a hideous scene; but one to which Hereward, as well as Osbiorn, was too well accustomed to see aught in it save an hour's inevitable trouble in getting the men on board.

The monks had all fled. Only Leofwin the long was left, and he lay sick in the infirmary. Whether he was burned therein, or saved by Hereward's men, is not told.

And so was the Golden Borough sacked and burnt. Now then, whither?

The Danes were to go to Ely, and join the army there. Hereward would march on to Stamford; secure that town if he could; then to Huntingdon, to secure it likewise; and on to Ely afterwards.

"You will not leave me among these savages?" said Alftruda.

"Heaven forbid! You shall come with me as far as Stamford, and then I will set you on your way."

"My way?" said Alftruda, in a bitter and hopeless tone.

Hereward mounted her on a good horse, and rode beside her, looking—and he well knew it—a very perfect knight. Soon they began to talk. What had brought Alftruda to Peterborough, of all places on earth?

"A woman's fortune. Because I am rich—and some say fair—I am a puppet, and a slave, a prey. I was going back to my—to Dolfin."

"Have you been away from him, then?"

"What? Do you not know?"

"How should I know, lady?"

"Yes, most true. How should Hereward know anything about Alftruda? But I will tell you. Maybe you may not care to hear?"

"About you? Anything. I have often longed to know how—what you were doing."

"Is it possible? Is there one human being left on earth who cares to hear about Alftruda? Then listen. You know when Gospatric fled to Scotland his sons went with him. Young Gospatric, Waltheof,* and he—Dolfin. Ethelreda, his girl, went too—and she is to marry, they say, Duncan, Malcolm's eldest son by Ingebiorg. So Gospatric will find himself, some day, father-in-law of the King of Scots."

"I will warrant him to find his nest well lined, wherever he be. But of yourself?"

"I refused to go. I could not face again that bleak black North. Beside—but that is no concern of Hereward's——"

Hereward was on the point of saying, "Can anything concern you, and not be interesting to me?"

But she went on:

"I refused, and——"

"And he misused you?" asked he fiercely.

"Better if he had. Better if he had tied me to his stirrup, and scourged me along into Scotland, than have left me to new dangers, and to old temptations."

"What temptations?"

Alftruda did not answer: but went on—

"He told me in his lofty Scots' fashion, that I was free to do what I list. That he had long since seen that I cared not for him; and that he would find many a fairer lady in his own land."

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* This Waltheof Gospatricsson must not be confounded with Waltheof Siwardsson, the young Earl. He became a wild border chieftain, then Baron of Atterdale, and then gave Atterdale to his sister Queen Ethelreda, and turned monk, and at last Abbot, of Crowland: crawling home, poor fellow, like many another, to die in peace in the sanctuary of the Danes.

"There he lied. So you did not care for him? He is a noble knight."

"What is that to me? Women's hearts are not to be bought and sold with their bodies, as I was sold. Care for him? I care for no creature upon earth. Once I cared for Hereward, like a silly child. Now I care not even for him."

Hereward was sorry to hear that. Men are vainer than women: just as peacocks are vainer than peahens; and Hereward was—alas for him!—a specially vain man. Of course, for him to fall in love with Alftruda, would have been a shameful sin; he would not have committed it for all the treasures of Constantinople: but it was a not unpleasant thought that Alftruda should fall in love with him. But he only said, tenderly and courteously—

"Alas! poor lady!"

"Poor lady. Too true, that last. For whither am I going now? Back to that man once more."

"To Dolfin?"

"To my master, like a runaway slave. I went down South to Queen Matilda. I knew her well, and she was kind to me, as she is to all things that breathe. But now that Gospatric is come into the King's grace again, and has bought the earldom of Northumbria, from Tweed to Tyne——"

"Bought the earldom?"

"That has he; and paid for it right heavily."

"Traitor and fool! He will not keep it seven years. The Frenchman will pick a quarrel with him, and cheat him out of earldom and money too."

The which William did, within three years.

"May it be so! But when he came into the King's grace, he must needs demand me back, in his son's name."

"What does Dolfin want with you?"

"His father wants my money; and stipulated for it with the King. And beside, I suppose I am a pretty plaything enough still."

"You? You are divine, perfect. Dolfin is right. How could a man who had once enjoyed you, live without you?"

Alftruda laughed, a laugh full of meaning: but what that meaning was, Hereward could not divine.

"So now," she said, "what Hereward has to do, as a true and courteous knight, is to give Alftruda safe conduct, and, if he can, a guard; and to deliver her up loyally and knightly to his old friend and fellow-warrior, Dolfin Gospatricsson, Earl of whatever he can lay hold of for the current month."

"Are you in earnest?"

Alftruda laughed one of her strange laughs, looking straight before her. Indeed, she had never looked Hereward in the face during the whole ride.

"What are those open holes? Graves?"

"They are Barnack stone quarries, which Alfgar my brother gave to Crowland."

"So? That is pity. I thought they had been graves; and then you might have covered me up in one of them, and left me to sleep in peace."

"What can I do for you, Alftruda, my old playfellow; Alftruda, whom I saved from the bear?"

"If she had foreseen the second monster into whose jaws she was to fall, she would have prayed you to hold that terrible hand of yours, which never since, men say, has struck without victory and renown. You won your first honour for my sake. But who am I now, that you should turn out of your glorious path for me?"

"I will do anything—anything. But why miscall this noble prince a monster?"

"If he were fairer than St. John, more wise than Solomon, and more valiant than King William, he is to me a monster; for I loathe him, and I know not why. But do your duty as a knight, sir. Convey the lawful wife to her lawful spouse."

"What cares an outlaw for law, in a land where law is dead and gone? I will do what I—what you like. Come with me to Torfrida at Bourne; and let me see the man who dares try to take you out of my hand."

Alftruda laughed again.

"No, no. I should interrupt the little doves in their nest. Beside, the billing and cooing might make me envious. And I, alas! who carry misery with me round the land, might make your Torfrida jealous."

Hereward was of the same opinion, and rode silent and thoughtful through the great woods which are now the noble park of Burghley.

"I have found it!" said he at last. "Why not go to Gilbert of Ghent, at Lincoln?"

"Gilbert? Why should he befriend me?"

"He will do that, or anything else, which is for his own profit."

"Profit? All the world seems determined to make profit out of me. I presume you would, if I had come with you to Bourne."

"I do not doubt it. This is a very wild sea to swim in; and a man must be forgiven, if he catches at every bit of drift timber."

"Selfishness, selfishness everywhere;—and I suppose you expect to gain by sending me to Gilbert of Ghent?"

"I shall gain nothing, Alftruda, save the thought that you are not so far from me—from us—but that we can hear of you—send succour to you if you need."

Alftruda was silent. At last—

"And you think that Gilbert would not be afraid of angering the king?"

"He would not anger the king. Gilbert's friendship is more important to William, at this moment, than that of a dozen Gospatrics. He holds Lincoln town, and with it the key of Waltheof's earldom: and things may happen, Alftruda—I tell you; but if you tell Gilbert, may Hereward's curse be on you!"

"Not that! Any man's curse save yours!" said she in so passionate a voice that a thrill of fire ran through Hereward. And he recollected her scoff at Bruges—"So he could not wait for me?" And a storm of evil thoughts swept through him. "Would to heaven!" said he to himself, crushing them gallantly down, "I had never thought of Lincoln. But there is no other plan."

But he did not tell Alftruda, as he meant to do, that she might see him soon in Lincoln Castle as its conqueror and lord. He half hoped that when that day came, Alftruda might be somewhere else.

"Gilbert can say," he went on, steadying himself again, "that you feared to go north on account of the disturbed state of the country; and that, as you had given yourself up to him of your own accord, he thought it wisest to detain you, as a hostage for Dolfin's allegiance."

"He shall say so. I will make him say so."

"So be it. Now, here we are at Stamford town; and I must to my trade. Do you like to see fighting, Alftruda—the man's game, the royal game, the only game worth a thought on earth? For you are like to see a little in the next ten minutes."

"I should like to see you fight. They tell me none is so swift and terrible in the battle as Hereward. How can you be otherwise, who slew the bear—when we were two happy children together? But shall I be safe?"

"Safe? of course," said Hereward, who longed, peacock-like, to show off his prowess before a lady who was—there was no denying it—far more beautiful than even Torfrida.

But he had no opportunity to show off his prowess. For as he galloped in over Stamford Bridge, Abbot Thorold galloped out at the opposite end of the town through Casterton, and up the Roman road to Grantham.

After whom Hereward sent Alftruda (for he heard that Thorold was going to Gilbert at Lincoln) with a guard of knights, bidding them do him no harm, but say that Hereward knew him to be a *preux chevalier* and lover of fair ladies; that he had sent him a right fair one to bear him company to Lincoln, and hoped that he would sing to her on the way the song of Roland.

And Alftruda, who knew Thorold, went willingly, since it could no better be.

After which, according to Gaimar, Hereward tarried three days at Stamford, laying a heavy tribute on the burgesses for harbouring Thorold and his Normans; and also surprised at a drinking-bout a certain special enemy of his, and chased him from room to room sword in hand, till he took refuge shamefully in an outhouse, and begged his life.

And when his knights came back from Grantham, he marched to Bourne.

"The next night," says Leofric the deacon, or rather the monk who paraphrased his saga in Latin prose—"Hereward saw in his dreams a man standing by him of inestimable beauty, old of years, terrible of countenance, in all the raiment of his body more splendid than all things which he had ever seen, or conceived in his mind; who threatened him with a great club which he carried in his hand, and with a fearful doom, that he should take back to his church all that had been carried off the night before, and have them restored utterly, each in its place, if he wished to provide for the salvation of his soul, and escape on the spot a pitiable death. But when awakened, he was seized with a divine terror, and restored in the same hour all that he took away, and so departed, going onward with all his men."

So says Leofric, wishing, as may be well believed, to advance the glory of St. Peter, and purge his master's name from the stain of sacrilege. Beside, the monks of Peterborough, no doubt, had no wish that the world should spy out their nakedness, and become aware that the Golden Borough was stript of all its gold.

Nevertheless, truth will out. Golden Borough was Golden Borough no more. The treasures were never restored; they went to sea with the Danes, and were scattered far and wide—to Norway, to Ireland, to Denmark; "all the spoils" says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, "which reached the latter country, being the pallium and some of the shrines and crosses; and many of the other treasures they brought to one of the king's towns, and laid them up in the church. But one night, through their carelessness and drunkenness, the church was burned, with all that was therein. Thus was the minster of Peterborough burned and pillaged. May Almighty God have pity on it in His great mercy."

Hereward, when blamed for the deed, said always that he did it "because of his allegiance to the monastery." Rather than that the treasures gathered by Danish monks should fall into the hands of the French robbers, let them be given to their own Danish kinsmen, in payment for their help to English liberty.

But some of the treasure, at least, he must have surely given back, it so appeased the angry shade of St. Peter. For on that night, when marching past Stamford, they lost their way. "To whom, when they had lost their way, a certain wonder happened, and a miracle, if it can be said that such would be worked in favour of men of blood. For while in the wild night and dark they wandered in the wood, a huge wolf met them, wagging his tail like a tame dog, and went before them on a path. And they, taking the grey beast in the darkness for a white dog, cheered on each other to follow him to his farm, which ought to be hard by. And in the silence of the midnight, that they might see their way, suddenly candles appeared, burning, and clinging to the lances of all the knights—not very bright, however: but like those which the folk call candelæ nympharum—wills of the wisp. But none could pull them off, or altogether extinguish them, or throw them from their hands. And thus they saw their way, and went on, although astonished out of mind, with the wolf leading them, until day dawned, and they saw, to their great astonishment, that he was a wolf. And as they questioned among themselves about what had befallen, the wolf and the candles disappeared, and they came whither they had been minded, beyond Stamford town, thanking God, and wondering at what had happened."

After which Hereward took Torfrida, and his child, and all he had, and took ship at Bardeney, and went for Ely. Which when Earl Warrenne heard, he laid wait for him, seemingly near Southery: but got nothing thereby, according to Leofric, but the pleasure of giving and taking a great deal of bad language; and (after his men had refused, reasonably enough, to swim the Ouse and attack Hereward) an arrow, which Hereward, "modicum se inclinans," stooping forward, says Leofric—who probably saw the deed—shot at him across the Ouse, as the Earl stood cursing on the top of the dyke. Which arrow flew so stout and strong, that though it sprang back from Earl Warrenne's hauberk, it knocked him almost senseless off his horse, and forced him to defer his purpose of avenging Sir Frederic his brother.

After which Hereward threw himself into Ely, and assumed, by consent of all, the command of the English who were therein.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW THEY HELD A GREAT MEETING IN THE HALL OF ELY.

THERE sat round the hall of Ely all the magnates of the East land and East sea. The Abbot on his high seat; and on a seat higher than his, prepared specially, Sweyn Ulfsson, King of Denmark and England. By them sat the Bishops, Egelwin the Englishman and Christiern the Dane, Osbiorn, the young Earls Edwin and Morcar, and Sweyn's two sons; and, it may be, the sons of Tosti Godwinsson, and Arkill the great Thane, and Hereward himself. Below them were knights, vikings, captains, great holders from Denmark, and the Prior and inferior officers of Ely minster. And at the bottom of the misty hall, on the other side of the column of blue vapour which went trembling up from the great heap of burning turf amidst, were housecarles, monks, wild men from the Baltic shores, crowded together to hear what was done in that parliament of their betters.

They spoke like free Danes; the betters from the upper end of the hall, but every man as he chose. They were in full Thing; in parliament, as their forefathers had been wont to be for countless ages. Their House of Lords and their House of Commons were not yet defined from each other: but they knew the rules of the house, the courtesies of debate; and, by practice of free speech, had educated themselves to bear and forbear, like gentlemen.

But the speaking was loud and earnest, often angry that day. "What was to be done?" was the question before the house.

"That depended," said Sweyn, the wise and prudent king, "on what could be done by the English to co-operate with them." And what that was, has been already told.

"When Tosti Godwinsson, ye Bishops, Earls, Knights, and Holders, came to me five years ago, and bade me come and take the kingdom of England, I answered him, that I had not wit enough to do the deeds which Canute my uncle did; and so sat still in peace. I little thought that I should have lost in five years so much of those small wits which I confessed to, that I should come after all to take England, and find two kings in it already, both more to the English mind than me. While William the Frenchman is king by the sword, and Edgar the Englishman king by proclamation of Danish Earls and Thanes, there seems no room here for Sweyn Ulfsson."

"We will make room for you! We will make a rid road from here to Winchester!" shouted the holders and knights.

"It is too late. What say you, Hereward Leofricsson, who go for a wise man among men?"

Hereward rose, and spoke gracefully, earnestly, eloquently: but he could not deny Sweyn's plain words.

"Sir Hereward beats about the bush," said Earl Osbiorn, rising when Hereward sat down. "None knows better than he that all is over. Earl Edwin and Earl Morcar, who should have helped us along Watling Street, are here fugitives. Earl Gospatric and Earl Waltheof are William's men now, soon to raise the landsfolk against us. We had better go home, before we have eaten up the monks of Ely."

Then Hereward rose again, and without an openly insulting word, poured forth his scorn and rage upon Osbiorn. Why had he not kept to the agreement which he and Countess Gyda had made with him through Tosti's sons? Why had he wasted time and men from Dover to Norwich, instead of coming straight into the fens, and marching inland to succour Morcar and Edwin? Osbiorn had ruined the plan, and he only, if it was ruined.

"And who was I, to obey Hereward?" asked Osbiorn fiercely.

"And who wert thou, to disobey me?" asked Sweyn in a terrible voice. "Hereward is right. We shall see what thou sayest to all this, in full Thing at home in Denmark."

Then Edwin rose, entreating peace. "They were beaten. The hand of God was against them. Why should they struggle any more? Or, if they struggled on, why should they involve the Danes in their own ruin?"

Then holder after holder rose, and spoke rough Danish common sense. They had come hither to win England. They had found it won already. Let them take what they had got from Peterborough, and go.

Then Winter sprang up. "Take the pay, and sail off with it, without having done the work?

That would be a noble tale to carry home to your fair wives in Jutland. I shall not call you niddering, being a man of peace, as all know." Whereat all laughed; for the doughty little man had not a hand's breadth on head or arm without its scar. "But if your ladies call you so, you must have a shrewd answer to give, beside knocking them down."

Sweyn spoke without rising:—"The good knight forgets that this expedition has cost Denmark already nigh as much as Harold Hardraade's cost Norway. It is hard upon the Danes, if they are to go away empty-handed as well as disappointed."

"The King has right!" cried Hereward. "Let them take the plunder of Peterborough as pay for what they have done, and what beside they would have done if Osbiorn the Earl—Nay, men of England, let us be just!—what they would have done if there had been heart and wit, one mind and one purpose, in England. The Danes have done their best. They have shown themselves what they are, our blood and kin. I know that some talk of treason, of bribes. Let us have no more such vain and foul suspicions. They came as our friends; and as our friends let them go, and leave us to fight out our own quarrel to the last drop of blood."

"Would God!" said Sweyn, "thou wouldest go too, thou good knight. Here, earls and gentlemen of England! Sweyn Ulfsson offers to every one of you, who will come to Denmark with him, shelter and hospitality till better times shall come."

Then arose a mixed cry. Some would go, some would not. Some of the Danes took the proposal cordially; some feared bringing among themselves men who would needs want land, of which there was none to give. If the English came, they must go up the Baltic, and conquer fresh lands for themselves from heathen Letts and Finns.

Then Hereward rose again, and spoke so nobly and so well, that all ears were charmed.

They were Englishmen; and they would rather die in their own merry England than conquer new kingdoms in the cold north-east. They were sworn, the leaders of them, to die or conquer, fighting the accursed Frenchman. They were bound to St. Peter, and to St. Guthlac, and to St. Felix of Ramsay, and St. Etheldreda the holy virgin, beneath whose roof they stood, to defend against Frenchmen the saints of England whom they despised and blasphemed, whose servants they cast out, thrust into prison, and murdered, that they might bring in Frenchmen from Normandy, Italians from the Pope of Rome. Sweyn Ulfsson spoke as became him, as a prudent and a generous prince; the man who alone of all kings defied and fought the great Hardraade till neither could fight more; the true nephew of Canute the king of kings: and they thanked him: but they would live and die Englishmen.

And every Englishman shouted, "Hereward has right! We will live and die fighting the French."

And Sweyn Ulfsson rose again, and said with a great oath, "That if there had been three such men as Hereward in England, all would have gone well."

Hereward laughed. "Thou art wrong for once, wise king. We have failed, just because there were a dozen men in England as good as me, every man wanting his own way; and too many cooks have spoiled the broth. What we wanted is not a dozen men like me, but one like thee, to take us all by the back of the neck and shake us soundly, and say, 'Do that, or die!'"

And so, after much talk, the meeting broke up. And when it broke up, there came to Hereward in the hall a noble-looking man of his own age, and put his hand within his, and said:—

"Do you not know me, Hereward Leofricsson?"

"I know thee not, good knight, more pity; but by thy dress and carriage, thou shouldest be a true Vikingsson."

"I am Sigtryg Ranaldsson, now King of Waterford. And my wife said to me, 'If there be treachery or faint-heartedness, remember this—that Hereward Leofricsson slew the Ogre, and Hannibal of Gweek likewise, and brought me safe to thee. And, therefore, if thou provest false to him, niddering thou art; and no niddering is spouse of mine.'"

"Thou art Sigtryg Ranaldsson?" cried Hereward, clasping him in his arms, as the scenes of his wild youth rushed across his mind. "Better is old wine than new, and old friends likewise."

"And I, and my five ships, are thine to death. Let who will go back."

"They must go," said Hereward, half-peevishly. "Sweyn has right, and Osbiorn too. The game is played out. Sweep the chessmen off the board, as Earl Ulf did by Canute the king."

"And lost his life thereby. I shall stand by, and see thee play the last pawn."

"And lose thy life equally."

"What matter? I heard thee sing—

'A bed-death, a priest death,
A straw death, a cow death,
Such death likes not me!'

Nor likes it me either, Hereward Leofricsson."

So the Danes sailed away: but Sigtryg Ranaldsson and his five ships remained.

Hereward went to the minster tower, and watched the Ouse flashing with countless oars northward toward Southrey Fen. And when they were all out of sight, he went back, and lay down on his bed and wept—once and for all. Then he arose, and went down into the hall to abbots and monks, and earls and knights, and was the boldest, cheeriest, wittiest of them all.

"They say," quoth he to Torfrida that night, "that some men have grey heads on green shoulders. I have a grey heart in a green body."

"And my heart is growing very grey, too," said Torfrida.

"Certainly not thy head." And he played with her raven locks.

"That may come, too; and too soon."

For, indeed, they were in very evil case.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THEY FOUGHT AT ALDRETH.

When William heard that the Danes were gone, he marched on Ely, as on an easy prey.

Ivo Taillebois came with him, hungry after those Spalding lands, the rents whereof Hereward had been taking for his men for now twelve months. William de Warrenne was there, vowed to revenge the death of Sir Frederick, his brother. Ralph Guader was there, flushed with his success at Norwich. And with them all the Frenchmen of the east, who had been either expelled from their lands, or were in fear of expulsion.

With them, too, was a great army of mercenaries, ruffians from all France and Flanders, hired to fight for a certain term, on the chance of plunder or of fiefs in land. Their brains were all aflame with the tales of inestimable riches hidden in Ely. There were there the jewels of all the monasteries round; there were the treasures of all the fugitive English nobles; there were there—what was there not? And they grumbled, when William halted them and hutted them at Cambridge, and began to feel cautiously the strength of the place—which must be strong, or Hereward and the English would not have made it their camp of refuge.

Perhaps he rode up to Madingley windmill, and saw fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed nought but a low upland park, with the minster tower among the trees; and between him and them, a rich champaign of grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe; and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds, Haddenham fen and Smithy fen, with the deep sullen West water or "Ald-reche" of the Ouse winding through them. The old Roman road was sunk and gone long since under the bog, whether by English neglect, or whether (as some think) by actual and bodily sinking of the whole land. The narrowest space between dry land and dry land was a full half mile; and how to cross that half-mile, no man knew.

What were the approaches on the west? There were none. Beyond Earith, where now run the great washes of the Bedford Level, was a howling wilderness of meres, seas, reed-ronds and floating alder-beds, through which only the fen-men wandered, with leaping-pole and log canoe.

What in the east? The dry land neared the island on that side. And it may be that William rowed round by Burwell to Fordham and Soham, and thought of attempting the island by way of Barraway, and saw beneath him a labyrinth of islands, meres, fens, with the Ouse, now increased by the volume of the Cam, lying deep and broad between Barraway and Thetford-in-the-Isle; and saw, too, that a disaster in that labyrinth might be a destruction.

So he determined on the near and straight path, through Long Stratton and Willingham, down the old bridle-way from Willingham ploughed field;—every village there, and in the isle likewise, had and has still its "field," or ancient clearing of ploughed land,—and then to try that terrible half-mile, with the courage and wit of a general to whom human lives were as those of the gnats under the hedge.

So all his host camped themselves in Willingham field, by the old earth-work which men now call Belsar's Hills: and down the bridle-way poured countless men, bearing timber and faggots, cut from all the hills, that they might bridge the black half-mile.

They made a narrow firm path through the reeds, and down to the brink of the Ouse, if brink it could be called, where the water, rising and falling a foot or two each tide, covered the floating peat for many yards, before it sunk into a brown depth of bottomless slime. They would make a bottom for themselves by driving piles.

The piles would not hold; and they began to make a floating bridge with long beams, says Leofric, and blown-up cattle-hides to float them.

Soon they made a floating sow, and thrust it on before them as they worked across the stream; for they were getting under shot from the island.

Meanwhile, the besieged had not been idle. They had thrown up, says Leofric, a turf rampart on the island shore, and "ante-muralia et propugnacula,"—doubtless over-hanging "hoardings," or scaffolds, through the floor of which they could shower down missiles. And so they awaited the attack, contenting themselves with gliding in and out of the reeds in their canoes, and annoying the builders with arrows and cross-bow bolts.

At last the bridge was finished, and the sow safe across the West water, and thrust in, as far as it would float, among the reeds on the high tide. They in the fort could touch it with a pole.

The English would have destroyed it if they could. But Hereward bade them leave it alone. He had watched all their work, and made up his mind to the event.

"The rats have set a trap for themselves," he said to his men; "and we shall be fools to break it up till the rats are safe inside."

So there the huge sow lay, black and silent, showing nothing to the enemy but a side of strong plank, covered with hide to prevent its being burned. It lay there for three hours, and Hereward let it lie.

He had never been so cheerful, so confident. "Play the man this day, every one of you, and ere nightfall you will have taught the Norman once more the lesson of York. He seems to have forgotten that. It is me to remind him of it."

And he looked to his bow and to his arrows, and prepared to play the man himself; as was the fashion in those old days, when a general proved his worth by hitting harder and more surely than any of his men.

At last the army was in motion, and Willingham field opposite was like a crawling ants' nest. Brigade after brigade moved down to the reed beds, and the assault began.

And now advanced along the causeway, and along the bridge, a dark column of men, surmounted by glittering steel. Knights in complete mail, footmen in leather coats and quilted jerkins; at first orderly enough, each under the banner of his lord: but more and more mingled and crowded, as they hurried forward, each eager for his selfish share of the inestimable treasures of Ely. They pushed along the bridge. The mass became more and more crowded; men stumbled over each other, and fell off into the mire and the water, calling vainly for help, while their comrades hurried on unheeding, in the mad thirst for spoil.

On they came in thousands; and fresh thousands streamed out of the fields, as if the whole army intended to pour itself into the isle at once.

"They are numberless," said Torfrida, in a serious and astonished voice, as she stood by Hereward's side.

"Would they were!" said Hereward. "Let them come on, thick and threefold. The more their numbers, the fatter will the fish below be, before to-morrow morning. Look there, already!"

And already the bridge was swaying, and sinking beneath their weight. The men, in places, were ankle deep in water. They rushed on all the more eagerly, and filled the sow, and swarmed up to its roof.

Then, what with its own weight, what with the weight of the laden bridge, which dragged upon it from behind, the huge sow began to tilt backwards, and slide down the slimy bank.

The men on the top tried vainly to keep their footing, to hurl grapnels into the rampart, to shoot off their quarrels and arrows.

"You must be quick, Frenchmen," shouted Hereward in derision, "if you mean to come on board here."

The Normans knew that well: and as Hereward spoke, two panels in the front of the sow creaked on their hinges, and dropped landward, forming two draw-bridges, over which reeled to the attack a close body of knights, mingled with soldiers bearing scaling ladders.

They recoiled. Between the ends of the draw-bridges and the foot of the rampart was some two fathoms' breadth of black ooze. The catastrophe which Hereward had foreseen was come, and a shout of derision arose from the unseen defenders above.

"Come on, leap it like men! Send back for your horses, knights, and ride them at it like bold huntsmen!"

The front rank could not but rush on: for the pressure behind forced them forward, whether they would or not. In a moment they were wallowing waist deep, trampled on, and disappearing under their struggling comrades, who disappeared in their turn.

"Look, Torfrida! If they plant their scaling ladders, it will be on a foundation of their comrades' corpses." Torfrida gave one glance through the openings of the hoarding, upon the writhing mass below, and turned away in horror. The men were not so merciful. Down between the hoarding-beams rained stones, javelins, arrows, increasing the agony and death. The scaling ladders would not stand in the mire. If they had stood a moment, the struggles of the dying would have thrown them down; and still fresh victims pressed on from behind, shouting "Dex Aie! On to the gold of Ely!" And still the sow, under the weight, slipped further and further back into the stream, and the foul gulf widened between besiegers and besieged.

At last one scaling ladder was planted upon the bodies of the dead, and hooked firmly on the gunwale of the hoarding. Ere it could be hurled off again by the English, it was so crowded with men that even Hereward's strength was insufficient to lift it off. He stood at the top, ready to hew down the first comer; and he hewed him down.

But the Normans were not to be daunted. Man after man dropped dead from the ladder top,—man after man took his place; sometimes two at a time; sometimes scrambling over each other's backs.

The English, even in the insolence of victory, cheered them with honest admiration. "You are fellows worth fighting, you French!"

"So we are," shouted a knight, the first and last who crossed that parapet; for, thrusting Hereward back with a blow of his sword-hilt, he staggered past him over the hoarding, and fell on his knees.

A dozen men were upon him: but he was up again and shouting:—

"To me, men at arms! A Dade! A Dade!" But no man answered.

"Yield," quoth Hereward.

Sir Dade answered by a blow on Hereward's helmet, which felled the chief to his knees, and broke the sword into twenty splinters.

"Well hit," said Hereward, as he rose. "Don't touch him, men! this is my quarrel now. Yield, sir! you have done enough for your honour. It is madness to throw away your life."

The knight looked round on the fierce ring of faces, in the midst of which he stood alone.

"To none but Hereward."

"Hereward am I."

"Ah," said the knight, "had I but hit a little harder!"

"You would have broke your sword into more splinters. My armour is enchanted. So yield like a reasonable and valiant man."

"What care I?" said the knight, stepping on to the earthwork, and sitting down quietly. "I vowed to St. Mary and King William that into Ely I would get this day; and in Ely I am; so I have done my work."

"And now you shall taste—as such a gallant knight deserves—the hospitality of Ely."

It was Torfrida who spoke.

"My husband's prisoners are mine; and I, when I find them such *prudhommes* as you are, have no lighter chains for them than that which a lady's bower can afford."

Sir Dade was going to make an equally courteous answer, when over and above the shouts and curses of the combatants rose a yell so keen, so dreadful, as made all hurry forward to the rampart.

That which Hereward had foreseen was come at last. The bridge, strained more and more by its living burden, and by the falling tide, had parted,—not at the Ely end, where the sliding of the sow took off the pressure,—but at the end nearest the camp. One sideway roll it gave, and then, turning over, engulfed in that foul stream the flower of Norman chivalry; leaving a line—a full quarter of a mile in length—of wretches drowning in the dark water, or, more hideous still, in the bottomless slime of peat and mud.

Thousands are said to have perished. Their armour and weapons were found at times, by delvers and dykers, for centuries after; are found at times unto this day, beneath the rich drained corn-fields which now fill up that black half mile, or in the bed of the narrow brook to which the Westwater, robbed of its streams by the Bedford Level, has dwindled down at last.

William, they say, struck his tents and departed forthwith, groaning from deep grief of heart; and so ended the first battle of Aldreth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW SIR DADE BROUGHT NEWS FROM ELY.

A MONTH after the fight, there came into the camp at Cambridge, riding on a good horse, himself fat and well-liking, none other than Sir Dade.

Boisterously he was received, as one alive from the dead; and questioned as to his adventures and sufferings.

"Adventures I have had, and strange ones; but for sufferings, instead of fetter-galls, I bring back, as you see, a new suit of clothes; instead of an empty and starved stomach, a surfeit from good victuals and good liquor; and whereas I went into Ely on foot, I came out on a fast hackney."

So into William's tent he went; and there he told his tale.

"So, Dade, my friend?" quoth the duke in high good humour, for he loved Dade. "You seem to have been in good company?"

"Never in better, sire, save in your presence. Of the earls and knights in Ely, all I can say is, God's pity that they are rebels, for more gallant and courteous knights or more perfect warriors never saw I, neither in Normandy, nor at Constantinople, among the Varangers themselves."

"Eh? and what are the names of these gallants, for you have used your eyes and ears, of course?"

"Edwin and Morcar, the earls—two fine young lads."

"I know it. Go on," and a shade passed over William's brow, as he thought of his own falsehood, and his fair Constance, weeping in vain for the fair bridegroom whom he had promised to her.

"Siward Barn, as they call him, the boy Orgar, and Thurkill Barn. Those are the knights. Egelwin, bishop of Durham, is there too; and besides them all, and above them all, Hereward. The like of that knight I may have seen. His better saw I never."

"Sir fool!" said Earl Warrenne, who had not yet—small blame to him—forgotten his brother's death. "They have soused thy brains with their muddy ale, till thou knowest not friend from foe. What hast thou to come hither praising up to the king's majesty such an outlawed villain as that, with whom no honest knight would keep company?"

"If you, Earl Warrenne, ever found Dade drunk or lying, it is more than the king here has done."

"Let him speak, Earl," said William. "I have not an honester man in my camp; and he speaks for my information, not for yours."

"Then for yours will I speak, Sir King. These men treated me knightly, and sent me away without ransom."

"They had an eye to their own profit, it seems," grumbled the earl.

"But force me they did to swear on the holy Gospels that I should tell your majesty the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And I keep my oath," quoth Dade.

"Go on, then, without fear or favour. Are there any other men of note in the island?"

"No."

"Are they in want of provisions?"

"Look how they have fattened me."

"What do they complain of?"

"I will tell you, Sir King. The monks, like many more, took fright at the coming over of our French men of God to set right all their filthy, barbarous ways; and that is why they threw Ely open to the rebels."

"I will be even with the sots," quoth William.

"However they think that danger blown over just now; for they have a story among them, which, as my Lord the King never heard before, he may as well hear now."

"Eh?"

"How your majesty should have sent across the sea a whole shipload of French monks."

"That have I, and will more, till I reduce these swine into something like obedience to his Holiness of Rome."

"Ah, but your majesty has not heard how one Bruman, a valiant English knight, was sailing on the sea and caught those monks. Whereon he tied a great sack to the ship's head, and cut the bottom out, and made everyone of those monks get into that sack and so fall through into the sea; whereby he rid the monks of Ely of their rivals."

"Pish! why tell me such an old wives' fable, knight?"

"Because the monks believe that old wives' fable, and are stout-hearted and stiffnecked accordingly."

"The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," said William's chaplain, a pupil and friend of Lanfranc; "and if these men of Belial drowned every man of God in Normandy, ten would spring up in their places to convert this benighted and besotted land of Simonites and Balaamites, whose priests, like the brutes which perish, scruple not to defile themselves and the service of the altar, with things which they impudently call their wives."

"We know that, good chaplain," quoth William, impatiently. He had enough of that language from Lanfranc himself; and, moreover, was thinking more of the Isle of Ely, than of the celibacy of the clergy.

"Well, Sir Dade?"

"So they have got together all their kin; for among these monks everyone is kin to a Thane, or Knight, or even an Earl: and there they are, brother by brother, cousin by cousin, knee to knee, and back to back, like a pack of wolves, and that in a hold which you will not enter yet awhile."

"Does my friend Dade doubt his Duke's skill at last?"

"Sir Duke—Sir King I mean now, for king you are and deserve to be—I know what you can do. I remember how we took England at one blow on Senlac field: but see you here, Sir King. How will you take an island where four kings such as you (if the world would hold four such at once) could not stop one churl from ploughing the land, or one birdcatcher from setting lime-twigs?"

"And what if I cannot stop the birdcatchers? Do they expect to lime Frenchmen as easily as sparrows?"

"Sparrows! It is not sparrows that I have been fattening on this last month. I tell you, sire, I have seen wild fowl alone in that island enough to feed them all the year round. I was there in the moulting time, and saw them take—one day 100, one 200; and once, as I am a belted knight, a thousand duck out of one single mere. There is a wood there, with herons sprawling about the tree-tops—I did not think there were so many in the world; and fish for Lent and Fridays in every puddle and leat—pike and perch, tench and eels, on every old wife's table; while the knights think scorn of anything worse than smelts and burbot."

"Splendeur Dex!" quoth William, who, Norman-like, did not dislike a good dinner. "I must keep Lent in Ely before I die."

"Then you had best make peace with the burbot-eating knights, my lord."

"But have they flesh-meat?"

"The isle is half of it a garden—richer land, they say, is none in these realms, and I believe it: but, besides that, there is a deer-park there with a thousand head in it, red and fallow; and plenty of swine in woods, and sheep, and cattle: and if they fail, there are plenty more to be got, they know where."

"They know where? Do you, Sir Knight?" asked William, keenly.

"Out of every little island in their fens, for forty miles on end. There are the herds fattening themselves on the richest pastures in the land, and no man needing to herd them, for they are all safe among dykes and meres."

"I will make my boats sweep their fens clear of every head——"

"Take care, my Lord King, lest never a boat come back from that errand. With their narrow flat-bottomed punts, cut out of a single log, and their leaping-poles, wherewith they fly over dykes of thirty feet in width—they can ambuscade in those reed-beds and alder-beds, kill whom they will, and then flee away through the marsh, like so many horse-flies. And if not, one trick have they left, which they never try save when driven into a corner: but from that, may all saints save us!"

"What then?"

"Firing the reeds."

"And destroying their own cover?"

"True: therefore they will only do it in despair."

"Then to despair will I drive them, and try their worst. So these monks are as stout rebels as the earls?"

"I only say what I saw. At the hall-table there dined each day maybe some fifty belted knights, with every one a monk next to him; and at the high table the abbot, and the three earls, and Hereward and his lady, and Thurkill Barn. And behind each knight, and each monk likewise, hung against the wall, lance and shield, helmet and hauberk, sword and axe."

"To monk as well as knight?"

"As I am a knight myself; and were as well used, too, for aught I saw. The monks took turns with the knights as sentries, and as foragers, too; and the knights themselves told me openly, the monks were as good men as they."

"As wicked, you mean," groaned the chaplain. "Oh, accursed and blood-thirsty race, why does not the earth open and swallow you, with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram?"

"They would not mind," quoth Dade. "They are born and bred in the bottomless pit already. They would jump over, or flounder out, as they do to their own bogs every day."

"You speak irreverently, my friend," quoth William.

"Ask those who are in camp, and not me. As for whither they went, or how, the English were not likely to tell me. All I know is, that I saw fresh cattle come every few days, and fresh farms burnt, too, on the Norfolk side. There were farms burning last night only, between here and Cambridge. Ask your sentinels on the Rech-dyke how that came about?"

"I can answer that," quoth a voice from the other end of the tent. "I was on the Rech-dyke last night, close down to the fen—worse luck and shame for me."

"Answer, then!" quoth William, with one of his horrible oaths, glad to have some one on whom he could turn his rage and disappointment.

"There came seven men in a boat up from Ely yestereven, and five of them were monks; they came up from Burwell fen, and plundered and burnt Burwell town."

"And where were all you mighty men of war?"

"Ten of us ran down to stop them, with Richard, Earl Osbern's nephew, at their head. The villains got to the top of the Rech-dyke, and made a stand, and before we could get to them——"

"Thy men had run, of course."

"They were every one dead or wounded, save Richard; and he was fighting single-handed with an Englishman, while the other six stood around, and looked on."

"Then they fought fairly?" said William.

"As fairly, to do them justice, as if they had been Frenchmen, and not English churls. As we came down along the dyke, a little man of them steps between the two, and strikes down their swords as if they had been two reeds. 'Come!' cries he, 'enough of this. You are two *prudhommes* well matched, and you can fight out this any other day;' and away he and his men go down the dyke end to the water."

"Leaving Richard safe?"

"Wounded a little—but safe enough."

"And then?"

"We followed them to the boat as hard as we could; killed one with a javelin, and caught another."

"Knightly done!" and William swore an awful oath, "and worthy of valiant Frenchmen. These English set you the example of chivalry by letting your comrade fight his own battle fairly, instead of setting on him all together; and you repay them by hunting them down with darts, because you dare not go within sword's-stroke of better men than yourselves. Go. I am ashamed of you. No, stay. Where is your prisoner? For, Splendeur Dex, I will send him back safe and sound in return for Dade, to tell the knights of Ely that if they know so well the courtesies of war, William of Rouen does too."

"The prisoner, sire," quoth the knight, trembling, "is—is——"

"You have not murdered him?"

"Heaven forbid! but——"

"He broke his bonds and escaped?"

"Gnawed them through, sire, as we suppose, and escaped through the mire in the dark, after the fashion of these accursed frogs of Girvians."

"But did he tell you nought ere he bade you good morning?"

"He told us the names of all the seven. He that beat down the swords was Hereward himself."

"I thought as much. When shall I have that fellow at my side?"

"He that fought Richard was one Wenoch."

"I have heard of him."

"He that we slew was Siward, a monk."

"More shame to you."

"He that we took was Ayer the Hardy, a monk of Nicole—Licole,"—the Normans could never say Lincoln.

"And the rest were Turstan the Younger; Leofric the Deacon, Hereward's minstrel; and Boter, the traitor monk of St. Edmunds."

"And if I catch them," quoth William, "I will make an abbot of every one of them."

"Sire?" quoth the chaplain, in a deprecating tone.

ON LIGHT.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.

PART II.

THEORIES OF LIGHT.—INTERFERENCES.—DIFFRACTION.

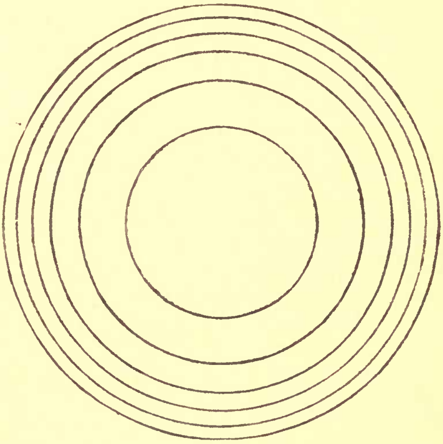
(*Continued from page 502.*)

WHEN instead of using the prismatic spectrum (of which it is next to impossible to insulate from the rest a ray of perfectly definite refrangibility) to illuminate the film, we employ artificial light (such as that of a spirit lamp with a salted wick, which may be considered as almost perfectly homogeneous); the rings are seen with extraordinary sharpness; their central spot and their divisions having the blackness of ink, and absolutely innumerable; being traceable with a magnifier when too close to be otherwise distinguishable, apparently without limit. Thus disembarrassed of the complexity of overlapping rings of several colours, the phenomenon now is studied to greater advantage, and its explanation on either theory is more readily intelligible. That afforded by the corpuscular theory (supplemented by the Newtonian hypothesis of the fits of easy reflexion and transmission) is very simple and obvious. These "fits" or *phases*, it will be remembered, are supposed *periodically* *recurrent—i.e.*, succeed one another, or rather are repeated over and over again, in the same order and intensity, at equal intervals *of time.* The same *phase* then will recur to the corpuscules, at equidistant points *of space* in their progress through any uniform medium (in which the velocity of light is constant). Where the thickness of the film is *nil*, or so very minute as to bear no comparison to the distance which separates two of the equidistant points, it is obvious that having passed one surface they will still be in a state to pass through another, and will therefore *not* be reflected, so that in that case the reflected illumination of the first surface will receive no augmentation from light reflected at the second. The same is true if the thickness of the film be exactly that of two such equidistant points, or its double, triple, &c., for in those cases the corpuscle will arrive at the second surface in the same state and with the same dispositions as to reflexion or transmission as at the first; and therefore, having penetrated the first, will also penetrate the second. On the other hand, for thicknesses of the film exactly intermediate between these, the corpuscle on arrival at the second surface will be exactly in the opposite state or disposition. Having been transmitted then at the first, it will be reflected at the second, and, having in its passage back through *another equal* thickness reassumed its original state in which it first entered, it will there be *transmitted*, and so will reinforce by its light the general reflected illumination of that surface. Since the percentage of the total light reflected at any transparent medium is but trifling, the light so sent back from the second surface will be nearly equal to that reflected from the first. Thus for these exactly intermediate thicknesses, the joint reflected illumination is very nearly doubled, and between these and the former series of thicknesses will increase and diminish alternately and gradually.

Suppose now in the case of our soap-bubble the thickness of the film to increase uniformly outwards from its vertex (where it is nearly *nil*). Then it is evident that when exposed to dispersed light it will appear divided into equivalent circular zones alternately bright, and *comparatively* dark, the centre being also dark. And here we have a representation of our observed rings, with, however, this remarkable and most important difference, viz.: that the central spot and the dark divisions, on this explanation, ought not to appear absolutely black, but *half bright*, when compared with the brightest portions between them. In point of fact, some exceedingly slight reflexion *is* perceivable in the dark centre, but instead of half, it cannot be estimated at the fiftieth part of the illumination of the bright ring which immediately adjoins it.

As the thickness of a soap-bubble cannot be subjected to direct measurement, it is impracticable, in its case, to verify what must be considered the fundamental principle of this explanation—viz., the regular increase, *in arithmetical progression*, of the thicknesses at which the several successive black or bright rings appear. But of this we may satisfy ourselves, by adopting a different mode of producing and viewing them. When a spectacle-glass or any other convex glass *lens* of long focus is laid down upon a plane glass before an open window (both being scrupulously clean and well polished), and a slight pressure applied, the same dark spot, surrounded by the same series of coloured rings, is seen, their centre being at the point of contact of the glasses, where of course their distance is *nil.* If the focal length of the lens be not *very* large, they will require a magnifier to be well seen, their diameters being in that case very small; but with a lens of 20 or 30 feet focal length it is considerable, and the rings may be seen, and their diameters measured, with ease. Now it is found that these *diameters*, for the first, second, third, &c. dark rings in order (reckoned from the centre), are not in the proportion of the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., but of the numbers 1, 1·414, 1·732, 2·000, &c., which are their exact *square roots*, giving to their system the appearance represented in the annexed diagram; and this is exactly the progression of distances from the point of contact measured on the surface of the plane glass which correspond to the series of *perpendicular distances between it and the convex spherical surface of the upper glass* in the proportion of the arithmetical series, as may be seen in fig. 7.

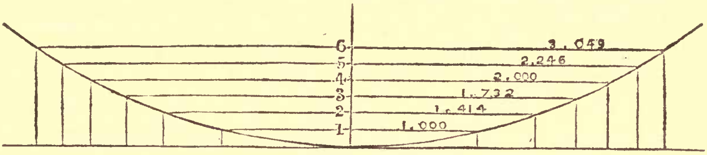
Fig. 6.



So far, then, the Newtonian hypothesis affords a satisfactory account of the facts; in all, that is, but that one particular already adverted to. This, however, must be considered as conclusive against it; while, on a consideration of the whole case, there remains outstanding this strange *fact*—that at certain distances between two partially reflecting surfaces, forming a regular arithmetical progression from *nil* upwards, the portion of a beam of light reflected from the second, after passing back through the first, so far from augmenting the first reflected light, *annihilates it*, and furnishes us with an instance (which is, as we shall see hereafter, not the only one) of *the combination of lights creating darkness!*

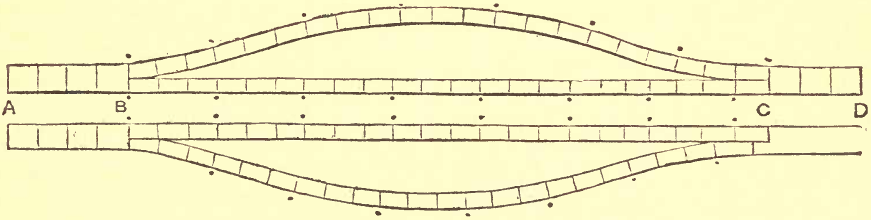
The question now arises, will the undulatory theory help us in this difficulty, while at the same time rendering an equally satisfactory account of the other facts? To this we are enabled to reply in the affirmative. Two equal *sounds* we know, under certain circumstances, *can* produce silence, as when the two strings, which, in a pianoforte, go to produce, when exactly in unison, a uniform and liquid note; if very slightly out of tune, produce what are called *beats*, or a succession more or less rapid (accordingly as the strings are more or less discordant) of sound and silence. The same tide-wave arriving at the same spots in the sea by two courses of different lengths, results in producing *no rise and fall of the water at all* if the difference of path be such that the high water of the one portion shall reach the place at the same moment with the low water on the other. This is the case at a point in the North Sea, midway between Lowestoft and the coast of Holland, in lat. 52° 27′ N., long. 3° 14′ E. Its position was pointed out by Dr. Whewell from theory, and the fact verified by Captain Hewett, R.N.

Fig. 7.



This latter exemplification contains the essential principle of the explanation in question, in nearly its simplest state. If two waves, or rather two regular series of equal waves all exactly like one another, *and all having set out initially from one common origin*, reach the same point by two different channels or lines of communication, differing just so much in length that the *crests* of the one series shall reach it at the same identical moment with the *crests* of the other, the two series of crests conspiring and being superposed on each other will produce crests of double the height of either singly; while, on the other hand, if the difference of channels be such that the crests of the first series shall reach it simultaneously with the troughs (or lowest depressions) of the second, the one will destroy the other, and there will be neither elevation nor depression at their joint point of arrival. In the one case, supposing the two channels thenceforward to unite into one (as in the annexed figures, which require no explanation further than that the series of cross lines represent the *crests* of the waves) the two series when they reunite in a channel C D, the exact size of the initial one, A B, will form a joint series exactly similar to that in A B, which will run on in that channel thenceforward; but in the other there will be produced no waves at all, and the water in C D will (except just close to the point of junction, where some kind of eddy will be formed) remain undisturbed.

Fig. 8.



Accepting the term "wave" in its most general sense, in whatever way we suppose it propagated, whether by alternate up-and-down movements of the successive particles, as in water-waves—by transverse lateral ones, as in a stretched cord *wagged* horizontally—or by direct to-and-fro vibration, as in the air-waves, in which sound consists—or in any more complex manner, the same considerations evidently apply. If two sets of exactly equal and similar waves can by any previous arrangement be made to arrive *simultaneously* at the "entrance" of one and the same "channel" (using these terms also in their most general sense) along which each set, separately, might be freely propagated—*i.e.*, so that the foremost crest of the first set shall strike the mouth of the channel at the same moment with that of the other—they will combine and run on along the channel as a single set or series of waves of double the height or intensity. In this case they are said to arrive "*in the same phase*" (a term borrowed from the phases of the moon which passes periodically through the states of full and new, increase and wane). The same will be the case if the foremost *crest* of the series be so timed (by the previous arrangements) as to reach the mouth of the channel simultaneously with the second, third, or fourth *crest* of the other, in which case the one set is said to be in arrear or advance of the other (as the case may be) by one, two, or more entire "*undulations.*" On the other hand, if the foremost *crest* of the one set be so timed as to arrive simultaneously with the first, second, third, &c., *trough* of the other—up to the time of its arrival indeed the one, two, or three foremost waves which are not contradicted will run forward;—but, from the moment when the others begin to arrive, they will cease to be followed up by any more. In this case the one set is in advance or arrear of the other by exactly one, or three, or five, &c., *semi-undulations*, and the series are said to be *in opposite phases.* In the intermediate "phases" it is easy to see that a combined set of waves *will* be produced, but intermediate in height, intensity, or (as it is called) "amplitude" between these two extremes—viz., *nil* on the one hand, and *reduplication* on the other.

The vibrations by which light and *musical* sounds (*to which light is analogous*) are conveyed are so exceedingly minute, and the shock conveyed by each separately to our nerves, in consequence, so small, that it requires a continued series of them to impress our senses. The first few vibrations therefore which run on "*uninterfered* with" produce no sensation, and are as if they existed not. And thus we see how it may happen, that in the case of a complete *opposition of phase* two equal musical sounds may produce silence, and two equal rays of light *complete and continued darkness;* that a perfect coincidence of phase has the effect of doubling the sensation; and the intermediate states, a greater or less intensity as the case may be, short of that limit.

Let us now proceed to apply our principle (that of "*superposed and* INTERFERING VIBRATIONS") to the matter in hand. Suppose a series of equal and equidistant light-waves (such as *a ray* of homogeneous light is in this theory always understood to mean) to fall perpendicularly upon a plate of any transparent medium. A certain very small percentage of it will be reflected back by the first surface—that is to say, a series of similar undulations, but of much less intensity or "amplitude," will be propagated back from the point of incidence. The remainder of the total movement thus subdivided will pass on, and, arriving at the second surface, again a *very nearly equal* series (the percentage being the same, and the total incident light having suffered very little diminution) will be returned, and, passing back through the first surface (with only the same trifling *percentage* of loss), will, on emerging, *be superposed on the first reflected series*, with which it will be coincident in direction. If then the thickness of the plate be such that in passing to the hinder surface, back again, and out at the first, the second series shall have *lost upon the first* precisely one, three, five, or any odd number of *semi*-undulations, it will begin to emerge in the exact opposite "phase" of its period to that of the undulation of the first reflected series which starts from the same point at the same instant. Here then we have the case contemplated above of two series of equal waves entering the same "channel" in opposite phases. They will therefore destroy each other, or the intensity of the joint ray will be *nil.* The contrary will happen if the thickness be such as to produce a retardation of two, four, or any even number of semi-undulations. In that case the two reflected rays will conspire and produce a joint one of double intensity: and of intermediate in the various cases of intermediate retardation.

Thus we see that the degree of brightness of the reflected light depends on the thickness of the reflecting film—that for a certain series of thicknesses *in arithmetical progression*, the reflection is *nil*, for another series exactly intermediate it attains a maximum of intensity, and that, between these limits, all gradations of illumination will arise according to the intermediate thicknesses supposed to exist. This is so far in general accordance with the phenomena described; but before applying it to the case of our coloured rings, it must be mentioned that in reckoning the number of undulations or semi-undulations by which the second reflected ray actually is in arrear of the first on emergence we have to consider the different modes in which the reflexion of a wave is accomplished at the surface of a medium denser or rarer than that in which it moves and is reflected. To present this clearly, we will take the most familiar illustration—that of the propagation of motion by the collision of elastic balls. Imagine a great number of equal ivory balls (supposed perfectly elastic) *in contact*, but *connected* only by an elastic string passing centrally through each and along the common axis of all; and pinned or fastened to each *at its centre* so that the separation of any two shall stretch only that part of the string between their centres. Suppose now that a shock is given to the extreme ball at one end in the direction of the common axis, by another similar and equal detached ball driven against it. By the received laws of elastic collision it will give up *its whole motion* to that which it first strikes, and be itself reduced to rest. In like manner the motion so communicated to the first will be handed on undiminished to the second; itself resting *and therefore* remaining in contact with the striking ball, and so on. Thus what may be termed a "wave of compression," will run along the series till it reaches the ball at the other end. This, having none in front to communicate its motion to, will start off; and, were it free, would quit the series. But this it cannot do, by reason of the elastic thread, which however it will stretch in its effort to do so, and be ultimately brought back by its pull. But in so doing the same pull will also be communicated to the ball behind it, drawing it forward, and so in succession to those yet behind; and in this manner, a *wave of extension* will run back along the series. If the tension of the string be very violent, (suppose equal to the repulsive elasticity of the balls,) this wave will run back with *the same velocity* as the other. Here we have then a case of the reflexion of a wave, where, *in the very instant* of reflexion, its character is changed *ipso facto* from that of a wave of compression to one of extension—in other words, it starts backwards in *the opposite phase* to that of its arrival; or, again in other words, a *semi-undulation is lost or gained* (for it matters not which) *in the act of reflexion.*

This is the extreme case of reflexion from a denser medium on a rarer—for here there is absolutely nothing to carry on the motion beyond the terminal ball. Such a case never occurs in nature as regards light; since even what we call a vacuum is filled with the luminiferous ether. To assimilate it to such as *do* occur, suppose a second series of *smaller* balls, similarly connected with each other, *but not with the first set*, and brought end to end with it, with just room between for one intermediate, free, ball of the smaller size to play backwards and forwards as a go-between ; and let this in the first instance be placed in contact with the last ball of the first set. When the movement reaches it it will be driven off, and immediately striking the end ball of the second set will propagate along *it* a wave of compression, coming, itself, to rest. In so doing it will carry off *some, but not all* of the motion of the terminal ball of the first set. This will still continue to advance after the blow, but to a much less extent and with much less momentum than in the former case, and, just as in that case will propagate backward a wave, though a much feebler one, *of extension.* Starting then from the same place, at the same moment, the two waves—the reflected portion (or echo) and that which runs forward in the second set of balls, set out each in its own direction *in opposite phases.*

The intensity of the reflected wave or echo will be feebler the nearer the balls of the two sets approach to equality (or less the difference of density in the two media). If they are exactly equal, the go-between ball will carry off all the motion of the ball which strikes it—or there will be *no* reflected wave, no echo. And this agrees with fact. At the common surface of two transparent media of equal refractive power, however they may differ in other respects, there is no reflexion. But suppose the second set of balls, as also the single intermediate one *larger* than the first. In that case (still according to the laws of elastic collision) the last ball of the first set not only will *not advance* after the shock but will be driven back, and the wave which it will propagate backwards will no longer be one of extension, but *of compression.* This being also the case with that propagated onwards in the second series,—in this case both will start on their respective courses from the point of reflexion *in the same phase.*

In the undulatory theory of light the "denser" medium corresponds to the series of larger balls in this illustration. This ought to be so, for the velocity is less in the denser medium as it is in the larger of two balls after their collision ; and because, as already remarked, the ether in such media must be either denser in proportion to its elastic force, or somehow encumbered by their material atoms. And hence we finally conclude that in the act of the reflexion of light on the surface of a rarer medium, the phase of the undulation changes, and a *semi-undulation* is lost (or gained—it matters not which) : but not so when the light is reflected from a denser medium.

To return now to the case of a thin pellucid film. If its thickness, *i.e.*, the interval separating its two surfaces, be any number of *semi*-undulations ; double that number, *i.e.*, an exact number of entire waves, will have been lost by the wave reflected from the second surface at its re-emergence from the first, by reason of its greater length of path, and thus were no part of an undulation lost or gained *in the act of reflexion* it would start thence in exact harmony with the first reflected ray. But the second reflexion being made at the surface of a rarer medium, an additional *semi-undulation* will have been lost, so that the two reflected rays will really start from the first surface in *complete discordance*, and destroy each other. The same is the case if the thickness be *nil*, or so excessively minute as to be much less than the length of a wave, as at the vertex of a soap-bubble when just about to burst. Here also will the same mutual destruction of the reflected waves take place. And thus we have explained the complete or very nearly complete darkness of the central spot, and of a series of rings corresponding to thickness of 1, 2, 3, or more semi-wave-lengths. At the intermediate thicknesses (*i.e.*, of 1, 3, 5, &c. *quarter*-wave-lengths) the exact reverse will happen—the reflected rays will start together in harmony and appear as a ray of double intensity, thus explaining the intermediate bright rings.

In the case of the rings produced between two glasses of the same material, the intermediate film being *air*, it is the reflexion from its *first* surface, not its second, that is effected from a rarer medium ; so that it is at this surface that the additional *semi*-undulation is *gained* by the first reflected ray. In all other respects the reasoning is the same in both cases, and the explanation equally complete in both.

Our readers will perceive that we have not been sparing of words in this explanation. The epigrammatic style is ill-suited to clearness in the exposition of a principle which it is essential to seize with perfect distinctness, and in seizing which considerable difficulty is commonly experienced. If any doubt or misgiving, however, should still linger on the mind as to the *applicability* of the analogy by which the loss of half an undulation necessitated by the blackness of the central spot has been explained, a simple but striking experiment will suffice to dissipate it. Let a set of rings be formed by interposing, between two glasses of very different refractive densities, a film of liquid intermediate in that respect—as for instance oil of sassafras—between a lens of light crown, and a plate of heavy flint glass. In this case the reflexions from the two surfaces are performed either *both* from a denser medium upon a rarer, or *both* from a rarer on a denser according as one or the other glass is uppermost. In the former case *two* semi-(or one entire) undulation will be gained or lost between the reflected rays at emergence, in addition to the entire ones lost *between* the glasses:—in the latter none. At the central spot then, the two reflected rays will start on their backward course in exact harmony, and the spot will be white, not black; and a similar reversal of character will of course pervade the whole series of rings. This result, predicted by theory, has been found confirmed by experiment.

It was a favourite idea of Newton that the colours of all natural bodies are in fact the colours of their pellucid particles of such sizes and thicknesses as to reflect those tints which, in the scale of tints of the coloured rings above described, most nearly correspond to them. This idea we know now to be untenable, if for no other reason than that we are sure the ultimate particles or indivisible atoms of bodies, (if any such there be,) are at all events many hundreds, thousands, or millions of times smaller than even a single wave-length of any homogeneous ray of light. It will of course be asked how we know these wave-lengths. And this we must now explain, in doing which we shall have to develop the most astounding facts in the way of numerical statements which physical science has yet revealed.

In a series of equal waves running along still water, the "wave-length," or "length of an entire undulation," is the linear distance between two consecutive *crests* or two consecutive *troughs*. This is its simplest conception, and it will suffice for our immediate purpose. The waves being equal and similar will all run on with the same velocity, which may be ascertained by noticing how long any one takes to run over a measured distance on the surface, or the distance run over in a determinable time, suppose a second. And if at the same time we note the number of waves whose crests pass a fixed point (a float for instance) in the surface, in a second of time the interval between two consecutive crests will of course become known. And *vice versâ*, if this interval be known, and the velocity of the waves; the number of undulations passing the float per second is easily calculated. Now *this number is necessarily identical with that of the periodically reciprocating movements or vibrations of the first mover* (whatever it be) *by which the waves are originally excited.* This continuing the same, the same number of waves will pass the float, the same time, whatever be their velocity of propagation. Of these three things—the velocity of propagation, the number of alternating movements, waves, or pulses per second, and the linear interval between two consecutive ones—any two being given the third is easily calculated. For example, a string sounding a certain note C in the musical scale makes 256 *complete* oscillations to and fro, per second. As each of these sends forward an air-wave consisting of a semi-wave of *compression* by which the particles of air advance, and another of *expansion* by which they return to their places, these waves, 256 in number, being all comprised in, and exactly filling the distance (1090 feet) run over by sound in that time, each entire wave will occupy 4·254 ft. And, *vice versâ*, if we knew this *à priori* to be the wave-length, we should rightly conclude 256 to be the number of complete vibrations or pulses per second.

Mechanical processes enable us to grind and polish a glass surface into the segment of a sphere of any required radius—as well as to a plane almost mathematically true. Suppose such a glass surface worked, we will say, to a sphere of 100 feet radius, to be laid (convexity downwards) on a truly plane glass. The coloured rings will be formed, as above described, about a central dark spot; and if illuminated, instead of ordinary daylight, by the prismatic rays, in succession, series of simply bright and dark rings of the several colours in their order will be formed whose diameters in different series will correspond to their respective tints. Under these circumstances the linear measurement of these diameters may be performed with ease and with great precision. Now these diameters are the *chords* of arcs of a circle on a radius of 100 feet represented in fig. 7, by the horizontal lines the *versed sines* of which corresponding (represented by the perpendicular lines) are the distances between the glasses at those points, or the thicknesses of the interposed film *of air*, and are easily calculated when the radius and the chords are known. On executing the measurements it is found that these distances, reckoning outwards and commencing with the centre, do actually follow the law of arithmetical progression (as on the above theory they should do), being in the proportions of the numbers 0, 1, 2, 3, &c.

By measuring then the diameter of (say) the tenth dark ring (for the sake of greater precision), calculating the corresponding interval, *or versed sine*, and taking one tenth of the result, we shall get the interval corresponding to the first dark ring—for any particular coloured light—and this, by what has been above shown, is the half of a *wave-length* for such light. Proceeding thus, Newton found for what he considered the most luminous yellow rays, one 89,000th part of an inch for the interval in question, which gives for the length of an entire undulation of such rays, one 44,500th of an inch. This comes exceedingly near to the result which later experimenters have obtained for that purely homogeneous yellow light emitted by a salted spirit-lamp, which is one 43,197th of an inch. For the extreme red and extreme violet rays (as well as their limits can be fixed) the corresponding wave-lengths are respectively one 33,866th, and one 70,555th of an inch.

These, it will be observed, are the lengths of the undulations in air. In water, glass, or other media, they are smaller, in the inverse proportion of the refractive index of the medium; for in such media the velocity of light, as we have seen, is less in that proportion; and the number of undulations per second remaining the same, while the space occupied by them is less, their individual extent must of course be less in the same proportion. This, too, is in accordance with experiment. If water, oil, or any other liquid be introduced between the glasses, the rings are observed to shrink in diameter, and the more so (and to the exact extent required by theory) the greater the refractive power of the liquid.

If the sensation of colour be, in analogy to that of tone or musical pitch, dependent on the frequency of the vibrational movements conveyed to our nerves of sensation, it becomes highly interesting to ascertain their *degree of frequency*, in order to establish the relation between the two senses of hearing and seeing in that respect. The ear, we know, can discriminate tones only between certain limits, comprising about nine octaves, the lowest sound audible as a note making about 16, and the highest about 8,200 vibrations per second. Taking the velocity of light (as above) at 186,000 miles* per second, and reckoning 33,866 wave-breadths to the inch for the extreme red, 43,197 for the soda-yellow, and 70,555 for the extreme violet, we find for the impulses on the retina per second which produce these sensations of colour, respectively, the following enormous numbers:—

Extreme red . . .	399,101,000,000,000
Soda-yellow . . .	509,069,000,000,000
Extreme violet . .	831,479,000,000,000

These extremes are nearly in the proportion of 2 to 1, so that the whole range of visual sensation on this view of the subject is comprised in about one octave. If the ear could appreciate vibrations of this degree of frequency, the sensation corresponding to the middle ray of the spectrum would be that of a note about 42 octaves above the middle C of a pianoforte.

In each of these inconceivably minute intervals of time (compared to which a single second is a sort of eternity), *a process has been gone through by every molecule of the ether concerned in the propagation of the ray:* a process as strictly definite, as exactly regulated, as the movement of a drop of the ocean in its conveyance of the tide-wave. Taking up its motion from the particle immediately behind it (whose movement it exactly imitates), and transmitting it on to that immediately before, it starts from rest, not suddenly, with a jerk, but (under the strict control of those elastic forces already mentioned), increasing gradually in speed to a maximum—then, as gradually, relaxing, coming to a momentary rest, and retreating to its original position by the same series of measured gradations in reverse order, to be ready in its place for the reception of the next impulse. Nor does it seem possible to avoid the conclusion, if we trace up the movement to its commencement—to the source of the light—the *material particle* in whose combustion or incandescence it originates—that such is the actual vibratory movement of that particle itself. And thus we are brought into the presence of the working of that mechanism by which flame and incandescence ("φλογωπον σημα πυρος—the brilliant *miracle* of fire," as the Greek poet* not inaptly terms it) are produced. In the disruption of one chemical combination, and the constitution of another, a movement of mutual approach, more or less direct, is communicated to the uniting molecules, which, under the influence of enormous coercive powers, is converted into a series of tremulous, vibratory, or circulating movements communicated from them to the luminiferous ether, and so dispersed through space. Incandescence without combustion (as in a piece of red-hot iron) must be looked upon, from this point of view, as a result of the continuance of this vibratory movement after the primary exciting cause has ceased, and of its gradual decay by communication to the surrounding ether; as a musical string continues to sound after the blow which set it in motion, till gradually brought to rest by the surrounding air.

This may perhaps appear a digression from our subject. But it will be recollected that our object in this communication is not to write a treatise on optics, but to fix the attention of our readers on the immensity of the forces in action and the minuteness and delicacy of the mechanism which they animate, in the most ordinary operations of Nature, and which the phenomena of light have been the means of revealing to us. We have no means, indeed, of measuring the *actual* intensity of the "coercive forces" so called into action in the excitement of a luminous vibration, but that we are fully justified in applying to them the epithet "enormous," the following consideration will suffice to show. Whatever be the extreme distance of excursion to which a vibratory molecule is carried from its point of repose, or its medium situation, in the act of vibration; the acting or coercive force must suffice to bring it back from that distance in one fourth part of that inconceivably minute fraction of a second by which, as above shown, the period of a complete vibration is expressed. Taking the case, then, of any particular ray (as for instance that between the green and blue rays of the spectrum, corresponding to a wave-length of one 50,000th of an inch, and to a period of one 589 billionth of a second), if we assume the extent of excursion, we can very readily calculate the intensity of the force (as compared with that of gravitation) which, acting uniformly during that time, would urge it through that space. Let us suppose then, that the nerves of the retina are so constituted as to be sensibly affected by a vibratory movement of no greater extent or *amplitude* than one trillionth* part of an inch either way; and the calculation executed, we shall find that a force exceeding that of gravity in the proportion of nearly thirty thousand millions to one must be called into action to keep up such a movement. Our choice lies between two immensities, we had almost said between two infinities. If we would bring the force within the limits of human comprehension, we must in the same proportion exaggerate the delicacy of our nervous mechanism, and *vice versâ.*

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* Roughly, 1,000 million feet.

* Æschylus.

Connected with the colours of thin plates are several distinct classes of optical phenomena, in which colours of the same kind, and explicable on the same principle, arise in the reflexion and transmission of light through or between pellucid plates of considerable thickness, or through spherical drops of water, examples of which are to be observed in the pink and green fringes which are often seen bordering the interior of a rainbow, and in those similarly coloured fringes (of exceedingly rare occurrence) which sometimes run, like a bordering ribband, just within the contour of a thin white cloud in the near neighbourhood of the sun. Upon this class of phenomena, however, we shall not dwell further than to observe that they prove the law of the periodical recurrence of similar phases at equal intervals, not to be confined to very minute distances in the immediate neighbourhood of reflecting or refracting surfaces, but to extend over the whole course of a ray of light—as, on the undulatory theory, it necessarily must do. We now, therefore, proceed to the next branch of our general subject, that of the Diffraction of Light.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

VIII.—CHRIST THE LORD OF NATURE.

"And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"—Mark iv. 41.

"On his head were many crowns."

Such is the vision of Christ in his return to judgment.

We are to seek to set before our minds now one of these many crowns.

CHRIST THE LORD OF NATURE.

And what then is Nature?

Christ is a Person, a living Person. God grant that none of us may still need to be taught who and what He is! Nature is a personification: one of those lively figures by which human language sums up under a sort of personal title a vast aggregate of things. Nature is the sum total of those material existences which surround us, and of those agencies which God set going in Creation, and has kept in orderly movement from the first day until now. Nature, in the sense in which we now use it, means the world of matter, and the laws (that is, the habits) of its working.

Now we are to think of Christ to-day as the Lord of this Nature; the Lord and Master of that world of matter in or amidst which man dwells, and of the laws (that is, the habits) of its working.

If Holy Scripture be listened to, He is so of right. For St. John says that "all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." And St. Paul, that "God created all things by Jesus Christ." And again, that "all things were created by Him and for Him, and in Him all things consist;" all things have their coherence and their consistency in the same Person, our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom God made them. And so once more we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews, that "by Him God made the worlds," and that Christ still "upholds all things by the word of his power." There is no lordship like that of creation. He who made, He who upholds, all things, is the Lord of all things by the highest, the alone indefeasible title.

Here then is the root and spring of that dominion which we ascribe to Christ in describing Him as the Lord of Nature.

But our purpose is to assist ourselves in grasping this mighty reality, by seeing what our Lord Jesus Christ in the days of his flesh actually did upon earth in proof of this lordship. We would dwell upon some of those acts by which He claimed and by which He exemplified his ownership of things created.

The recorded miracles of Christ wrought upon what is called external Nature, are altogether nine in number.

(1) There is the first of all his "signs;" the water made wine at the marriage feast of Cana.

(2) There is the miraculous draught of fishes on the sea of Tiberias.

(3) There is the stilling of the tempest on the same waters.

(4) There is the feeding of the five thousand with a few loaves and fishes.

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* A trillion is a million of billions.

(5) There is the walking on the sea by night, with its marvellous accompaniments of fear and power.

(6) There is the miraculous feeding of the four thousand.

(7) There is the miracle of the piece of money in the fish's mouth.

(8) There is the withering of the fruitless fig-tree on the eve of his Passion.

(9) There is the second miraculous draught of fishes, by which he showed Himself alive to his disciples after his Passion.

All these are works of sovereignty over Nature; over the material world in which man lives, and over its common laws of working.

(1, 4, 6) First, there is a class of miracles (three in number) which had their place in what we may call productive Nature; in those processes which have to do with the supply of food for man's life.

Seated at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, Jesus marks a deficiency in the provision of wine. He came, unlike the Baptist, eating and drinking; mingling in human society, and teaching us, by word and example, how therein to abide with God. In Him there was nothing morose, nothing ungenial: with Him there was a time for all things; yes, even for the unbending of the knit brow in cheerful converse with those whom He came to save. Therefore, instead of seizing the opportunity to enforce abstemiousness or abstinence, He rather seized the opportunity to exemplify kindliness; to remove the embarrassment of the host, and to furnish forth his table with miraculous stores. The attendants are bidden to fill a number of large vessels with water—that there might be no pretence afterwards of collusion or deceit—and then from these ample pitchers, newly filled with water, the astonished servants find themselves drawing forth excellent wine. It was a proof of the Lordship of Christ over Nature. Those processes which He, upholding all things by the word of his power, commonly makes the condition of a successful vintage, He here by the same word dispenses with or precipitates. It is one of those proofs of power which the most ignorant and the least spiritual can appreciate. As the Evangelist says, He thus "manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on Him."

Surrounded for three long days in the wilderness by a patient and now hungering multitude, He at length bids his disciples to feed them from their scanty stores. With every preparation calmly made for a meal, the orderly arrangement, the reclining posture, the preliminary blessing, He takes the five loaves, one by one, into his hands, breaks them into pieces, and by means of his disciples distributes to the five thousand guests. The satisfying of hunger is a thing which allows of no mistake; and the miracle was wrought in the open air, in broad daylight, and with numberless spectators, upon whose minds it acted with unusual strength. It was repeated afterwards, on another occasion, under circumstances only just less (if less) astounding.

He who bringeth food out of the earth—wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and bread to strengthen man's heart—was here manifestly present in his own world, purposing to attract the attention of his creatures by the works of his hand to the words of his lips.

(2, 7, 9) Next, there is a class of miracles (also three in number) proving the dominion of Christ over animated Nature.

After long discourse to the multitudes who thronged the beach listening, Jesus bids the fishermen of the boat in which He had sat speaking, to launch out into the deep water and let down their nets for a draught. They had toiled all the night, and had taken nothing: it seemed as though daylight and the stir of men promised less still: yet in obedience to a voice which carried authority as well as persuasion in its tones, at his word they will let down the net. This done, they enclose a vast multitude of fishes—and the net breaks. One of the men, afterwards to be a great Apostle, finds his sins brought to remembrance by a Presence so Divine, and even entreats his future Master to depart from him. And when that wrong use of the miracle is corrected, and the fearful soul has been re-assured by the promise of work to be done hereafter, not in his poor calling as a fisherman, but in the souls of men, then he and his friends join themselves finally to the company of Jesus: "when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him."

The very same sign after his Resurrection was employed to confirm and consolidate the same conviction. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

What was this but the exercise of the same power which still congregates the fishes of the sea here and not there in their season; bids them, by instinct, which the Creator only could have implanted, obey certain laws, and minister in definite ways to man's dominion? What was it but to say, not by word but by infallible signs, "The Lord of Nature is here—and I that speak unto you am He."

Of the same kind was that other, less conspicuous but even more singular miracle, which, at the need of Him who had on earth neither silver nor gold, brought to a particular spot a fish having in his mouth a particular coin; the required offering, for the temple service, of One who might, He said, as the very Son of the Great King, have claimed an exemption from that tribute.

This, too, is an example of the Lordship of Christ over animated Nature.

(3, 5) Thirdly, we have two remarkable examples of the sovereignty of Christ over elemental Nature, over winds and storms, over air and sea.

At the close of a long day's teaching, our Lord craved an interval of seclusion and repose. "Let us go over," He said to his disciples, "to the other side of the lake." As they made the transit, there came on a sudden storm. The wind rose, and the waves beat into the ship, till it was now full of water. Through all the tumult and agitation of the scene, Christ, the Lord of Nature, slept calmly. "He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow." At last, reluctantly (it may be) and reverently, the disciples roused Him; not without something of surprise in their tone, that He should so long have left them to suffer. "Carest Thou not," they said, "that we perish?" "Lord, save us: we perish." Then He rose; stilled first the storm of terror within, by the majestic remonstrance, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" and then rebuked the wind and the raging of the water—as though seeing in their violence a token of that disturbing power of evil which had brought havoc and ruin everywhere into God's handiwork—and restored by that word of reproof the sea to its calm and the wind to its silence. Well might they who witnessed that instant change in the most unruly elements of Nature, draw from it the wondering inference "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"

At a later point in the Gospel history, on the night after the feeding of the five thousand, a yet more marvellous proof was given of the dominion of Christ our Lord over the elements which He created. After that weary day of instruction first, and then of bodily ministration to the vast multitudes which surrounded Him, He had for once desired to be left alone even by the disciples. His soul craved a protracted season of Divine communion. "When He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray." Doubtless He foreknew also the lesson by which He was about to discipline his disciples to higher attainments in faith and grace. For the present they were sent without Him across the waters of that same well-known sea. Again they had experience of its liability to sudden tempests. "The ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves." "The wind was contrary." "It was now dark," St. John adds, "and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew." From his mountain solitude Christ marked them with a considerate eye; marked, and felt for them, but as yet interposed not. He saw here a needful training; a discipline of fear and patience, not for the present joyous but grievous, yet out of which should be perfected afterwards a peaceable fruit of righteousness. "He saw them toiling in rowing;" and yet till the fourth, the latest, watch of the night He came not to their rescue. And when He came, how did He manifest Himself? In a way most unexpected, and most startling. "In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea." By the power of his own almighty will, He constrained the liquid wavering water to support the footsteps of its Creator. The disciples, seeing Him thus walking on the sea, and apparently (St. Mark adds) purposing to pass by them, thought they saw a spirit, and cried out for fear. But it was his own voice, of power and love, which spake and said to them, "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." And then, passing with characteristic impetuosity from despondency to over-courage, Peter asks that a proof of his Lord's presence may be given in enabling him also to walk safely upon the deep: and He who afterwards gave a doubting Apostle the sign which he demanded of his risen life, though He seemed to chide him for demanding it—and who is pleased sometimes to vouchsafe to doubters now a token which they ought not to require of his living grace and love—so, here also, for the more confirmation of the faith, bade Peter come to Him, as he desired, upon the water; and when faith failed, and fear led to sinking, and he, who had been so brave to come, yet, seeing the wind boisterous, had to cry out in terror, "Lord, save me," still again that prayer too was heard; "Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" What a parable, my friends, for all time! the sinking of courage through unbelief, and the restoration of safety through reviving faith! "When they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God." It was the inference of truth and soberness from the manifestation of the Lordship of Christ over elemental Nature.

(8) In the last place, we have one example—one only amongst all the nine—of the sovereignty of Christ in the domain of what may be called morbid Nature; over those processes of disease and decay by which Nature herself bears testimony to man's sin and fall and ruin.

On the day corresponding to that which we commonly call the Monday in Passion Week, our Lord, passing from his night's sojourn at Bethany to his day's work in the faithless and now doomed city, observed at some distance a fig-tree already (at that early season of the year) clad with leaves, and therefore, much more, promising fruit: for in the fig-tree, it is said, the fruit appears before the leaves. This tree seemed, as it were, to make an unusual profession. Before the regular season it displayed those leaves which were commonly the index of existing fruit. Other fig-trees at that season had neither leaves nor fruit: this single tree had the one, and thereby professed to offer also the other. But when the Saviour approached it, he found leaves only. Not then for being fruitless, but for being false, He took it as the type of a nation and of a soul. Even such was Jerusalem, the holy city: even such was the degenerate house of Israel: full of profession, empty of performance: having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. He took then this tree—this *thing*, remember—this *thing*, towards which therefore there could be no cruelty or unkindness done—as a type of what Israel was, and of what should befall it under the hand of God's judgment. "No man," He said to it, "eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever." "His disciples heard it;" and when the next morning they trod again, for the first time afterwards in daylight, the same path from Bethany to Jerusalem, they were eye-witnesses of the fulfilment of that sentence: "they saw the fig-tree dried up from the roots:" they saw, in other words, the divine sovereignty of Christ, as before over the productive, and over the animated, and over the elemental parts of Nature, so here over its morbid workings—over that department of Nature which bears witness to a fall from an original perfection, and to an infection of sin and death which has spread itself over that face of Creation upon which God looked in the beginning and pronounced it to be very good.

"Christ the Lord of Nature."

1. It was necessary, Christian friends—we speak not beyond what is written, for so God ordered it—that the Son of God, coming down from heaven for the redemption and salvation of men, should prove himself to be very God by many infallible and irresistible signs. It was in mercy as well as in wisdom that He furnished this demonstration. If He had not openly asserted, and openly claimed, and openly demonstrated his Divinity, man might have refused the message for the simple want of having his attention turned perforce to the Messenger. What could the simple peasants or fishermen of Galilee have known of a Gospel which offered only philosophical or metaphysical satisfactions as to its authority and its origin? It pleased God, designing to instruct and to bless and to save, to give proofs of that design intelligible to the most ignorant and level to the humblest of mankind. What could be so forcible, to guests seated at a feast, or to multitudes hungering in a desert, as the production before their eyes of a supply of needed wine, or the offering to their distress of an ample provision of bread? What could be more impressive, to a company of hungry fishermen, who had spent their night in fruitless and vexatious efforts after a draught which came not, than the simple direction where to cast, and the instant experience of a superabundant reward for obeying it? What could be more overwhelming, in its simple and direct argument for the Divinity of the Presence in which they stood, than to find a tempest, which had lain heavy all the night upon experienced mariners in those waters, stilled in a moment by the authoritative word of One who in outward appearance was a man like themselves? or to see the uniform experience of long years contradicted, to their very senses, by the unstable element of water being made to support the footsteps of a Person in flesh and blood, corporeal and material, as concerning His human nature, even as they? These things, and such as these, are indications of God's working, such as it was not more wise than merciful to accord in the first instance to an unlettered and unphilosophical, but on that very account the more straightforward and competent tribunal. Without miracle Revelation could hardly have gained its first footing in a busy, preoccupied, and unspiritual world. Miracle is God's call to attention; God's token and signal that He is about to speak.

2. We might go further, and say, that, if Christ was in deed and in truth the very and eternal Son of God, it could scarcely be but that He should assert below his dominion over the works of God's creation, and over the processes of God's providence. We do not ask any one to begin with the miracles; to regard power, and still more the record of power centuries afterwards, as the one irresistible proof of the truth and Divine origin of a Revelation. This has been done—done perhaps too long—done certainly in this age without conviction. But this we say; that, when Christ has been proved to come from God by his words of Divine wisdom and by His character of Divine goodness, then we expect of Him the third seal, which is the seal of Omnipotent strength. Then things which would have been unnatural, and almost indemonstrable, in another, become natural and almost to be expected and anticipated in Him. That Christ, being Divine, showed Himself to be so by visible and sensible evidences below, needs just as much and just as little proof as any fact of history or any the commonest incident of this common human life. He who is God as well as Man will *probably* do God's works—works of creative, of omnipotent, strength—as well as speak God's works and live God's life below.

3. Yet let us be careful how we speak of miracles, such as those on which we have dwelt to-day, as if they were indeed contradictions of God's natural laws, or contraventions of God's providential operations. It has been well and truly urged that, on the contrary, each one of our Lord's miracles was rather the reparation of a broken law than the breach of a law obeyed. With one exception—needing a word by itself—every single miracle now touched upon was the restoration of a harmony impaired, the removal (for the moment) of a discord introduced, by sin. What is want, what is hunger, what is fear, what is a raging sea or a howling tempest, but something which breaks in upon the sweet concord and unity of the mighty universe as God made it? When Christ wrought a miracle upon Nature, it was to give a glimpse of some good thing lost, of some perfect thing deteriorated, of some joyous and glorious thing spoilt and ruined, by reason of the Fall, and to be brought in again and given back to man through the Redemption which is in Him. It was as the Creator that He put aside for the moment one of Nature's bad habits; because that habit itself testified of sin, and because He would promise deliverance for "the creation itself also from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." And if there was just one exception to this rule of his miraculous

working; just one instance in which He interposed his Omnipotence, not to heal but to destroy; yet even there, even in the one miracle of the fruitless fig-tree, He was ministering to a spiritual if not to a physical harmony: He was teaching a lesson, in a lifeless object, for the warning and edification of souls, and in the same degree evoking out of a present disarrangement and disorganization the seed of a future and an eternal reconciliation.

4. In the miracles which attest the sovereignty of Christ over Nature we have one of the surest grounds of comfort for Christian souls. And this (1) in their literal and (2) in their parabolical significance.

(1) There can be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to feel that their Lord and Saviour is the Sovereign of the universe in which they dwell. When they are exposed to any of the manifold perils which befall us through the world that is seen; when they are in danger by land or by sea; when tempests shake their homes, or want threatens their families; when they are compelled to ask, "What shall I eat? or what shall I drink?" or when those dearest to them are tossed on a stormy ocean, or left to the cruel mercies of an Indian sun or an Arctic winter; how strong the consolation which tells of a Saviour Omnipotent over Nature herself; without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who can at his pleasure turn the very wilderness into a pasture, or allay the raging of the elements against his people, his chosen!

(2) And surely in those more desolate wants which depress, and in those fiercer storms which agitate the *soul*, they find comfort, neither feeble nor fanciful, in the record of His marvellous working below, who fed famishing thousands with bread from heaven, and said to the tempestuous sea, "Peace, be still!" He who did the less can do the greater: He who found bread for the body, He who stilled the outward storm, can both give Himself by his Holy Spirit for the strengthening and refreshing of the soul, and say to the restless cares, the eager longings, and the raging passions, of the inner being, "It is I: be not afraid"—"It is I: my grace is sufficient for thee"—"It is I: peace, be still!"

5. Finally, that which has comfort in it for the true Christian, has also (is it not ever so?) warning and admonition for the careless and the sinful.

Do not imagine, it says to them, that the power of Christ over you is all future. Do not think only —though it be indeed worthy of all your thought— of a misery and a remorse and a torment to begin when life is ended. Already He whom you are resisting is the Lord of Nature. Already it is in Him and by his daily sustentation that you live and move and have your being. Upon his blessing or upon his curse depends already all that makes it a happiness or a misery for you to possess existence. If He gives not his benediction, food itself, light and air, rest and waking, can bring you no abiding enjoyment. These things too are his: these things, as well as the comfort and the support and the blessedness of a spiritual being. The agencies of Nature as well as of grace, of Providence as of the Spirit, are in the hands of Christ. How fearful, if you be not his—if you be not his, but his enemy! Christ the Lord of Nature—do not those few words of themselves tell us how it is that Christian godliness has the promise of the life that is, as much as of the life to come? Is it not because a Christian can look upwards through all that he has, to a loving heart and to a loving hand in heaven? because a Christian sees in all that he here possesses, the assurance of a Saviour's love and the foretaste of an eternal inheritance? because a Christian, being the servant and the friend of a known and trusted Redeemer, can receive in that which is given an intended blessing, and recognize in all that is withholden a no less intended mark of love?

Yes, my friends, "the earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is:" and therefore they only can be at peace on earth, who are at one with its Owner. God give us all grace so to seek Him now, through the Atonement and the Propitiation, that we may know Him also as the Lord of the living and as the Life of the dead!

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND CHIEF SECURITIES AGAINST THEM.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

THE enormous stimulus which the Railway has given to travelling, has by no means reached its limit; and yet, considering the alarming accidents, or rather terrible catastrophes, which even now periodically frighten the public when the railway-system is working under a more than usual strain, it is impossible not to look at the future with some apprehension, and to speculate on the best modes of diminishing the increased perils which our increasing mobility must occasion. As the subject is of vital interest to us all, (concerning, as it does, no less than life and limb,) any man who thinks he has any suggestion to offer that may be, in the smallest degree, useful, needs no apology for uttering it, even though it should prove to be of no more significance than the cobbler's criticism on Apelles.

Though it is easy to trace specific "accidents" to specific proximate causes,—a pointsman's forgetfulness, a plate-layer's negligence, the breaking of a coupling-chain, and so on,—yet the *times* at which the most serious of them have occurred—their general periodicity—seems to show that the "cause of causes," that which for the most part involves these proximate causes, is the over-taxing of the powers of the railway in times of pressure, and thus occasioning it, in some point of construction or management, to give way.

That it can never in the *long run* answer the purpose of any company to attempt more than it can do with due regard to the public safety, will perhaps be granted by everybody. *That* railway would ultimately succeed best which, having all the trains it can *safely* run steadily full, kept time like the sun; insured by the utmost regularity of working a *minimum* of accidents, and therefore of losses and "compensations;" in whose history "catastrophes" were remote traditions; and that inspired people with as much confidence when they stepped into its carriages as when they stepped into bed;—just as in the old coaching days, that coach paid best,—not which was stopping at every turn to "tout" for passengers, or offered to take passengers for next to nothing that it might not be empty, or made itself top-heavy by taking half-a-dozen supernumeraries on the roof,—probably only to "spill" them all at the bottom of the next hill,—and became a synonym for irregularity and disaster; but the steady-working four-in-hand, that kept time like the chronometer in the guard's pocket, the clank of whose harness beat like a metronome, and which, inspiring the public with unbounded confidence in its punctuality and *safety*, always came in full, inside and out.

In discussing the best management of the railway system, in prospect of the still indefinite increase of travelling, a preliminary question presents itself, which *ought* to be soon answered, and yet which at present does not seem so much as asked;—namely, "What is the primary object which should be kept in view by all railway companies? Is it to convey as many people and as much merchandise as *can* be conveyed by them, or to attempt to carry the whole world, should the whole world think proper to be set upon wheels on any given day? in other words, to do only what is within possibility, looking at the uttermost limits of the capacities of the rail in relation to the public *safety;* or to resolve never on any occasion to refuse a passenger, or compel him to go by the next train or on the next day, even though the whole human race was crowding on to the platform? One would think it ought not to require much time to answer such a question; and yet from a certain vague notion, contracted from the fact that the system has, (somehow or other,) met the strain made upon it, it seems to be taken for granted that no matter how many millions may demand to go in the same direction on the same day, the railway is bound to extemporize as many trains as may be necessary to convey them, instead of its being restricted (or restricting itself) to taking only so many as with a proper regard to the safety of the public, measured by a liberal construction of the capacities of iron and machinery, the powers of mortal endurance on the part of officers, porters, and drivers, and the inflexible limits of the twenty-four hours, *can* be conveyed on the same day? It must be confessed, that the great facilities for travelling offered by the rail, and the, *in general*, ample supply of locomotive power for everybody,—that is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and perhaps for 300 days out of the 365,—have made Englishmen a little impatient of considering whether there be any limit at all. And yet it is plain that, for certain portions of the year at all events, we are rapidly approaching the point at which it will be necessary to consider the question, and perhaps by and by it will be necessary to consider it at all times in the year; for while the love of travelling may be stimulated without limit, the capabilities of men and metal, and, above all, the hours of the day, are restricted. Within a certain interval, it cannot be safe to dispatch one train after another; and still less to chuck upon the rails (so often and so perilously adventured upon now) any number of *occasional* trains, to take their chance of so dodging the regular trains as neither to cause nor to suffer a breakdown. There is, then, a point, to which in the daily increase of travelling we seem to be approaching, which will compel us to ask, whether railways shall be expected to carry everybody at any given time, so that if he be left behind, he shall have a reasonable right of grumbling; or whether they shall be bound to do only what is *possible?* On those occasions on which the principal pressure is felt,—that is, in times of universal holiday-making,—we have clearly passed the limit in question; and hence chiefly those terrible accidents, which occur with pretty constant uniformity just when the capacities of mind and matter are overtaxed, and the whole system of railway machinery and management is working at high pressure.

As travellers have come to be impatient of supposing that if the whole world wants to move in a particular direction at a particular time, the whole world should not be instantly gratified, so the "Companies," like other mortals sitting "at the receipt of custom," are exceedingly unwilling to refuse anybody's money; and are prone to believe that what it is their interest to do, it is also quite possible for them to do. And this is so natural a state of mind for all directors and shareholders to fall into, that it would perhaps be perfectly idle to say one word on the subject, were it not that there is another side of the question;—namely, whether, as railway travelling still increases, it may not be possible to realize greater, because more secure and less fluctuating profits, by working the railway system up to nearly that *maximum* of its resources which shall be consistent with the conditions of safety and regularity, (running as many trains as it is *possible* to run under these conditions, but always full, and always punctual,) than by extemporizing a number of trains at any moment of pressure,—thus deranging the whole system for the time being, and occasioning accidents so frequently and on such a scale as must dip deeply into the profits of the shareholders to repair the mischief to the railway *plant* and compensate the injured passengers.

Nor is this the only way in which an increasing *per centage* of accidents will tell on railway interests ; they will infallibly check the public disposition to travel. It has been developed by the comparative safety, combined with the rare facilities and conveniences, which the railway offers ; and if the safety be diminished, and in proportion as it is so, the motive to travel will at last adjust itself as exactly to the measure of public confidence as the stock markets to similar causes. It is quite a mistake to suppose that because people travel, probably ten times as much as formerly, therefore they *must* continue to do so, or that nothing can henceforth alter it. It will depend entirely on the guarantees for the safety, and even in a large degree on the continuance of the conveniences, of travelling. At certain times and in certain localities this feeling is already beginning to operate in an appreciable degree. In a large city, where for one week in the year, the whole railway system seems to be given up to a sort of Saturnalia of cheap pleasure trips, it is not uncommon to hear folks say, "We never, if we can help it, travel in that week. It is hardly safe ; and from the general derangement of the railway system, the enormous delays and want of punctuality of the trains, it is anything but pleasant." A great part of the travelling for pleasure will certainly be contracted by any considerable diminution of the advantages which have occasioned its increase ; and even as regards business, people often travel simply because they can transact it a little more expeditiously and effectually in person than by letter ; but in a thousand cases the delays of the post will certainly be preferred to any appreciable augmentation of danger to life or limb.

If then the object be, not to convey absolutely all that may possibly wish to go on a given day and direction, but as many as the capacities of a railway (taxed if you please to near its *maximum* of power) can convey with safety, and, in order to that end, with perfect regularity, the question with railway directors, (or, if they will not entertain it, with Government), should be : "What is the rolling stock of any given railway?—what the staff of officers and porters?—what interval must, at the least, be allowed between any two trains?"—and, viewing these conditions together, "How many trains, and of what magnitude (so as not to endanger a breakdown by the mere enormity of weight, nor, in case of collision, frightful aggravation of mischief by their momentum), can be sent off *punctually* in the day?" Up to this maximum any railway may be permitted to work ; but beyond it, surely none but a madman would wish it to do so, even though half the world were waiting for the means of transit. It does not follow, of course, that a railway should be *always* working up to this point ; though at certain seasons, even now, it may well be expected to do so, and probably the time is not far distant when the amount of travelling will be such as to exact it all the year round. But though they may work sometimes within this limit, they should never be allowed to exceed it. Nor should the variations (as too often now) be sudden and capricious, nor should any movements be improvised for the day. Regularity and punctuality—the making any system work (as we say) like a *machine*—can be attained only by doing the very same things day by day ; any *programme*, therefore, should be, for a certain interval, inflexible as the law of the Medes and Persians, "which altered not." Nor can there be any great difficulty in this matter ; for the times of greatest pressure, as Whitsuntide, Christmas, and Easter, are as well known as the four seasons : so if a railway then work at a *maximum*, duly calculated and provided for beforehand, the trains for those exceptional periods should be duly published, and no deviation in the shape of *occasional* trains allowed. If it be said, "But would it not be hard to allow any people to be left behind?" the answer must be, "Would it not be harder if any were killed to accommodate them? It is supposed that as many trains are permitted to go as the railway rolling stock, plant, and staff, and the inflexible limit of *time*, will allow to go with safety ; that is, the utmost is done that the fairly-computed powers of the railway can perform? Do you wish that it should do more than it can do?"

Supposing it laid down as a principle by any railway that it would allow of no extemporaneous trains or depart from its settled programme ; that only such and such a number of trains, of given magnitude, should depart during the twenty-four hours, then the ambition (as it would be the true glory) of its Directory should be to take the uttermost pains to make the entire machinery work—as it might do under such conditions, adjusted as these would be to its own capacities, and not the possible demands of the public—with something approaching the equable movement of some of the steam engines attached to our great factories ; engines which the engineer takes as much pride in as a captain in his ship, and whose well-oiled joints move with all the regularity of clock-work, all the smoothness of animal mechanism, and almost the noiselessness of an infant's breathing. Then, the same duties having to be performed in the same manner and measure by the same officials day after day, and the daily routine becoming as fixed and familiar to all concerned as in a well-ordered factory or a well-drilled army, we might look for a rarity of accidents and a degree of punctuality which it were utopian to expect now. Then would directors and shareholders boast that for so many years no accident of any kind had taken place on *their* line, and reap well-earned glory and public confidence, and consequently solid profit too, from the proverbial punctuality of their trains. Then we might hope that even those visionary limits of fractions of five minutes, within which Bradshaw promises that we are to start or arrive, but which are felt at present to be myths, might be counted upon. Then we might really expect to arrive or start at 11·58 a.m., or 5·59 p.m., which are now paraded with strange hypocritical *purism* of punctuality,—much as if a man notorious for never keeping his time promised to meet you at three seconds and a half to ten, or between the third and sixth stroke of twelve. Then would officials on the line, and the plate-layers (that source of terrible danger!) know, from the immutable arrangements and perfect punctuality of the trains, (and that within a fraction of a minute,) precisely at what part of the road such and such a train might be expected, and provide accordingly. Then it would be the triumph of two trains, as of two first-rate coaches in the old coaching days, to pass each other daily within a dozen yards of the very same spot, or arrive at the same moment at the same stables to change horses.

It would be well to remember, that it no more follows, because we have "railways," that the whole population can go in the same direction on the same day or hour, than it did in the palmy days of coaches, that all who might desire to travel by the four-in-hand in consequence of its wonderful superiority over the old waggon, could go then. In those days nothing was more common, of course, than for passengers to postpone their journey to the next day, or even in times of pressure, for several days; at all events, to take security against such accident, by bespeaking places long before the time.[*]

And when, in those days, men could not go, they did not think it reasonable to ask that every spavined jade, and every tumble-down vehicle, and every indifferent Jehu, should be pressed into the public service; or that a system should be extemporised, by which twice as many should be carried as the legitimate provision could meet: and certainly they would have been little anxious to press any such course, if every one of the vehicles must have gone in the very same ruts on the same "six-foot" roadway, with no possibility of passing one another except at certain distant spots; the pleasant alternatives being that every one of them, however differing in load, or however miserably horsed, or by whomsoever driven, must either happily reach these harbours of refuge, or miraculously maintain a uniform speed with the best, or submit to be run down by the dashing four-in-hand! Yet this is really no very extravagant image of what takes place when all the world is resolved to be set upon wheels; that is, when the holiday mania is full upon us. Old asthmatic engines, old carriages, hardly good enough for firewood, and which cannot be adequately examined before each journey, are sometimes pressed into the service of the "excursion trains," and remorselessly interpolated in the general traffic; and these, with the swift express, and the jog-trot ordinary trains, and the slow luggage-trains, (all keeping bad time, because the whole system is overtaxed,) are set on the same line of rails, to take their chance of dodging each other through the livelong summer day, till some fatal catastrophe awakes the public mind into common-sense for a moment!

But it may be said, "One inevitable consequence of any attempt to reduce the railway system to that perfection of movement, to which, like every other great machine, it may and ought to be brought, would be, to abolish all special trains, except under circumstances of absolute necessity; as for example, all 'pleasure-trip trains.'"—I fear it must be admitted. Yet such is the popularity of those trains, and such the reputed revenue from them, that it would perhaps be hopeless to touch the subject, were it not (as seems to many of us) very possible to give the public nearly all the advantages of these contrivances, and to secure to the railways probably the same returns, by other means.

In the first place, the system of "excursion-tickets" by the ordinary trains, at a reduction of fare, and for various periods—a system happily more and more acted upon—goes far to meet *one* of the objects of the excursion trains; and with this advantage, that being always to be had during the season, the immense crowds which swarm into ordinary "excursion trains" are broken up into small parties, going at different times, at their own convenience, and (best of all) by the ordinary trains; thus interpolating nothing in the railway machinery. Secondly, we cannot see why the system of ordinary return-tickets at the reduced fares should not be more largely resorted to. If it can pay to grant them from Saturday to Monday, it seems very hard to suppose that they would not be equally profitable between Monday and Wednesday, or for any other three days. Nor would they be without one special advantage to the Companies of competing lines; for it would insure the passengers coming back by the same line. Many a man has gone from Birmingham by the North-Western and returned by the Great Western, for the sole reason that he has happened to be nearer Paddington than Euston at the time of returning; but if he had a return ticket, it would be well worth while to take a little trouble to return by the same line. In these ways, the extension of the system of excursion-tickets and return-tickets, as part and parcel of the ordinary working trains, and not an improvised supplement to them, would in a good degree prove a substitute for the extraordinary excursion trains. Thirdly, there are "excursion trains" proper, which might still be retained; for as they go on certain days, during the season, at a fixed hour, and as regularly as any others, they are, in fact, but part of the regular trains, only charging a lower rate; and the only caution to be observed is that they should not be of undue weight or dimensions. Fourthly, as a yet further means of meeting the difficulty, and without disorganising the regular system, a company might grant to a certain moderate number of excursionists,—say, as many as would fill a couple of carriages, tickets at reduced fares by any one of the ordinary trains, and that too with but little additional expense to themselves. This is beginning to be done on some lines, and I should imagine might be done more frequently. It would be attended with the signal advantage that instead of "monster pleasure-trains," the parties now composing them would necessarily be divided into different groups, and go on different occasions, and (which is the chief point) by the ordinary trains; instead of forming huge separate trains, crawling along, like immense centipedes, dangerous from their bulk, and trebly dangerous, as occasionally introduced into the system. It may not be possible to bring down the fares quite so low as when a thousand go in the same train; nor is it, perhaps, desirable; but the slight difference of price would be amply compensated by the choice of time given to the excursionists, their greater comfort in travelling, and the greater security both to themselves and the public.

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[*] Nor need it be apprehended that if the number of trains were simply determined by the justly computed capacities of the rail, not by the possible demands of the public at some one moment, any disappointment worth mentioning would accrue to the public; it would be trifling, at all events, as set against the order, regularity, and safety, which would be introduced into the system. In general, all would be able to go; not only those who must, but those who wished to go.

Such, and probably some other methods, might be devised for giving to the public, by the regular trains, many, if not all the advantages, of the extraordinary excursion-trains; but whether the compensations be equivalent or not, it is certain that the public might well accept them as the price of the absolute abolition of these last. It ought to be, and some day will be, thought, as absurd a thing to intercalate an excursion-train among the regular trains, as to let a boy amuse himself with throwing pebbles among the revolving wheels of a steam-engine; or to let anybody suddenly introduce any new extemporised functions in a complicated piece of machinery. The success of any system, (in this case of the last importance, involving the possible issues of life and death, as well as the destruction or safety of a large amount of property,) depends on the smoothness, regularity of movement, and punctuality in the working of the machinery. The management of the railway system necessarily involves its own numerous and most formidable obstacles, which must be encountered whether we will or not. But to add to them all, by every now and then casting on the rails a huge, lumbering, and, from its very nature, crowded and proverbially unpunctual train, will, perhaps, one day be regarded as infinitely more absurd than it would have been to allow the old mail coaches to make a *détour* to any village on either side their route, to "tout" for chance passengers; or to allow the twopenny postman to go out of his beat to deliver parcels on private commission. Vast machinery like that of the Post Office or the Railway, can only be brought to perfection of method and working, by keeping it strictly to its proper business, and letting that become, by the similarity of each day's proceedings, as regular as clockwork.

It may be said that their cheapness is a great recommendation of the excursion-trains; and so it is, but the public safety is a yet higher consideration, even were the compensations on which we have just insisted of less value than they are.—But there is also another aspect of the case. To accommodate the masses by letting them travel a hundred miles for the half, or in some cases the fifth, of what you charge the regular passengers, is all very well; but if the benefit to the first be attended with large diminution of the advantages promised to the last, and still larger increase of their danger, it is in the highest degree unjust. And however desirable it may be to extend to the bulk of the population the opportunity of getting for half-a-crown a commodity of nearly the same kind and value that you are selling to another class for a guinea, it certainly seems nothing less than downright cheating to do this by diminishing the value of that for which you have already charged the higher price. I remember hearing a man plead that no harm is done to the regular traveller who has paid a couple of guineas because five hundred excursionists in front of him are going to the same place for a third of the sum; and that to complain, is to imitate the labourers who complained that the good man in the parable "did what he liked with his own!" But surely a more inept citation of Scripture authority cannot well be imagined. For he did not *diminish* the value of the "penny" he paid to each; whereas the railway company who charges you a guinea for a ticket, and then throws down on the rails before you a monster train which does its best to delay, to hamper, and perhaps upset you, has certainly given others not only the same commodity you have bought, at a much lower price, but has seriously diminished the value of what it sold you at a higher rate. Any accommodation of cheapness to the masses should surely not be attended with *that* consequence.

Certainly none need wonder that accidents occur when such scenes of confusion are possible as some of us saw last Whitsuntide at one of the principal railway centres. Five hundred persons, at least, standing on the platform, and others every moment crowding in; excursionists and such of us as were ordinary travellers all mixed up in hopeless confusion, trains suddenly projected, unknown to Bradshaw or to the officials down the line; contradictory directions from bewildered guards and porters as to which of two trains, standing on parallel lines of rail, was the train for us. After trying in vain to reconcile these discrepancies, several of us seated ourselves in one of these trains, with about as much assurance that it was the right one as if we had cast lots for it; we soon found ourselves sweeping past the station for which we had taken our tickets, and never halted till we had got ten miles past our destination. We were offered, it is true, a free passage back by an up-train, but not till we had had the privilege of waiting an hour for it! We amused ourselves, during the interval, in looking at the numerous trains which stopped or swept by to the amazement of the curious porters in this carnival of Whitsuntide. "What train is this that is coming?" said one of our party. "I don't know, sir," replied the porter; "several trains have come down this evening that we know nothing about; and there are far too few of us to attend to them properly. But it is *holiday* time, sir, and we can't help it." A day or two after the same answer was given by an evidently over-worked and exhausted porter, who had been toiling to get off an express train at another great station. It was just twenty minutes after its time, and was not to stop till it was sixty miles out of town! "There are not enough of us, sir," he gasped, "to get the trains out at the right time; and if folks will travel all together, and each with luggage enough to stock a pawnbroker's shop, they must take their chance."

I was travelling in another express train, only a few days afterwards, which also started twenty minutes after time, but tried to make up for it during the mid passage, though with the same success as that of the good man, who said he had lost a quarter of an hour in the morning, and was running after it all day long, and could not catch it: "This," said a gentleman, who was sitting opposite to me, as he saw the desperate speed at which we were going, "this is one of the ways by which *accidents*, as they call them, are produced; let us hope there are no plate-layers who have neglected their duty to-day!"

It has been suggested by a contemporary that luggage trains should never be permitted on the passenger-line of rails, but always have its own rails. This will indeed be an admirable improvement, if it can be effected; but if it cannot, or till it can, it might be well to consider whether the day might not be given to the passengers, and the night to traffic; whether, for example, after the night-mails had started (say at 12 P.M.), the seven next hours might not be wholly given to the luggage-trains?

It being of such immense importance to *safety* that the utmost precision and punctuality should be attained in the movements of the entire machinery, nothing that embarrasses it and tends to throw it out of gear can be considered trivial. Now there are two things which greatly tend to produce unpunctuality, and which, as it seems to me, might be remedied. I may err in that supposition; but, if not, I am sure reform in these points would not only immensely aid the safe working of the system, but be of incalculable convenience to the traveller in many respects.

The first I shall mention is the tormenting system of "ticket giving," at the little crowded "hatch," where they sell those preliminaries of a journey. You are at the station, I will suppose, in good time; that is, a quarter of an hour before the train starts, before which, indeed, you cannot get a ticket. You leave, it may be, a lady in the crowded station, or (after vainly glancing through the crowd for a porter) a quantity of luggage in a state of orphanage on the platform,—and rush to the little ticket-hole; which, to your great disgust, you find still shut, and besieged by a dozen other claimants. In the rear of these, with sullen impatience, you take your stand, thinking that the train will certainly go without you; or, if not, that in the desperate rush of the last minute you will be separated from your companion, or (what is perhaps as bad) be divorced from your luggage; or that this last will be left behind altogether, or made to take a journey, *not* by rail, with some one on the look out for such strays. Meantime the door continues closed for five, I have often known it for seven, minutes after the appointed time; you hear the clerks talking with provoking coolness behind the scenes, just as if they were not defrauding you and the public of the time the company had promised you, and in utter contempt of the admonitory taps on the portal, given by the foremost in this miserable procession of ticket-victims. At last the door opens, and you are in the stream for the window; but your arms are pinioned close to your sides by the crowd, and you offer the most inviting opportunity to any light-fingered gentleman who may be behind you. To make the matter worse, you hear little dialogues between the seller and the buyer of the ticket, until every moment seems an age; you think it can never come to your turn until the very moment the fatal whistle shall be heard. "Can you tell me," says one to the clerk, "whether this train stops at —— station?" "I will tell you in a *minute*," says the obliging clerk; just as if minutes at that moment were to be so improvidently wasted. Another wants change for a five-pound note, and the clerk begs to know whether he has not enough in smaller money, and the gentleman proceeds to rummage his pockets in search of it. A third is told that he has got to the wrong train; *that* train does not stop at his station at all, and he finds he has been emphatically "the wrong man in the wrong place," both to clerks and passengers. A fourth asks for you know not what, but you impatiently see that you must wait while the clerk gives a written pass; another asks for "seven and four halves, first-class, and two second-class," and then doubts whether the official has computed the value quite right: and so it goes on, till, if you were not hindered by the crowd, you would rush away into the train, and settle with the ticket collectors as you might, at the end of your journey. The only consolation is the entire unanimity of execration with which the long column of victims exclaim against this unreasonable arrangement for getting tickets, but especially against keeping the "hatch" shut after the stipulated time. Let it be at the height of the travelling season (as at Easter or Midsummer), or let there be some interesting affair (such as a Visitation or a fight, a race or a Church-congress) going on in the neighbourhood, and the annoyance often becomes perfectly insupportable; and, what is worse, too often ends in *delaying the train some minutes.*

Now, why should the public be subject to this perpetual inconvenience? Why should it be impossible to get a ticket except during that magic quarter of an hour; of some minutes of which (all too brief as it is) the public is often defrauded, and always of course, in the nature of the case, when it will be attended with the "greatest unhappiness to the greatest number," that is, when the pressure on the railway is heaviest, and the travelling mania at its height. Why should there not be a clerk or clerks with nothing else to do but to sell tickets all day long for the trains that are going during the day, like any other commodity? Nay, some have even asked why the greater Companies should not issue railway "notes," with the company's "promise to pay,"—that is, to convey the holders to the destination specified in the note,—"on demand," but within a given date. But if this be thought too much, why at all events might not the former of these plans be adopted? I have sometimes appealed to influential directors of railways, who have acknowledged that they see no *sufficient* reason why it should not be. There will be a greater risk, it may be said, of forged tickets. Well, of course, some risk of this kind there will be; but it need be no greater than in the case of bank-notes, cheques, or postage stamps. Practically, it is found possible so far to guard against the risk in all these cases as to make forgery a rare occurrence, and an infinitesimal evil compared with depriving the world of the advantages of such things. What would you say if you had to purchase every postage stamp at the very moment you posted your letter, and that *that* moment must be within a quarter of an hour of the post's going out! If the system *can* be altered, it is really discreditable to the railway companies that, for so many years, they have not found a remedy. How pleasant it would be if, instead of the press and the hurry-scurry and the chafing of the present barbarous system, the traveller could get his ticket at any time of the day; if he could do it as he passed, or as his servant passed, the station; and then, when the time came for his journey, have nothing to do but to take his way through the station and into the carriage, just as the train was starting. The present plan is only one degree better than that adopted when the railway system first came in, (but of course soon abandoned,) namely, that of writing out a licence for each individual passenger, just as each was duly entered on the way-bill in the old coaching days!

The second point in which reform (if it can be effected) would greatly facilitate punctuality in the trains, and add to the convenience of the public, respects the management of the luggage. To many, the thought of what may become of *that*, is the great burden of their journey; their souls may be said to be, all along, hovering between their bodies and their portmanteau. The Romans well called luggage "impedimenta;" it is so in a sense never intended by them, for if it does not hinder the traveller's rate of going, it sorely hinders his peace of mind. I have even known those in whom the fond care about it positively destroys all the pleasure of a journey. Many a nervous person in vain tries to maintain magnanimous indifference about it. He diligently inquires as to where it is placed; in what van or on the roof of what carriage; he wants to know where it "shifts;" he takes a reassuring peep at it in the van, at those deceitful "junctions;" and is constantly afraid lest something should happen to that *other* body, to which his soul is continually transmigrating.—And when it is to be ascertained whether it be safe at last, and claimed, (especially if it be at the great centres and in the height of the season,) dire is the scene of scrambling and selfish eagerness. What anxiety in each to be ready to pounce on it the moment it emerges from the van, lest it should be seized in the clutch of some wrongful claimant! What pressing to look into the van, in spite of remonstrance from guard and porter! What peril of having the toes crushed by some descending box of enormous dimensions from the shoot which unlades the roof of the carriages!

They manage these things much better on the Continent; even in many parts of America, nay even in Canada. On the Continent the chief point, the great *desideratum* of an unembarrassed mind, is effectually secured at once; the beneficent despots take your luggage from you altogether, pronouncing an absolute divorce between you and it; so that you see it no more till you have reached your destination, even though you be parted during the perilous passage of half-a-dozen junctions, or even a parenthetical sea voyage. Happy, blissful freedom from the gross encumbrance, the "mortal coil," of box or portmanteau! When shall this be the glorious lot of the traveller on the English railways? When shall he enter the carriage, happily disembodied of his luggage, stripped of his all, and all the richer for it? When shall he be in that *dégagée* state in which he makes a long journey with nothing but his faithful umbrella to take care of?

It is sometimes said that the impatience of Englishmen, their disposition to account time as money, and to consider the loss of every moment as a certain *per-centage* on their gains, would never allow them to submit to a system which would be attended with some irksome delays. To this it might be answered, that if public convenience and safety would be best promoted by a change of system, it is not very complimentary to our countrymen to suppose that they would oppose it; or prefer unnecessary anxiety, confusion, and selfish scrambling, to order and freedom from care, purchased by a few minutes' delay; but a still better answer is, that it is much to be feared that the present want of all method in this matter occasions far greater delay than the methodical and orderly transaction of the luggage-business would do.—But, if the Englishman dislikes the formality of the Continental method, surely a very simple modification of the present plan might be suggested, which would obviate at least the traveller's anxiety about his luggage; and *that* would be no light advantage. The greater part of the railways ticket the luggage, leaving the traveller to claim it, though without any guarantee that he is the right person to claim it, and without any responsibility for its due delivery to the right owner. Now, if it were made a uniform rule by the railway companies that no luggage should be put into the vans or on the roof that had not their ticket of destination affixed; if these tickets were printed in duplicate, and numbered, (say from 1 to 1,000, that they might not be soon exhausted, at least not by any one train); and if, as each was affixed by a porter to a box or portmanteau, he tore off the counterpart, and handed it to the passenger, the latter would have the guarantees in his pocket that his luggage could not be claimed by any improper person, and all he would have to do would be to give them to the guard when his proper number of packages was handed out on the platform. This would, at all events, obviate the plague of thinking about, and taking care of, one's luggage during the transit, and all fear of its passing into any hands but those of the right owner. Those much-to-be-pitied travellers, whose minds are so apt to live in their portmanteaus, might with perfect serenity give themselves up to the newspaper or the scenery, without being troubled at stations or junctions as to whether any wrongful person might be carrying off that deposit for which they had got due security. The possession of these same tickets would enable them, when the train reached its terminus, still to possess their souls in patience, without rudely pressing on others, or being pressed upon, in the attempt to get hold of their luggage at the earliest possible instant; while quiet souls, who hate all scrambling, and would sooner wait half-an-hour than have anything to do with it, would stay till the more impatient crowd had thinned away, without any fear of being thereby defrauded of their own. If it be said that any such more methodical system, and the duplicate tickets, would cause the company some additional trouble and expense, and that they could not be expected to carry it out without some trivial charge, I fancy there are few travellers who would object to some trifle (say a halfpenny or a penny each packet); or who would not feel that it was amply repaid by the transfer of the responsibility of the luggage to the railway authorities, and consequent freedom from all care on the part of the traveller; for myself, I should think that for such a charge I had an ample *quid pro quo.*

Some such system would be attended by two other signal advantages,—more especially if a portion of these trifling fees were spent in an increase of wages to the porters, or in increasing their number when necessary.—One is that it would do away entirely with a practice which the railway companies earnestly and rightly, yet vainly deprecate,—a practice attended with very pernicious consequences to the public,—the clandestine feeing of their servants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this corrupting practice—of which almost every one of us is more or less guilty, in spite of the laws of the companies—originated in extra trouble given about the luggage; now, if a small charge were made on it, and especially if it in part benefited the porters themselves, the public would have neither reason nor inclination to break the companies' laws on this score; and I firmly believe that nothing but some such regulation as I have hinted at will correct the practice.

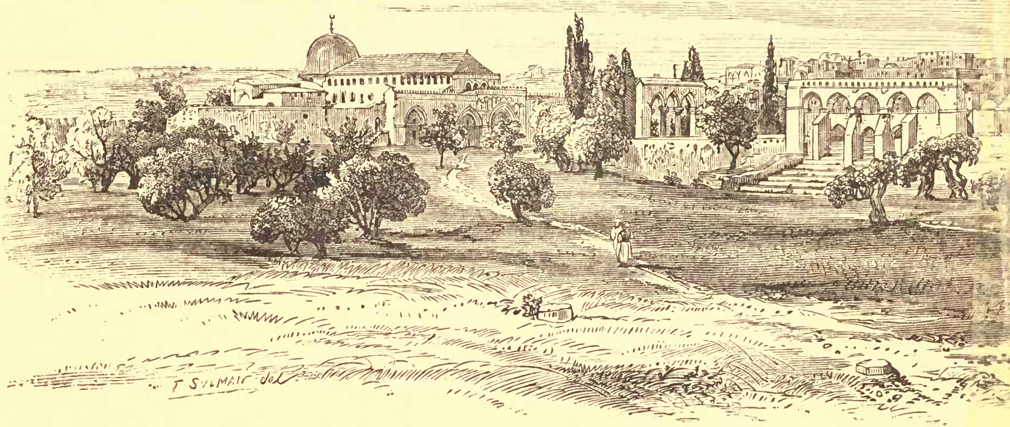
The second advantage is more particularly connected with the chief subject of the present essay,—namely, the best modes of obviating dangerous delays and unpunctuality in the trains; for, under such regulations, every traveller would naturally endeavour to *minimise* his luggage. Whether, indeed, still more stringent regulations may not be ultimately required as to the *quantity* of luggage, may be a question; for the present tendency to take mountain-loads of it is a perpetual cause of delay and irregularity. But, at all events, such regulations as those just suggested would *pro tanto* tend to diminish it. Each man who could, would content himself with a modest portmanteau, not exceeding in cubical dimensions the space allotted to him under his own seat, and would thus exempt himself from all trouble, as well as all payment in the matter; but, at all events, if he were obliged to have recourse to the van, he would put as little there as possible. At present, from the want of stringent regulations as to the quantity of luggage, and especially from the immunity from any fees, people abuse the indulgence of the rail most unconscionably. The huge pile of luggage looks sometimes as if the good folks who owned it were not merely taking a journey, but moving with all their household gods and goods to a new residence. Packages may often be descried which ought in all fairness to go by the luggage-train,—perambulators, beds, baths, and apparently half the furniture of seaside lodgings or shooting-boxes. The trunks of ladies, again, often assume most alarming proportions, due in part, probably, (if one may profanely speculate on their sacred contents,) to the ample skirts of modern fashion. In height and breadth, and the tremendous arch of the roof, they look more like young churches than boxes.—Let it not be imagined that this excess of luggage is a thing of little consequence; it is largely connected with the want of punctuality in the trains, is often the chief cause of the delay in starting, and occasions slight additional delays at the intermediate stations,—to say nothing of the confusion it often produces on the platform of the principal termini. Anything that would tend, therefore, to contract this ever-expanding volume, and reduce it within narrower limits, would be of appreciable benefit to the public, and materially add to the safety, by increasing the punctuality, of the trains; and even the ladies, who now are apt to abuse this privilege, and take up more than their share of space in the vans, as they do at concerts and in churches, would have a compensation for the diminished luggage in the greater care wherewith it would be treated. I fancy it would go near to break the heart of many a young damsel if she could see the irreverence and violence with which her treasures, the κειμήλια of fashion, are often treated; with which they are thrown in and out of the van or turned topsy-turvy. On peeping into the van, how often may we see the huge tin boxes, with all their sacred contents, reposing on their arched roofs, to the infinite shame of irreverent guards and porters!

It would be another advantage of any arrangement which should reduce the railway system to equable working, and which should get rid both of all *occasional* trains, and of any trains of undue dimensions, that it would divide the crowds, which now, in times of pressure, throng the platforms, throw the whole official machinery of the railway out of gear, and too often stand in each other's way as well as in that of everybody else. "Monster trains" will in time lead, and indeed they have already led, to a variety of mischiefs and evils which gravely threaten the comfort, even where they do not endanger the safety, of passengers. Among them is a rapid development of selfishness, of eager and frantic impatience in each man to secure his own immediate advantage, to the utter neglect of the interests of others. The way in which a "monster" crowd of "excursionists" sometimes rush to secure their places, and thrust, and jostle, and push one another to obtain them, is, as Sam Slick would say, a "caution to behold." It seems as if they had undergone a sudden "transmutation of species," and remind one rather of pigs rushing to their troughs than of civilised creatures. Nor can this eager selfishness be said to be a mere inconvenience; it is often most dangerous. Among the *fatal* railway casualties of last year were those of no less than three persons who were thrown under the wheels, at the very moment of starting, by the crowds rushing into the carriages.

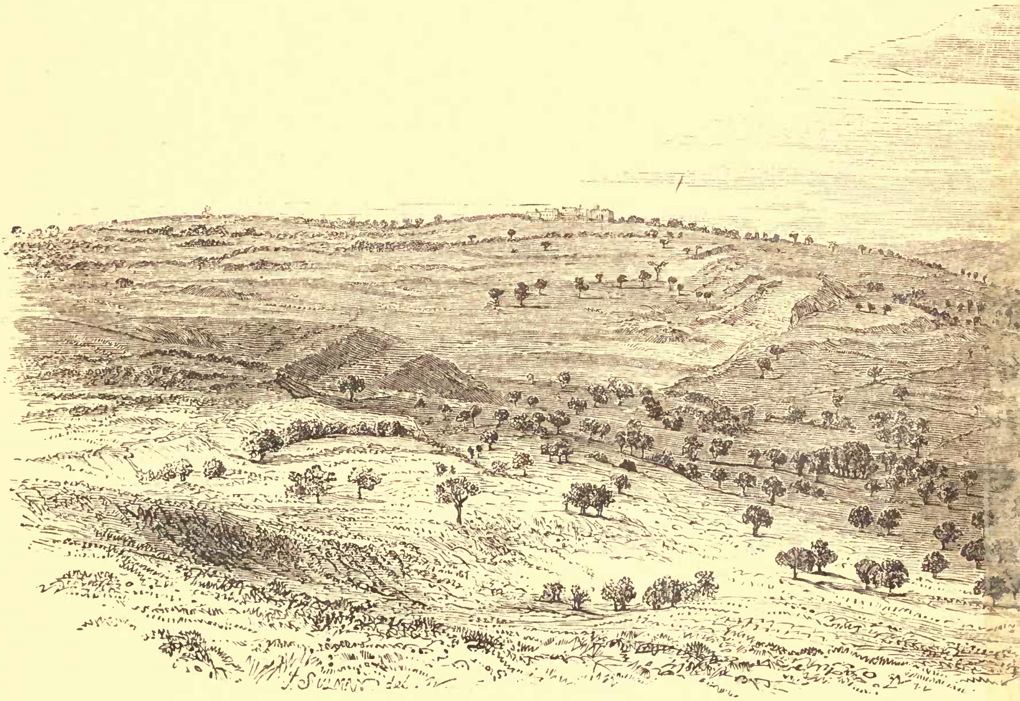
Another evil connected with the present system of taking unlimited numbers by the same train, (and it is a growing one,) is that of confounding the distinction of "classes," and defrauding him who has paid the price of a higher ticket, of the specific advantages for which he purchased it. It is now not uncommon to find, on reaching some meridian where a fair, or a fight, or a race has been going forward, that under the excuse of there not being room enough, third-class passengers are stowed into second-class carriages, and both third and second-class passengers are sometimes thrust into first-class carriages,—the intruders being often not at all the more agreeable for their recent riotous companionship.

Similarly, even on the lines on which "smoking carriages" are allowed, there is so little enforcement of the general laws of the companies, that scores even of the first-class carriages smell like a tap-room. These and many other minor abuses, (which are evidently on the increase,) will require timely watching and correction; otherwise they will infallibly induce a general laxity and slovenliness of management, and disregard of all fixed regulations, that will not only seriously interfere with the comforts of the traveller, but indirectly augment the perils of the rail.

It was recently observed in one of the papers, (the "Times," if I mistake not,) that the railway officials ought to be men not only of superior intelligence, but of education and culture. Nothing can be more true. As to the guards, porters, and subordinate officials, speaking generally, there cannot be a more hard-working civil, obliging set of men. But the chief station-masters, and other principal officials ought, in every case, to be men of superior sense and information, and capable of assuming with their uniforms some of the best qualities of military officers; they should be possessed, in a high degree, of firmness, decision, patience, and self-control, reverence of discipline —even to idolatry; they should be prompt to render obedience to authority where it is due to others, and peremptory in demanding it where it is due to themselves.


T. SULMAN del.

Mosques of Omar and El Aksa. Hill of Evil Counsel. Mount Zion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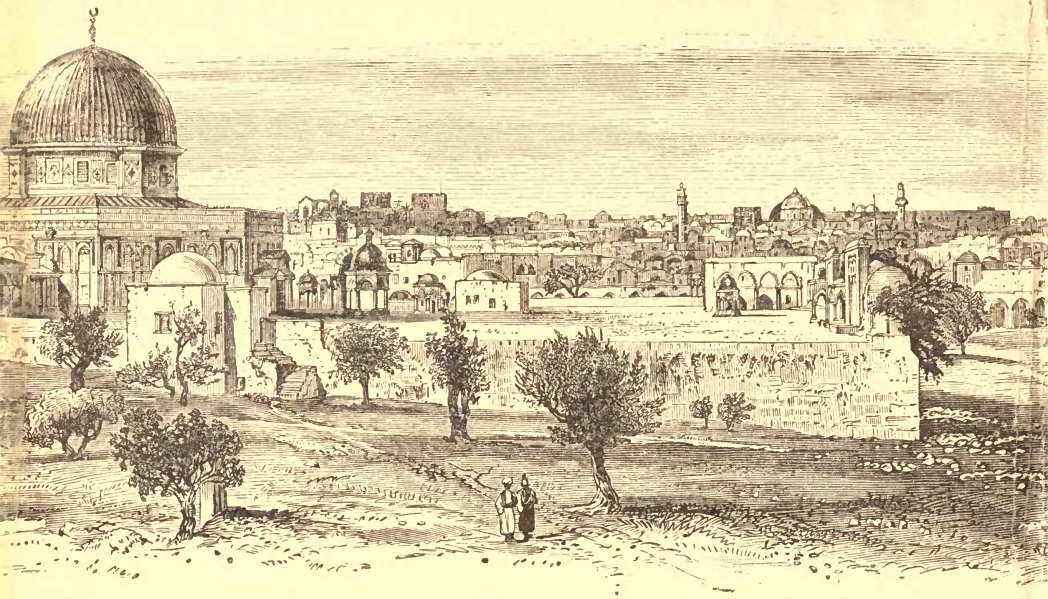
Mount of Olives. Herodion, above



r Dome of the Rock, and Platform. Old Tower at Jaffa Gate. Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

JERUSALEM, FROM THE GOLDEN GATE, SHOWING THE TEMPLE AREA IN THE

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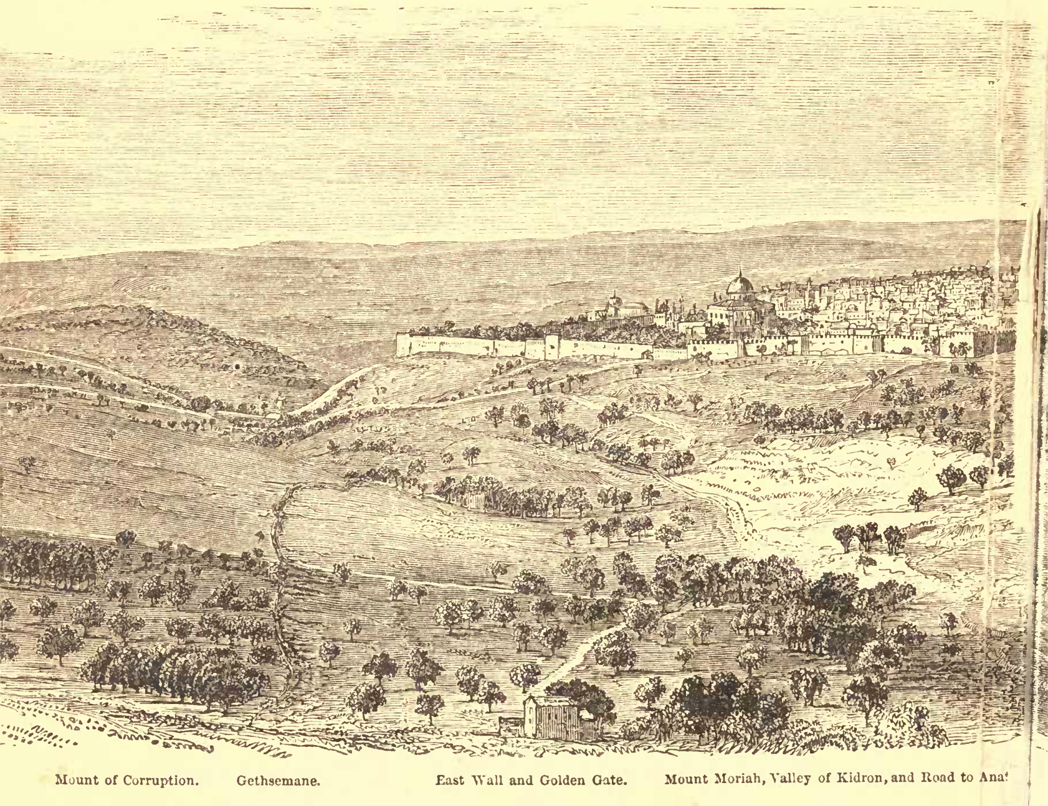
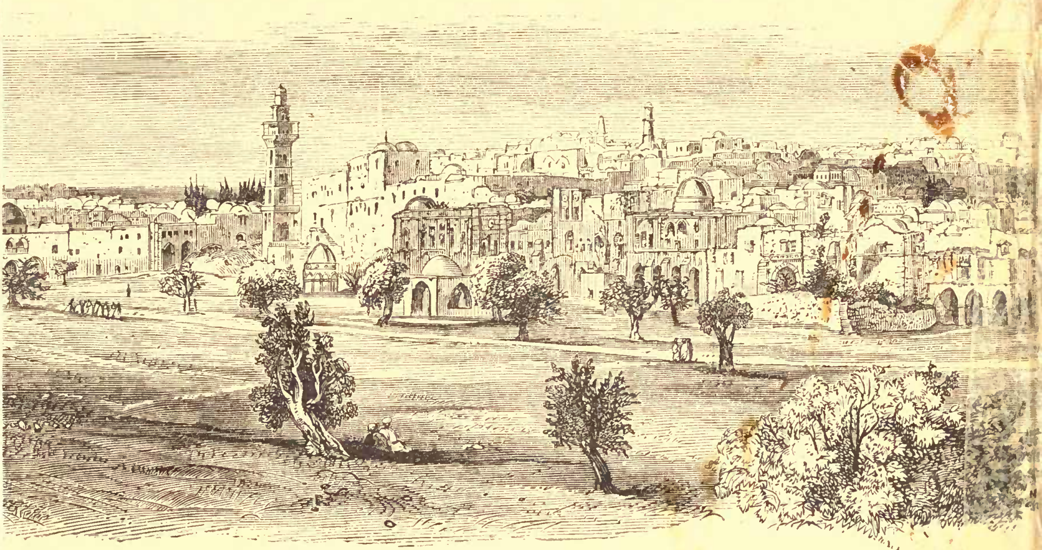


Mount of Corruption. Gethsemane. East Wall and Golden Gate. Mount Moriah, Valley of Kidron, and Road to Ana

"BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH, IS MOUNT Z IN

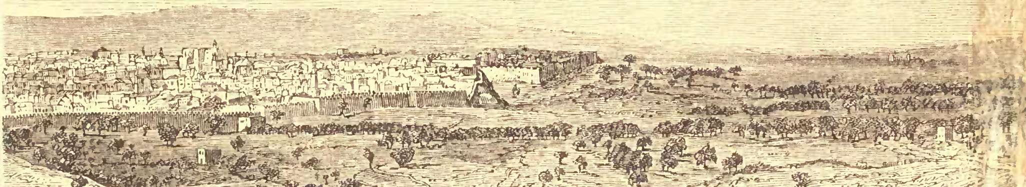
(From a Phot graph



Governor's House.

REGROUND, WITH THE MOSQUES AND MINARETS IN THE HOLY PLACE.

aham.)



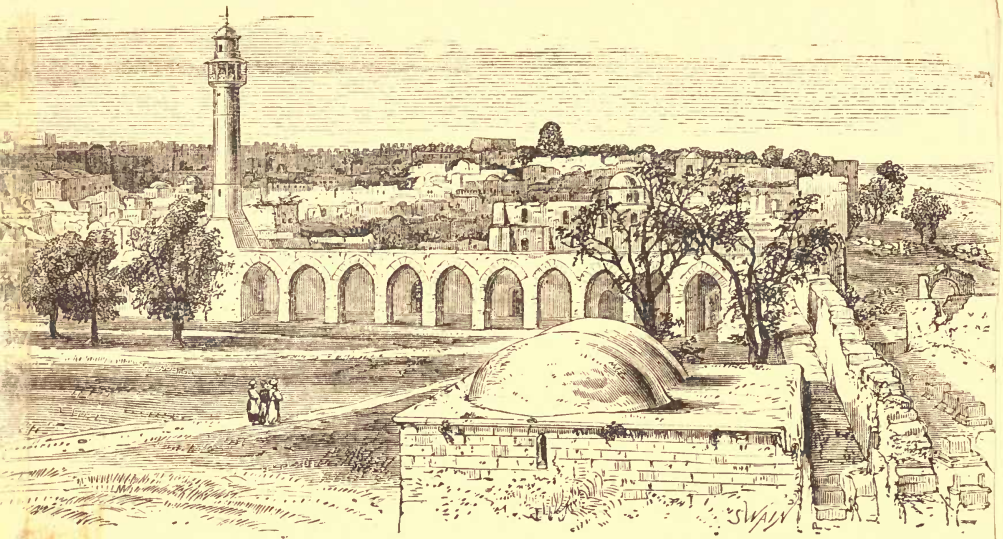
North Wall and Bezetha

Hills south of Plain of Rephaim.

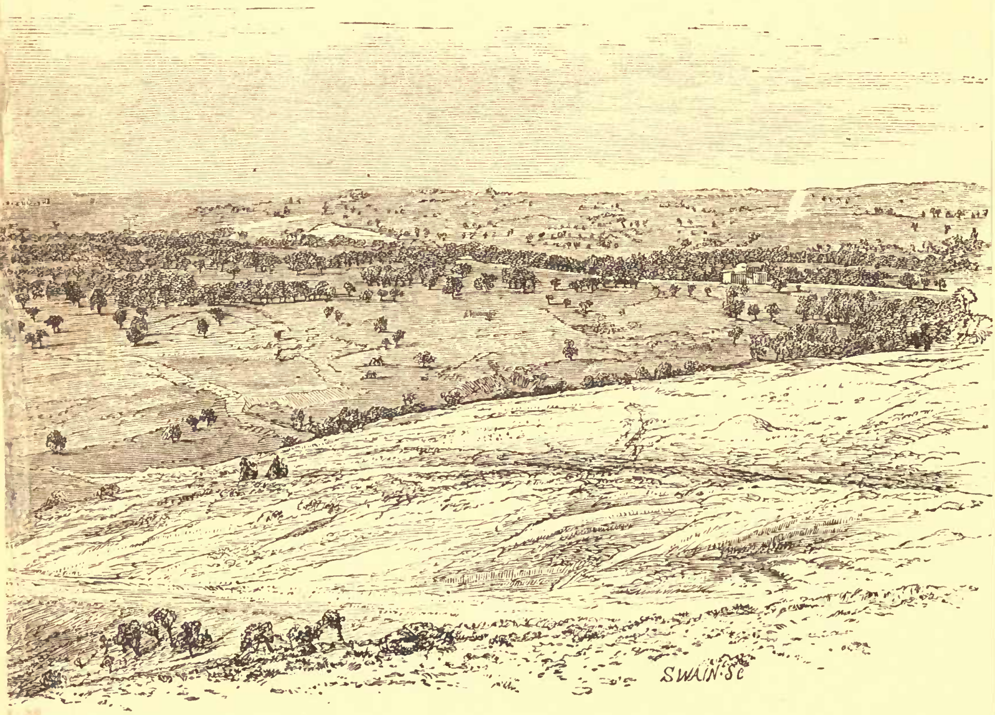
Upper Valley and Fields of the Kidron.

N THE SIDES OF THE NORTH, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."

raham.)



Herod's Gate. Church of St. Anne. St. Stephen's Gate.

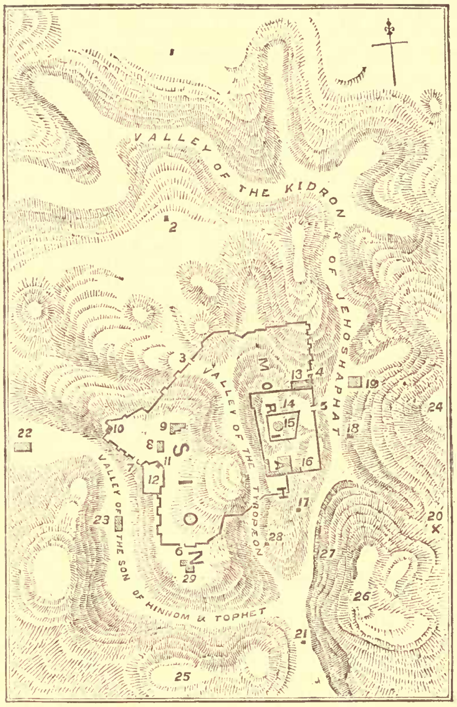


Tombs of the Kings. Road to Samaria.

EASTWARD.

By THE EDITOR.

VII.—JERUSALEM (WITHOUT THE WALLS).



Site of Jerusalem.

(From a drawing by Mr. Fergusson.)
Scale, 1034 yards to the inch.

1. Scopus.
2. Tombs of the Kings.
3. Damascus Gate.
4. St. Stephen's Gate.
5. Golden Gate.
6. David's Gate.
7. Jaffa Gate.
8. Pool of Hezekiah.
9. Church of the Holy Sepulchre.
10. Jalúd Ruin.
11. Castle of David.
12. Citadel.
13. Pool of Bethesda.
14. The Haram, or Holy Place, containing
15. The Dome of the Rock, and
16. The Mosques El-Aksa and Omar.
17. Fountain of the Virgin.
18. Pillar of Absalom.
19. Gethsemane.
20.* Shoulder of the Mount of Olives, where "he beheld the city, and wept over it."
21. En-Rogel.
22. Upper Pool.
23. Lower Pool,
24. Summit of the Mount of Olives.
25. Hill of Evil Counsel.
26. Mount of Corruption.
27. Village of Siloam.
28. Pool of Siloam.
29. Sepulchre of David.

Before going outside the city, I must admit that much more could be said about Jerusalem itself, and especially about the old walls, and their bearing on the vexed question of the position of the Holy Sepulchre.* But the reader will please recollect that I only give the impressions of a hurried visit, and do not recapitulate what others have written, and more fully and better than I could do.

On my way out one day I visited the Jews' "wailing place," certainly one of the most remarkable spots in the world. I indicated its locality in my last article. It extends 120 feet along the cyclopean wall, which belongs to the area of the Jewish Temple, and which surrounded the sacred inclosure. It begins about 300 feet from the south-west corner. No familiarity with the scenes enacted at this place made it hackneyed to me. To see representatives of that people met here for prayer—to see them kissing those old stones—to know that this sort of devotion has probably been going on since the Temple was destroyed, and down through those teeming centuries which saw the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and all the events of the history of Modern Europe—to watch this continuous stream of sorrow, still sobbing against the old wall, filled me with many thoughts. What light amidst darkness, what darkness amidst light; what undying hopes in the future, what passionate attachment to the past; what touching superstition, what belief and unbelief!† I found some slips of paper, bearing prayers written in neat Jewish characters, inserted between the stones of the old wall.

I also took a stroll into the Jews' quarter on Mount Zion. It is a wretched filthy place, squalid as the "liberties" of Dublin, the "slums" of London, or the "closes" of Glasgow or Edinburgh. I may possibly in another chapter give my impressions of the Jews of

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* Since writing my last article I have got a copy of De Vogüe's splendid work on Jerusalem. The learned author rejects Josephus's measurements of the site of the old Temple, and endeavours to prove that it occupied the whole portion of the present Haram area, with the exception of the north-west corner, on which the fortress of Antonia was built. If his view be correct—a point by no means settled—then the famous rock may turn out after all to be the site of the great altar. He also rejects Mr. Fergusson's argument that the Mosque el Sakrah was built by Constantine, though he admits it to be of Byzantine architecture applied by Moslem builders. And he accepts the present so-called "Holy Sepulchre" as authentic. I am quite prepared for a "counterblast" to his arguments, and am disposed, more than ever, to wait for light until the Palestine Exploration Society—one of the most interesting, most urgently required, and most promising associations of our day—has had time to dig and measure among the *débris* of Jerusalem with skill and patience. I trust the society will meet with the support it deserves.

† Dr. Wilson, in his "Lands of the Bible" (vol. ii. p. 615), quotes a passage from the liturgy of the Sephardim Jews, used when lamenting at the place of wailing. Among its petitions are the following:—"Oh, may their Father in his infinite mercy compassionate his orphans, and gather his dispersed to the pure land! For he is high and exalted; he bringeth down and raiseth up; he

Palestine, and shall say nothing more about them here.*

I saw one sight on Mount Zion which vividly recalled the past, and that was a band of lepers. They inhabit a few huts near one of the gates, and are shut off by a wall with only one entrance to their wretched small court and mud dwellings. Ten of those miserable beings came out to beg from us—as they do from every one who is likely to give them alms. They sat afar off with outstretched arms, directing attention to their sores. There was nothing absolutely revolting in their appearance; but it was unutterably sad to see so many human beings, with all the capacities for enjoying life, thus separated from their kind, creeping out of their mud dens day by day through a long course of years to obtain aid to sustain their miserable existence; and then creeping back again—to talk, to dream, to hope. And for what? No friendly grasp from relation or friend, no kiss from parent or child, from husband or wife. Dying daily, they daily increase in misery and pain. What more vivid symbol of sin could have been selected than this disease, which destroys the whole man from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, slowly but surely eating his life away, and which is incurable save by the power of God? May He have mercy on all such! The sight of those sufferers in such a place suggested many a scene in Bible history, above all the compassion of Him who "bore our sicknesses," and restored such pitiable objects to the health and joy of a new existence. Nor could one fail to associate the helpless condition of lepers with that of the people who still occupy Zion, whose houses are built over the dust of what was once their own stately palaces, and whose unbelief is now, as it was in the days of the Prophets, like unto a deadly leprosy with wounds that have not yet "been closed, neither bound up, nor mollified with ointment." Their sin has been so visibly punished, that we may truly add:—"Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate as overthrown by strangers. And *the daughter of Zion* is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city."

And before passing beyond the walls, I would like to mention one remarkable feature of Jerusalem. It is its power, in spite of its dust and decay, to attract to itself so many forms of religious thought. The fire which once blazed in it with so pure a flame, still flickers amidst smoke and ashes. Moslem, Jew, and Christian, of every sect, reside among its ruins, or make pilgrimages of devotion or of inquiry to its hallowed precincts. Among these are always a few *outré* characters from Britain or America, possessed by a monomania on the second advent or the return of the Jews. I heard of more than one such who took up their abode in sight of Olivet, daily watching for the Saviour's personal return, and daily preparing to receive Him or some of his followers as honoured guests. On every other point they were, I believe, sane and sensible people. One old man had for years lived in eager expectancy of the great event. His hair grew white, but his hopes were ever fresh and young. He lived alone. At last one day he was missed; and when search was made, he was found dead in his solitary room. But his hopes, however false they were as based on an error of judgment, yet sprang from personal attachment to his Redeemer, and would not be put to shame, though fulfilled otherwise and more gloriously than he had anticipated. Those who, longing to see the sun rise, search for it with straining eyes at too early an hour, or in the wrong quarter of the heavens, will yet rejoice in its beams when it does rise, though it be later, and in another point of the horizon. We may apply to such disappointed dreamers what Mrs. Barrett Browning so touchingly says of the poet Cowper:—

"Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother! where's my mother?'
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

"The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death to save him.

"Thus? Oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—'*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!'"

But we must go out of the city and "view the walls of Jerusalem which were broken down."

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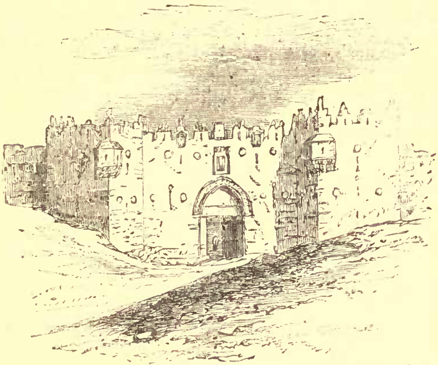
woundeth and he healeth; killeth and restoreth to life. O Lord, return to thy city! build thine holy oracle, dwell in thine house, and gather thy scattered flock. O thou who renewest the months, collect the saints, both men and women, to the erected city. O may this month be renewed for good! and may it please God, who is mighty in works, thus to command!"

* I cannot find any more authentic evidence of the population of Jerusalem than what has been given by "Murray" (1858), which is as follows:—

Moslems	4,000
Jews	6,000
Greeks	1,500
Latins	1,200
Armenians	280
Syrians, Copts, &c. . . .	150
Greek Catholics . . .	110
Protestants	100
	13,340

The best account of the "religions" of Palestine that I am acquainted with, is that given by Dr. Wilson, in his "Lands of the Bible." Finn's account of one sect of the Jews—the Spanish "Sephardim"—is also valuable.

Among the first places I went to was the subterranean quarry, the entrance to which is near the Damascus Gate. The nature of this place will be best understood by supposing an immense excavation, out of which it is highly probable the stones were quarried to build the city, so that Jerusalem may be said to be reared over one vast cavern, the roof of which is supported by huge pillars of rock, left untouched by the workmen. We entered by a narrow hole, through which we had to creep; and after stumbling over *débris* down hill and up hill, we found ourselves in the midst of a labyrinth of vast caves, whose high arches and wide mouths were lost in darkness. On we went tottering after our feeble lights, long after we lost sight of the eye of day at the entrance. With cavern after cavern on the right and left and ahead of us, we got *eerie*, and began to think, in spite of the lucifers—unknown as an earthly reality to the Jews of old—what would become of us if our lights went out. It is difficult to say how far the quarries extend. I have been told by one who has examined into their inner mysteries, that there are walls built up which prevent thorough exploration. But I have no doubt they will, as many incidents in history indicate, be found to extend to at least the Temple Area. It is more than likely that the stones of the Temple were here prepared; for "the house when it was in building was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." The stone is a white limestone, and must have given a pure and bright appearance to the Temple.


Damascus Gate.

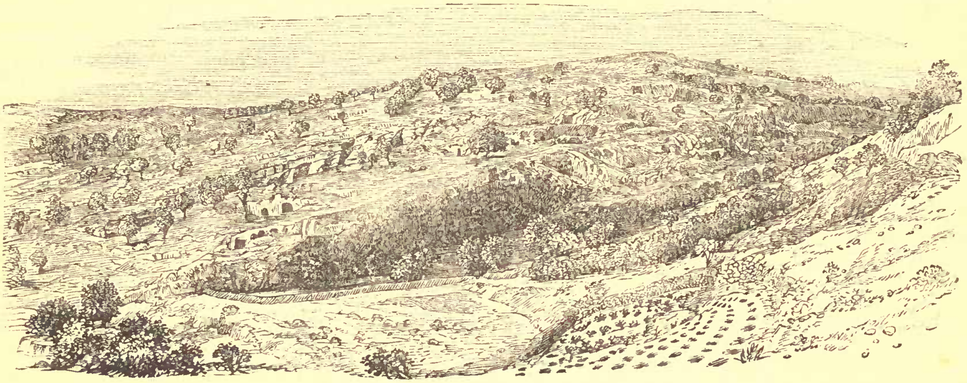
J. Graham, Photo.

We saw some blocks half cut out of the living rock, but never finished. I know not why such unfinished works as those stones, partly prepared yet never used, are so impressive. They are very old—older than any inhabited building on earth, and ages older than most of our modern ruins—yet they look young, like children that were embalmed at birth. They are monuments, not of the past so much as of an expected future—enduring types of designs frustrated, of plans unexecuted, and of hopes unrealised—symbols of the ignorance of man, who plants and builds, until a sudden coming of God revolutionises the world to him. Why, we ask, did not this or that stone fulfil its intended destiny? What stopped the work? What hindered the workman from returning with his mallet and chisel to finish it? What caused the abrupt pause which has not been disturbed for centuries? Was this stone designed for the home of some rich young man, who was so absorbed in it that he could not follow Christ? or was it intended for some one anxious to enlarge his barns? or for some Dives to erect a new banqueting-hall? or for some bridegroom to prepare a home for his bride? Or did the Sanhedrim commission it for the repair of the Temple? Then why did it remain here? Were the workmen called away by the Crucifixion, or by the scenes of the day of Pentecost? Or did strange news come of the army of Titus encompassing the city? and was the work of usefulness, of covetousness, of luxury, of domestic peace, or of piety, put off till a more convenient season? The stones yet wait in silence, and may wait probably till all man's works are burnt up. And still we go on in the old way, planting and building, marrying and giving in marriage, rearing palaces, barns, and churches, as if the earth were firm beneath our feet, and time would never end. But we must not indulge in dreamy meditations lest our lights go out, and the stones at last serve some purpose by covering our skeletons. We reach the daylight, which, first like a brilliant star, and then a sun, pierces through the gloom from the narrow entrance.

Reader, it is no easy task this work of exploration even in a small way, or of sight-seeing in any way, with such a temperature. You can fancy what it is to be obliged to poke through holes like a rat, flit through caverns like a bat, and then come into daylight only to pace along under a glare from white rocks, white stony roads, white walls, the whole man dusty and deliquescent, and inclined to say with Sir John: "Thou knowest, Hal, that a yard of uneven ground is a mile to me." There is no shelter anywhere except under an olive, when there is one, or in the cool recesses of a house, which is not to be thought of until evening. I long to bring the reader to Olivet and Bethany; but let us first take a rapid glance at some of the spots south of the city.

Whoever takes the trouble to examine the accurate plan of the site of Jerusalem and its environs which heads this chapter (reproduced from our last for the convenience of the reader), will notice the prolongation of the hill south of the Haram Area. It is steep, and in some places rocky, though on the whole carefully cultivated in terraces, with many olive and fruit trees. This was the Ophel of the olden time. The valley which bounds it on the west was called the "Tyropœan," which, from the Damascus Gate southward, divided the Temple

Mount from Mount Zion. The valley to the east of Ophel is that of Jehoshaphat, or the Kidron, separating Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. It attains its greatest depth immediately beneath the south-east angle of the Temple. Another valley, it will be observed from the plan, curves in from the west. This is the valley of Hinnom or Tophet. Perhaps there is no place on earth where so many thoughts of human crime and misery suggest themselves, as among the rocky sepulchres of this valley. It must always have been an out-of-the-way, dark, secluded spot. There is no other like it near Jerusalem. The horrible Moloch fires which consumed many an agonised child, once blazed among these stones. "They have built the high places of Tophet," said the Prophet Jeremiah, "which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart." On the opposite side, on the Hill of Corruption, where the village of Siloam is now built, Solomon set up his idols in the very sight of the Temple; as it is written:—"Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon." It was these abominations Josiah cleared away:—for "he defiled Topheth, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Molech." "And the high places that were before Jerusalem, which were on the right hand of the mount of corruption, which Solomon the King of Israel had builded for Ashtoreth, the abomination of the Zidonians, and for Chemosh the abomination of the Moabites, and for Milcom the abomination of the children of Ammon, did the king defile." As if to complete the painful associations, there is pointed out among the rocky hills of Hinnom, immediately below the Hill of Evil Counsel, Aceldama, or "the field of blood," where, into a caverned pit, now built over, bodies were cast, with hardly any other burial than to lie there under a little sprinkling of earth until turned into corruption. It has been closed for a century, but will ever be associated with the traitor. No wonder this spot in the valley of Hinnom, with its wickedness, its consuming fires, its vile moral as well as physical corruption, should have become, as Tophet or Gehenna, a type of Hell.



Aceldama and the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, from N.E.

J. Graham, Photo.

The inhabitants in the immediate neighbourhood of these infamous spots do not redeem their character. The villagers of Siloam partly live in houses and partly in the old rock tombs, and are notorious thieves—such a collection of scoundreldom as might be the joint product of gipsies, vagabond Jews, and the lowest Arabs. Their presence in Siloam makes all the Mount of Olives unsafe after nightfall to those who are not protected.

But the name Siloam recalls a very different scene, and one for ever associated with the Saviour's power and love. There is no dispute whatever regarding the site of the old Pool, which has never been challenged.* It is about 53 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 19 feet deep. It is surrounded by an old wall, which, it has been suggested, is the same as that of which it is recorded:—"Shallum built the wall and the pool of Siloam by the king's garden." Above it, as the illustration shows, is an arch, under which a flight of steps descends to the water, that flows past, clear and pure, into the pool. In this the blind man was sent to wash. This one fact sheds a light and glory over the whole place. We can easily picture to ourselves the poor man proceeding with his clay-covered eyes, his anxious and eager faith subduing his doubts and fears, until the water laves his face, and then!—he sees for the first time those very rocks, perhaps that same old wall; and better than all, with the eye of the spirit, as well as of the flesh, he sees Jesus as "the Sent" of God, and as his Saviour. It is not the realising merely of this miracle or of any others as historical

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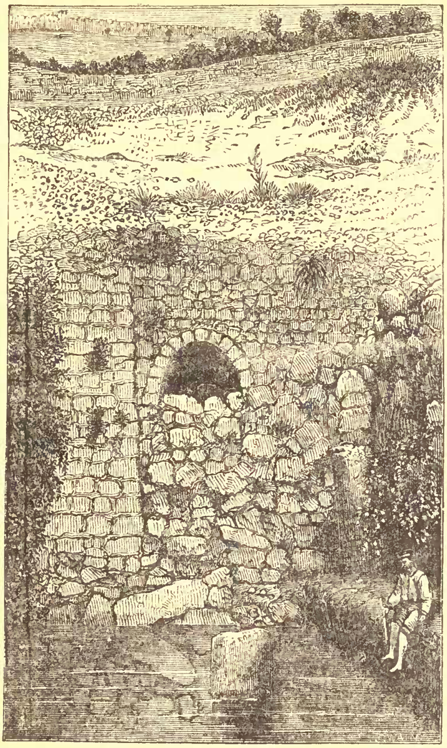
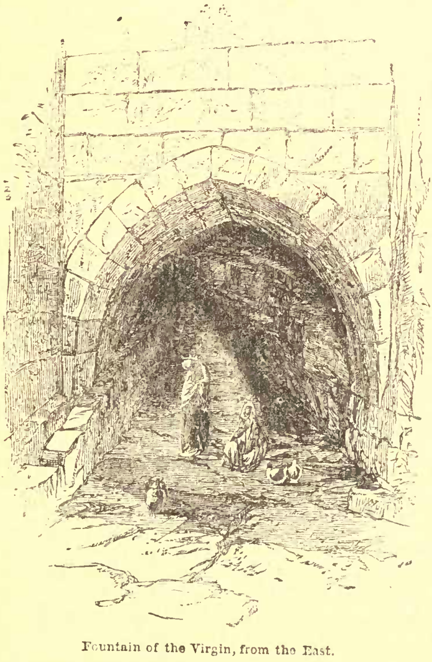
* Its position is marked 28 on the plan.

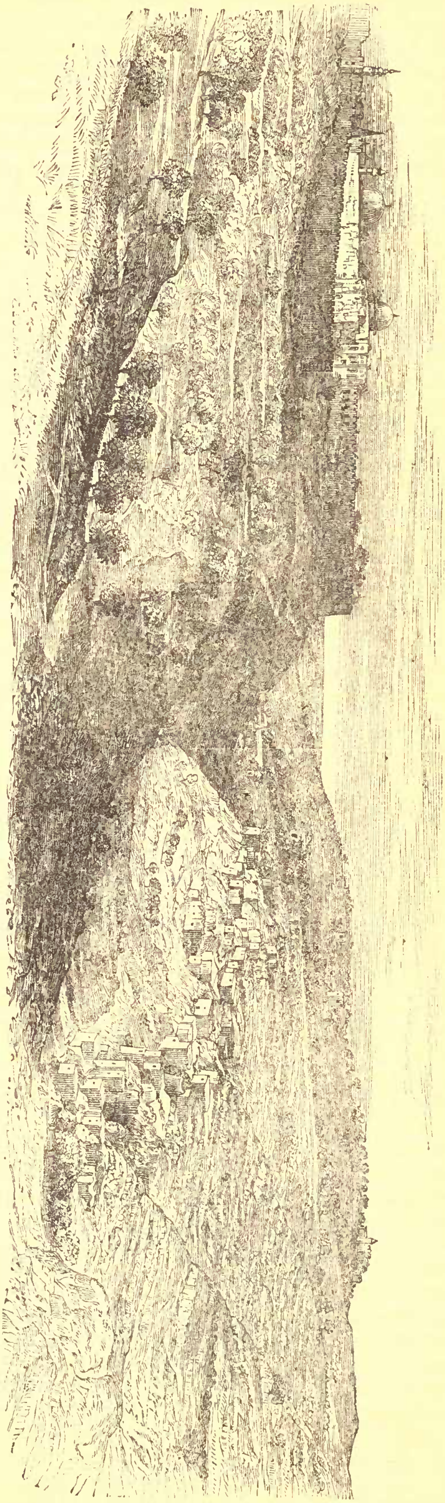


J. Graham, Photo.

Pool of Siloam, from S.E.



Fountain of the Virgin, from the East.



Jerusalem—Mount Moriah and the Mount of Olives, with the Kidron Valley, Siloam, and Mount of Corruption, from the South.

J. Graham, Photo.

facts that does us good, but it is the realising of the more abiding and life-giving truth that this Saviour ever liveth able and willing to open the eyes of all men, whom sin hath blinded, and to "give light to those who sit in darkness." It has been proved that this Pool of Siloam is fed from sources which extend towards Zion, and possibly Moriah. It is conducted down to the valley opposite the village of Siloam, where it flows out a sparkling stream, round which women were merrily washing clothes, and men giving drink to their horses, as we passed. A conduit also has been traced, which connects it with the Fountain of the Virgin, which is still higher up the valley,* and is reached by a descent of twenty-six steps. It exhibits the curious phenomenon of an intermittent fountain, ebbing and flowing at certain intervals, which is explainable on the principle of the syphon. This stream is no doubt connected with the great reservoirs under the Temple. It cannot, however, be identified with the Pool of Bethesda and the "moving of the waters;" but it is more than likely that that fountain, if ever discovered and cleared out, will exhibit the same phenomenon.

There is no city in the world, certainly not in the East—if we except Damascus—more abundantly supplied with water than Jerusalem, not only from its innumerable private cisterns, but also from its natural springs. Many of these were filled up by Hezekiah with much trouble:—for "he took counsel with his princes and his mighty men to stop the waters of the fountains which were without the city; and they did help him. So there was gathered much people together, who stopped all the fountains, and the brook that ran through the midst of the land, saying, Why should the kings of Assyria come, and find much water?" Hezekiah also "stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David."

Earthquakes, which have often shaken these hills and shattered these rocks, must have affected the supply of water, both in Jerusalem and throughout the whole country. The existing supply, notwithstanding, *if properly utilised and distributed*, would be more than sufficient not only for the inhabitants of the city, but also for the irrigation of the neighbourhood; while if wells were dug through the limestone strata, we see no reason why, in a country whose average rainfall is much higher than that of Scotland, water should not yet flow everywhere and bless the arid soil. The overflow of Siloam now gladdens the lower portion of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, near En-Rogel, which was once "the king's gardens." This spot is green and fertile still; and when one has seen what water has done for the gardens of Urtas, he can understand how beautiful those king's gardens must once have been.

But let us to Olivet and Bethany.

The moment one leaves the gate of St. Stephen which leads down to the Kidron, and thence to Olivet, he is struck with the unartistic roughness of the road. The last thing on earth one would expect to see would be a city gate without a road leading to it. Yet there is no road here but a path steep and rough as one on the face of a Highland hill. A cautious man feels uneasy in riding down it, unless his horse be very sure-footed. He has every reason for fearing a *glissade* over the loose small stones. It has to all appearance been left to take care of itself since history began. But it is nevertheless the old highway to Bethany and Jericho. Fortunately, the descent is only two or three hundred feet. At the bottom, when the dry bed of the brook Kidron is passed, one finds himself in the angle between the road which leads directly over Olivet to Bethany and that which leads to the same point along the side of the hill to the right. At this spot tradition has placed the Garden of Gethsemane,—an unlikely place, in my humble opinion, from its want of seclusion; for those roads must always have met here. How many quiet nooks are there not up the valley! The priests, with their usual taste and their wonderful talent for spoiling every place which they wish to make sacred after their own fashion, have enclosed the fine old olives, which it is assumed mark the spot, within a square of high whitewashed walls, like what might surround a graveyard, and have made an ugly garden with flowerbeds within it! I did not enter the place. Who, were it even the actual spot, could indulge in those feelings it would be calculated to excite, with a monk at hand exhibiting as holy places "the cave of agony," "the spot where the disciples fell asleep," "where Judas betrayed Him," &c. It would have been great enjoyment could I have sat alone, under those patriarchal trees, with the rough hill-side or a bit of greensward beneath my feet. As it was, I preferred an undisturbed and quiet look over the wall at the grand old olives. It was something to think of all they have witnessed during the centuries in which they have been silently gazing at Jerusalem and on passers by.

I ascended Olivet for the first time by the road which rises almost directly from Gethsemane to the mosque on the top of the hill, and which from thence descends to Bethany. This is the road along which David walked in sorrow when he fled from Absalom, to take from the summit of Olivet his last sad look, for a time, of the beloved and holy Jerusalem which he had himself conquered—where he had reigned as the first obedient king "according to God's own heart"—and where he had contributed to the Temple-worship those songs of praise which have been more enduring, more expressive of the sorrows and joys of the Head of the Church and of all its members, than it was given even to himself to know; and which will be sung by generations yet unborn. It is a rough ascent—a commonplace country road—in no way associated with kingly processions of any kind, any more than was David's own humble attire as a shepherd lad in the days of his youth with his splendour as a king or his immortal fame as a man.

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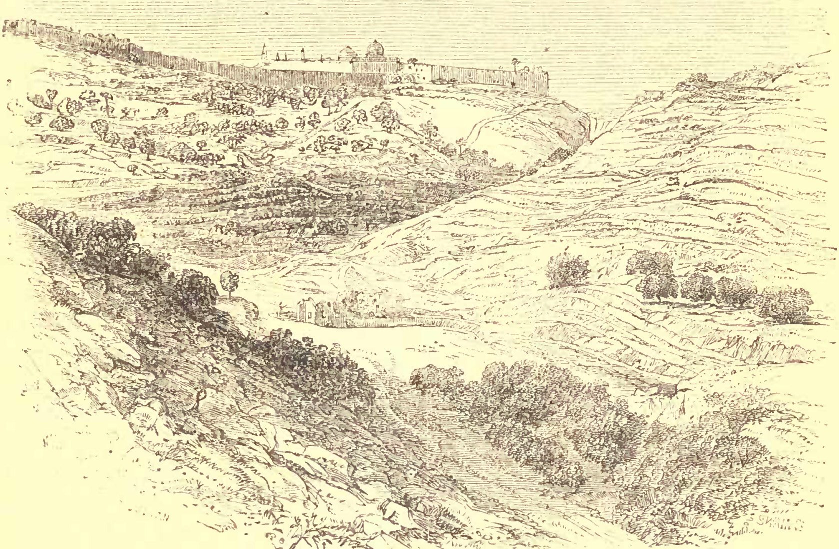
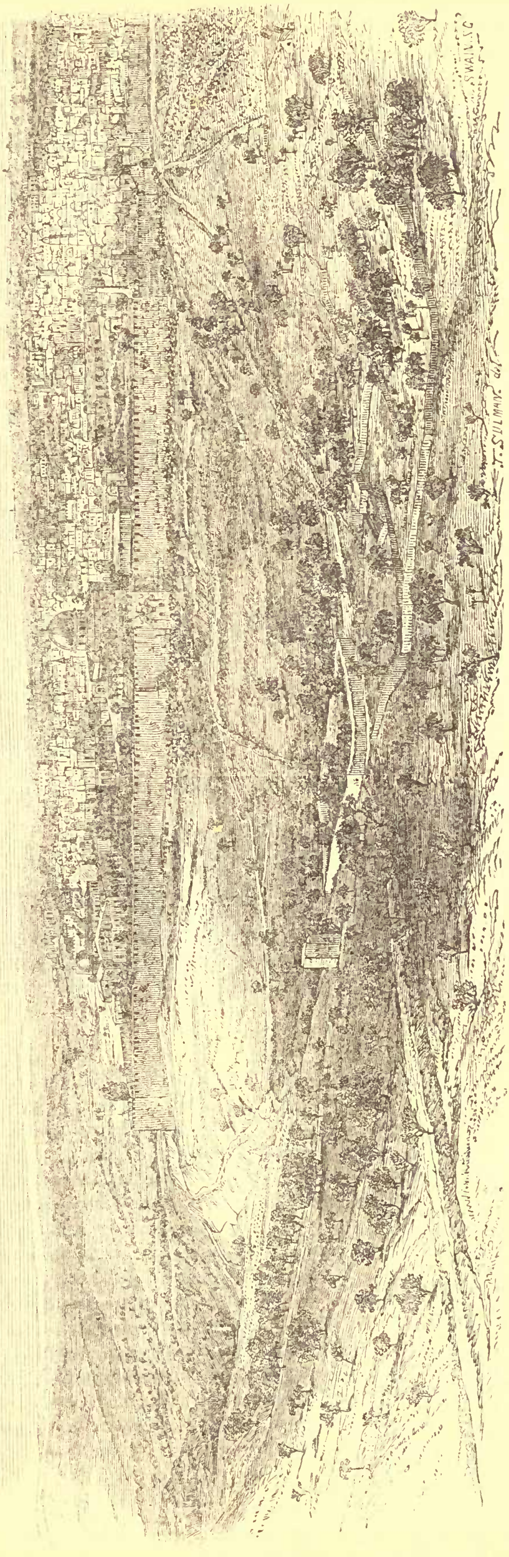
* Marked 17 on the plan.

The view from the mosque on the summit of Olivet, or from a Waly a short way beyond it to the east, is famous. All travellers make a point of seeing it. If not the most extensive or commanding in Palestine, it is on the whole the most interesting, although familiarity with Jerusalem takes away from the effect which it would have on any one who could see it as his first great prospect. Towards the east, and between us and the Dead Sea, we see the Wilderness of Judea,—bare, bleak, and desolate, as would be the rocky bottom of the sea if upheaved and left to bleach beneath a burning sun. We see also a bit of the Dead Sea—more than 3000 feet below us—"lying dead in its trough." Though about 12 miles off, it looks very near. It appears hot and steamy, with a misty haze hanging over it. One cannot but associate all that is wild, lonely, and mysterious, with this dismal lake. It does not suggest one noble thought, one act of greatness or goodness, done by man or woman alive or dead, to shed over it a redeeming ray of glory. We can also trace the course of the Jordan, from its line of green vegetation. The memories of the great and good which it recalls are a relief to the mind. Its entrance into the Dead Sea seems like life losing itself in death. There rises also before the eye—bolder and grander than when seen from Neby Samwil—the great eastern wall of the ridge of Moab, the separation between modern civilization and almost unknown Arabia, with its ancient cities, far-spread pasture lands, arid wastes, powerful tribes, and primeval traditions. Standing on Olivet, one fully realises the contrast between East and West, with Palestine as their connecting bridge.


En-Rogel, from the South

J. Graham, Photo.

From this point one also takes in at a glance, informed no doubt by some previous observation, the general topography of Jerusalem. He is struck with the sort of promontory abutting from the general table-land on which it is built; with the wonderful defence against ancient modes of warfare afforded by the valleys that, like deep ditches, surround it on east and south, hindering any enemy from coming near its walls; with the strong military positions which were afforded by the principal eminences within the city—such as the Temple Area, separated from Zion by the valley of the Tyropœan, and the high ground of Acra and Bezetha—eminences distinctly visible. The hills that surround Jerusalem are also visible, not only in the circling sweep of Olivet and its spurs, but further off in the ridge of which Neby Samwil is the highest point, and which is seen as a wall between the city and the heathen tribes dwelling by the sea. One can see how it rested like an eagle's nest on a rocky eminence, or like a lion's lair, visible from every side, yet not to be approached with impunity; and how Jerusalem visibly bore the motto of dear old Scotland:—



J. Graham, Photo.

View showing the relative positions of Gethsemane and Jerusalem.

"Nemo me impune lacessit." The compactness of the city must also have been one of its marked features. There were no human habitations beyond its gates. There it lay like a chess-board, with its men, bishops, knights, and castles, within the walls, while all beyond was painfully empty and bare;—limestone everywhere, with little of green to relieve the eye. The inner eye alone is satisfied.

But if the reader will again take the trouble to look at the small plan of the city and its environs, and then at the views taken from different points, he will have a better idea of Jerusalem than any mere verbal description I could give him.*

I descended to Bethany by the same road as that pursued by David, when Hushai met him, and when Shimei cursed him.

I was not disappointed with the appearance of Bethany. Had it been bare rock it would still have been holy ground. The village consists, as all others in Palestine do, of brown mud hovels with encircling mud walls—dust, confusion, children, dogs, and poverty. Everything is squalid as in Skibbereen, Connemara, or, alas! some villages in the Hebrides.

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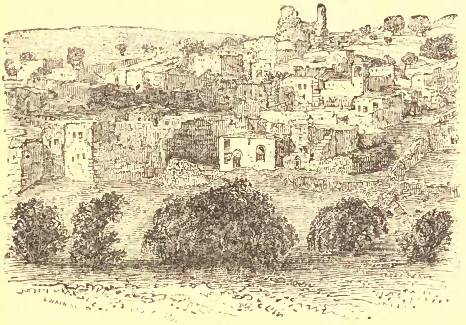
* Let me act as interpreter of these views. The lower of the large panoramic views gives a general idea of the city as seen from the north side of the Mount of Olives. To the left is the Mount of Olives. The round hill-top seen beyond it in the distance is Jebel Fureidis, or the Herodion, that rises immediately above Bethlehem, and where Herod, the murderer of "the Innocents," is buried. The east and north walls of Jerusalem are seen. At the south end of the east wall is the Haram Area, extending from the corner, nearly to St. Stephen's Gate, which is situated about the middle of the long white wall.

The upper panoramic view is of the whole Haram Area, the Mosque of Omar and its platform, and various small Moslem buildings. The open space, with the Mosque el Aksah, the site (as I suppose) of the old Temple, is in the distant corner.

The other views will be understood from my subsequent remarks.



J. Graham, Photo.

Bethany, from the N.E., near the Jericho road.

But yet there are patches of greenery and trees to be seen, and the singing of birds to be heard; while the broken ground, and glens, and "braes," with the glimpses into the deep descent which leads to Jericho, save it from being commonplace, and give to it a certain wild, sequestered, Highland character of its own. When it was well cultivated and well wooded, it must have been of all the places near Jerusalem the most peaceful, as well as the most picturesque.

It is not possible, in such a spot, to be silent upon the miracle which will for ever be associated with Bethany. What though all that can be said may have been already said on the subject, still, like an old familiar melody, one loves to repeat it, and tries to re-produce the holy feelings of faith and adoration which it was intended to excite. What a comfort, for example, to the "common people" of all lands, is the thought that "Jesus loved Martha and Mary, and Lazarus,"—that He found rest and repose for his weary heart in the loving responses of this family, who, it may be, were quite unknown to the big and busy world of Sanhedrim and Synagogue in Jerusalem. How strengthening to know that those whom He loved were yet left in the profound mystery of a great sorrow, utterly unexplainable for a season. How strange that their brother Lazarus was permitted to sicken, die, and be buried, without even one word or comforting message from their Friend, their Lord and Saviour, who had nevertheless heard and answered the prayers of the very heathen, and had healed their sick and raised their dead, in some cases without his even being asked to do so,—yet who came not to those He most loved when they most needed Him! This silence was a dark cloud over the home of Bethany, and why then wonder that it has often since brooded over homes as beloved? How full of holy teaching, which ought to lighten us in our sorrow, is it to remember that the Lord, in spite of appearances to the contrary, was all the while solving the intricate problem, how to do most good, not only to Lazarus himself, and to Martha and Mary, but also to the disciples and the Jews!—and that He was during this time pondering the awful question in regard to Himself and the world, whether it was God's will that He should by raising Lazarus bring about his own death! And is it not inexpressibly touching and humiliating to our shortsighted unbelief, to see how Martha and Mary had their faith weakened in his love, as if He could have "overlooked their cause,"—an unbelief which was expressed in their words, "If thou hadst been here our brother had not died," and implied the rebuke, "And why wert thou not here?"

What a revelation too of a Saviour's love are his tears, and his groans within Himself, occasioned by the heart-breaking spectacle, not of death which He was about to change into life, but of faith in Himself dying out in the very bosom of his best beloved. This sorrow of his was love manifested in its deepest, truest, divinest form. For while many can weep with us or for us, because of the death of a friend—a human sorrow which all can understand, and more or less share; yet how few—none, indeed, but those who share the holy sympathies of Jesus—can weep for us because of our sin, or because our faith in God is dying or dead! Twice only did He weep—on this occasion, and when entering Jerusalem a few days after from this same Bethany, on his road to death, through a conspiracy occasioned by his having raised Lazarus to life. And these tears were also shed on account of the same terrible unbelief. Think of it, reader! To be suspected of want of love, as Jesus was, when, to raise his friend from the grave, He had resolved to die Himself, if God so willed it! Mary must have felt this, when, full of unspeakable love, she anointed Him for his burial.

Again, what a *rehearsal* was here, in this otherwise commonplace village, of the glorious time when we and our dead shall hear the same voice and come forth from our graves, to sit down to a glorious feast above, with our happy social life restored.*

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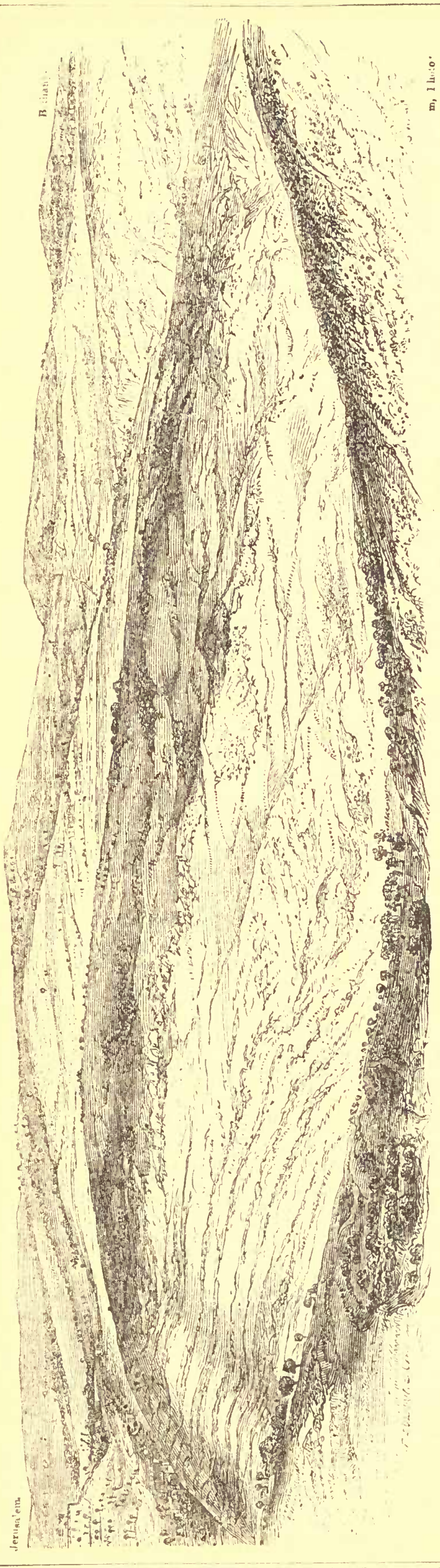
* The English translator of Renan's "Vie de Jésus" informs us in his preface that "the great problem of the present age is to preserve the religious spirit, whilst getting rid of the superstitions and absurdities that deform it, and which are alike opposed to science and common-sense." The manner in which M. Renan endeavours to get quit of the resurrection of Lazarus, is an illustration of how he would solve this problem. As to the part played by those whom Jesus loved in this supposed miracle, he says:—"It may be that Lazarus, still pallid with disease, caused himself to be wrapped in bandages as if dead, and shut up in the tomb of his family." Jesus acquiesced in this pious fraud; but, as M. Renan observes, "in the dull and impure city of Jerusalem, Jesus was no longer Himself. Not by any fault of his own, but by that of others, his conscience had lost something of its original purity. Desperate and driven to extremity, He was no longer his own Mentor. His mission overwhelmed Him, and He yielded to its torrent." Such was the conduct of Him of whom M. Renan is



Country between Jerusalem and Bethany, showing the three summits of the Mount of Olives.

We returned from Bethany by the old road from Jericho, which first ascends from the village for about 100 yards, then descends along one side of a wady which opens out from the roots of Olivet, and, ascending the opposite side, debouches on the high ground leading across the flank of Olivet to Jerusalem. It there reaches a point opposite the south-east angle of the Temple, and from thence rapidly descends to Gethsemane. The place where Jesus beheld the city and wept over it is unquestionably that point. There Jerusalem suddenly bursts on the sight, but upon descending a short distance further down the hill, the view of it is rapidly concealed by the Haram wall.*

It is impossible to journey along this road without having one's thoughts filled with the scenes of that memorable day. But these, as well as the locality, have been so beautifully and accurately described by Dean Stanley, that I am persuaded those of my readers who have not access to his book will be obliged to me for transcribing his description instead of attempting one of my own:—

"In the morning, He set forth on his journey. Three pathways lead, and probably always led, from Bethany to Jerusalem ; one, a long circuit over the northern shoulder of Mount Olivet, down the valley which parts it from Scopus ; another a steep footpath over the summit ; the third, the natural continuation of the road by which mounted travellers always approach the city from Jericho, over the

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pleased to say:—"All ages will proclaim that, among the sons of men, there is none born greater than Jesus." We can but hope, for the sake of France, if not of humanity, that M. Renan himself is greater far in common honesty than he represents Jesus to have been. But after reading such sentiments, the tears of Jesus for the unbelief that wounded Him supply some comfort. We remember, too, how the Apostle Paul was once, like M. Renan, "a blasphemer," yet how he obtained mercy: a pattern to all who should hereafter believe in the name of Jesus.

* I think it is quite possible to enable the reader to see clearly where this spot is, if he will again consult the plan and the illustrations. He will in the first place look at the view given of the Country between Jerusalem and Bethany. He will there notice at the right corner, near the top, the line of the road from Bethany ere it descends out of sight into the glen. He can trace it along the bare, open hill-side, until opposite the corner of the Haram wall, which is on the extreme left of the view.

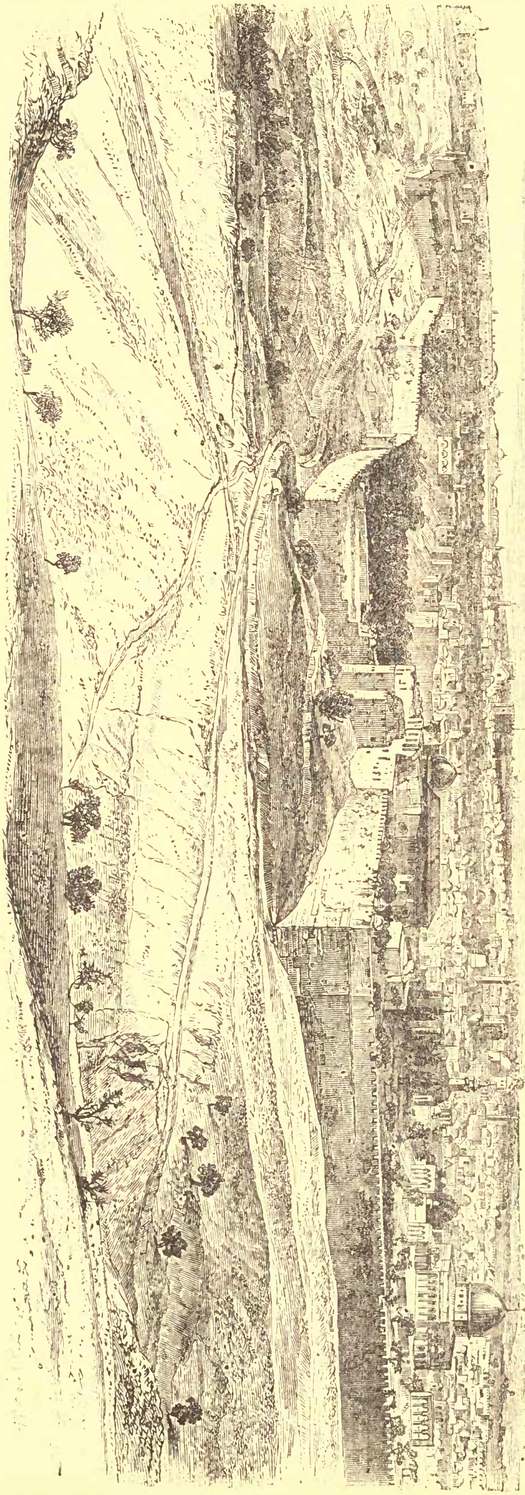
Two other illustrations are given to enable the reader to understand the relative position of this, one of the most profoundly interesting spots in the world.

In the view of the Haram Wall, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Village of Siloam (p. 591), the place of weeping is on the right, in the white road, and about where two trees are seen under the mosque on the top of Olivet. In another illustration, that of the Tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat (p. 600), it is above the tomb on the right of the picture. And finally, a view is given of the Haram wall as it appears from *near*, if not from, the illustrious spot (p. 597).

I may add, that the hill-top, the second from the right-hand corner in the illustration of the Country between Jerusalem and Bethany, is probably the scene of that stupendous event which occurred when our Saviour led his disciples out as far as Bethany and ascended in their sight, blessing them, and blessing the earth yet wet with his blood.

southern shoulder, between the summit which contains the Tombs of the Prophets and that called the 'Mount of Offence.' There can be no doubt that this last is the road of the Entry of Christ, not only because, as just stated, it is, and must always have been, the usual approach for horsemen and for large caravans, such as then were concerned, but also because this is the only one of the three approaches which meets the requirements of the narrative which follows.

"Two vast streams of people met on that day. The one poured out from the city, and as they came through the gardens whose clusters of palm rose on the southern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their wont at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upwards towards Bethany, with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night, and who came testifying to the great event at the sepulchre of Lazarus. The road soon loses sight of Bethany. It is now a rough, but still broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over rock and loose stones; a steep declivity below on the left; the sloping shoulder of Olivet above on the right; fig-trees below and above, here and there growing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitudes threw down the boughs severed from the olive-trees through which they were forcing their way, or spread out a rude matting formed of the palm-branches which they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion—those, perhaps, who had escorted Him from Bethany—unwrapped their loose



View from the spot where Christ beheld the city, and wept over it.

J. Graham, Photo.

cloaks from their shoulders, and stretched them along the rough path, to form a momentary carpet as He approached. The two streams met midway. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed. Gradually the long procession swept up and over the ridge, where first begins 'the descent of the Mount of Olives' towards Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the south-eastern corner of the city. The Temple and the more northern portions are hid by the slope of Olivet on the right; what is seen is only Mount Zion, now for the most part a rough field, crowned with the Mosque of David and the angle of the western walls, but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the Castle of Herod, on the supposed site of the palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem, emphatically 'The City of David,' derived its name. It was at this precise point, 'as He drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives,'—may it not have been from the sight thus opening upon them?—that the hymn of triumph, the earliest hymn of Christian devotion, burst forth from the multitude, 'Hosanna to the Son of *David!* Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the kingdom that cometh of our father *David.* Hosanna . . . peace . . . glory in the highest.' There was a pause as the shout rang through the long defile; and, as the Pharisees who stood by in the crowd complained, He pointed to the 'stones' which, strewn beneath their feet, would immediately 'cry out' if 'these were to hold their peace.'*

"Again the procession advanced. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. As now the dome of the Mosque El-Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveller stands on a ledge, so then must have risen the Temple-tower; as now the vast inclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple-courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its background—long since vanished away—of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the Valley of the Kedron, here seen in its greatest depth as it joins the Valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and He, 'when He beheld the city, wept over it.'

"Nowhere else on the Mount of Olives is there a view like this. By the two other approaches above mentioned, over the summit and over the northern shoulder of the hill, the city reveals itself gradually; there is no partial glimpse, like that which has been just described as agreeing so well with the first outbreak of popular acclamation, still less is there any point where, as here, the city and Temple would suddenly burst into view, producing the sudden and affecting impression described in the Gospel narrative. And this precise coincidence is the more remarkable because the traditional route of the Triumphal Entry is over the summit of Olivet; and the traditional spot of the lamentation is at a place half-way down the mountain, to which the description is wholly inapplicable, whilst no tradition attaches to this, the only road by which a large procession could have come; and this, almost the only spot of the Mount of Olives which the Gospel narrative fixes with exact certainty, is almost the only unmarked spot,—undefiled or unhallowed by mosque or church, chapel or tower—left to speak for itself, that here the Lord stayed his onward march, and here his eyes beheld what is still the most impressive view which the neighbourhood of Jerusalem furnishes, and the tears rushed forth at the sight.

"After this scene, which, with the one exception of the conversation at the Well of Jacob, stands alone in the Gospel history for the vividness and precision of its localisation, it is hardly worth while to dwell on the spots elsewhere pointed out by tradition or probability on the rest of the mountain. They belong, for the most part, to the 'Holy Places' of later pilgrimage, not to the authentic illustrations of the Sacred History."

I spent my last Sunday in Jerusalem on the Mount of Olives. It was a day never to be forgotten; one of those heavenly days which cannot die, but become part of one's life. Alone, with no companion but my Bible, I went along the Via Dolorosa, passed out by St. Stephen's Gate, descended to Gethsemane, and from thence pursued the old road already described, which leads to Bethany and Jericho, by the western slope of Olivet overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat. At the summit of the short ascent a few ledges of limestone rock, carpeted with greensward, crop out beside the path, and afford a natural resting-place, of which I availed myself. The old wall and the well-known corner of the Haram Area were immediately opposite me, and so visibly near in the pure, transparent atmosphere that the stones could be counted, and the green tufts of the plants among them. The day was of course cloudless and hot, but it was not oppressive, for the air was stirred by a gentle breeze with a mountain freshness in it. Though the city was so near, with most of its people pursuing their usual avocations both within and without the walls, yet no sound disturbed the intense repose except, strange to say, the crowing of cocks, as if at early morn, and the shouts of a solitary peasant who was urging his plough across the once busy but now deserted slopes of Ophel. I gazed on Jerusalem until it seemed to be a dream—a white ghostly city in the silent air. My thoughts took no fixed shape, but were burthened with a weight, almost oppressive, from ages of history; or were lost in the presence of some undefined source of awe, wonder, and sorrow. I was recalled, however, to what was very near when I opened my Bible, and read these words: "*As He went out of the Temple** one of his disciples saith unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here? And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. And *as He sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the Temple*, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked Him privately, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled?" And if Jesus on his way to Bethany "sat upon the Mount of Olives *over against the Temple*," there is certainly no place I could discover which was so likely to be the very spot as the one which I occupied. Here, in this holy place untouched by the hand of man, unnoticed, and apparently unknown, I read the prophecies, parables, and exhortations of our Lord uttered in the hearing of his holy Apostles, and recorded for all time in the 24th and 25th chapters of St. Matthew. They include, among others, the prophecies of his first coming at the destruction of Jerusalem, then in her glory, now so desolate—with his second coming at the end of the world; the parables of the ten virgins and of the ten talents, and the trial of love at the last judgment—all ending in the touching announcement, "Ye know that after two days is the feast of the passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified!" "All these sayings" I read undisturbed while sitting over against the old wall within which the Temple once rose in its strength and glory, but not one stone of which is now left upon another.

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* I was surprised to find on one occasion, when standing with my brother at this spot on the Mount of Olives, that other two of our party who stood at the corner of the Haram wall on the other side of the valley, could distinctly hear our words addressed to them when spoken in a loud and clear voice.

The priests in the Temple may have thus heard the very words of the loud and jubilant song of triumph which welcomed the Messias.

While pondering over the words of Christ, I was struck by seeing near me a fig tree, with its branches putting forth leaves, and in some places young figs. And struck with the unexpected illustration of the words I had just read, as here first uttered, "When the fig tree putteth forth leaves, ye know summer is nigh," I began to think that surely these were spoken at the same season of the year as that in which I read them, and was at once reminded that the day was Palm Sunday, the anniversary of the very time when our Lord had wept here over Jerusalem, and had also delivered those discourses.

When in Palestine I felt that there were times in which the past seemed so present, Christ and his words so living and real, that had any one suddenly appeared, and said, "I saw Him, and heard Him," I should not have been surprised; and this day was one of them.

From this spot I went to that other very near, where our Lord wept over Jerusalem. I will not attempt to express here what those human tears seem to me to reveal of "the mind of Christ," the Son of God and the Son of Man, regarding man's sin; what they reveal of man's loss, not only to himself but also to his Saviour; and of the unutterable love that *would* save, as well as of the mysterious wilfulness that would not be saved. For though it is difficult for a minister of the Gospel to refrain from uttering his thoughts on such profoundly interesting topics, yet it is necessary to impose some restraint on their expression, as almost every spot in Palestine is a text for such meditations.

There is one feature of the view from this spot which I was not prepared for, and which greatly impressed me. It is the Jewish burying-ground. For centuries, I know not how many, Jews of every country have come to die in Jerusalem that they might be buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Their wish to lie here is connected with certain superstitious views regarding the Last Judgment (which they believe is to take place on this spot), and certain privileges which are to be then bestowed on all who are here interred. And thus thousands, possibly millions, of the most bigoted and superstitious Israelites, from every part of the world, have in the evening of life flocked to this the old "city of their solemnities," that after death they might be gathered to their fathers beneath the shadow of its walls.

I never saw a graveyard to me so impressive. Scutari is far more extensive, and more terribly deathlike. But from its huddled monuments and crowded trees, it is impossible to penetrate its dark and complicated recesses. Here, there are no monuments, and no trees. Each grave is covered by a flat stone with Hebrew inscriptions, and has nothing between it and the open sky. These stones pave the whole eastern slope of the valley. Every inch of ground where a human body can lie is covered. Along the banks of the Kedron, up the side of Olivet, and across the road leading from Bethany to Jerusalem, stretches this vast city of the dead. As a place of burial it differs from almost every other on earth, in being, as no other is, a witness to a faith that is firm, decided, and uncompromising until death. It is not therefore merely the vast multitude who sleep here, but the faith which they held in regard to their Messias, that makes this spectacle so impressive, especially when seen from the spot where He had wept over Jerusalem. Remembering all the wanderings of the lost sheep of Israel, all they had suffered, since the Lord had mourned for them standing here, and their long and dreary night of unbelief in his mission and in his love, his words had, if possible, a deeper and more awful meaning. I seemed to see Him standing again and weeping here, and addressing those who crowded up to the very place where He had stood and wept while on earth, and again saying to them, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." "O that thou, even thou, hadst known the things of thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes!"

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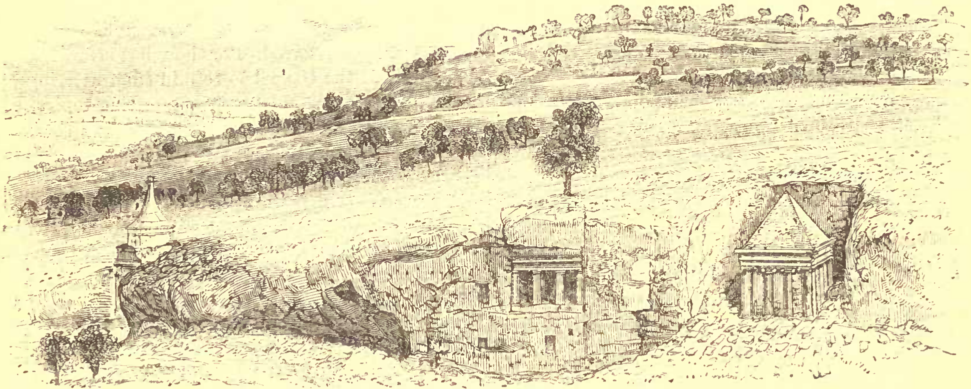
* Was this by the Double Gate in the south wall I have already described, with the great stones all around, and which was, as far as I can judge, the one by which He would pass from the Temple towards Olivet?

And when the question as to the future hope of Israel was here suggested, how vividly did the scene before me realise the vision of the Prophet and at the same time furnish the only answer I could give to the question:—"The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry. And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Again he said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them. Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel: behold, they say, Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost: we are cut off for our parts. Therefore prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord."



J. Graham, Photo.

Tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with Jews' Burial Ground.

Before I returned to Jerusalem I wandered among the solitudes of Olivet—hardly knowing where. I sat and read my Bible under one tree, and then under another; descended some glen, or unknown and solitary nook, feeling only that this was Olivet, and that the whole hill was consecrated by the Saviour. But one experience which possessed me I remember with gratitude; and it was, of the presence of Christ everywhere, and of the true worship of God not being on this mountain or that, but wherever any child is found to worship Him in spirit and in truth. I was not tempted even to fancy, on that holy day, that Christ was nearer to me, or prayer more real in Jerusalem or on Olivet, than when I entered "into my closet and shut the door" amidst the everyday world of Glasgow. And so, while I thanked God with my whole heart for having permitted me to visit these spots, which shed such a light on the history of the Holy One who in flesh had lived and moved among them, I felt, if possible, still more thankful for the conviction, now deepened, that the poorest in my parish at home—the busy artisan, the man or woman in the dark lane, the crowded alley, or the lonely garret—could through simple faith and childlike love enjoy the presence, the grace, and the peace of Christ, as truly as if they were able to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and to worship, on the Lord's Day, among the recesses of Olivet, or on the spots consecrated of old by the bodily presence of the Saviour. Most thankful was I for knowing that the Person, not the place, was holy—that his love was not local but universal; and that not only among the silent hills of Palestine, in Jerusalem, Nazareth, or Tiberias, but in our crowded cities, common-place villages, Highland glens, and in every nook and corner of the great palace of our Father, Jesus may be known, loved, obeyed, and glorified. With thanksgiving, I repeated on Olivet:—

> "There are in this loud stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> With whom the melodies abide
> Of th' everlasting chime,—
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart.
> Plying their daily task with busier feet
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

LANGLEY LANE.

A LOVE-POEM.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by,—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak,—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three,—
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call?
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all?

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my Soul an eye to see?—
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
I made it of music long ago:
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain)
I should pray: just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been,—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet!

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear!
Chirping of birds or patter of rain!
And Fanny my little one always near!
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,—
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

It must be confessed that Jack felt very downhearted when, looking from the window of the passage-boat, the bend of the canal shut out his father's waving hat from his view. He was beset with a mighty feeling of loneliness; he felt cut away from all his former moorings,—and thinking of his father's lonely walk homewards, of the bare leafless cemetery at Greysley, of the dull day that his mother and Martha would endure on account of his absence, he secretly wiped away certain tears with his bran new cambric handkerchief. The apple had been big in his throat as he walked with his father along the canal bank, but now it was bigger and more intolerable than ever. But although grief is sharpest in youth, youth has a marvellous power of recovering from it. Gradually the boy was weaned from his sorrow by the strange hedges, eminences, bridges, and, where the banks were high, by the far outlooks into the level country. The sorrow died away, and he began to taste the pleasure which was hidden in the feeling of strangeness. Then the talk of the passengers got into his ears, and began to interest him more than even the landscape flitting past. When the passage-boat had proceeded about a mile beyond the station-house, the apple had died as entirely out of his throat as if it had never been there, and he was able to turn from the window and take note of what was going on around him.

The passage-boat was long and narrow, its roof was arched, and covered with white canvas, and on either side a seat ran from end to end for the accommodation of passengers. On the present occasion the boat was more than two-thirds filled, and as its progress through the canal was perfectly silent, Jack could hear all that was going on. Near him sat a couple of Greysleyan weavers—he knew they belonged to that honourable profession by the bundles of yarn wrapped up in red cotton handkerchiefs which they nursed on their knees before them—and these worthies, after discussing the merits of that distinguished friend of the people and hater of potatoes, the late Mr. Cobbett, and agreeing that the British Sovereign and the British House of Peers were anachronisms in a free country, and should be abolished forthwith, and Tom Paine's Rights of Man substituted in their stead, became inextricably involved in political discussion. This was always the case when Greysleyan weavers met at the period of my story. They were staunch Radicals before Messrs. Cobden and Bright and the Corn Law League had been heard of. Each weaver was a Reformer, a political economist, a far-seeing politician—perfectly capable of showing the Premier the way to save the nation any day of the week, if the Premier would only take the trouble to consult him—which, unhappily for the present generation, the Premier never did. Right opposite, a middle-aged man, who wore a Waterloo medal on his breast, was talking earnestly to his neighbour. The discourse was of battle, and Jack pricked his ears at once. Thanks to his father, he was familiar with all the battles and sieges of the great war which closed on the memorable eighteenth of June—the forlorn hope at Badajos, Soult's masterly manœuvre at Albuera which necessitated a change of front on the part of Marshal Beresford, the retreat to Torres Vedras and Massena's close pursuit, the fatal extension of Marmont's line at Salamanca—as Sir Archibald Alison himself. "An' hoo did ye feel at Quarter Braw," asked the soldier's companion, "when ye saw the Keerassers comin' doon on ye? The noise of their galloping horses, an' the shinin' o' their swords and breastplates maun hae been awfu'!" "To tell the truth," said the soldier, "I felt very shaky. I began to think o' my mother and sister at hame—I could see them plain enough, the one peelin' potatoes, the other sweeping the floor, and the scarlet rinners besides shinin' in at the window, an' my gun began to shake in my hauns like that"—here he lifted his stick and made a tremulous motion with it—"but the feelin' went off the moment the firing began. The first volley steadies yer nerves, just as a dram steadies them the mornin' after ye hae been fou." "Ay, man!" said the other, in an admiring tone; he was evidently acquainted with the beneficent effect of a dram in the circumstances alluded to. A passenger near spoke of New York, in which city he stated he had lived for several years—and he made the statement, too, in the quietest way, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world for a man to leave Britain, live in New York for a couple of years, and come back again! I think the far-travelled man interested Jack more than the political weavers beside him, or the soldier sitting opposite. He regarded him with a certain feeling of awe, and felt disappointed almost that there was nothing in his look which distinguished him from ordinary mortals. All this talk, the appearance of the different passengers, kept Jack's attention alive, and the time slipped past rapidly; and before he knew where he was, the long white passage-boat glode into a wide basin, and gradually came to a stop alongside the stone pier. He got to his feet, while the thought, "This is Hawkhead at last," came upon him with a sort of shock. Then remembering his father's parting injunction, he looked out of the window, and to his comfort beheld Ann waiting. So far everything had gone well with him, and the next thing to be done was to secure his luggage.

Amongst the last of the passengers, he stepped out on the stone pier with his parcels, where he was by Ann very heartily greeted. A porter was then secured, the parcels given into his charge, and then the two, the porter walking behind, passed out from the canal basin and turned into a street, in which Jack noticed a large church in process of erection, a mighty maze of scaffolding around the spire, almost dizzying to look up to. Although this was by no means one of the busy thoroughfares of Hawkhead, the noise and bustle were sufficient to impress the boy. As they passed along, the noise increased; Jack had never seen so many people and so many vehicles in his life. The sudden din, the general haste and eagerness, stunned and bewildered him. Crossing the broad bridge which spanned the river—the causeway a roaring mob of carts and carriages, passengers jostling each other on the pavements—he saw far-extended quays and forests of masts beneath, and asked a question of his conductress, but his voice was lost in the turmoil. Hawkhead Jack had dreamt of often, but his dreams had been of glitter and external splendour—not of the crush and tumult of human beings. Life in Greysley was like the plash of a summer lake—life in Hawkhead had all the energy and thunder of a roller from the Atlantic. After a while they escaped from the multitude of shops, the din of wheels and horses, the pressure of intent crowds, and gained the region of residences, of streets quiet, formal, and sedate. Here Jack found his voice again, and made good use of it in catechising Ann on every topic which the turbulence of Hawkhead had started in his mind. "Now then," said Ann, "we turn up the next street to the right, and then we are at home." Jack was impatient to reach the corner, and when he did reach it, there was the place at last in which his future life was to be led! The street was an eligible street enough—a highly-respectable street—a street decidedly well-to-do in the world; a street which dined and dressed well, and went decorously to church on Sundays. But it was not in the least a beautiful street—on the contrary, it was a street staid and grave, heavy and frowning, stony and cold. Everything was as square and formal as line and plummet could make it. Nowhere could you trace any freak, or vagary, or touch of individual character. There was a dead set and resolved respectability about the street; the houses on the one side glared sternly on the houses opposite, and a mutual petrifaction was the result. If a new pattern of window had crept into the street, it would have been put out of countenance by all the other windows. If a street door of another hue than a dingy olive had appeared in it, all the other dingy olive street doors would have been down on it at once. My young gentleman was a good deal disheartened and appalled when he glanced along; and he thought regretfully for a moment of his father's house at Greysley, its suburban ease and air, and careless disregard of appearances, its country outlook of hills, and trees, and hedges. At Greysley one could do as one pleased. From Miss Kate's street there breathed a stern sense of duty, a resolved constraint, a determination to be dignified or to die in the attempt.

Jack had, as yet, no great experience of Mortimer Street—such being the name of the street in which Miss Catherine McQuarrie lived, as the world was duly informed in the "Hawkhead Post-Office Directory"—seeing that he had merely turned into it, and had trodden its pavements for twenty yards or so,—but such was the impression it made upon him, if at the moment he could have put that impression into words. Meanwhile Ann had stopped, and rung the bell of one of the houses, and of course Jack and the porter stopped too, the latter unslinging the luggage from his back, and laying it down on the pavement.

Now that the boy had fairly arrived, he began to feel nervous, and his heart to thump in his breast in an alarming manner. He was curiously counting these thumps when the door opened, and entering, there was Miss Kate standing in the lobby, the light from the cupola in the roof falling upon her figure. He noticed only at the moment that she was dressed in the same manner as when he had seen her last in his father's house. Miss Kate came forward at once, and kissed him on the forehead—Jack was so fluttered that he did not know whether the salute was cold or warm, cordial or freezing,—and made the ordinary inquiries concerning the Greysleyan household. She then whipped out her purse, advancing to the open door, where the porter was standing with his hat off, learned his fare, paid, and dismissed him. "Now," she said, addressing the maid-servant who had opened the door, "you and Ann will take Mr. Hagart's luggage up to his bedroom. You had better go along with them, John, and wash your hands and face—it will refresh you after your journey. You can then come down to me. Dinner will be served an hour earlier to-day, and I dare say you are hungry."

Jack was conducted by the maids to his bedroom at the top of the house, and left there. It was a small and tidy apartment; the floor was covered with a carpet which had once adorned a room of larger dimensions, and which in its old age had been cut down to suit; there was a small white bed near the door; and the room contained besides, a chest of drawers made of polished birch wood, a washhand-stand, and some three or four chairs. Jack took in the entire furniture at a glance. He performed his ablutions, put his hair carefully to rights, and wondered if any one would come to the door and call him. To kill the time, he looked out of the window, and saw in the fading light of the winter afternoon, a far-stretching wilderness of streets, dim and dingy, as if washed in with China ink. He then opened the door softly, and listened; but hearing no one on the stairs, he closed it again. The little bedroom in which he had remained ten minutes or so had acquired something of a homely and a friendly look, and he still hesitated there, unwilling to adventure into the unknown regions of Miss Kate McQuarrie's dwelling.

He had stood, perhaps, for five minutes with his hand on the open bed-room door, when he suddenly heard a footstep on the carpeted stair. Plucking up heart-of-grace, he descended, and encountered Ann on his way. "Miss McQuarrie will see you in her own room. I was coming for you." And so they went down together. Ann tapped at the door: a voice said, "Come in," and Jack entered.

Miss McQuarrie was sitting up near the window where the wintry light was strongest. "I hope you found your room comfortable, and everything nice?"

Jack, in a somewhat inaudible and incoherent manner, expressed his approval of the arrangements made for him, and hesitated about the middle of the room. If the truth were told, his instinct was to have dropped into a chair near the door.

"Come up here," said the old lady.

Jack advanced to the window; and when he got there, Miss Kate rose, placed her hands on his shoulders, and began to peruse his face as she had perused Katy's on the canal bank. Jack caught the eye bent upon him, and began to tremble almost under the inquisition.

"The eye is the eye of his grandfather, but the mouth is the mouth of Hagart," said Miss Kate, unconsciously speaking to herself, and paraphrasing the words of Isaac. "How the dead look out on us through the windows of a living face. Don't be afraid, John," she went on, as she still gazed on him, "you can't understand me yet, nor is it to be expected that you should. You and your mother are the only things which have been saved to me from the shipwreck of the past. Don't you think me a terrible old woman, John? Aren't you a little afraid of me? Do you think you will ever be able to like me?" and here the light of a smile came into Miss Kate's eyes.

The smile relieved Jack immensely, but withal he was unable to articulate a syllable.

"You are thinking, I dare say, that you never will," said Miss Kate with her withered and heavily-ringed hand still on the boy's shoulder; "but I don't expect that you will like me yet. Liking would be worth little, if it could be got so cheaply. Time will do much for both of us. Now, John, sit down."

John sat down, as he was bid.

"And so," she went on in her everyday tone and manner, "as we have entered into partnership, I'll tell you what I am about to do, and to which I have your mother's consent. On Monday you are to join the High School here, and if you are moderately diligent, you will be able to enter the Hawkhead University in three years from this. Should you like to enter the University?"

"I should like it very much," said Jack.

"Well, you shall enter it then. You are to live with me, and I'll make you as happy as I can. You can spend your holidays at home, you know, and you will see your mother here at times. If you should ever come to like me, you must not like her less, or value her less; and I am sure you never will. I don't think you should keep any secrets from me. Should you ever want anything, let me know at once. Should you ever fall into a scrape, let me know all about it frankly; I can forgive anything but selfishness, cowardice, and evasions of the truth. Keep your own place always. Should a schoolfellow ever insult you, knock him down if you can; and if you can't, hit your hardest;—that was the way the men of my time acted, and one of them at least was nobler than any man of this. I am not afraid of torn clothes and a bloody face, John—a needle and thread, a sponge, and a basin of cold water put these things to rights; but a lie, or a cowardly action, you cannot so wash away; it remains, and eats into the nature as a canker eats into a fruit. I don't wish you to be quarrelsome—I wish you always to stand up for yourself."

Jack remembered that on the occasion of his combat with Thomson at the school in Greysley, his mother had read him a similar homily. He was cudgelling his brains for some proper words of reply, when Ann, opening the door, announced that dinner was on the table.

"And I am sure our traveller is very hungry," said Miss Kate. "Give me your arm, John. Gentlemen should always be attentive to ladies, you know." And so Jack, with Miss Kate on his arm, marched out of the twilight sitting-room and entered the dining-room, which was in a full blaze of light.

The dining-room into which Jack walked with Miss Kate on his arm was the largest, as well as the best furnished, which he had ever seen, and he could not help contrasting it with the little sitting-room at home,—with the shells, and the rejected patterns made into gaudy cylinders, and the dusty peacock's feathers on the mantel-piece, and his father's three water-colour sketches on the walls. Everything at Mortimer Street seemed comfortable in the highest degree: the easy-tempered door did not creak on its hinges, between him and the door there was a screen to prevent draughts, and the foot of the trim maid as she brought in or removed dishes was noiseless on the soft carpet. He observed also that there were portraits on the walls—military men for the most part, with high-collared scarlet coats, which made them look as if nature had forgotten to provide them with necks, and with the most wonderful ruffles on their shirt-fronts, which made their breasts stick out as if they had been the breasts of pouter pigeons. In the intervals of dinner Jack marvelled much who these remarkable personages might be.

One of the portraits began to attract his attention mightily. It was a military gentleman standing with his arm stretched out in an attitude of command, and in the middle distance were elephants, and on the horizon palms and pagodas. This soldier had a stern, rocky countenance, and a quick eye, which seemed to concern itself in the strangest way with Jack's proceedings. He caught the eye bent upon him while he was engaged with the soup, and for a moment the spoon stopped half way. The portrait took note of the mutton he devoured; and when he looked up towards Miss Kate—a half-glassful of sherry in his hand, which the maid had poured out—with a dim idea that some little act of politeness was expected of him, a bow at least perhaps, the eye of the portrait fairly arrested his and fixed it there.

"Why do you look at that picture so?" said Miss Kate.

"I don't know: I suppose because the picture is looking at me."

"That was your granduncle John, General McQuarrie, long the governor of Ceylon. He was my father's elder brother, and to him the General left the whole of his fortune. When my father died, the money was divided between my brother Hector and myself. Your mother got none of it, but she got—Hagart. The old General's money has been well kept by me—almost as well as if he had kept it himself. It has paid for the dinner you are eating, and the wine you are holding in your hand."

"And he looks as if he knew it did," thought Jack, as he put the wine to his lips in defiance of the watchful portrait.

"Did your mother ever tell you about your Uncle Hector?"

"I have heard her mention his name, but not often. He is a farmer in the Hebrides, somewhere, is he not?"

"Yes, and a prosperous farmer too. A sort of Abraham, rich in flocks and herds. I don't see him often. His wife has been dead for some years. He has two daughters—Maggy, the younger, as sleek and gentle and pleased at being fondled as a pet rabbit. Oona, the elder girl, has quick eyes and black curling hair. You can comb out her locks to her waist, and released they spring back to her neck again like coils of steel—a high-spirited girl, but the world will break and tame her."

And so about all the portraits Miss Kate chatted to her new friend; and when dinner was over she took her customary nap in her easy chair beside the fire, while Jack sat opposite with a book, glancing now at his aunt's sleeping face, now at the portraits; but for the most part staring in the fire, and thinking of the strange day he had spent, and wondering what they were all doing at home in Greysley.

Miss Kate awoke when tea was being placed on the table; and after tea was over she produced a curious old marqueterie-box, around which lingered a foreign odour. This box she opened with a small silver key, and producing several miniatures, laid them on the table. "Look at these, John. This is the General—at whom you stared so much during dinner—when he was a young man. It was painted in London, when he went there to join his regiment."

"What strange dresses people wore in those days."

"That is just what people will say seventy years after this, when they look on the pictures of the men and women that are being painted now. Isn't he blooming and handsome! You see the difference between this and the portrait on the wall. That's what time and care, and battle and climate do."

Jack said there was a great difference indeed.

Miss Kate laid down the General's miniature and took up another. She looked at it for a little, and then laying her hand on the boy's head, bade him turn round full to the light. He did so, and Miss Kate looked at him and at the miniature she held in her hand alternately. "This is a picture of your grandfather," she said, at length, "and I think I can trace in you something of the family features. You have something of his trick of eye, and his build of forehead, and sometimes when the light falls on your half-face you put me in mind of him. The other portions of your face are not so like. Your father has given you his mouth, and your mother her smile. It's the McQuarrie part of you that I like best."

"But," said Jack, "although I am like the McQuarries I am still a Hagart," and there was just the slightest tinge of colour on his face when he said so.

Jack felt Miss Kate's eye go into him like a pin, but the next moment she laughed. "Wife and son are alike, I think. They think I wish to meddle with the man. This is your grandfather's portrait. See if you can pick anything of yourself out of it."

When Jack was busily examining the picture, Miss Kate had lifted a third out of the box. "What do you think of this?" and she laid it down on the table before him.

It was the portrait of a girl in a strange fashion of dress, with an incomprehensible waist, and with gloves drawn up almost to her elbows. The face was beautiful—soft and round, with dimples and smiling eyes. A large comb was stuck in the back hair, and brown locks were clustering about the temples. This minature was more attractive than all the others, and Jack gazed upon it with a feeling of pleasure.

"That's me," said Miss Kate.

"This!" and Jack looked up quickly.

"Yes! You can't believe I ever looked like that, can you? And here I am again."

The miniature this time represented a woman in a hat and a scarlet riding jacket. The face was comely enough, but all the smiling vivacity and girlish grace had gone out of it. Jack looked at both for a little while, and then, holding up the last, said in a hesitating tone of voice, "I think this one resembles you most."

"I dare say you do. The first is the portrait of Miss Catherine McQuarrie dressed for her first ball. The second is Captain Kate, with more serious matters than balls to think about."

"But why Captain Kate?"

"That was the name people gave me in the Highlands—behind my back though—they took good care of that. You see I am painted in a scarlet jacket. When they were raising the Fencible Regiments to fight the French, I donned the King's colours, and rode about the country getting recruits. No sergeant at a fair, with plenty of money to spend on drink, and with a knot of ribbons streaming from his hat, brought in such lots of men to head-quarters as I did. Captain Kate! Not a bad name for me many people think, I dare say."

Miss Kate then gathered up the miniatures and locked them in the marqueterie box with the foreign odour. She then went into an ebony cabinet which stood in one corner of the room, and from a drawer therein took out a small old-fashioned French watch, with a black ribbon attached. "This is for you, John," she said, as she placed the ribbon round his neck. "It is stopped at present, but we will have it put to rights next week. It belonged to your grandfather, and I hope it will beat against a heart as true."

"But how can I thank you?" said the boy, his face in a flood of pleasurable colour.

"Don't thank me at all. I don't like being thanked. You cannot take it more willingly than I give it. And now I had better ring for the bedroom candles. You must be tired. I suppose your mother taught you to say your prayers?"

"Yes," said John.

"Very well, then. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

When Jack got up to his own room he stood admiring his watch for a long while, and thought he had never seen anything so pretty. He then put it under his pillow and began slowly to undress When he had got half through that operation, he sat down on a chair. He had left Greysley that morning, and he thought it wonderful at what a distance it seemed now. He had met Aunt Kate, and found the meeting not nearly so formidable a matter as he had expected. He then went to bed and fell asleep thinking of his mother; and towards morning—Miss Kate's genealogical talk still working in his brain—he dreamed that there was a great pyramid of McQuarries—Governors of Ceylon, sheep-farmers, and what not—and that he was the stone newly laid on the very top of the McQuarrie pyramid which made the pyramid complete.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the delicious, because stolen, conversations which took place between Miss McQuarrie's maids and the maids of the immediate houses right and left, when the door brasses were being scoured of a morning, or when they crossed each other going messages during the day, or, when tidied up, they gossiped in each other's kitchens for an hour in the evenings when work was over—on such occasions Miss McQuarrie's maids were wont to aver that the arrival of John Hagart was the greatest blessing that had ever befallen them. They stated that he gave them no additional trouble worth speaking about, and that since his coming the temper of their mistress had improved amazingly. She would flame out, of course, if the boy's breakfast was not placed on the table at the very stroke of the clock; if the boy's boots were not polished to the requisite degree of brilliancy, she would hold a household court-martial, and administer sharp rebuke right and left; but, as far as regarded herself, she was unusually meek and forbearing. The maids, of course, were quick enough to see how the land lay. They served Jack assiduously, taking proper care the while that that zeal and assiduity should be brought under the observation of their mistress. They were in no wise inclined to hide their lights of attention under a bushel, when the exhibition of the said lights was likely to be beneficial. Jack had ameliorated the condition of Miss McQuarrie's maids, and to that young gentleman Miss McQuarrie's maids were very properly grateful.

Meanwhile, Jack had become familiar with his new life. On the Monday after his arrival he had been entered at the Hawkhead High School, and being ambitious, and not deficient in natural parts, he contrived to obtain and keep a rather distinguished place in the classes there. He always dined with his aunt, who had changed the hour of dinner to suit the boy's return from school; and after his lessons were prepared, it was his custom to go into her sitting-room, where she was always ready to chat with him. During the winter his mother had come into Hawkhead once or twice; had expressed delight at Jack's improved appearance; had dined and drank tea with him and her sister; had stolen up to his room after Miss Kate had gone to bed, to sit there till all hours of the morning talking of household matters in Greysley and his brilliant prospects. These visits were extremely pleasant to Jack; and, although in the main happy enough, he looked forward to them as the pilgrim trudging across the desert-sand looks forward to the next oasis on his route. During three months he had not seen his father, nor had he had any direct communication from him relative to meetings by the canal-bank or elsewhere, and at this Jack was not astonished. He heard of his father's welfare every time his mother called, and he knew that inclination was not at fault—that a pressure of work at Wedderburn Brothers and the bitter weather deterred him.

April came at length, with fair mackerel morning skies over Hawkhead, with lengthened light and prettier sunsets; and on a certain Thursday morning in that month, while Jack was dressing, Ann tapped at the door and presented him with a letter. At the moment, he had a dim idea that the handwriting was familiar; but it was a dim idea merely. Meanwhile he stared on the address.

"To
John Hagart, Esq.,
Care of Miss Catherine McQuarrie,
47, Mortimer Street,
Hawkhead."

There it stood clearly enough. The receipt of the first letter is an event in a boy's life. First of all he draws a feeling of importance from the fact that some one has been at the trouble of writing to him; secondly, there is the odd feeling with which he sees his own name written for the first time by a strange hand. He sees the name which he has always regarded as an integral portion of himself, removed to a distance from himself, and staring on him from a strange cover. It is like meeting one's own ghost. Hitherto the boy has been a shadowless being, but with the receipt of the first letter, the shadow which will never thereafter leave him, comes to him and clings. "John Hagart, Esq." There it stood plainly enough on the envelope, and very wonderful it seemed to Jack as he stood gazing on it in his own room, with his jacket lying on a chair at hand. "'John Hagart, Esq.'; that's *me*," Jack murmured to himself as he turned it over and broke open the seal. The letter, as he half expected, was from his father, and ran as follows:—

"Wedderburn Brothers, *Wednesday.*

"MY DEAR JOHN,—We promised to meet you, remember, at the station-house every third Saturday if the weather was fine. Hitherto the weather and other matters have prevented us from keeping our tryste. I have heard of you and all your doings from your mother. On Saturday I shall be at the station-house in time for the passage-boat. Come out with it. I have a great scheme to speak to you about, which I trust you will approve. You will be able to get back by the return boat. Be sure and come.

"A blackbird has built in the holly in the garden, and the first egg was laid this morning.

"Your affectionate father,
"ALFRED HAGART.

"To John Hagart, Esq.

"P.S. Don't let any one know of the scheme meanwhile."

Jack read over the letter at least a dozen times, and with every reading it puzzled him more and more. What could his father's wonderful scheme be? Why should he be enjoined to silence relative to this scheme, seeing that he was utterly ignorant of its nature? Why, of all persons in the world, should his father speak to *him* about it? Why not speak to his mother, for instance? He was in grievous bewilderment, and in that bewilderment he thrust the letter in his pocket, put on his jacket and went down to breakfast.

When he got down, Miss Kate, who was at the breakfast table, looked up quickly.

"You have had a letter, John?" she said.

"Yes, aunt; a letter from home."

"I trust it brings no bad news?"

"N—no," said Jack, with a trifle of hesitation in his voice. "When I left home my father wished me sometimes on a Saturday to go out with the passage-boat as far as the station-house—where Katy and I met you, you know—so that we might have a talk. I was to have written, mentioning on what Saturday I would go; but I have not yet done so. The letter this morning wishes me to go out on Saturday—to go by the boat from Hawkhead, and to return with the boat from Greysley."

"But if your father wishes to see you, why can't he come here?"

"I don't know. I rather think he doesn't like."

"Doesn't like! Why doesn't he like! Is the man afraid I am going to eat him?"

At this point the young gentleman thought it prudent to confine his attention to his egg and toast.

"I think it would be far better if your father came here."

"I daresay he will come after a little while. He is very shy, and doesn't quite like yet. But do you object to me going out to the station-house on Saturday, aunt?"

"Object! Heaven forbid! Why should I object to any wish of Hagart's? If I did I should have your mother about my ears like a nest of hornets. No, no! go to the station-house on Saturday if you like, John; and Ann will wait for you on your return."

Miss Kate said nothing more that day at breakfast, and so Jack went off to school highly pleased that he had secured his aunt's consent, although that consent had been accorded with an evident grudge.

Saturday was a brilliant day, and as the long white passage-boat slipped silently through the canal, the soft wind shook the trees on either bank, and every field of brairded wheat sent up its score or so of larks. Through the soft beat of horses' hoofs ahead, and the gentle swish of water at the bows, the larks could be heard distinctly. There were few passengers; there was no talk to absorb attention, and so Jack knelt on the seat and with his face pressed against the windows, saw bridges, and ploughed fields with solemn rooks stalking in the wake of the harrow, and beech hedges, in which the green of the present spring strove with the russets of last autumn, flitting rapidly past. He knew he was near the station-house, and then all at once there was his father on the canal bank—seen but for a moment, yet for a space long enough to allow Jack to wave his hand, and Hagart to lift his stick in recognition. And then the passage-boat slowed, then it bumped once or twice against the wooden wharf, and when Jack stepped out there was his father walking rapidly back towards the station-house.

At the station-house the arrival of the passage-boat always created some little stir. A passenger or two generally left the boat there; two or three passengers were almost always in waiting, and then there were parcels to deliver and parcels to receive. On the present Saturday, however, there was less bustle than usual, and by the time that Hagart, his eyes sparkling with delight, had possessed himself of Jack's hand and was shaking it eagerly, the station-house master and his assistant had gone in, and the passage-boat—after the horses had a drink and the remainder of the pailful of water thrown on their fetlocks—was on its way to Greysley.

"Bless me, how much you have grown," said Hagart. "Your mother has been quite lyrical of late about your improved appearance, and she has had better reason for her delight than I could possibly have believed. And you are going to be a strong fellow, too." Here Hagart gripped Jack by the arm and began to feel the sinew. "A fellow of your bone and thew would be better engaged wielding the axe of the backwoodsman than the pen of the lawyer. There is room for another Cortez yet in the world."

Jack and his father were now walking slowly along the bank, the father's hand still upon the boy's shoulder.

"There must have been a period in my life when I was exactly the age that you at present are—exactly, to the flight of a moment and the beat of a pulse. I should like to know what I was about when I had breathed the precise number of years, months, weeks, hours, minutes, moments, that you have now breathed? Wouldn't it be strange to find out that?"

"What if you should find that you were sound asleep in bed?" said Jack, who, knowing that there was serious matter ahead, thought this kind of talk somewhat wild and fruitless. "I think Miss McQuarrie was vexed that you did not come into Hawkhead and see me in her own house," he said.

"I can't do that, John; I can't. She knows I am poor, and she despises me for my poverty. If I met her she would receive me with all the forms of civility; but all the while she would be thinking in her heart how much bigger her purse is than mine, and how much purer her blood. Blood! Birth! I daresay if the truth were known my blood has come to me from Adam through as reputable veins as her own. It has coursed on its way through cleverer brains, I know."

"I don't think, father, that Miss McQuarrie thinks anything of the kind," remonstrated Jack. "She has always been kind to me."

"Yes, but then you are half McQuarrie, whereas I am pure Hagart—that makes a great difference. A little of the McQuarrie leavens the whole Hagart lump, and makes it palatable to Miss Kate. But we need not talk of Miss McQuarrie just at present, as we have more important matters to discuss. Suppose we sit down here and have it out." And so they sat down on the canal-bank, on which the April sun was shining pleasantly.

"Now, John," said Hagart, very gravely, after they had seated themselves, "I wish you to give the proposal I am about to make your most serious consideration. You will see that if carried into execution it will affect you as well as myself. I think in all matters of this kind it is best to begin at the beginning, and so far as possible to go by documents."

Here Hagart produced a black pocket-book, which he opened with much deliberation, and after taking out a letter he handed it to his son. "Read that," he said.

Jack opened the note and read—

"GREYSLEY, *April* 15.

"DEAR SIR,—Your industry, talent, and taste have, during the comparatively short period you have been in our employment, given us much satisfaction. We have, therefore, pleasure in informing you that we are in a position to increase your salary one hundred pounds per annum—said augmentation of salary to date from the beginning of the present month.

"Yours truly,
"WEDDERBURN BROTHERS.

"A. Hagart, Esq."

"Capital! first-rate!" cried Jack, who knew perfectly well what an additional hundred pounds a year meant. "This is the best news I have heard for a long while."

But lifting a deprecating hand, Hagart checked his son's enthusiasm. "I am cursed with an eye, John. I can see through professions. I can penetrate subterfuges. I can anatomise motives. I always look my gift horse in the mouth, and I always find it a miserable screw. I have done the Wedderburn Brothers yeoman's service. The designs I have produced—well, I shan't say anything about them, but *they* know their worth. They know, too, that trade will be brisker than it has been for years, and they wish to be perfectly prepared. When the British Government resolved to fight Napoleon in Spain, they took care to have Sir Arthur Wellesley there. That is the reason they have increased my salary. I am given to understand that several Greysleyan houses have an eye on me, and are prepared to offer me more than even Wedderburn Brothers."

"But here are the hundred pounds actually given you, whereas you only believe that other houses are prepared to offer you as much. Wedderburn Brothers have been very kind, and I would rather have an additional hundred pounds from them, than an additional hundred and fifty from anybody else."

"But what would you say if I declined both? If I threw up all engagements, and became a free man once more? What would you say to that?"

"I think you would be acting very foolishly," said Jack, without a moment's hesitation.

"Whether such a course of proceeding would be foolish or not is the precise question I wish you to consider. And before you can consider it, it will be necessary for me to produce Document No. 2."

Hagart dived into the recesses of his pocket-book, and brought out a slip which had been cut out of a newspaper. "This is the document, John."

Jack took the slip handed to him, and read—

"A company has recently been established in London for the purpose of colonising the virgin lands of Central America. They have already purchased from the Local Government a district of country comprising 1000 square miles. The climate is delicious (pulmonary complaints being entirely unknown); the region is watered by noble rivers; and as the buffalo in endless herds roams over the prairies, the table of the settler can always be supplied with fresh meat of a quality unknown in Europe. Indian corn, and indeed all the esculents of Europe grow luxuriant in the open, while the wild turkey roosts in the woods. The Company's lands, as they stand, are offered at 2s. per acre; one shilling per acre to be paid to the agents of the Company (who will grant a receipt for the same) before embarkation, and the remaining shilling when the fifth harvest-home has been gathered in; or if the settler chooses, it may remain as a permanent burden on the ground, the interest being 5 per cent., and payable in London. To the small farmer, the ambitious operative, and the reduced gentleman, such an opportunity of securing independence, and even luxury, is not likely to occur again during the present century. Intelligent emigrants should make immediate application at the Company's offices, as the lands are being rapidly disposed of, more particularly to settlers from France and Germany.

"BALSHAZZAR & ABEDNEGO,
"London Docks."

Jack read the glowing prospectus with a very blank countenance, and when he had got to the end of it, his father cried—

"Doesn't that stir your blood like the sound of a trumpet? Don't you see the wild turkey rising from his roosting place on the magnolia bough? Don't you feel the flavour of buffalo hump in your mouth?"

"But you don't intend to go there," said Jack.

"As I said before, the propriety of taking such a step is precisely the question I wished to discuss with you. Let us look on the matter on all sides. I am, as you are aware, offered an hundred pounds a year of additional salary: what then? Even with that can I live in a house like Miss Kate's? Can I go about the country like Stavert, making waterfalls of shillings and half-crowns in my breeches pocket? Can I ask these people to dine with me? Can I meet them anywhere, or at any time, on equal terms? Certainly not! In Central America all would be changed—there I should be independent, there I should call no man master. Now, as regards yourself. You are at present residing with your aunt, and it is your purpose when you have completed your university studies in Humanity and Logic, to devote yourself to the study of law. The law is a noble profession, no one is more inclined to admit that than I am. But then look at the difficulties that stand in your path. Before you can reach legal eminence you must have influence; and influence I have none. If we go to Central America, we shall occupy the place that Adam occupied, in a sense. We shall be the founders of a new race. The Spaniards took horses with them, and at this day there are troops of wild horses on the pampas. We shall take the name of Hagart there, and it will spread even as the Spanish horses did. The name of Hagart will over-run America like a brilliant flower. When I think of it, I almost feel the father of a nation. I am tired, John, of being other people's servant. I wish to be thoroughly independent."

"But who *is* thoroughly independent?" cried Jack, in an excited tone of voice. "The Captain is under the command of the Colonel, the Colonel is under the command of the General, the General must take the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. Every one must obey orders."

"It strikes me that you are flying off at a tangent, John. But now calmly, what do you think of my scheme?"

"I think it madness!"

"Well, there is nothing like having a decided opinion. I had hoped, John, to have received a more favourable verdict."

"But why seek a verdict from me? I am not able to advise on a matter of this kind. Why not speak to mother?"

Hagart rubbed his chin thoughtfully here. "Of course," he said, "I must speak to your mother; but I wished to know your opinion before I did so. Your mother—Heaven forbid that I should say anything against her, for she is the best of women and the best of wives—your mother, John—speaking critically, remember—is not in the least a woman of genius. She does not rise to great ideas. Had she been the wife of Columbus, Columbus would never have discovered America. If she were to meet Mrs. Hemans, she would speak to her about the darning of stockings."

Jack thought he had reached firm ground at last. He knew his mother would set her face against Central America, and he had a tolerably shrewd notion that whatever *she* set her face against would never come to pass. So having lost the greater portion of his terror of the project, he felt inclined to play with it.

"But suppose, father, we should resolve to emigrate, and that we should not be drowned on the way, what are we to do when we arrive in Central America?"

"Why, we should go with a large number of people, and the Company, I have no doubt, will have houses prepared for us. We would cut down trees, and cultivate the ground. In my youth, before I took to art, I was engaged in agricultural pursuits, and I know a good deal about them. We should not go alone, depend upon it. Mr. Moorfields—who brought the project under my notice—

assures me that no less than seventy persons are prepared to emigrate from Greysley alone. That would be a little colony in itself: and in our numbers there would be strength."

"And who is Mr. Moorfields?"

"A new friend of mine. The most talented fellow. He is always making plans for the benefit of others; but somehow he does not seem to succeed in his plans for himself. I suppose he is too unselfish. It was he who brought the project under my notice, and who sent me this prospectus."

"But don't you think his not succeeding in his own plans is proof that he is not likely to succeed in his plans for others? People generally work most sincerely for themselves, do they not?"

Master Jack had imbibed considerable worldly wisdom it will be seen since his residence with Aunt Kate.

The conversation, which ran on till the scarlet-jacketed outriders, and the white roof of the long white passage-boat were seen approaching, need not be detailed at greater length. When the boat had left the station-house, carrying Jack as passenger, Hagart walked homeward toward Greysley, and as he walked he resolved that he should ask Mr. Moorfields to dine with him, and cunningly bring the emigration scheme on the carpet! He expected the most strenuous opposition from his wife: but if any man could talk over Mrs. Hagart his new friend Moorfields was the man to do it.

CHAPTER XIX.

On his way home in the passage-boat Jack was a good deal puzzled as to what course of action it behoved him to take in the circumstances. He had no idea that the emigration scheme would come to anything, but he could see perfectly well that it was calculated to create disturbance and annoyance at home. That his father, on such a matter, should have taken counsel with him appeared the strangest affair. That he should go to his father for advice was natural enough; but that, on such an important matter, his father should come to him, seemed reversing the proper order of things. Of this he thought a good deal. Then the question arose, how should he act in regard to his aunt? On the very night he had arrived at Hawkhead she had desired that there should be no secrets between them. Here was a secret—would it be right to keep it from her? During the remainder of the journey he discussed this question in his own mind, and it was only when he stepped out on the pier at Hawkhead, and found Ann waiting for him, that he resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Miss McQuarrie had prepared supper for the boy, and while he was eating it she sat at the table watching him, and replenishing his plate at intervals. Jack had resolved while in the passage-boat to make the whole matter known, and while engaged with supper he told all—that Wedderburn Brothers had increased his father's salary by one hundred pounds a-year, and that his father meditated emigrating to Central America in pursuit of that independence which he loved, and which he feared could not be realised in the Old World. During certain portions of the recital there was an angry light in the old lady's eye, a good deal of scorn in her face, but through it all she was very quiet and attentive! When he was done she said, "I am very glad you have told me this, John. Many boys would have kept it to themselves, and so caused mischief."

"You desired me, aunt, you remember, the first night I came here to keep no secrets, and you have been too kind to make me think of disobeying you."

Miss McQuarrie was silent for a while, and then she said: "Your father must have given great satisfaction to his employers, else they would not, unasked, have increased his salary one hundred pounds yearly. A hundred pounds is not a vast sum in itself, but a hundred pounds a-year in addition to what one already has is a great thing."

"Of course he has given satisfaction," said Jack, who was delighted with this covert approval. "Father is very clever."

"Yes," said Miss Kate, in an absent tone, as if she was thinking of something else; "so you and your mother are always saying."

And here the matter dropped. A little later in the evening Miss McQuarrie complained of headache, and went off to her own room; and next day being Sunday, and Miss Kate still keeping her room, Jack and Ann went to church alone.

Monday morning is universally disliked by schoolboys, and by that portion of mankind who live in the receipt of fixed salaries. On the Monday morning succeeding the interview with his father on the canal-bank, our young gentleman was late, and when he reached the breakfast-room there was Miss Kate waiting him, and dressed as if she meant to go out. "You are late, John," she said, as she poured out a cup of tea and handed it across.

"Yes," said Jack; "but I'll just take a bit of toast this morning, and be off like a shot."

In a very short time Jack was off; and he had no sooner gone than Miss McQuarrie directed Ann to call a coach. And the coach was no sooner at the door than Miss Kate stepped into it, and directed the jarvie to drive to the business chambers of Messrs. Hook & Crook, Morning-dew Street, and to wait there.

At the business chambers of these distinguished legal practitioners Miss McQuarrie was well known. When she alighted she encountered in the lobby a brisk clerk, with yellow hair brushed high from his forehead, and a pen stuck behind his ear, passing from one room to another with the letter-book, and by the brisk clerk she was informed that Mr. Hook was at that moment in his own room. To this room, knowing the way perfectly well, Miss Kate advanced, and, opening the door, there was Mr. Hook amongst his papers.

Mr. Hook was dressed in sables, and was a grey-haired man of deferential address. He wore a double eye-glass at his breast, suspended by a chain, and this eye-glass was almost in constant use. Mr. Hook without his eye-glass might be circumvented, but to circumvent Mr. Hook *with* his eye-glass you felt to be an impossibility. When he placed his eye-glass on his nose, and began to peruse a deed of conveyance or a balance-sheet, you felt that if there existed in either an obscure flaw or a cunningly concealed quirk, he would be sure to find it out. When he got you in the leather-covered office chair opposite, and, listening to your story, surveyed you through the eye-glass, you felt he was reading your soul. Without his eye-glass Mr. Hook was professionally great—with it he was invincible.

In the leather-covered chair Miss Kate was now seated. Mr. Hook had wheeled his own chair round in her direction and adjusted his eye-glass. His legs were crossed, his elbows rested on the arms of his chair, his fingers were clasped. He was professional attention itself.

Miss Kate lost no time in preliminary fencing.—"You have heard me speak of my sister, Margaret Hagart—of her husband, and of her son; and you know that her son, John, is at present living with me?"

Mr. Hook bowed in acquiescence.

"I have taken these people under my protection. I don't know whether the ground is worth cultivating; but I am resolved to cultivate it. It is the only ground left me now."

Mr. Hook bowed again, this time a little more doubtfully.

"Alfred Hagart—my sister's husband—is a man of some cleverness, and no common sense. He is at present, as I understand, a designer of patterns, in the employment of Wedderburn Brothers, in Greysley."

"Clients of our own," interpolated Mr. Hook.

"Very well—all the better, perhaps. He is at present in their employment, as I was saying; and his services have given so much satisfaction, that, without any seeking of his own, they have increased his salary by one hundred pounds per annum. That's one part of my story,—and the best part of it, too. The remainder is this:—Hagart, who is of a restless and fidgetty disposition,—I suppose a morbid vanity is at the bottom of it,—has never been satisfied with his position in the world; and at this present moment he is talking of going off to Central America. Of course, he won't go,—I don't believe he has pluck enough to go. But then he will talk to my sister about going, and will worry, and annoy, and frighten her. I am anxious that she should be spared as much as possible. The idea of emigrating at all shows me that Hagart is discontented—ill at ease. Now I wish to anchor him firmly."

Hitherto Miss Kate had gone on swimmingly; but at this point the wind went out of the sail of her speech, and she hesitated, and boggled in a very extraordinary manner. Mr. Hook noticed the change, and glanced up at her through his double eye-glasses.

Miss Kate twitched nervously at her gloves, and seemed in a slightly agitated state. "Mr. Hook," she said, when she found her voice, "I wish you to undertake a mission on my behalf to the Wedderburn Brothers:—Go to them with the proposal that, if they will take Hagart into partnership—make him a recognisable member of their firm, place him in the enjoyment of a reasonable share of the profits accruing thereunto, that I shall pay them down two thousand pounds, or such higher sum as you and they may agree upon—provided that an absolute silence is retained now and for ever as to my share in the transaction, and that Hagart is allowed to believe that the partnership is offered him by the Wedderburn Brothers in recognition of his distinguished merits; or, that, having heard of his intention to leave the country, they resolved to retain his valuable services even at that price. If the matter is gone into at all, I must stipulate for this bit of double-dealing. Hagart will suspect nothing. When the stroke of good fortune comes, he will think he has got no more than he deserves; and it will have the effect of putting him on pleasant terms with his own vanity, and with the world. You can tell Wedderburn Brothers from your own knowledge, that if they enter into my plan they can have my cheque for the money at an hour's notice."

Mr. Hook was more startled with this speech of Miss Kate's than with anything which had occurred to him in the whole course of his professional career. "My dear Miss McQuarrie, this is a most extraordinary proposal. Have you given it sufficient consideration? Are you certain the step you suggest is a wise one?"

"Its wisdom or unwisdom depends entirely upon the point of view. In one sense, of course, I might as well thrust the money into that fire; but I have considered it well, and the step, I assure you, is perfectly wise and prudent. My sister will be provided for, as you know, after my death; but I wish to look after her during my lifetime, however short or long that may be now."

"If you have carefully considered the matter, and arrived at the conclusion that it is the right thing to do, Miss McQuarrie, I have little doubt that it will be found the right thing in the end," said the judicious Mr. Hook, who seeing no use in pulling against the stream, let himself float easily down upon it. "When should you wish me to wait on Wedderburn Brothers?"

"At once. To-day if you can, to-morrow at latest. And now I trust you perfectly understand my position. I wish to aid the Hagarts, but I wish to aid them secretly. The most utter silence must be maintained as to my part in the affair. If Hagart ever comes to know the secret history of the partnership, he will fret, and fume, and knock his foolish head against it, as a bluebottle knocks its head against the pane in the parlour. All this you will explain to the Wedderburn Brothers. I saw one of them at Hagart's house on the day of the funeral, and he seemed a pleasant, good-tempered man."

Mr. Hook looked at his repeater. "I have one or two hours' business before me, but I shall be able to leave for Greysley at three o'clock this afternoon. I can see Wedderburn Brothers this evening."

"Very good," said Miss Kate, as she rose out of the leather-covered chair, "and you will of course let me know the result of the interview as soon as you can. It is a somewhat delicate mission, and you must use all your tact in the conduct of it."

"You may depend upon my doing my best," said Mr. Hook, rising also. When he got upon his legs his professional manner slipped off, and he asked in an easy conversational tone, "Have you heard anything of the Stavert people lately?"

"No," said Miss Kate; "have you?"

"Yes, Stavert is always dropping in for one purpose or another. Last time I saw him I told him that John Hagart had gone to stay with you."

A somewhat malicious smile came into Miss Kate's face as she asked, "And what did he say?"

"He expressed the greatest surprise, and declared that your sister's husband was a double-dealing fellow; that he had on the occasion of the funeral hinted at the possibility of your nephew coming to live in Hawkhead, and that Hagart had then solemnly declared that his son never would—at least, if he could help it."

"And I dare say Hagart told the truth. I don't think it was his wish that John should come to live with me."

When they got into the lobby, Mr. Hook said, "By-the-by, I had a letter from your brother Hector last week. His daughters are getting up, he says; and he is anxious that they should come to Hawkhead next winter, to get the benefit of the schools."

"If they do come, I suppose they will live with Stavert?"

"Well, I suppose so. They must be fine girls by this time."

They had now reached the coach which Miss Kate had hired. Mr. Hook handed in his client and shut the door. "Now, Miss McQuarrie," he said while his hand lay on the window, "if you still think of making a lawyer of your nephew, we have always a desk at his service. He can work here and attend the University as well. There is nothing like having a youngster thoroughly grounded. In everything it is important to lay a firm and sure foundation."

"Many thanks; you are very good. I will think about it. You will let me know the result of the interview as soon as you can, for I am naturally anxious. Good morning."

"Good morning."

And then Miss Kate drove home, and Mr. Hook returned to his papers. He would leave for Greysley at three o'clock, and he had a good deal of work to get through before that time.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN JUDGED BY HIS OWN WORDS.

"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

PART I.—TO THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR, APRIL 14-15, 1861.

Before the purely human emotions excited by the murder of the ruler of a great people have entirely passed away, it is well, I think, to consider whether the sudden halo of universal regret which has flashed into being round the memory of the late President of the United States has sprung only from those emotions, and is to pass away like them, or whether it is really the abiding glory of a noble and righteous life. With this view I should like to judge Abraham Lincoln out of his own mouth, by his own recorded words; selecting, moreover, for the purpose almost exclusively those belonging to the period of his presidency,—words which, in fact, under the fires of that terrific crisis which seems only now coming to an end, must have had all the weight and metal of very deeds, if they were not to burn up the utterer himself. Even of these I shall have space but to notice a few; referring my readers for all ampler collections of them, at least up to May, 1864, to Mr. A. J. Raymond's "History of the Administration of President Lincoln" (New York, 1864).

Of Mr. Lincoln's life itself prior to his election as President, the briefest sketch must here suffice. Born 12th of February, 1809, of a poor white family in the slave State of Kentucky,—and Mr. Beecher has said that he knows "nothing lower than that,"—he had at least the blessing of a Christian mother, and of a father who, though uneducated himself, sent his child to school, and migrated from slave into free soil, literally hewing his way for the last few miles to his future home. After earning his livelihood first by manual labour, then (after a bit of soldiering in 1832, and an unsuccessful venture as a store-keeper), like George Washington before him, by surveying, Abraham Lincoln entered the legislature of his adoptive State, Illinois, in 1834, began thereupon the study of law, received his "licence" in 1836, and practised the law as a profession from 1837 to the time of his election to the Presidency. During this period of twenty-four years, besides sitting occasionally in the State Legislature, he was elected in 1847 to the House of Representatives of the United States, where he signalized himself by a motion, by way of amendment, for declaring free, after January 1, 1850 (but with compensation to the owners), all slaves born within the district of Columbia (that small space of fifty square miles carved out of slave-soil, which, by a peculiar provision of the United States Constitution, is under the immediate government of Congress); was twice a candidate for the United States' Senate; and stood in 1856 second on the list of Republican candidates for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Roughly speaking, his life thus divides itself into two nearly equal portions, the latter of which was spent in the practice of the law. The fact is only worth pointing out by way of rebuke to the puppyism of such would-be gentlemen as, in the barrister-attorney of nearly twenty-five years' standing, who on the 4th of March, 1861, ascended the steps of the Capitol of Washington as first magistrate of the United States, long refused to see anything else but a "rail-splitter" or a "bargee."

It was the lot of Abraham Lincoln to embody in his own person the first signal triumph of the principles which he professed. Up to the time of his election, the United States were ruled by the slave-owners of the South, allied to the so-called "Democrats" of the North. He was, moreover, citizen of a State (Illinois) which, although free, was bordered to the south and partly to the west by two slave States, Kentucky and Missouri, and was as hostile to the slave himself as to his chains (since her "Black Laws," forbidding the sojourn of coloured people upon her soil, &c., have only been repealed within the last few months), and various of whose most prominent citizens were themselves slave-owners beyond her borders. It was under these circumstances that Abraham Lincoln fought his way into public notice as an anti-slavery politician.

The most insidious form in which the slavery question was at this time presented to the people, was that of the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," as it was termed,—viz., that of the absolute right of emigrants (white emigrants, be it understood) into United States territory not yet organized into States, to introduce or forbid slavery at pleasure; thus contravening not only the known purpose of the chief founders of the Republic, that slavery, whilst suffered to exist where it was already, should not be allowed to extend its limits;* but the later compromise with the slave-holding interest known as the "Missouri Compromise," which expressly prohibited slavery beyond a given parallel of latitude. Of this doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," Mr. Douglas, the "little giant" of Illinois, was the most prominent expounder, and it was generally favoured by the Democratic party at the North. Mr. Lincoln, in the course of his first popular contest with Mr. Douglas in 1854, when the question was that of its applicability to the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, situate in great measure north of the Missouri Compromise line, and from which, according to the terms of that compromise, slavery should so far have been distinctly excluded, met the doctrine with sturdy good sense: "I admit," he said, "that the emigrant to Kansas and Nebraska is competent to govern himself, but I deny his right to govern any other person without that person's consent." But the same question was again at issue in Mr. Lincoln's second contest for the senatorship with Mr. Douglas, in 1858; and again the former took up the broad ground of opposition to slavery in principle. "Slavery is wrong," he said, in a speech at Cincinnati, in the free State of Ohio, but in the immediate neighbourhood of the slave State of Kentucky, and to a mixed audience from both States. He was hissed for the words, and continued:—

> "I acknowledge that you must maintain your opposition just there, if at all. But I find that every man comes into the world with a mouth to be fed and a back to be clothed; that each has also two hands, and I infer that those hands were meant to feed that mouth and to clothe that back. And I warn you, Kentuckians, that whatever institution would fetter those hands from so doing, violates that justice which is the only political wisdom, and is sure to tumble around those who seek to uphold it . . . Your hisses will not blow down the walls of justice. Slavery is wrong; the denial of that truth has brought on the angry conflict of brother with brother; it has kindled the fires of civil war in houses; it has raised the portents that overhang the future of our nation. And be you sure that no compromise, no political arrangement with slavery, will ever last, which does not deal with it as a great wrong."

The above prophetic passage, which the timidity of Mr. Lincoln's party suppressed in the printed records of his speech, was noted down at the time by one who was latterly a political opponent of Mr. Lincoln (Mr. M. D. Conway, who has since reproduced it in the "Fortnightly Review"). But it is not more prophetic than were the opening words of Mr. Lincoln's previous speech to the convention which had nominated him:—

> "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Side by side, however, with passages like the above, which fully prefigure the grander aspects of Mr. Lincoln's career, we must not overlook the indications of an influence which gave to it also occasionally an aspect of hesitancy, and of at least momentary littleness. In the latter half of the history of the United States prior to the Secession outbreak, one of the most prominent names is that of Henry

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* It should never be forgotten that a proposal to this effect, put forward in 1784 by the Virginian slave-owner, Jefferson, only failed to become law by the accidental absence of a New Jersey delegate.

Clay. A name not to be looked for in the list of American Presidents; for it is a singularity of that history that, after the passing through office of Washington and his great contemporaries, the foremost men—Jackson excepted—do not fill the foremost place, but standing a little behind in official rank, quite overshadow the actual Presidents. During this period, three such men typify three different modes of feeling: Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, the hard Northern feeling, opposed to slavery, caring little for the slave, but devotedly attached to the Union, and scarcely less so to the commercial interests of the North;—John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, the hard and haughty Southern feeling, caring little for the Union, but devoted to Southern supremacy and to slavery, not in itself, but as the main pivot of that supremacy;—Henry Clay of Kentucky, finally, the temper of the Border slave-States, capable from its position of sympathising with both parties, anxious to unite both, convinced of the wrong and mischief of slavery, and yet crushed beneath a sense of the difficulty of meddling with it, and thereby driven into perpetual contradictions between principles and practice, and to the scheming of endless compromises between the fierce opposing interests on both sides. To the distant observer, this last type of character will generally be the least attractive of the three. Each of the others seems to have a unity of purpose which it wants; it seems unstable, shifty, always occupied with small details. But Clay's unswerving faithfulness to the Union, and his never retracted, never qualified condemnation of slavery, together with the purity of his personal character, and his unquestioned abilities as a statesman and an orator, gave him a singularly high place in the estimation of his countrymen. His "Life" had been one of the first books placed in the hands of his young brother-Kentuckian, and in the course of the contest with Douglas we find him speaking of Henry Clay as "my *beau-ideal* of a statesman—the man for whom I fought all my humble life." In this choice of a political hero in one who, though opposed utterly to slavery in principle, yet spent his life in the vain effort to effect compromises between it and freedom, will be found, I think, the explanation of much in Abraham Lincoln's Presidential conduct which has been harshly judged by the out-and-out abolitionist.

Till 1860, however, as we have seen, Abraham Lincoln is mainly known by his defeats. Yet the man knows his worth. He has sat in the great council of his nation, though only in its really *lower* House. But he has deemed himself fit for the higher,—for that Senate which has always been the goal of honourable ambition in the United States,—nay, for the Speakership of that Senate itself, which belongs to the Vice-President, the second officer in the State. The day comes when he is put forward for the very highest office, and he does not shrink from the contest. If the people prefer him to the greatest orator of the day, to the very leader of the Republican party hitherto, Mr. Seward, the Illinois lawyer will accept their confidence. But he remains in his own town of Springfield whilst the Republican Convention of 465 delegates is meeting at Chicago. As he sits in a newspaper office (May 18, 1860), speaking with some friends, a message comes from the Superintendent of the Telegraph Company:—"Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated on the third ballot." His first words are the simplest, homeliest, that ever fell from human lips:—"There's a little woman down at our house would like to hear this—I'll go down and tell her." With those sweet words of a husband's holy love, Abraham Lincoln entered upon that career which in less than five years was to end in a martyr's death. Was ever the highest power received in a gentler spirit?

On the next day his nomination was formally announced to him, together with the resolutions adopted by the Convention, forming what was termed the "Chicago Platform," the main feature of which was a pledge against the extension of slavery to the Territories. After four days' consideration, he accepted both (23rd May) by letter, concluding in words chiefly remarkable for the entire freedom from partizan spirit which they show in this candidate of a party:—

> "Imploring the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention, to the rights of all the States, and Territories, and people of the nation, to the inviolability of the Constitution, and the perpetual union, harmony, and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention."

The nomination was a successful one. On the 6th November, 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected President of the United States by the unanimous vote of all the free States except New Jersey, which gave him four votes out of her seven, making 180 votes in the "Electoral College," which names the Presidents; the votes cast for all three opposing candidates summing up only 123. Of the popular vote, however, which names the Electoral College, Mr. Lincoln had not obtained an absolute majority, but 1,857,610, against 2,804,560 given to his opponents; but out of this latter number all but 847,953 were cast in favour of candidates professedly supporting the Union. In other words, out of 4,662,170 voters, 3,814,217, or more than three-fourths, were in favour of the Union as a paramount principle; 1,857,610, or nearly two-fifths, were in favour of the Union, and of rigidly restricting slavery from further extension; and 547,953, or not a fifth, for slavery as a paramount principle; but these latter wielded the whole mass of the slave-country, except the Border States of Kentucky, Virginia, and Missouri, and Tennessee, the eastern part of which has long been practically almost free soil. In these figures lies indeed the whole history of the Secession war.

Abraham Lincoln was now President of the

United States. By a curious provision of their Constitution, he was not yet to enter upon the functions of his office. His predecessor, Mr. Buchanan, who had not even been nominated as a candidate, had for four months yet to retain the Presidency in his imbecile hands. During that period, ordinances of secession were passed by conventions in no less than seven States (South Carolina, 20th December, 1860; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26; Texas, February 5). Delegates from the seceding States had met in another convention at Montgomery in Alabama (February 4), had adopted a provisional constitution, appointed and inaugurated (February 18) a President and a Vice-President; and the former, Mr. Jefferson Davis, in an address delivered on his arrival at Montgomery, had declared that "the time for compromise has now passed, and the South is determined to maintain her position, and make all who oppose her smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel, if coercion is persisted in." Meanwhile, Mr. Buchanan was advised by his Attorney-General that Congress had no right to carry on war against any State, and remained quiescent accordingly, even while forts, arsenals, and other government property were being seized on all sides by the seceding States: although by the 8th January he had got so far as to declare that it was his right and his duty "to use military force defensively against those who resist the Federal officers in the execution of their legal functions, and against those who assail the property of the Federal Government." Congress, on its side, notwithstanding the withdrawal of most of the senators and representatives from the seceding States, had made almost every conceivable concession to the South, adopting in principle an amendment to the Constitution which should forbid for ever any intermeddling by Federal action with slavery in any State; conceding "squatter sovereignty" so far as to create governments for three new territories without forbiddance of slavery; severely censuring those free States which had passed laws to hinder the recovery of fugitive slaves.

During all this time, till the 11th February, 1861, the new President remained absolutely silent. Not a word fell from him which could hinder Mr. Buchanan from saving the Union in his own way. On the 11th February he opened his lips anew as he left his home; and during his slow progress to Washington, which he reached on the 23rd, not a day passed but what his voice was heard in replies to the addresses of his countrymen. His first words on this triumphal progress to his eventual martyrdom, being his farewell to his fellow-townsmen at Springfield, must be quoted at length:—

> "My Friends:—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 I have 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. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Weighty and touching words, surely. The momentary pleasure which he had felt on finding himself chosen as candidate for the highest office in the State by a large body of his fellow-countrymen, and which he could not enjoy without sharing it with the "little woman" at home, has quite vanished away into the sorrow of parting with the quiet memories of so many years of private life, into the awe of the dark future. Not a shot has yet been fired; but he knows that a duty has devolved upon him, greater perhaps than has devolved upon any since Washington. Yet he sinks not crushed beneath that duty, but strengthens himself against it like a man, looking up through the darkness to that Hand which sustained Washington, and which he trusts to sustain himself. And as he thus departs to rule over the many millions of his people, he asks his friends and his neighbours for their prayers. (And clever people in Europe, meanwhile, were saying and writing that God is an idea, and that Christ was an impostor, and that the Christian faith is a delusion; and Mr. Carlyle was trying to puff into a hero, for the special admiration of the nineteenth century, that cross between fox and wolf, Frederic II. of Prussia.) Surely, from that hour the day of shams had for America passed away; the true, honest man had gone forth in the fear of God, conquering and to conquer.

It were idle to attempt recording here all Mr. Lincoln's speeches on this journey to Washington. Without entering into any controversy, into any single detail of policy which could hamper the government, you see him appealing earnestly to the broad principles of patriotism, stirring up, yet without any bitterness, the energies of his countrymen on behalf of the Union. He warns them that it is for them, not for him, to save the country:—

> "In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and doubtless I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be placed upon you and the people of the United States. I wish you to remember, now and for ever, that it is your business, and not mine; that if the union of these States, and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me. I, as already intimated, am but an accidental instrument, temporary, and to serve but for a limited time; and I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that with you, and not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you, is the question:—'Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?'"—*Speech at Indianopolis, Feb.* 11.

He insists on his own insignificance :—

"I cannot but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country ; and so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for the support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the great American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them."—*Speech at Columbus, Ohio, Feb.* 13.

He appeals to his political opponents for support :—

"I understand myself to be received here by the representatives of the people of New Jersey, a majority of whom differ in opinion from those with whom I have acted. This manifestation is therefore to be regarded by me as expressing their devotion to the Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people. I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am. None who would do more to preserve it : but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. And if I do my duty, and do right, you will sustain me, will you not ? Received as I am by the members of a legislature, the majority of whom do not agree with me in political sentiments, I trust that I may have their assistance in piloting the ship of state through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is ; for if it should suffer wreck now, there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage."—*Speech at Taunton, New Jersey, Feb.* 21.

He asserts his unchangeable faith in the principles of that famous Declaration of American Independence, which declared all men to be "created equal," and endowed by their Creator with the "inalienable rights" of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" :—

"I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here, and framed and adopted that Declaration of Independence. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that Independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother land, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but, I hope, to the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight should be lifted from the shoulders of all men. . . . Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. . . . But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say *I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.*"—*Speech at Philadelphia in 'Independence Hall,' Feb.* 21.

The effort successfully made by Mr. Lincoln, during all this series of speeches, to preserve silence as to all questions of detail, must have been a violent one ; for no stag at bay amidst the unleashed hounds could be more beset than he was by throngs of anxious questioners, whilst he himself must have been often sorely tempted to speak out.

He said at New York (February 19) :—

"I have been in the habit of thinking and speaking sometimes upon political questions that have for some years past agitated the country ; and if I were disposed to do so, and we could take up some one of the issues, as the lawyers call them, and I were called upon to make an argument about it to the best of my ability, I could do it without much preparation. . . . . I have not kept silence since the Presidential election from any party wantonness, or from any indifference to the anxiety that pervades the minds of men about the aspect of the political affairs of their country. . . . . I do suppose that, while the political drama being enacted in this country at this time is rapidly shifting its scenes . . . . it was peculiarly fitting that I should see it all, up to the last minute, before I should take ground that I might be disposed, by the shifting of the scenes afterwards, also to shift. I have said several times upon this journey, and I now repeat it to you, that when the time does come I shall then take the ground that I think is right—right for the North, for the South, for the East, for the West, for the whole country."

But while thus acting in obedience to the promptings of his own sense of duty, we now see that Mr. Lincoln was in fact doing precisely that which was best for his country, displaying the most practical and consummate wisdom. By his every speech, at every stage of his journey, he was lifting men above the sphere of party politics and personal preferences, into that of political duty and of the broadest statesmanship ; compelling them to forget himself, his predecessor yet in office, his late competitors, in the one great question, "How shall our country be saved?" And thus—tearing away as it were by armfuls at every step the thick undergrowth of selfishness and mutual prejudice which was at once choking the good qualities of the American people, and obscuring the massive foundations of the American polity, its pledges of equal right, and freedom, and justice, through mutual help, to all,—he hewed his way, so to speak, like a true backwoodsman, to the national capital at Washington, and to that "White House" or Presidential mansion, from which his murdered body was one day to issue forth amidst the sorrow of the civilized world. Here indeed the series of his unofficial speeches closes (Feb. 28) with expressions of the friendliest nature towards the South :—

"I have reached this city of Washington under circumstances considerably differing from those under which any other man has ever reached it. I am here for the purpose of taking an official position among the people, almost all of whom were politically opposed to me, and are yet opposed, as I suppose. . . . Much of the ill feeling that has existed between you and the people of your surroundings, and that people from among whom I came, has depended, and now depends, upon a misunderstanding. I hope that I may have it in my power to remove something of this misunderstanding, that I may be enabled to convince you, and the people of your section of the country, that we regard you as in all things our equals, and in all things entitled to the same respect and the same treatment that we claim for ourselves ; that we are in nowise disposed, if it were in our power, to oppress you, to deprive you of any of your rights under the Constitution of the United States, or even narrowly to split hairs with you in regard to those rights, but are determined to give you, as far as lies in our hands, all your rights under the Constitution—not grudgingly, but fully and fairly. I hope that by thus dealing with you, we will become better acquainted and better friends."

In the first of his state papers, his "Inaugural Address" (March 4, 1861), Mr. Lincoln begins by disclaiming the purpose and the right "to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists." He admits the constitutional obligation of rendering up fugitive slaves; but he asks whether, in any law upon the giving up of slaves, "all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence," ought not to be introduced, "so that a free man be not in any case surrendered as a slave?" And with an implied censure of that absolute denial of United States citizenship to the coloured man which had been shamefully practised of late years, he asks equally, whether it might not be well "to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?" The slave-power, in other words, shall have its pound of flesh, but not a drop of blood besides. Whatever legal privileges stand written to its credit, let it enjoy; but the spirit of slavery shall not penetrate into the law itself. The fugitive shall be presumed free until proved a slave; the coloured citizen of free Massachusetts or free New York shall stand on the same legal footing as the white citizen in slave Georgia or slave Mississippi. But it is the preservation of the Union, of the national life, which above all engrosses him, since disruption is now "formidably attempted."

> "I hold that in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. . . . No State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union. . . . I therefore consider that in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be but necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States in any interior locality shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. . . . So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favourable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised, according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections."

Let us pause for an instant over this passage, for it indicates at the outset a remarkable feature of Abraham Lincoln's mind,—a very fallible appreciation of the immediate consequences of events, coupled with an abiding sense that the future must always be larger than what he saw of it, and that therefore he must not pledge himself irrevocably to any future course of action, even that which seems to himself for the time the wisest and fairest. We all know how utterly his hope of "a peaceful solution of the national troubles" went to wreck. We all know how unprofitable to the South was the season afforded to it of "calm thought and reflection." We all know how soon the Government had to use force for other purposes than that of holding, occupying, and possessing the property and places belonging to it, had to invade State after State, and to force "obnoxious strangers" among the people of each. But an unerring instinct had guarded Abraham Lincoln from mistaking on any of these points his own notions for the realities of things. He had from the first taken into account the possibility of those modifications and changes which "current events and experience" might show to be proper. He had reserved his "best discretion" for "every case and exigency." And thus he went forth to his work free-handed, unfettered by those pledges of self-conceit which can manacle down a giant to a dwarf's weakness.

He now proceeds to plead with those who really love the Union. Has "any right plainly written in the Constitution," been denied? He thinks not. "All our Constitutional controversies" have sprung from the absence of express provisions in the Constitution. "Shall fugitives from labour be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say."

> "Upon such questions we divide into majorities and minorities. If the minority does not acquiesce, the majority must, or the Government must cease. . . . If a minority, in such case, will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in time, will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new Confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? . . . Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it, does of necessity fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible . . . One section of our country believes that slavery is right, and ought to be extended; while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps,

as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly suggests the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restrictions in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other. Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. It is impossible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous, or more satisfactory, after separation than before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? . . . The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States . . . His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor. Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people. By the frame of the government under which we live, the same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years. My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by it . . . In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, 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 have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.' I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

To the President's appeals in favour of concord, or at least calm deliberation, the South replied (April 12) by the bombardment of Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbour, which was evacuated on the 14th (others say the 15th). The President now issued (April 15) a proclamation, by which, after stating that "the laws of the United States" had been for some time past and were then "opposed and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law," in virtue of the power vested in him by the Constitution and the laws, he called forth "the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed," appealing "to all loyal citizens to favour, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honour, the integrity, and existence of our national union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured;" stating "that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth, will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union; and in every event the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens of any part of the country," commanding the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days; and finally, convening both Houses of Congress for the 4th of July.

Not a day, it will be seen, had been lost. No lengthened deliberations had been required. Abraham Lincoln had fulfilled the pledge that he had repeatedly given on his journey to Washington,—that when the time did come, he would take the ground which he thought was right. He *had* taken it at once, now that the time was come. And that ground was—law, and the need of enforcing it. It is this which gives so grandly conservative a character to the late war on the Federal side. It has been simply an effort to suppress combinations against the law. The tipstaff, or at best the policeman, ought to have been sufficient for the purpose; it is only because they are not that the President now calls out 75,000 militiamen, and will call into the field army after army, until at last enough has been done "to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed." From this deep abiding sense of the lawfulness of his position flows that studious moderation, that seemingly impassive dryness of tone, which marks all Mr. Lincoln's state papers, as compared with the subtle yet tumid rhetoric, the heated appeals to the feelings and passions of the South, which characterise those of Mr. Davis. Mr. Lincoln is simply fulfilling a duty himself, in calling upon others to fulfil theirs. *That* bears no rhetoric; *that* appeals to no passion.

Observe again for the second time the prescient caution which qualifies the pledge to avoid devastation, destruction, or interference with property. The day is not very far off when it may become impossible, consistently with the object of suppressing "said combinations," and causing "the laws to be duly executed," not to interfere with, not to impair, not, finally, to destroy the most precious property in the South, that in human flesh. But in doing this, as well as in sanctioning (how reluctantly always is well known) other acts of devastation and destruction which military expediency may seem to command, the President will violate no pledge, he will but yield to what he deems a necessity. If thus only and not otherwise can illegal combinations be put down, and the execution of the laws be restored, he will be but carrying out by different means the object of this his first proclamation.

The great American civil war, then, has begun. The South has flung down the gauntlet; the North, by its chosen President, has taken it up.

J. M. LUDLOW.

NAMING A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"If the honourable member persists, I shall be compelled to name him."

"And what on earth would happen *then?*" says the reader of the *Times*, who finds the Speaker of the House of Commons using the above formula as a threat, when a member is very much out of order and obstinate in resisting milder attempts to bring him to reason.

The same question—what would happen *then?*—was, we all remember, put some years ago, when a dignitary of the Church of England was told that if he did not do something or other in the inducting way (it was connected with the affairs of a see which need not now be mentioned) to which he was invited in the usual course by Lord John Russell, he would incur the penalties of the statute of *præmunire.*

These things have a very awful sound with them. The gentleman who had in vain tried to keep off poachers by writing up, "Man-traps and spring guns set in these grounds," succeeded in frightening away the bumpkin trespassers when he put up the terrific announcement—"Polyphlosboiozesassees-detesthalassees set in these grounds." A man must, surely, stand in great peril who is threatened with the penalties of *præmunire;* or with being named by the Speaker. What is it that happens, or ought to happen, in the latter case?

We really cannot say. We do not find much light thrown upon the subject in Mr. May's book on parliamentary practice; and, the fact must be confessed, there is not much logic, or necessary consequence of any kind, in the ordinary public proceedings of the enlightened Englishman. In a good many cases, it seems, that the "named" member gets taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms—who, for aught we know, conducts the culprit to a cellar, chains him to a stone, and leaves him with a jug of water, a stale loaf, and a pamphlet of an instructive character. But we cannot (we repeat) discover that there is any *logic* in the process of "naming" a member. There may, or may not be; but there is certainly a peculiar significance about it; which we shall proceed to disclose.

"If the honourable member persists, I shall name him," sounds as idly in modern ears as if the Speaker said, "If the honourable member persists, I shall sneeze;" but in the ears of an ancient Scandinavian, it would have been ominous. *It was a most religious belief of the Northman that if the name of a fighting warrior were spoken out loud, his strength would immediately depart from him.*

In various places and ages, something of cryptical might and meaning has, in the minds of the people, been attached to names. The Furies in Greece and Rome; the Fairies in our own island (and elsewhere); the bear among the Finns and Lapps; the cat and the weasel in Brittany, are all instances of real or unreal beings whose names it is, or was once, unlucky to utter aloud.

Let us, not stopping at the bare facts, make some slight attempt to think out the reason of them.

With ourselves, a name is a mere affair of the Post-Office Directory; an arbitrary matter; an accident of the person to whom it is attached—so much an accident, that it may be changed at will as many times as the person chooses. But it is conceivable that in days when the name was really descriptive (and only indicative in virtue of being so)—was absolutely representative of the man or creature to whom it belonged—it might be felt to have a vital, organic relation to him; to be essential—*i.e.*, to be of his essence, or *esse*—like his ghost, wraith, or double. Now this would be particularly the case with any being to whom was attributed occult virtue or force of any kind—force whose basis or scope was not entirely known or understood. A god, for example, would have a name which was, perhaps, pronounced not at all, or only by selected persons on state occasions.

But why only by selected persons on state occasions? Because to pronounce the Name—a thing so essential and so intimate—was like stripping naked the being to whom it belonged; like tearing down the curtains, or breaking through the cloud by force, or rending the veil which covered the face;—uncovering or dishonouring the possessor of the name by a disrespectful exposure:—

> "Not to unveil before the gaze
> Of an imperfect sympathy
> In aught we are, is the sweet praise
> And the main sum of modesty"—

and conversely, not rudely to compel another to unveil "is the sweet praise and the main sum of" reverence.

Now, in the rudest times, a *successful* warrior was an actual god. Not only so, but, of course, any man engaged in combat *might* be a god; that is to say, he stood, while the fight was undecided, for an unknown quantity of force. Supposing his

Name, then, known among his contemporaries, to have an essential personal significance about it, to contain, as it were, the secret or wraith of his strength,—it would not be fortunate for him to have it uncovered lightly: and, above all, read in the presence of the man who, of all the world, was in the least "sympathy" with him, namely, his enemy.

We have now got these points: 1. It was unlucky, among the Norsemen, to speak out aloud the name of a combatant. 2. A name was once supposed to be of the essence of the man, and to have a cryptical power in it. 3. Tradition kept up the idea of the value (validity, force) of a name, even after it had become more or less an arbitrary thing. Among the vulgar, remnants of the half-superstitious feeling indicated may still be occasionally traced by persons who (by faithfulness to impressions, and by resisting temptations to tyrannise over the minds of others) have kept their minds "sensitive" to whatever image may be thrown upon them. And two more observations will complete the little chain of suggestion which we have ventured to forge: 1. A Member of Parliament, being engaged in debate, is a combatant. 2. He has, as a representative, a veiled, cryptical, impersonal character. In virtue of that character, the honourable member for the enlightened borough of Snobville is always spoken of as "the honourable member for Snobville," and not by his real name of Jobling. In virtue of the same character he enjoys (or enjoyed until lately, for the law may be altered!) a sort of "coverture" (to use the old word applied to married women), which forbids arrest for debt. But what would it be to *name* him? The mind recoils at the thought! It would be *præmunire*—it would be polyphlosboiozesasseesdetesthalassees! It would be to strip him of his armour: to take away his sword and buckler: to place him on the same footing of defencelessness as John Doe and Richard Roe; to change him from an honourable, unnamed warrior into an ignominiously designated Jobling, with not an unknown quantity about him!

Is there, however, anything far-fetched in deriving a practice of the modern House of Commons from an old Scandinavian custom? No. On the contrary, the more one reads and thinks about the ways of the Northmen, the more one is startled with the familiar faces of modern usages—sometimes with *translated* (seldom directly varied) features, but always with exactly the same meanings. An account of an Althing debate, Speaker and all, reads just like a bit of *Times* during the session of Parliament. Some of the most striking of the illustrations which we might quote, our readers would, perhaps, hardly thank us for—they would, we can conceive, rather not have forced upon them the substantial identity of things which they very much admire with things which they would not admire at all; and as we cannot here demonstrate the historic law which, once apprehended, would diminish their annoyance, we will spare their feelings. But we will, nevertheless, venture to ask "muscular" readers (if we have any) if they cannot call to mind having read in their newspapers, or at least having *seen* in their newspapers, a few years ago, a repulsive story of a "ring," which ended in a manner eminently calculated to remind one of something which is told in Eigil's Saga—namely, that Queen Gunhilda, when she was afraid the Thing was going to give a verdict against her, secretly instructed one of her train to *cut the sacred cords* which bound together the hazel-twigs that formed the doom-ring, and so put an end to the proceedings?

R.

THE REALMS OF AIR.

The realms on high—the boundless halls, where sports the wing of light,
And Morn sends forth her radiant guest unutterably bright,
And Evening rears her gorgeous piles amidst the purple ray,—
How glorious in their far extent and ever fair are they!

The dark autumnal firmament, the low cloud sweeping by,
The unimaginable depth of summer's liquid sky—
Who hath not felt in these a power, enduring, undefined—
A freshness to the fevered brow, a solace to the mind?

But most when, robed in nun-like garb, with sober pace and still,
The dun night settles mournfully on wood and fading hill,
And glancing through its misty veil, o'er ocean's depths afar,
Shines here and there, with fitful beams, a solitary star.

Then wearied sense and soul alike receive a nobler birth,
Then flies the kindling spirit forth beyond the thrall of earth;
While lasts that soft and tranquil hour, to thought's high impulse given,
A chartered habitant of space—a denizen of heaven!

Then, seen in those eternal depths, the forms of vanished days
Come dimly from their far abodes to meet the mourner's gaze;
And they the fondly cherished once, and they the loved in vain,
Smile tranquilly, as erst they smiled, restored and hailed again.

And words which, breathed in long-past years, the ear remembers yet,
And sounds whose low endearing tone the heart shall not forget;
The parent speech, the friendly voice, the whispered vow, are there,
And fill with gentle melody the shadowy Realms of Air.

J. F. H.

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

VIII.—BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN NICHOLSON.

At the close of the year 1830, a physician practising in Dublin died from the effects of a fever caught in the performance of his professional duties. Though only thirty-seven years of age, Dr. Alexander Nicholson had attained considerable reputation in the Irish capital, as a skilful and experienced practitioner; and he was a man of true Christian piety, and spotless integrity of life.

He died, leaving a widow and seven young children; two daughters and five sons. The eldest of the sons, John Nicholson, born in Dublin on the 11th of December, 1821, at the time of his father's death had just completed his eighth year. But, young as he was, at that time he was old enough to be a solace and a stay to his widowed mother.

He was a precocious child, almost from his cradle; thoughtful, studious, of an inquiring nature; and he had the ineffable benefit of good parental teaching of the best kind. In his young mind the seeds of Christian piety were early sown and took deep root. It is still remembered of him that when he was three years old, his mother happening to go suddenly into a room, found John alone there, with a knotted handkerchief in his hand, striking with all his childish force at some invisible object. When asked what he was doing, he answered with a grave earnestness of manner, "Oh! Mamma, dear; I am trying to get a blow at the Devil. He is wanting me to be bad. If I could get him down I'd kill him."

He was exceedingly quick to learn, and when only four years of age, he could read well, and he never shrank from his lessons. On the death of his father, Mrs. Nicholson removed her young family to Lisburne, where her mother resided;* but finding it difficult to obtain there good masters for her children, she transferred them to Delgany, where excellent private tuition was secured for them. But as John advanced in years and intelligence, it seemed expedient to fit him to make his way in the great world by training of a more public kind; so his mother sent him to the college at Dungannon, of which Dr. Darling was then the principal. In after years, he sometimes expressed regret that he had not availed himself more fully of the opportunities then presented to him of increasing his store of learning; but he made very good progress all the same, and at fifteen was probably as good a scholar as the majority of boys at that age. He was, moreover, a fine manly youngster, active and courageous, but withal of a gentle and affectionate nature and very fond of his mother. I have no faith in men who do not love their mothers, from the first day of their lives to the last.

I have not been able to recover any anecdotes of John Nicholson's boyhood, excepting one, which shows that, at an early age, an accident had well-nigh rendered a public career impossible to him. During one of his vacations, he was playing with gunpowder, when a considerable quantity of it exploded in his face and blinded him. He covered his face with his hands and made his way to his mother, saying to her, "Mamma; the gunpowder has blown up in my face." When he removed his hands, it was seen that his face was a blackened mass; his eyes were completely closed, and the blood was trickling down his cheeks. For ten days, during which he never murmured or expressed any concern except for his mother, he lay in a state of total darkness; but when at the end of that time the bandages were removed, it was found that God in his mercy had spared the sight of the boy and preserved him to do great things.

It was plain that there was in such a boy the making of a good soldier; but I do not know that this early promise led in any way to the choice of his profession. I have before observed that the majority of those men who have made for themselves great Indian careers, have gone forth, not because they have had in youth any special liking for the life before them, but because accident or convenience has so directed their ways. Mrs. Nicholson had five sons, and a slender income, derived mainly from the rents of some small estates in Ireland, and it was a matter of serious concern to her how to provide for this fine batch of promising youngsters. It is not strange that ever and anon these grave thoughts expressed themselves in a troubled countenance. When quite a child, John would say sometimes, with a loving kiss to his mother, "Don't fret, Mamma dear; when I'm a big man, I'll make plenty of money, and I'll give it all to you." Words often uttered, before and since, but seldom, as in this instance, so religiously fulfilled! The chance was not very far distant. Mrs. Nicholson's brother, Sir James Hogg, had "large Indian interest." When John had nearly completed his sixteenth year, his uncle obtained a cadetship for him, in the Bengal Infantry. He made all haste to England, and after spending a short time with the same good friend, who helped him both with money and advice to obtain his outfit, embarked on board the *Camden* for Calcutta. He had left home carrying with him the most precious advice. "Never forget to read your Bible," were his mother's last words, given to him with her parting benediction. And he never did forget the pious counsel.

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* Mrs. Nicholson is sister of Sir James Weir Hogg, Bart., formerly M.P. for Beverley and for Honiton, and now a member of the Council of India.

The voyage to India was not an eventful one. He kept very much aloof from the other youngsters on board, whom he described as, for the most part, of a noisy riotous kind. He read much every day, never forgetting the Book of Books morning or evening, and made by his uniform steadiness of conduct a most favourable impression on the mind of the captain of the ship. Having reached Calcutta in the month of July, he spent a short time in the vice-regal capital, and was then appointed to do duty with the 41st Regiment of Native Infantry at Benares. After a while he was permanently posted to the 27th Sepoy Regiment, which was cantoned at our frontier station of Ferozepore. "I intend setting out on the 1st of January," he wrote to his mother, in December, 1839, "and expect to be rather more than three months on the road. I am afraid it will prove a very unpleasant march to me, as I go alone, and am unacquainted with the language and country." These difficulties were readily overcome. The young Ensign arrived at the remote station, and joined the regiment, which was to be his home. But new difficulties beset him there; he found that there were no houses—that he was compelled to build one, and that he must pass the hot weather in a tent. So, in common course, he was subjected to the process of "seasoning." In the early part of July he wrote to his mother:—"I have not forgot your parting advice to read my Bible daily. . . . . I have just recovered from a severe attack of fever, brought on by the want of proper shelter; but my new house will soon be finished, and then I hope I shall enjoy my usual health. You can have no idea how the hot weather enervates the body, and, if you do not take special care, the mind also. I am just finishing a most interesting work, which, if you have not already read, I strongly recommend you to do so; it is Faber's 'Fulfilment of the Scriptural Prophecies.'" In the following month he wrote to the same beloved correspondent:—"You ask if the climate agrees with me. I think so far it has, considering how much I have been exposed since I came out. I am nearly six feet high now, and expect, if my health continues good, to be three or four inches taller; but I think I am thinner even than I was at home."

In the middle of the month of October the 27th Regiment was warned for service in Afghanistan, which was at that time occupied by British troops, and overrun by British diplomatists. It was a season of delusive calm. Our British regiments were ordered, in ordinary course of relief, into the dominions of Shah Soojah, as if they were going to a British province. But it was not long before the 27th, after having marched into Afghanistan, were excited by the prospect of a brush with the Sikhs:—"Our Brigade," wrote young Nicholson, in July, 1841, to Sir James Hogg, "was sent down to Peshawur, in May, to assist a convoy, on its way up, under Captain Broadfoot, which 10,000 Sikhs of General Avitabile's force, who had mutinied and seized two guns, threatened at the Attock. However, hearing of our approach by forced marches, they made off across the Caubul River, and left the detachment at liberty to proceed. We suffered a good deal from the heat on our return to Jellalabad, and, without halting there, continued our march to Caubul, where the other corps remained; but we proceeded to relieve the 16th at Ghuznee, and are now comfortably settled there." The 27th, under Colonel Palmer, formed the garrison of Ghuznee, the capture of which a year or two before had consummated the revolution which placed Shah Soojah "upon the throne of his ancestors." And there, when the counter-revolution broke out in 1841, it found young Nicholson with his regiment,—a tall, slim stripling of eighteen.

The story of the defence of Ghuznee is full of interest; but it cannot be told here in detail; though then, in the hour of deadly peril, the heroic qualities of John Nicholson manifested themselves in all their nascent strength. How well he fought during the defence has been told by one who fought beside him.* It is recorded, too, that when at last Colonel Palmer entered into terms with the enemy, and engaged to surrender the arms of his force on condition of the Afghan leaders pledging themselves to treat their prisoners honourably, and conduct them in safety to Caubul, "Nicholson, then quite a stripling, drove the enemy thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet, before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms. He at length obeyed, gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades to an almost hopeless imprisonment."

Now began a time of miserable captivity. In a small room, eighteen feet by thirteen, the prisoners were confined. When they lay down to rest at night they covered the whole floor. From this wretched dungeon after a while even light and air were excluded by the closing of the door and window. Cleanliness even was a blessing denied to them. The linen rotted on their backs, and they were soon covered by loathsome vermin. In this pitiable state, never breathing the fresh air of heaven, the spring passed over them; and then in the middle of May there was a little change for the better, for once a week they were suffered to emerge from their dark and noxious dungeon and look out into the face of day for an hour, from the terrace of the citadel. A month afterwards they were moved into better quarters, and an open court-yard allowed them for exercise. The delight of this was so great after the stifling and pestilential atmosphere of their first prison, that for months they slept in the open court, wrapt in their rude sheepskin cloaks with nothing above them but the canopy of heaven. At last, in the third week of August they were startled by the news that they were to be conveyed to Caubul; and presently they found themselves, slung in camel-panniers, jolting on to the Afghan capital.

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* Lieutenant Crawford's Narrative published in the Appendix to Vincent Eyre's book.

At Caubul John Nicholson and his companions were taken before the famous Afghan leader, Akbar Khan, who spoke kindly to them, bade them be of good cheer, gave them a good dinner, and then sent them to join the prisoners under his own care. When the Ghuznee party joined Akbar Khan's prisoners, the worst part of their captivity was over; and deliverance was near at hand. The story of their release has been told before. On the 17th of September the prisoners met the party which General Pollock sent out to their rescue, and found themselves free men. "When I joined the force at Caubul," wrote John Nicholson some months later, "Richard Olpherts, of the 40th, was very kind to me. Indeed, but for his kindness, I don't know what I should have done. He supplied me with clothes and other necessaries, and I lived with him till I reached Peshawur."

The victorious army having set its mark upon Caubul, returned to the British provinces. But new trouble was in store for John Nicholson. Whilst he had been suffering captivity in his Afghan prison, his brother Alexander had gone out to India, and had marched with his regiment into Afghanistan. On the way from Caubul, the brothers met; but a few days afterwards the enemy attacked our rear-guard, and Alexander was killed in action. It was John Nicholson's sad duty to communicate this distressing intelligence to his mother: "It is with a sorrowful heart," he wrote on the 6th of November, "that I sit down to write to you now, after a silence of more than a twelvemonth. Indeed, I should scarcely dare to do so now, were I not encouraged by the knowledge that God will enable you to bear your sad loss with Christian resignation, and comfort you with his Holy Spirit. Poor Alexander is no more. He was killed in action, when on rear-guard on the 3rd instant; but I know that you will not sorrow as one without hope, but rather rejoice that it has pleased the Lord to take him from this world of sorrow and temptation. Poor boy, I met him only a few days before his death, and a happy meeting it was. . . . Now, my dearest mother, let me intreat you not to grieve more than you can help. Alexander died a soldier's death, in the execution of his duty, and a more glorious death he could not have died."

There was an ovation on the frontier, and the army was dispersed. John Nicholson then, after the perilous excitement of this his first service, subsided for a time into the quietude and monotony of cantonment life. His regiment was stationed at Meerut, but, although it was one of the largest and most bustling of our military cantonments, the uneventful dreariness of his daily life oppressed him after the excitement of the preceding years. "I dislike India and its inhabitants more every day," he wrote to his mother, in one of those hours of despondency which are common to the careers of all great men, "and would rather go home on 200*l.* a-year than live like a prince here. At the same time I have so much reason to be thankful that I do not grumble at my lot being cast in this country." But the young soldier was not doomed to a lengthened period of inactivity, for he was made adjutant of his regiment, and he had thus the best opportunity that could have been afforded to him for perfecting himself in the practical knowledge of his professional duties. There was peace, but not of long duration. Soon it was plain that another crisis was approaching; and then commenced that great series of events which tested the qualities and made the reputations of so many men now great in Indian history. The Sikh army, no longer restrained by the strong hand of Runjit Singh, invaded the British frontier, and dared us to the conflict. Then the work of the English soldier done for a time, the work of the administrator commenced. The Sikh Empire which the victories of the Sutlej had laid at our feet, was left in the hands of the child-prince who represented the house of its founder; and whilst we fenced him round with British bayonets, we at the same time endeavoured to teach him how to govern. A council of regency was formed, and Colonel Henry Lawrence was placed at its head.

It happened that John Nicholson was then with the army on the frontier. He had been attached to the Commissariat Department, and was present at the battle of Forozshuhur; but his position did not afford the means of personal distinction, and he was little more than a looker on. The time, however, had come for the young soldier to divest himself for a time of the ordinary accompaniments and restraints of military life. A new career was about to open out before him,—a career that had many attractions for one of his ardent, enthusiastic nature, for it was one in which he would no longer be kept down by the dead-weight of a seniority service. As a regimental subaltern, there was little that he could do to distinguish himself; still less, perhaps, to be done in the subordinate ranks of the Commissariat Department. But he had made the acquaintance of George and Henry Lawrence in Afghanistan. With the former he had been a fellow captive, in the hands of Saleh Mahomed; and the latter, who accompanied the Sikh contingent to Caubul, had soon discerned the fine soldierly qualities of the subaltern of the 27th. To such a man as Henry Lawrence, the character and disposition of young Nicholson were sure to recommend him, as one to be regarded with great hope and with tender affection. They parted, but Lawrence never forgot the boy, and when they met again on the banks of the Sutlej, the elder man, then in high place, stretched out his hand to the younger, and his fortune was made.

After the campaign on the Sutlej, Cashmere, which had been an outlying province of the Sikh Empire, was ceded to the English, in part-payment of the expenses of the war; and it was made over by us, or in plain language, sold, to the Maharajah

Golab Singh for a million sterling. At the request of the chief, the British Government consented to send two English officers to instruct his troops in our system of discipline; and Captain Broome of the Artillery and John Nicholson were selected by Lord Hardinge for the duty, in the early part of March, 1846. The Governor-General sent for Nicholson, and offered him the appointment in a manner very pleasing to the young soldier. "I accepted it gladly," he wrote to his mother, "on the condition, that if on trial I did not like it, I might fall back on my old Commissariat office." So he went to Cashmere, ostensibly to drill the infantry regiments of the Maharajah; but Golab Singh really wanted them for no such purpose. Their presence in his country was sufficient to show that he had the support of the British Government. This, however, did not avail him much; for a strong party, under the old Sikh government, resisted the transfer of the territory to a new ruler; and the English officers were in danger of their lives. The story is told by Nicholson himself in a letter to his mother:—"I left Jummoo for Cashmere," he wrote, on the 26th of September, 1846, "towards the latter end of July, and arrived there on the 12th of August, much pleased with the beautiful scenery and fine climate of the mountain range which we crossed to get into the valley. You will remember that the province of Cashmere was made over to Gholab Singh by our Government. At the time of our arrival, however, though he had a few thousand men in the valley, he had by no means obtained possession of the place. The son of the late governor, under the Sikhs, having raised a considerable force, showed an evident disinclination to surrender the government, Gholab Singh, moreover, being very unpopular in the valley, on account of his known character. We had not been many days in the city before we learnt that the governor had made up his mind to drive Gholab Singh's small force out of the valley and seize us. We had great difficulty in effecting our escape, which we did just in time to avoid capture, and marching by one of the southern passes, joined the Maharajah here a few days ago. As we left the valley, the governor did, as we heard he intended to do by the Maharajah's troops, and the task of dispossessing him and making over the province to Gholab Singh now devolves upon our Government."

And the duty was successfully performed. The insurrection was overcome; and in November, Nicholson was again settled at Cashmere. On the 19th he wrote to his mother, saying, "Colonel Lawrence and the rest of the party left this three days ago, and I am now quite alone, and, as you may suppose, feel very lonely, without an European within scores of miles of me. I am for the present officiating in the North-West Frontier Agency, which Colonel Lawrence has recommended my being put permanently into. If his recommendation be attended to, I shall probably be stationed either at Lahore or somewhere in the Jullundur Doab; otherwise, I shall have to return to the Commissariat, as it is not intended to continue my present appointment, it being evident that the Maharajah does not wish our system of discipline introduced into his army. Whatever is done with me, I shall not be sorry to get away from Cashmere, which at this season is anything but a terrestrial Paradise. My fingers are so cold that I can scarcely hold the pen, and glazed windows are unknown here."

A few weeks after this letter was written, Lieutenant John Nicholson was formally appointed an assistant to the Resident at Lahore, and early in the new year (1847) he started for the Sikh capital.* He was now fairly launched into the Political Service, and under the very best of masters. He could have had no brighter example before his eyes than that of Henry Lawrence, nor in any part of India could he have found, in the subordinate agency of the British Government, more fitting associates than those who, though often severed by long distances from each other, were doing the same work with one heart and one hope, "helping the Executive and protecting the People."

The cold weather of 1847-48, passed quietly over. Things seemed to be settling down in the Punjab, and both the Governor-General and the Lahore Resident, encouraged by the general tranquillity, turned their faces towards home. In the part of the country which was the scene of Nicholson's labours, there were no signs of trouble. "Lieutenant Nicholson," so ran the official narrative, "reports that the country around Hassan Abdal and Rawul Pindee, hitherto more or less disturbed, is perfectly quiet, and that the Kardars, for the first time for years, move about without guards."

But the calm, like many others before and since, was a delusive on. It promised a season of rest, but it was the precursor of a storm. The nationality of the Sikhs had not been destroyed. The British officers who were governing the country for them were wise after their kind, and overflowing with benevolence. But their presence was hateful to the great chiefs whose power they had usurped; and they determined to rid themselves of it. In the spring, Moolraj had rebelled against the Double Government, and had killed the English officers sent to Mooltan to instal another governor in his place, and the summer saw the whole country seething with "rebellion" of the same kind. At this time John Nicholson was at Peshawur, serving under George Lawrence. A severe attack of fever had prostrated him, and he was lying upon a sick bed when news came that Chuttur Singh, one of the most powerful of the Sikh chiefs, and one whom we most trusted, had thrown off the mask, had raised the

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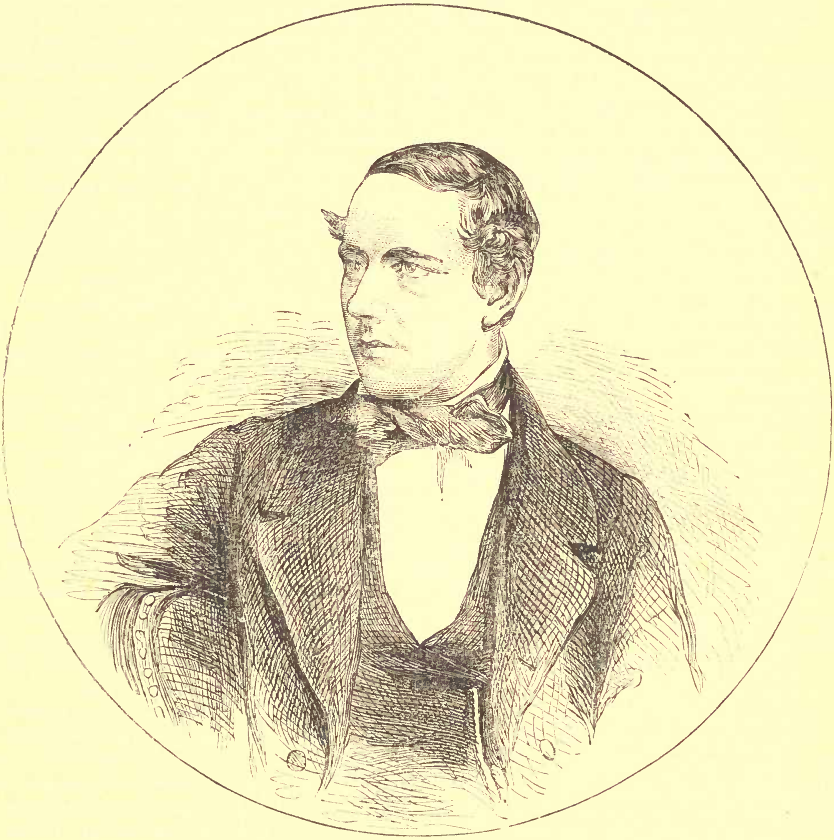
* One of his younger brothers, Charles Nicholson, had a short time before arrived in India, and John, to his great joy, had learnt that the youth was now with his regiment in the Punjab; and so they had a happy meeting at Lahore.

Hazareh country, and was about to seize the important fortress of Attock. Lawrence and Nicholson were speedily in consultation. "What do you wish done?" asked Nicholson. "Had you been fit for the work," replied Lawrence, "I should have wished to send you to secure the post; but you are not fit to go on such a service." "Certainly I am," said Nicholson. "The fever is nothing; it shall not hinder me. I will start to-night." Consent was given, and it was arranged that he should take with him an escort of 60 Peshawur horse and 150 men of a newly-raised Mahommedan levy, the men of which were believed to be true and staunch to fight against the Sikhs.

"Never shall I forget him," says a brother officer who was with him at Peshawur, and who has supplied me with particulars of this epoch of Nicholson's career—"never shall I forget him, as he prepared for his start, full of that noble reliance in the presence and protection of God, which, added to an unusual share of physical courage, rendered him almost invincible. It was during the few hours of his preparation for departure that his conduct and manner led to my first knowledge of his true character, and I stood and watched him, so full of spirit and self-reliance, though only just risen from a sick bed, with the greatest admiration."



John Nicholson, from a Photograph taken in 1851.

He made a forced march to Attock, and arrived before the fort just in time to prevent that portion of the garrison which was hostile to us from closing the gate against him. "He had travelled," says my informant, "so fast that but few of his escort had been able to keep up with him; but with these few he at once commanded the submission of all but the most desperate, and these he soon quelled by his personal prowess. A company of Sikhs in command of one of the gates were prepared for resistance, but he at once threw himself among them, made them arrest their own leaders, and in a few minutes was master of the position. This I learnt afterwards from eye-witnesses who served under me. Having made the place secure, placing in charge the persons whom he could best trust, he lost no time in taking the field, and by his rapid movements for a long time checked the troops from Hazareh, preventing them from getting into the open country and proceeding to join Shere Singh's army."

But the history of the eventful days which followed this reinforcement of Attock must be told a little more in detail. From Attock, Nicholson marched with 60 horse and 40 footmen to Hassan Abdal. "On my arrival there," he wrote to the Lahore Resident, "on the 12th of August, learning the 100 Goorchurras of Sirdar Mehtab Sing Majeetia, here, had abused and expelled from camp their Commedan for refusing to join the Hazareh force, I paraded the party, and dismissed and confined the ringleaders on the spot. The remainder begged forgiveness, and having some reason to believe them sincere, and wishing to show that I was not entirely without confidence in Sikhs, I granted it. I shall of course keep a sharp look out on them in future." On the following day he wrote again to the Resident, saying:—"After I had despatched my letter yesterday, I learned that Captain Abbott's regiment, stationed at Kurara, had deserted that post, and arrived, with two guns, at Rawul Pindee, intending to proceed thence to join the Hazarah force. I immediately sent orders to the levies *en route* to join me to concentrate at Margulla, with the view of stopping there the further progress of the mutinous regiment. I rode out myself early this morning and surveyed the position; it is not of any great strength, but I know not a more suitable one for my purpose."

Next morning at break of day, John Nicholson with his levies found himself face to face with the mutinous regiment. The odds were against him, for the mutineers had two guns; but Nicholson, with the cool courage and resolute bearing which even then overawed all opponents, addressed them, saying that he desired nothing more than that they should return to their allegiance, but that if they held out an hour longer he would inflict upon them the punishment due to mutineers. Stormy then was the debate which followed in the enemy's camp. Some were for peace, some were for war; but the advocates of the former prevailed, and before the hour of grace had expired the colonel of the recusant regiment had tendered his submission, and offered to march anywhere at the English officer's commands.

But there was much work to be done after this in the open country; and Nicholson was compelled to pay repeated visits to Attock to see after the safety of the post. "It was during the thirty days' fast of Ramzan," writes the friend and comrade whose words I have already quoted, "that some of his most arduous work was done, a time during which his followers were debarred by strict religious scruples from taking even a drop of water between sunrise and sunset, but yet, so great was the command his example obtained for him over the minds of these men, that they cheerfully endured the terrible sufferings entailed by the long and rapid marches and countermarches he was obliged to call upon them to make. He never spared himself, he was always the first in the saddle, and in the front of the fight. Apparently insensible to the calls of hunger, thirst, or fatigue, and really regardless of danger, his energies never failed, while his life seemed charmed, and the Mahommedan levies whom he commanded seemed to regard him almost as a demi-god. After a time, he found the calls upon him in the field so exacting, that he requested Major Lawrence to send him some trustworthy man to take command of the garrison in Attock; and Nizam-ood-dowlah Mahomed Oosman Khan, the father-in-law and formerly Wuzeer of Shah Soojah, was sent accordingly. Still Nicholson did not feel at his ease regarding the safety of the fort, and at length Sirdar Chutter Singh, making a forced march in the hope of taking the place by surprise, he obtained early information of the Sirdar's intentions, outmarched him by one of his wonderfully rapid movements, and entered the place before the enemy could reach it."

From Attock Nicholson now wrote to Major Lawrence, begging him to send, as governor of the fort, one of the two English officers under him at Peshawur, and the choice fell upon Lieutenant Herbert. A little before midnight of the 31st of August, Major Lawrence awoke him, and placing in his hands Nicholson's letter, expressing a strong wish to be in the open country so as to operate upon the rear of the enemy, told him it was his wish that he should proceed at once to Attock. In less than an hour Herbert was in the saddle, and about nine o'clock the next morning entered the fort, and received over command from Nicholson, who lost no time in leaving the place and getting into the rear of the enemy, and by this means was enabled to reach the Margulla Pass in time to stop Sirdar Chutter Singh and his force, and turn them back once more after the severe struggle which first rendered his name famous.

Not long after this, the whole country was in a blaze, and the English and the Sikhs were contending for the mastery of the Punjab. In the crisis which then arose, wheresoever good service was to be done, there was Nicholson at hand to render it. When, on the first two days of December, the force under Sir Joseph Thackwell crossed the Chenab, it was Nicholson who provided the boats which enabled them to effect the passage, who procured intelligence of the enemy's movements, and supplies for our own troops. At Chillianwallah, he was with Lord Gough, to whom he rendered active services, cheerfully acknowledged in the despatch of the Commander-in-Chief. Again at the crowning victory of Goojerat he earned the thanks of his chief. And when the pursuing force under Sir Walter Gilbert gave chase to the fugitive Afghans, who had come down to aid the Sikhs, Nicholson, with a party of Irregulars, rode with them and was ever at the head of the column.*

Then the Punjab became a British Province; and in the distribution of the administrative agency which was then made, Captain John Nicholson was appointed one of the Deputy Commissioners in the Punjab. But he had now served for nearly ten years in India; there was peace again over the land; he had suffered many times from severe illness; but above all he was anxious to visit and to comfort his widowed mother. Another heavy affliction had fallen upon the family. A younger brother, William Nicholson, had joined the 27th Regiment, which was posted at Sukkur. One night the unfortunate young man rose from his bed, and in a state of somnambulism went out of the house and fell down a steep declivity in the neighbourhood. From the injuries which he then received he died shortly afterwards—the second son whom Mrs. Nicholson had lost in India, within the space of a few years. This catastrophe fixed John's resolution to return to England; and he wrote to his mother that although he would leave his appointment he could not restrain his inclination to visit England, and that perhaps through the kindness of Sir Henry Lawrence he might on his return to India be nominated to the Punjab commission.* But November still found him in the Sikh country. "India is like a rat-trap," he wrote, "easier to get into than out of. However, I think I am pretty sure of getting away on or before the first of next month. I go down the Sutlej by boat to Kurrachee and there take the steamer to Bombay. From Bombay I hope to get a passage in the second January steamer to Cosseir, where I purpose disembarking and marching across to the ruins of Thebes, the oldest and greatest of cities. Thence I shall drop down the Nile by boat to Cairo and the Pyramids. From Cairo I have not yet decided on my further route, but I think that I shall probably visit Constantinople . . . Herbert Edwardes will be my companion as far as Cairo; but as he has two of John Lawrence's little girls with him he will be obliged to go direct to England from thence. I trust to reach home before the end of March." In this, however, he was disappointed; he was detained both at Constantinople and at Vienna longer than he had anticipated, and did not reach England before the latter end of April, 1850.

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* For these services he obtained a Majority.

I must pass rapidly over this period of his eventful life. He was anxious to turn his furlough to good professional account by visiting the chief cities of continental Europe and studying the military systems of all the great European powers. He attended some gigantic reviews in the French and the Austrian capitals, and carried back with him to India, where he arrived in 1851, a large access of military zeal.

But it was long before an opportunity presented itself for the display of his high qualities as a soldier. Soon after his arrival in India, he was reappointed a deputy commissioner in the Punjab, and for five years he continued to work as an administrative officer, almost it might be said on the very outskirts of civilisation. The people whom he was sent to govern were a wild and lawless race; and in process of time, by the vigour and justice of his rule, he obtained such an ascendancy over them, that they came to fear and to worship him as a divinity. The strange story of his administration has been told so well by John Nicholson's best and dearest friend that I give it in his very words:—"Of what class is John Nicholson?" writes Sir Herbert Edwardes. "Of none: for truly he stands alone. But he belongs essentially to the school of Henry Lawrence. I only knocked down the walls of the Bunnoo ports. John Nicholson has since reduced the *people* (the most ignorant, depraved, and bloodthirsty in the Punjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws, that in the last year of his charge not only was there no murder, burglary, or highway robbery, but not an *attempt* at any of these crimes. The Bunnoochees, reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Mahommedans of historic ages must have been just like 'Nikkul Seyn!' They emphatically approve him as every inch a Hâkim. And so he is. It is difficult to describe him. He must be seen. Lord Dalhousie—no mean judge—perhaps summed up his high military and administrative qualities, when he called him 'a tower of strength.' I can only say that I think him equally fit to be commissioner of a division or general of an army. Of the strength of his personal character, I will only tell two anecdotes. 1. If you visit either the battle-field of Goojerat or Chillianwallah, the country people begin the narrative of the battles thus:—'Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*.' 2. A brotherhood of Fakeers in Hazareh abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of 'Nikkul Seyn;'—which they still continue! Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their Gooroo (religious or spiritual guide). He has flogged them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the 'Nikkul Seynees' remains as devoted as ever. 'Sanguis martyrorum est semen Ecclesiæ.' On the last whipping, John Nicholson released them, on the condition that they would transfer their adoration to John Becher;—but arrived at their monastery in Hazareh, they once more resumed the worship of the relentless 'Nikkul Seyn.'"*

When the news of the outbreak at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi reached the Punjab, in

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* I find the following characteristic passage in one of his letters written at this time:—"What you say about our prosperous days being those of the greatest temptation, is quite true. I have long felt it so, and prayed for grace to resist the temptation. I also fully agree in all you say about earthly distinctions. Believe me, I estimate them at their proper value."

* "Raikes' Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India."

May, 1857, Nicholson was at Peshawur. At the same place, in high position, were two other men, of the true heroic stamp; men equal to any conjuncture, men to look danger of the worst type coolly and steadily in the face. General Sydney Cotton commanded the troops at the station, and Colonel Herbert Edwardes was the commissioner in political charge of the division. A day or two after the outbreak there arrived also at Peshawur a fourth, of whom history will take equal account—Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, who commanded the Punjab Irregular Force. But it was considered advisable that he should proceed to Rawul Pindee, to communicate with Sir John Lawrence respecting the general defence of the province; and the conduct of affairs on the frontier was left in the hands of Cotton, Edwardes, and Nicholson.*

Upon the first receipt of the sad tidings of the revolt of the Sepoy army, John Nicholson, ever a man of fertile resources, recommended as a measure of personal importance, for the general defence of the province, the formation of a moveable column, to traverse the country and to operate upon any point where danger might present itself. The proposal was made to his official chief and beloved friend, Herbert Edwardes, who grasped it with all confidence and cordiality; and then the two went together to Sydney Cotton, and laid the scheme before him. Like a true soldier, he responded at once to the appeal. Then Edwardes sent it on to Sir John Lawrence, saying that either he or Nicholson would be proud to command the column. The measure had the full sanction of the high military authorities, and the chief commissioner accorded to it a hearty approval. The column was formed; and Brigadier Neville Chamberlain was appointed to command it.

But in that month of May, there was no lack of work at Peshawur for the political officers; and it is hard to say how much the safety of the Empire depended, under God's good providence, upon the energies of Herbert Edwardes and John Nicholson, at their peril-girt frontier station. Hand in hand, as close friends, dwelling beneath the same roof, and moved by kindred impulses, they strove mightily, day after day, from morn to night, with wonderful success. "Dark news," wrote Edwardes, some time afterwards, in his official report of these memorable transactions, "kept coming up now to Peshawur, and a rapid change was observed in the Native regiments; precautions began; Colonel Nicholson promptly removed the treasure (about twenty-four lacs) from the centre of cantonments to the fort outside, where the magazine was, and Brigadier Cotton placed a European garrison in it at once. . . . I think it must have been on the 16th of May, that Sir John Lawrence consented to my raising 1000 Mooltanee horse; for, before leaving Peshawur for Pindee that evening, I left the orders with Colonel Nicholson, to be issued in our joint names (for the Khans in the Derajat were as much his friends as mine). On the 18th of May, however, permission was given to raise 2000; matters were growing worse each day, and it was now clearly understood by us, in the council assembled at Pindee,* that whatever gave rise to the mutiny, it had settled down into a struggle for empire, under Mahommedan guidance, with the Mogul capital as its centre. From that moment it was felt that, at any cost, Delhi must be regained. Colonel Nicholson had endeavoured to raise levies through the most promising of the chiefs of the district, to help the European soldiers in the struggle that was coming. But the time had passed, a great danger impended over the cantonment; a profound sensation had been made by the startling fact that we had lost Delhi. Men remembered Cabul. Not one hundred could be found to join such a desperate cause. . . . Colonel Nicholson was living with me at Peshawur, and we had laid down to sleep in our clothes, in a conviction that the night could not pass over quietly. At midnight the news of what had occurred at Nowshera† reached us; and a most anxious council did we hold on it. It was probable that the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan would already be in open mutiny, and in possession of the Fort. But to send a reliable force against them from Peshawur would only have been to give the native regiments a preponderance in the cantonment. Again, the news from Nowshera must soon reach the Sepoys in Peshawur, and probably be the signal for a rise. The advantage, therefore, must be with whoever took the initiative; and we resolved at once to go to the General, and advise the disarming of the native garrison at daylight."

The responsibility of the measure rested with Sydney Cotton; but he was not one to shrink from it. There was, doubtless, in the conjuncture which had then arisen, no small hazard in such a course of action as was now proposed to him; for we had external, no less than internal dangers to face. It was certain that the Afghans were greedy for the recovery of Peshawur, and it was at least probable that they would take advantage of our domestic troubles to come down in force through the Khybar Pass, and to strike a blow for the much-coveted territory. To dispossess himself at once of a large part of the military strength which had been given to him for the purpose of defending the frontier against these possible inroads, at the very time when it seemed to be most required, was a measure which might well demand hesitation. Moreover, the officers of the native regiments believed in the fidelity of their men, and protested against an act which would cast discredit upon them, and turn friends into enemies—strength into weakness—in the hour of need. But Cotton believed that the disarming of the native regiments was the lesser evil of the two, and he determined that it should be done.

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* General Reed commanded the Peshawur Division of the Army; but he also went to Rawul Pindee to meet Sir John Lawrence.

* Colonel Edwardes had gone to Rawul Pindee for a few days to consult with Sir John Lawrence.

† Outbreak of the 55th and 24th N. I. Regts.

How it was done may be best narrated in the words of Colonel Edwardes's narrative:—"The two European regiments (Her Majesty's 70th and 87th), and the artillery, were got under arms, and took up positions at the two ends of the cantonment, within sight of the parades, ready to enforce obedience, if necessary, yet not so close as to provoke resistance. Colonel Nicholson joined Brigadier Galloway's staff at one rendezvous, and I General Cotton at the other. These prompt and decided measures took the native troops completely aback. Not an hour had been given them to consult, and, isolated from each other, no regiment was willing to commit itself; the whole laid down their arms. As the muskets and sabres of once honoured corps were hurried unceremoniously into carts, it was said that here and there the spurs and swords of English officers fell sympathisingly upon the pile. How little worthy were the men of officers who could thus almost mutiny for their sakes; and as weeks and months passed on with their fearful tale of revelations, there were few of those officers who did not learn, and with equal generosity acknowledge, that the disarming had been both wise and just. For the results of the measure, we had not long to wait. As we rode down to the disarming, a very few chiefs and yeomen of the country attended us, and I remember, judging from their faces, that they came to see which way the tide would turn. As we rode back, friends were as thick as summer flies, and levies began from that moment to come in."

But the work was not yet done. Events followed each other in those days in rapid succession. The 55th Sepoy Regiment mutinied; and again the aid of John Nicholson was called for, and see how it was rendered. "At 11 o'clock of night of the 23rd, a force of 300 European infantry, 250 irregular cavalry, horse levies and police, and eight guns (six of which were howitzers), left Peshawur under command of Colonel Chute of H. M.'s 70th, accompanied by Colonel Nicholson, as political officer, and neared Murdan about sunrise of the 25th, after effecting a junction with Major Vaughan and 200 Punjab infantry from Nowshera. No sooner did this force appear in the distance than the 55th Native Infantry, with the exception of about 120 men, broke from the fort and fled, as Colonel Chute well described it, 'tumultuously,' towards the hills of Suwat. Chase was given with both artillery, cavalry, and infantry, but the mutineers had got far ahead, and bad ground so checked the guns that they never got within range. Colonel Nicholson, with a handful of horsemen, hurled himself like a thunderbolt on the route of a thousand mutineers. Even he (in a private note to me, for he seldom reported officially anything he did himself) admitted that the 55th fought determinately, 'as men always do who have no chance of escape but by their own exertions.' They broke before his charge, and scattered over the country in sections and in companies. They were hunted out of villages, and grappled with in ravines, and driven over ridges all that day, from Fort Murdan to the border of Suwat, and found respite only in the failing light. 120 dead bodies were numbered on their line of flight, and thrice that number must have borne off wounds; 150 were taken prisoners, and the regimental colours and 200 stand of arms recovered. Colonel Nicholson himself was twenty hours in the saddle, and, under a burning sun, could not have traversed less than seventy miles. His own sword brought many a traitor to the dust. . . . Colonel Nicholson, with Colonel Chute's moveable column, returned to cantonments in the second week of June. But we were soon to lose him. The death of Colonel Chester, at Delhi, called Brigadier-General Chamberlain to the high post of Adjutant-General, and Colonel Nicholson was instinctively selected to take command of the Punjab moveable column, with the rank of Brigadier-General."

On the 22nd of June, Colonel Nicholson took command of the column and on the 24th proceeded to Phillour. His first act on joining the force was to free himself from the danger that seemed to be hovering over him in the shape of two suspected Sepoy regiments, which might at any moment break out into open mutiny. It was sound policy to disarm them; but the operation was a hazardous one; for if they had suspected the intention, they would in all probability have broken and fled, after turning upon and massacreing their officers. So Nicholson made a show of confiding in them, and ordered the whole column forward as though it were marching straight upon Delhi. Then there were ominous head-shakings in camp. What could the general mean by taking those two tainted regiments with him to the imperial city, there to fraternise with the mutineers and to swell the rebel ranks of the Mogul? He well knew what he meant, and his meaning was soon apparent. On the morning of the 25th he was early on the camping-ground with all his preparations made. But there was no sign of anything unusual—nothing to excite suspicion. The Europeans and the guns were in advance, and so placed that when the suspected Sepoy regiments came up, one after the other, to the camping-ground, they could completely command them. They had their instructions; but were so disposed, many of the Europeans lying on the ground as though for rest, that they never less assumed a threatening aspect than when the first of the Native regiments came up, and the men were told to pile their arms. Leaning over one of the guns, Nicholson gave his orders as coolly as though nothing of an unusual character were about to happen. "If they bolt," he said to Captain Bourchier of the artillery, "you follow as hard as you can; the bridge will have been destroyed, and we shall have a Sobraon on a small scale." But the Sepoy regiments, entrapped by the suddenness of the order, and scarcely knowing what they were doing, piled their arms at the word of command, and suffered them to be taken to the fort. This done, Nicholson addressed them, saying, that desertion would be punished with death, and that they could not possibly escape, as the fords were watched. Eight men made the attempt but they were brought back, tried, and condemned to death.

On the following day, crossing the Beeas in boats, for the river had risen, the moveable column quitted Phillour, and returned towards Umritsur. They reached that place on the 5th of July, and were greeted by fresh tidings of mutiny in the Native army. A regiment had risen at Jhelum; and soon it became only too certain that there had been a disastrous revolt at Sealkôte, and that the mutineers had murdered many of the Europeans there. It was plain that it would soon be Nicholson's duty to inflict retribution on these offenders. Having cast off their allegiance to the British Government, they were hastening to join the revolutionary party at Delhi; so Nicholson determined to intercept them. Disencumbering himself, as he had done before, of all the remaining Hindostanee troops with him, he made a rapid march, under a burning July sun, to the station of Goordaspore. On the morning of the 12th, news came that the rebels were about to cross the Ravee river at Trimmoo Ghaut. So Nicholson moved the column forward, and about noon came in sight of the mutineers, who had by this time crossed the river with all their baggage. They were well posted, in a high state of excitement, and many of their horsemen drugged to a point of fury with bang. They commenced the battle, and fought well; but the British infantry and artillery gave them such a reception that, in less than half-an-hour the Sepoys were "in full retreat towards the river, leaving between three or four hundred killed and wounded on the fields." Unfortunately Nicholson had no cavalry with him, and was unable to give chase to the mutineers. He therefore withdrew his column to Goordaspore, where he soon heard that the mutineers had re-formed on the other side of the river. So he determined again to give them battle. On the 14th he advanced again to the Ravee, and found that the mutineers had planted themselves on an island in the middle of the stream, and had run up a battery on the water's edge. The river had risen since the first day's conflict, and it was necessary, therefore, to obtain boats to enable our force to strike at the enemy. This occasioned some delay, but on the morning of the 16th everything was ready. So Nicholson advanced his guns to the river's bank, and drawing off the enemy's attention by a tremendous fire of shot and shell, moved his infantry unobserved to one extremity of the island, and placed himself at their head. Galloping in advance with a few horsemen, he came upon the piquets of the enemy; the order was then given for the advance of the 52nd, which moved forward in admirable order upon the battery, bayoneting the gunners, and putting the whole body of the enemy to panic flight. It was all over with the mutineers. They could only take to the water, where numbers of them were drowned, and numbers shot down on the sand-banks or in the stream. The few who escaped were seized by the villagers on the opposite bank, and given up to condign punishment. Never was victory more complete.

The work having been thus effectually done, the moveable column returned to Umritsur; and Brigadier-General Nicholson proceeded to Lahore, to take counsel with the authorities, and "to learn how matters were going on below." He arrived there on the 21st; and on the 24th he rejoined the moveable column, and communicated to his officers that it had been resolved that they should march with all possible speed to Delhi. On the 25th they again crossed the Beeas. On the 27th, he wrote to the Chief Commissioner:—"The troops I have with me here consist of Dawes's Troop, Bourchier's Battery, wing of Umritsur Police Battery, 240 (about), Mooltanee Horse, H.M.'s 52nd is a march in rear, as its colonel reported it knocked up." With these troops he pushed on with all possible despatch. But General Wilson, who commanded at Delhi, was eager to take counsel with Nicholson, so the latter determined to go on in advance of his force. "I am just starting post for Delhi," he wrote on the 6th of August, "by General Wilson's desire. The column would be at Kurnaul the day after to-morrow, and I shall perhaps rejoin it at Paneeput." On the following day he wrote from "before Delhi," "I just write a line to confirm what you will have heard from Wilson. We break ground with No. 1 Heavy Battery at 650 yards to-night. Nos. 2 and 3 to-morrow night at 550 and 350. Batter the 9th, and go in on the 10th. I can't give you the plan of attack, lest the letter should fall into other hands. Wilde came in this morning, and the Jummoo troops will be in to-morrow. I arrived just in time, a few evenings ago, to prevent the despatch of a letter forbidding their nearer approach. . . . Pandy is in very low spirits, and evidently thinks he has made a mistake." Two days afterwards he wrote: "The batteries could not be got ready in time this morning. So we are only silencing the Moree to-day. To-morrow we breach and bombard, and assault on the 11th, which, by a strange coincidence, is the anniversary of our former capture." It was intended that the work here marked out—namely, the capture of the enemy's position near Ludlow Castle—should be intrusted to Nicholson's column; so he returned to his force to bring it into the Delhi Camp with all possible despatch. "Expectation was on tiptoe," wrote an officer of the brigade, "to hear his opinion as to the state of affairs. He told me that the tide had turned, but that we should have some tough work; and that General Wilson had promised our column a little job, to try our 'prentice hands,' to dislodge a body of troops who had taken up their position with some guns in the neighbourhood of the Ludlow Castle." But the little job could not wait for Nicholson and his comrades. The fire of the enemy became so annoying, that it was necessary to carry their position at once; so the work was entrusted to Brigadier Showers, and he did right gallantly and well.

On the 14th of August, Nicholson, at the head of his column—their flags flying and band playing—marched into the camp at Delhi. It was believed by many that the appearance of these reinforcements would be the signal for the assault on Delhi. But it was doubtful whether success could be secured without the aid of a powerful siege-train; so it was resolved that the final measures for the capture of the imperial city should not be taken until after the arrival of the heavy guns which were then coming down to our camp.

But, in the meanwhile, there was other work to be done. It was apprehended that the enemy were about to manœuvre, so as to make their way into our rear. So it was determined to give them battle; and Nicholson was selected to settle their business. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, having crossed the ford, near Nujufghur, he found the enemy in position on his front and left. Their line extended from the canal to the town of Nujufghur, a distance of nearly two miles. They had four guns strongly posted near an old serai on the left centre, and nine others between that point and the bridge. It was there, on the left centre, that Nicholson determined to attack them, and having forced their position, to sweep down their line of guns towards the bridge. Nothing could have been more successful than the operation. A few rounds from the artillery guns prepared the way for the advance of the British infantry, with Nicholson at their head, full upon the serai. The attack was irresistible; the enemy were driven from their position; and then Nicholson changed front to the left, swept along the whole line of guns, captured them, and put the whole brigade to flight.

With reference to this action he wrote a few days afterwards to Sir John Lawrence, "I enclose a rough draft of my report. The field was of such extent, that it was not easy to estimate the Mutineers' loss. I think, moreover, that they suffered more severely from the fire of our artillery, after they had bolted across the bridge, than they did on the actual battle-field. According to all accounts, the Neemuch brigade, (the one I dealt with,) only musters 600 men now. Many of those who fled would appear never to have returned to Delhi. Most of the officers with me in the action rated them at 6000, 7000, and 8000. My own idea is that they were between 3000 and 4000. Except when poor Lumsden was killed, they made little attempt to stand. Most of the killed were Kotah Contingent men. We took the Neemuch troop of artillery complete, three L. F. Battery guns, and four of the King's Own. I wish sincerely they had had as many more, as after their flank was turned, they could not have used them, and must have lost them all. An old Soubahdar, who stuck in a jheel, begged for mercy, on the ground that he had eaten the Company's salt for forty odd years, and would never do it again! The 13th and 14th Irregulars, who were in the action, are talking of asking pardon. I feel very thankful for my success, for had these two brigades succeeded in getting into our rear, they would, undoubtedly, have done much mischief."

He was now becoming very eager for the assault; and ceaseless alike in his protests against delay and in his endeavours to promote the necessary preparations. On the 4th of September he wrote:—"I think we have a right to hope for success, and I trust that ere another week passes our flag will be flying from the palace minarets. Wilson has told me that he intends to nominate me Military Governor, for which I am much obliged; but I had rather that he had told me that he intended to give me command of the column of pursuit." On the 7th he wrote, "Poor Pandy has been in very low spirits since then (the battle of Nujufghur), and please God he'll be in still lower before the end of this week;" and then, after some military details, he added, with that tender regard and affection for those serving under him which is characteristic of all great soldiers: "A poor orderly of mine, named Saadut Khan, died here of cholera the other day. He has a mother and a brother, and I think a wife, in the Ensofzye country. Should I not be left to do it, will you kindly provide for the brother, and give the women a couple of hundred rupees out of my estate?" And again on September 11th, chafing sorely under the procrastination that so vexed him:—"There has been yet another day's delay with the batteries; but I do not see how there can possibly be another. The game is completely in our hands." But busied as he was with military details, and impatient for the assault, there were times when he gave himself up to more serious reflections:—"I do so wish I could have seen Sir Henry [Lawrence] under the circumstances you mention," he wrote to Colonel Edwardes. "If it please Providence that I live through this business, you must get me alongside of you again, and help me in endeavouring to follow his example; for I am so weak and unstable that I shall never do any good of myself."

The hour so anxiously looked for came at last. The assault was ordered; and Brigadier John Nicholson was appointed to lead the storming columns. If the choice had been left to the army, he would have been selected by universal acclamation to fill the post of honour and of danger. On the morning of the 14th of September, the columns, eager to assault, and flushed with the thought of the coming victory, moved out in the grey dawn. They were to move in different directions, in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Nicholson himself leading the first column of attack. At first everything seemed to promise a speedy success. But, after awhile, it became apparent that the defence was more vigorous than had been anticipated. As they were advancing to the attack of the Lahore Gate, a gun was run up by the enemy into the lane along which the column was advancing, and another placed to support it, whilst the windows and roofs of the houses were swarming with riflemen. "Nicholson," we are told, "saw the emergency. He pushed on the 1st Fusiliers, who answered to his call right gallantly. One gun was taken and spiked; twice they rushed at the second; the grape ploughed through the lane; bullets poured down like hail from the walls and houses; Major Jacob fell mortally wounded at the head of his men; Captain Speke and Captain Greville were disabled; the men were falling fast; there was hesitation; Nicholson sprang forward, and whilst in the act of waving his sword to urge the men on once more—alas for the column! alas for the army! alas for India!—he fell back mortally wounded, shot through the chest by a rebel from a house window close by, and was carried off by two of the 1st Fusiliers."* He desired to be laid in the shade, and on no account to be carried back to camp till Delhi had fallen. But it was soon apparent that we were still a long way off from that consummation; so he allowed himself to be placed on a litter and carried back to our camp. He was in fearful agony when he was brought in, and the blood was streaming down his side. But it was not at once discernible that the wound must certainly prove mortal, though small hope of his recovery was entertained by the medical officers who attended him. It was a strange and touching circumstance that about the same time his brother Charles was brought in, with one shattered arm hanging loose in his sleeve, and that they were laid beside each other on contiguous couches.

On that evening Nicholson's old friend and comrade, Nevill Chamberlain, went to see him, and found the suffering hero "breathing with difficulty, and only able to jerk out his words in syllables at long intervals and with pain." He spoke of his mother, and of his friend, Herbert Edwardes; asked Chamberlain to tell him exactly what the surgeons said of his case, and put eager questions regarding the progress of the siege. Next day he seemed to breathe more freely, and there was a change in his face, which promised well, and the more sanguine of his friends began to entertain some hope of his recovery. On the 16th, it appeared that he might be moved with safety into a bungalow, at a little distance from the tent where he lay; and the change was effected without causing him much pain. On that day he asked Chamberlain to write down for him a message which he wished to be sent to Edwardes—"Tell him I should have been a better man, if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both."

From the 17th to the 22nd his state varied; he was now better and now worse; but on the latter day he was obviously much weaker, and he himself felt that he was dying. He told Chamberlain, who sat by his bed-side, that the world had no longer any interest for him. He sent another message to Edwardes, saying, "If at this moment a good fairy were to give me a wish, it would be to have him here, next to my mother;" and shortly afterwards said, "Tell my mother that I do not think that we shall be unhappy in the next world. God has visited her with a great affliction, but tell her she must not give way to grief." From this time he sunk gradually, and on the following morning peacefully resigned his soul to his Maker. "He looked so peaceful in his coffin," wrote one who witnessed his last days, "and there was a resignation in the expression of his manly face that made me feel that he had bowed submissively to God's work and closed his eyes upon the world, full of hope." He was buried in the new burial-ground in front of the Cashmere Gate of the city, and not far from the spot where he fell "The funeral *cortège* was comparatively small," writes the clergyman who performed the burial-service; "very few besides personal friends composed the mournful train. Most prominent and most distinguished of all those who best loved and best valued Nicholson was Chamberlain. He had soothed the dying moments of the departed hero, and now that he was dead and concealed from his sight, he stood as long as he well could beside the coffin as chief mourner. The corpse was brought from the General's own tent on a gun-carriage. But no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp; no volleys of musketry disturbed the silence which prevailed at his grave; no martial music was heard. Thus without pomp or show we buried him."*

But, when it was known that Nicholson was dead, there rose a voice of wail from one end of India to the other. No man was more trusted in life; no man more lamented in death. There was not a tent or a bungalow in all the country in which there was not a painful sense of both a national and a personal loss. Nor was the feeling of grief and dismay confined to his own countrymen. In the great Province where he had served so long, thousands speaking in another tongue bewailed the death of the young hero. Few men have ever done so much at the early age of thirty-five; few men, thus passing away from the scene in the flower of their manhood, have ever left behind them a reputation so perfect and complete.

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* Cave-Browne's "Punjab and Delhi."

* Rotton's Chaplain's Narrative.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW HEREWARD PLAYED THE POTTER; AND HOW HE CHEATED THE KING.

They of Ely were now much straitened, being shut in both by land and water; and what was to be done, either by themselves or by the king, they knew not. Would William simply starve them; or at least inflict on them so perpetual a Lent—for of fish there could be no lack, even if they ate or drove away all the fowl—as would tame down their proud spirits; which a diet of fish and vegetables, from some ludicrous theory of monastic physicians, was supposed to do?* Or was he gathering vast armies, from they knew not whence, to try, once and for all, another assault on the island—it might be from several points at once?

They must send out a spy, and find out news from the outer world, if news were to be gotten. But who would go?

So asked the bishop, and the abbot, and the earls, in council in the abbot's lodging.

Torfrida was among them. She was always among them now. She was their Alruna-wife, their Vala, their wise woman, whose counsels all received as more than human.

"I will go," said she, rising up like a goddess on Olympus. "I will cut off my hair, and put on boy's clothes, and smirch myself brown with walnut-leaves; and I will go. I can talk their French tongue. I know their French ways; and as for a story to cover my journey and my doings, trust a woman's wit to invent that."

They looked at her, with delight in her courage, but with doubt.

"If William's French grooms got hold of you, Torfrida, it would not be a little walnut-brown which would hide you," said Hereward. "It is like you to offer,—worthy of you, who have no peer."

"That she has not," quoth churchmen and soldiers alike.

"But—to send you would be to send Hereward's wrong half. The right half of Hereward is going; and that is, himself."

"Uncle, uncle!" said the young earls, "send Winter, Geri, Leofwin Prat, any of your fellows: but not yourself. If we lose you, we lose our head and our king."

And all prayed Hereward to let any man go, rather than himself.

"I am going, lords and knights; and what Hereward says he does. It is one day to Brandon. It may be two days back; for if I miscarry—as I most likely shall—I must come home round about. On the fourth day, you shall hear of me or from me. Come with me, Torfrida."

And he strode out.

He cropped his golden locks, he cropped his golden beard; and Torfrida cried, as she cropped them, half with fear for him, half for sorrow over his shorn glories.

"I am no Samson, my lady; my strength lieth not in my locks. Now for some rascal's clothes—as little dirty as you can get me, for fear of company."

And Hereward put on filthy garments, and taking mare Swallow with him, got into a barge and went across the river to Soham.

He could not go down the Great Ouse, and up the Little Ouse, which was his easiest way, for the French held all the river below the isle; and, beside, to have come straight from Ely might cause suspicion. So he went down to Fordham, and crossed the Lark at Mildenhall; and just before he got to Mildenhall, he met a potter carrying pots upon a pony.

"Halt, my stout fellow," quoth he, "and put thy pots on my mare's back."

"The man who wants them must fight for them," quoth that stout churl, raising a heavy staff.

"Then here is he that will," quoth Hereward; and, jumping off his mare, he twisted the staff out of the potter's hands, and knocked him down therewith.

"That will teach thee to know an Englishman when thou seest him."

"I have met my master," quoth the churl, rubbing his head. "But dog does not eat dog; and it is hard to be robbed by an Englishman, after being robbed a dozen times by the French."

"I will not rob thee. There is a silver penny for thy pots and thy coat—for that I must have likewise. And if thou tellest to mortal man aught about this, I will find those who will cut thee to ribands; and if not, then turn thy horse's head and ride back to Ely, if thou canst cross the water, and say what has befallen thee; and thou wilt find there an abbot who will give thee another penny for thy news."

So Hereward took the pots, and the potter's clay-greased coat, and went on through Mildenhall, "crying," saith the chronicler, "after the manner of potters, in the English tongue, 'Pots! pots! good pots and pans!'"

But when he got through Mildenhall, and well into the rabbit-warrens, he gave mare Swallow a kick, and went over the heath so fast northward, that his pots danced such a dance as broke half of them before he got to Brandon.

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* The Cornish—the stoutest, tallest, and most prolific race of the South—live on hardly anything else but fish and vegetables.

"Never mind," quoth he, "they will think that I have sold them. And when he neared Brandon he pulled up, sorted his pots, kept the whole ones, threw the sherds at the rabbits, and walked on into Brandon solemnly, leading the mare, and crying "Pots!"

So "semper marcida et deformis aspectu"—lean and ill-looking—was that famous mare, says the chronicler, that no one would suspect her splendid powers, or take her for anything but a potter's nag, when she was caparisoned in proper character. Hereward felt thoroughly at home in his part; as able to play the Englishman which he was by rearing, as the Frenchman which he was by education. He was full of heart, and happy. He enjoyed the keen fresh air of the warrens; he enjoyed the ramble out of the isle, in which he had been cooped up so long; he enjoyed the fun of the thing—disguise, stratagem, adventure, danger. And so did the English, who adored him. None of Hereward's deeds is told so carefully and lovingly; and none, doubt it not, was so often sung in after years by farm-house hearths, or in the outlaws' lodge, as this. Robin Hood himself may have trolled out many a time, in doggrel strain, how Hereward played the potter.

And he came to Brandon, to the "king's court," —probably Weeting Hall, or castle, from which William could command the streams of Wissey and Little Ouse, with all their fens—and cast about for a night's lodging, for it was dark.

Outside the town was a wretched cabin of mud and turf—such a one as Irish folk live in to this day; and Hereward said to himself, "This is bad enough to be good enough for me."

So he knocked at the door, and knocked till it was opened, and a hideous old crone put out her head.

"Who wants to see me at this time of night?"

"Any one would, who had heard how beautiful you are. Do you want any pots?"

"Pots! What have I to do with pots, thou saucy fellow? I thought it was some one wanting a charm." And she shut the door.

"A charm?" thought Hereward. "Maybe she can tell me news, if she be a witch. They are shrewd souls, these witches, and know more than they tell. But if I can get any news, I care not if Satan brings it in person."

So he knocked again, till the old woman looked out once more, and bade him angrily be off.

"But I am belated here, good dame, and afraid of the French. And I will give thee the best bit of clay on my mare's back—pot—pan—pansion—crock—jug, or what thou wilt, for a night's lodging."

"Have you any little jars—jars no longer than my hand?" asked she; for she used them in her trade, and had broken one of late: but to pay for one, she had neither money nor mind. So she agreed to let Hereward sleep there, for the value of two jars.—"But what of that ugly brute of a horse of thine?"

"She will do well enough in the turf-shed."

"Then thou must pay with a pannikin."

"Ugh!" groaned Hereward; "thou drivest a hard bargain, for an Englishwoman, with a poor Englishman."

"How knowest thou that I am English?"

"So much the better if thou art not," thought Hereward; and bargained with her for a pannikin against a lodging for the horse in the turf-house, and a bottle of bad hay.

Then he went in, bringing his panniers with him with ostentatious care.

"Thou canst sleep there on the rushes. I have nought to give thee to eat."

"Nought needs nought," said Hereward; threw himself down on a bundle of rush, and in a few minutes snored loudly.

But he was never less asleep. He looked round the whole cabin; and he listened to every word.

The devil, as usual, was a bad paymaster; for the witch's cabin seemed only somewhat more miserable than that of other old women. The floor was mud, the rafters unceiled; the stars shone through the turf roof. The only hint of her trade was a hanging shelf, on which stood five or six little earthen jars, and a few packets of leaves. A parchment, scrawled with characters which the owner herself probably did not understand, hung against the cob wall; and a human skull—probably used only to frighten her patients—dangled from the roof-tree.

But in a corner, stuck against the wall, was something which chilled Hereward's blood a little. A dried human hand, which he knew must have been stolen off the gallows, gripping in its fleshless fingers a candle, which he knew was made of human fat. That candle, he knew, duly lighted and carried, would enable the witch to walk unseen into any house on earth, yea through the court of King William himself, while it drowned all men in preternatural slumber.

Hereward was very much frightened. He believed as devoutly in the powers of a witch as did then—and does now, for aught Italian literature, *e permissu superiorum*, shows—the Pope of Rome.

So he trembled on his rushes, and wished himself safe through that adventure, without being turned into a hare or a wolf.

"I would sooner be a wolf than a hare, of course, killing being more in my trade than being killed; but—who comes here?"

And to the first old crone, who sat winking her bleared eyes, and warming her bleared hands over a little heap of peat in the middle of the cabin, entered another crone, if possible uglier.

"Two of them! If I am not roasted and eaten this night, I am a lucky man."

And Hereward crossed himself devoutly, and invoked St. Ethelfrida of Ely, St. Guthlac of Crowland, St. Felix of Ramsey—to whom, he recollected, he had been somewhat remiss: but, above all, St. Peter of Peterborough, whose treasures he had given to the Danes. And he argued stoutly with St. Peter and with his own conscience, that the means sanctify the end, and that he had done it all for the best.

"If thou wilt help me out of this strait, and the rest, blessed Apostle, I will give thee—I will go to Constantinople but what I will win it—a golden table twice as fine as those villains carried off, and one of the Bourne manors—Witham—or Toft—or Mainthorpe—whichever pleases thee best, in full fee; and a—and a——"

But while Hereward was casting in his mind what gewgaw further might suffice to appease the Apostle, he was recalled to business and common-sense by hearing the two old hags talk to each other in French.

His heart leaped for joy, and he forgot St. Peter utterly.

"Well, how have you sped? Have you seen the king?"

"No; but Ivo Taillebois. Eh? Who the foul fiend have you lying there?"

"Only an English brute. He cannot understand us. Talk on: only don't wake the hog. Have you got the gold?"

"Never mind."

Then there was a grumbling and a quarrelling, from which Hereward understood that the gold was to be shared between them.

"But it is a bit of chain. To cut it will spoil it."

The other insisted; and he heard them chop the gold chain in two.

"And is this all?"

"I had work enough to get that. He said, No play no pay; and he would give it me after the isle was taken. But I told him my spirit was a Jewish spirit, that used to serve Solomon the Wise; and he would not serve me, much less come over the sea from Normandy, unless he smelt gold; for he loved it like any Jew."

"And what did you tell him then?"

"That the king must go back to Aldreth again; for only from thence he would take the isle; for—and that was true enough—I dreamt I saw all the water of Aldreth full of wolves, clambering over into the island on each other's backs."

"That means that some of them will be drowned."

"Let them drown. I left him to find out that part of the dream for himself. Then I told him how he must make another causeway, bigger and stronger than the last, and a tower on which I could stand and curse the English. And I promised him to bring a storm right in the faces of the English, so that they could neither fight nor see."

"But if the storm does not come?"

"It will come. I know the signs of the sky—who better?—and the weather will break up in a week. Therefore I told him he must begin his works at once, before the rain came on; and that we would go and ask the spirit of the well to tell us the fortunate day for attacking."

"That is my business," said the other; "and my spirit likes the smell of gold as well as yours. Little you would have got from me, if you had not given me half the chain."

Then the two rose.

"Let us see whether the English hog is asleep."

One of them came and listened to Hereward's breathing, and put her hand upon his chest. His hair stood on end; a cold sweat came over him. But he snored more loudly than ever.

The two old crones went out satisfied. Then Hereward rose, and glided after them.

They went down a meadow to a little well, which Hereward had marked as he rode thither hung round with bits of rag and flowers, as similar "holy wells" are decorated in Ireland to this day.

He hid behind a hedge, and watched them stooping over the well, mumbling he knew not what of cantrips.

Then there was silence, and a tinkling sound as of water.

"Once—twice—thrice," counted the witches. Nine times he counted the tinkling sound.

"The ninth day—the ninth day, and the king shall take Ely," said one in a cracked scream, rising, and shaking her fist toward the isle.

Hereward was more than half-minded to have put his dagger—the only weapon which he had—into the two old beldames on the spot. But the fear of an outcry kept him still. He had found out already so much, that he was determined to find out more. So to-morrow he would go up to the Court itself, and take what luck sent.

He slipt back to the cabin, and lay down again; and as soon as he had seen the two old crones safe asleep, fell asleep himself, and was so tired that he lay till the sun was high.

"Get up!" screamed the old dame at last, kicking him, "or I shall make you give me another crock for a double night's rest."

He paid his lodging, put the panniers on the mare, and went on crying pots.

When he came to the outer gateway of the Court, he tied up the mare, and carried the crockery in on his own back, boldly. The scullions saw him; and called him into the kitchen, to see his crockery, without the least intention of paying for what they took.

A man of rank belonging to the Court came in, and stared fixedly at Hereward.

"You are mightily like that villain Hereward, man," quoth he.

"Anon?" asked Hereward, looking as stupid as he could.

"If it were not for his brown face and short hair, he is as like the fellow as a churl can be to a knight."

"Bring him into the hall," quoth another; "and let us see if any man knows him."

Into the great hall he was brought, and stared at by knights and squires. He bent his knees, rounded his shoulders, and made himself look as mean as he could.

Ivo Taillebois and Earl Warrenne came down and had a look at him.

"Hereward?" said Ivo. "I will warrant that little slouching cur is not he. Hereward must be half as big again, if it be true that he can kill a man with one blow of his fist."

"You may try the truth of that for yourself some day," thought Hereward.

"Does any one here talk English? Let us question the fellow," said Earl Warrenne.

"Hereward? Hereward? Who wants to know about that villain?" answered the potter, as soon as he was asked in English. "Would to heaven he were here, and I could see some of you noble knights and earls paying him for me; for I owe him more than ever I shall pay myself."

"What does he mean?"

"He came out of the isle ten days ago, nigh on to evening, and drove off a cow of mine and four sheep, which was all my living, noble knights, save these pots."

"And where is he since?"

"In the isle, my lords, well-nigh starved, and his folk falling away from him daily, from hunger and ague-fits. I doubt if there be a hundred sound men left in Ely."

"Have you been in thither, then, villain?"

"Heaven forbid! I in Ely? I in the wolf's den? If I went in with naught but my skin, they would have it off me before I got out again. If your lordships would but come down, and make an end of him once for all; for he is a great tyrant, and terrible, and devours us poor folk like so many mites in cheese."

"Take this babbler into the kitchen, and feed him," quoth Earl Warrenne; and so the colloquy ended.

Into the kitchen again the potter went. The king's luncheon was preparing; and he listened to their chatter, and picked up this at least, which was valuable to him: that the witches' story was true; that a great attack would be made from Aldreth; that boats had been ordered up the river to Cotinglade, and pioneers and entrenching tools were to be sent on that day to the site of the old causeway.

But soon he had to take care of himself. Earl Warrenne's commands to feed him were construed by the cook-boys and scullions into a command to make him drunk likewise. To make a laughing-stock of an Englishman was too tempting a jest to be resisted; and Hereward was drenched (says the chronicler) with wine and beer, and sorely baited and badgered. At last one rascal hit upon a notable plan.

"Pluck out the English hog's hair and beard, and put him blindfold in the midst of his pots, and see what a smash we shall have."

Hereward pretended not to understand the words, which were spoken in French; but when they were interpreted to him, he grew somewhat red about the ears.

Submit he would not. But if he defended himself, and made an uproar in the king's Court, he might very likely find himself riding Odin's horse before the hour was out. However, happily for him, the wine and beer had made him stout of heart, and when one fellow laid hold of his beard, he resisted sturdily.

The man struck him, and that hard. Hereward, hot of temper, and careless of life, struck him again, right under the ear.

The fellow dropped for dead.

Up leapt cook-boys, scullions, "lécheurs," (who hung about the kitchen to "lécher," lick the platters,) and all the foul-mouthed rascality of a great mediæval household; and attacked Hereward "cum furcis et tridentibus," with forks and flesh-hooks.

Then was Hereward aware of a great broach, or spit, before the fire; and recollecting how he had used such a one as a boy against the monks of Peterborough, was minded to use it against the cooks of Brandon; which he did so heartily, that in a few moments he had killed one, and driven the others backward in a heap.

But his case was hopeless. He was soon overpowered by numbers from outside, and dragged into the hall, to receive judgment for the mortal crime of slaying a man within the precincts of the Court.

He kept up heart. He knew that the king was there; he knew that he should most likely get justice from the king. If not, he could but discover himself, and so save his life; for that the king would kill him knowingly, he did not believe.

So he went in boldly and willingly, and up the hall, where, on the dais, stood William the Norman.

William had finished his luncheon, and was standing at the board side. A page held water in a silver basin, in which he was washing his hands. Two more knelt, and laced his long boots, for he was, as always, going a-hunting.

Then Hereward looked at the face of the great man, and felt at once that it was the face of the greatest man whom he had ever met.

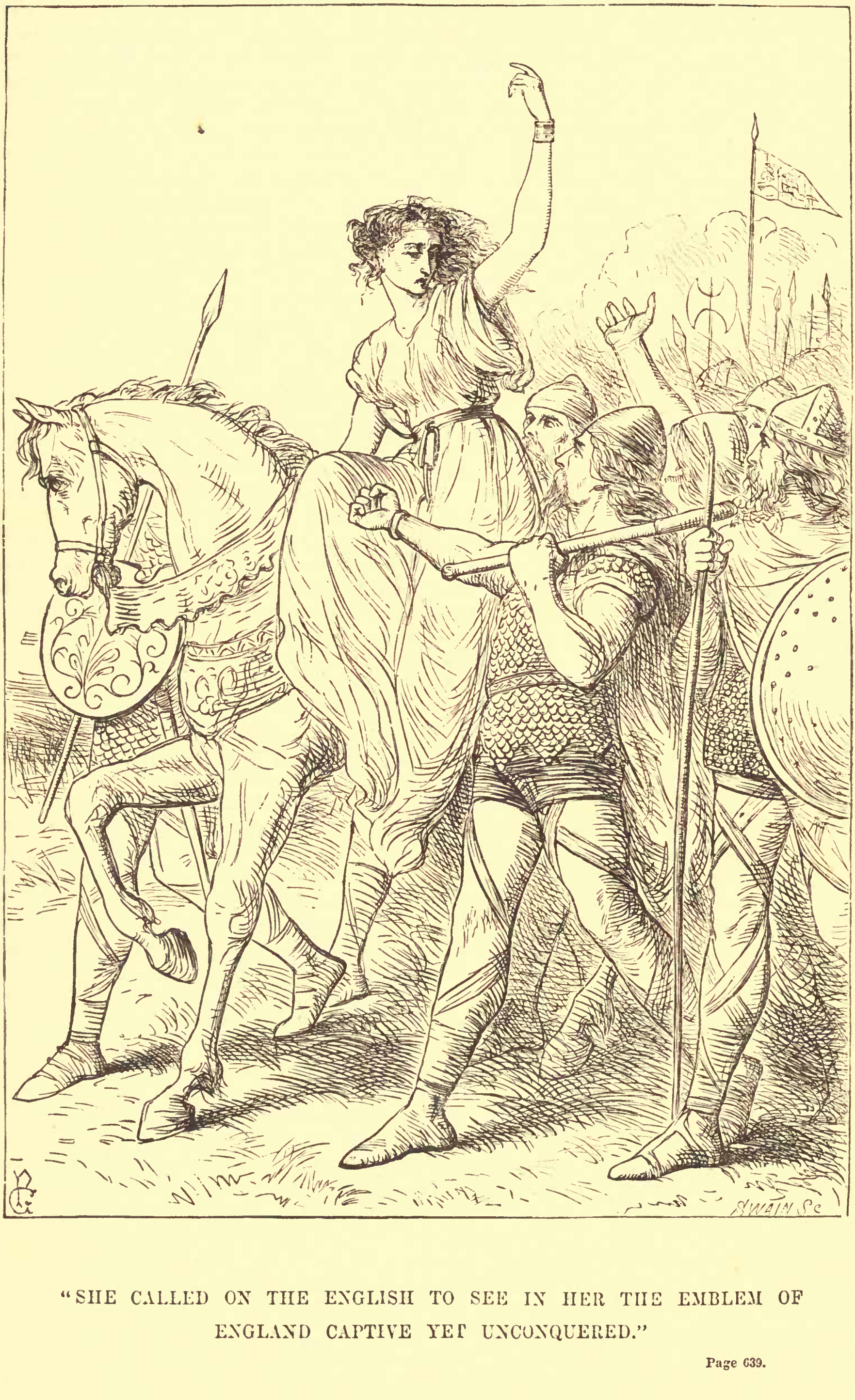
"I am not that man's match," said he to himself. "Perhaps it will all end in being his man, and he my master."

"Silence, knaves!" said William, "and speak one of you at a time. How came this?"

"A likely story, forsooth!" said he, when he had heard. "A poor English potter comes into my court, and murders my men under my very eyes for mere sport. I do not believe you, rascals! You, churl," and he spoke through an English interpreter, "tell me your tale, and justice you shall have or take, as you deserve. I am the King of England, man, and I know your tongue, though I speak it not yet, more pity."

Hereward fell on his knees.

"If you are indeed my lord the king, then I am safe; for there is justice in you, at least so all men say." And he told his tale, manfully.



"SHE CALLED ON THE ENGLISH TO SEE IN HER THE EMBLEM OF ENGLAND CAPTIVE YET UNCONQUERED."

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"Splendeur Dex! but this is a far likelier story, and I believe it. Hark you, you ruffians! Here am I, trying to conciliate these English by justice and mercy, whenever they will let me, and here are you outraging them, and driving them mad and desperate, just that you may get a handle against them, and thus rob the poor wretches and drive them into the forest. From the lowest to the highest—from Ivo Taillebois there, down to you cook-boys—you are all at the same game. And I will stop it! The next time I hear of outrage to unarmed man or harmless woman, I will hang that culprit, were he Odo my brother himself."

This excellent speech was enforced with oaths so strange and terrible, that Ivo Taillebois shook in his boots; and the chaplain prayed fervently that the roof might not fall in on their heads.

"Thou smilest, man?" said William, quickly, to the kneeling Hereward. "So thou understandest French?"

"A few words only, most gracious king, which we potters pick up, wandering everywhere with our wares," said Hereward, speaking in French; for so keen was William's eye, that he thought it safer to play no tricks with him.

Nevertheless, he made his French so execrable, that the very scullions grinned, in spite of their fear.

"Look you," said William, "you are no common churl; you have fought too well for that. Let me see your arm."

Hereward drew up his sleeve.

"Potters do not carry sword-scars like those; neither are they tattooed like English thanes. Hold up thy head, man, and let us see thy throat."

Hereward, who had carefully hung down his head to prevent his throat-patterns being seen, was forced to lift it up.

"Aha! So I expected. More fair ladies' work there. Is not this he who was said to be so like Hereward? Very good. Put him in ward till I come back from hunting. But do him no harm. For"—and William fixed on Hereward eyes of the most intense intelligence—"were he Hereward himself, I should be right glad to see Hereward safe and sound; my man at last, and earl of all between Humber and the Fens."

But Hereward did not rise at the bait. With a face of stupid and ludicrous terror, he made reply in broken French.

"Have mercy, mercy, Lord King! Make not that fiend earl over us. Even Ivo Taillebois there would be better than he. Send him to be earl over the imps in hell, or over the wild Welsh who are worse still: but not over us, good Lord King, whom he hath polled and peeled till we are——"

"Silence!" said William, laughing, as did all round him. "Thou art a cunning rogue enough, whoever thou art. Go into limbo, and behave thyself till I come back."

"All saints send your grace good sport, and thereby me a good deliverance," quoth Hereward, who knew that his fate might depend on the temper in which William returned. So he was thrust into an outhouse, and there locked up.

He sat on an empty barrel, meditating on the chances of his submitting to the king after all, when the door opened, and in strode one with a drawn sword in one hand, and a pair of leg-shackles in the other.

"Hold out thy shins, fellow! Thou art not going to sit at thine ease there like an abbot, after killing one of us grooms, and bringing the rest of us into disgrace. Hold out thy legs, I say!"

"Nothing easier," quoth Hereward cheerfully, and held out a leg. But when the man stooped to put on the fetters, he received a kick which sent him staggering.

After which he recollected very little, at least in this world. For Hereward cut off his head with his own sword.

After which (says the chronicler) he broke away out of the house, and over garden walls and palings, hiding and running, till he got to the front gate, and leaped upon mare Swallow.

And none saw him, save one unlucky groom-boy, who stood yelling and cursing in front of the mare's head, and went to seize the bridle.

Whereon, between the imminent danger, and the bad language, Hereward's blood rose, and he smote that unlucky groom-boy: but whether he slew him or not, the chronicler had rather not say.

Then he shook up mare Swallow, and rode for his life, with knights and squires (for the hue and cry was raised) galloping at her heels.

Who then were astonished but those knights, as they saw the ugly potter's garron gaining on them, length after length, till she and her rider had left them far behind?

Who then was proud but Hereward, as the mare tucked her great thighs under her, and swept on over heath and rabbit-burrow, over rush and fen, sound ground and rotten all alike to that enormous stride, to that keen bright eye which foresaw every footfall, to that raking shoulder which picked her up again at every stagger?

Hereward laid the bridle on her neck, and let her go. Fall she could not, and tire she could not; and he half wished she might go on for ever. Where could a man be better, than on a good horse, with all the cares of this life blown away out of his brains by the keen air which rushed around his temples? And he galloped on, as cheery as a boy, shouting at the rabbits as they scuttled from under his feet, and laughing at the dottrel as they postured and anticked on the mole hills.

But think he must at last, of how to get home. For to go through Mildenhall again would not be safe, and he turned over the moors to Icklingham; and where he went after, no man can tell.

Certainly not the chronicler; for he tells how Hereward got back by the Isle of Somersham. Which is all but impossible, for Somersham is in Huntingdonshire, many a mile on the opposite side of Ely Isle.

And of all those knights that followed him, none ever saw or heard sign of him, save one: and his horse came to a standstill in "the aforesaid wood," which the chronicler says was Somersham; and he rolled off his horse, and lay breathless under a tree, looking up at his horse's heaving flanks and wagging tail, and wondering how he should get out of that place before the English found him and made an end of him.

Then there came up to him a ragged churl, and asked him who he was, and offered to help him.

"For the sake of God and courtesy," quoth he, his Norman pride being well-nigh beat out of him, "if thou hast seen or heard anything of Hereward, good fellow, tell me, and I will repay thee well."

"As thou hast asked me for the sake of God and of courtesy, Sir Knight, I will tell thee. I am Hereward. And in token thereof, thou shalt give me up thy lance and sword, and take instead this sword which I carried off from the king's Court; and promise me, on the faith of a knight, to bear it back to King William; and tell him, that Hereward and he have met at last, and that he had best beware of the day when they shall meet again."

So that knight, not having recovered his wind, was fain to submit, and go home a sadder and a wiser man. And King William laughed a royal laugh, and commanded his knights that they should in no wise harm Hereward, but take him alive, and bring him in, and they should have great rewards. Which seemed to them more easily said than done.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW THEY FOUGHT AGAIN AT ALDRETH.

Hereward came back in fear and trembling after all. He believed in the magic powers of the witch of Brandon; and he asked Torfrida, in his simplicity, whether she was not cunning enough to defeat her spells by counter spells.

Torfrida smiled and shook her head.

"My knight, I have long since given up such vanities. Let us not fight evil with evil, but rather with good. Better are prayers than charms; for the former are heard in heaven above, and the latter only in the pit below. Let me and all the women of Ely go rather in procession to St. Etheldreda's well, there above the fort at Aldreth, and pray St. Etheldreda to be with us when the day shall come, and defend her own isle, and the honour of us women who have taken refuge in her holy arms."

So all the women of Ely walked out barefoot to St. Etheldreda's well, with Torfrida at their head, clothed in sackcloth, and with fetters on her wrists, and waist, and ankles; which she vowed, after the strange, sudden, earnest fashion of those times, never to take off again till she saw the French host flee from Aldreth before the face of St. Etheldreda. So they prayed, while Hereward and his men worked at the forts below. And when they came back, and Torfrida was washing her feet, sore and bleeding from her pilgrimage, Hereward came in.

"You have murdered your poor soft feet, and taken nothing thereby, I fear."

"I have. If I had walked on sharp razors all the way, I would have done it gladly, to know what I know now. As I prayed I looked out over the fen; and St. Etheldreda put a thought into my heart. But it is so terrible a one, that I fear to tell it to you. And yet it seems our only chance."

Hereward threw himself at her feet, and prayed her to tell. At last she spoke, as one half afraid of her own words:

"Will the reeds burn, Hereward?"

Hereward kissed her feet again and again, calling her his prophetess, his saviour.

"Burn! yes, like tinder, in this March wind, if the drought only holds. Pray that the drought may hold, Torfrida."

"There, there, say no more. How hard-hearted war makes even us women! There, help me to take off this rough sackcloth, and dress myself again."

Meanwhile William had moved his army again to Cambridge, and on to Willingham-field, and there he began to throw up those "globos and montanas," of which Leofric's paraphraser talks, but of which now no trace remains. Then he began to rebuild his causeway, broader and stronger; and commanded all the fishermen of the Ouse to bring their boats to Cotinglade, and ferry over his materials. "Among whom came Hereward in his boat, with head and beard shaven lest he should be known, and worked diligently among the rest. But the sun did not set that day without mischief; for before Hereward went off, he finished his work by setting the whole on fire, so that it was all burnt, and some of the French killed and drowned."

And so he went on, with stratagems and ambushes, till "after seven days' continual fighting, they had hardly done one day's work; save four 'globos' of wood, in which they intended to put their artillery. But on the eighth day they determined to attack the isle, putting in the midst of them that pythoness woman on a high place, where she might be safe freely to exercise her art."

It was not Hereward alone who had entreated Torfrida to exercise her magic art in their behalf. But she steadily refused, and made good Abbot Thurstan support her refusal by a strict declaration, that he would have no fiends' games played in Ely, as long as he was abbot alive on land.

Torfrida, meanwhile, grew utterly wild. Her conscience smote her, in spite of her belief that St. Etheldreda had inspired her, at the terrible resource which she had hinted to her husband, and which she knew well he would carry out with terrible success. Pictures of agony and death floated before her eyes, and kept her awake at night. She watched long hours in the church in prayer; she fasted; she disciplined her tender body with sharp pains; she tried, after the fashion of those times, to atone for her sin, if sin it was. At last she had worked herself up into a religious frenzy. She saw St. Etheldreda in the clouds, towering over the isle, menacing the French host with her virgin palm-branch. She uttered wild prophecies of ruin and defeat to the French; and then, when her frenzy collapsed, moaned secretly of ruin and defeat hereafter to themselves. But she would be bold; she would play her part; she would encourage the heroes who looked to her as one inspired, wiser and loftier than themselves.

And so it befel, that when the men marched down to Haddenham that afternoon, Torfrida rode at their head on a white charger, robed from throat to ankle in sackcloth, her fetters clanking on her limbs. But she called on the English to see in her the emblem of England captive yet unconquered and to break her fetters, and the worse fetters of every woman in England who was the toy and slave of the brutal invaders; and so fierce a triumph sparkled from her wild hawk-eyes that the Englishmen looked up to her weird beauty as to that of an inspired saint; and when the Normans came on to the assault there stood on a grassy mound behind the English fort a figure clothed in sackcloth, barefooted and bareheaded, with fetters shining on waist, and wrist, and ankle—her long black locks streaming in the wind, her long white arms stretched cross-wise toward heaven, in imitation of Moses of old above the battle with Amalek; invoking St. Etheldreda and all the powers of heaven, and chanting doom and defiance to the invaders.

And the English looked on her, and cried: "She is a prophetess! We will surely do some great deed this day, or die around her feet like heroes!"

And opposite to her, upon the Norman tower, the old hag of Brandon howled and gibbered with filthy gestures, calling for the thunderstorm which did not come; for all above, the sky was cloudless blue.

And the English saw and felt, though they could not speak it, dumb nation as they were, the contrast between the spirit of cruelty and darkness, and the spirit of freedom and light.

So strong was the new bridge, that William trusted himself upon it on horseback, with Ivo Taillebois at his side.

William doubted the powers of the witch, and felt rather ashamed of his new helpmate; but he was confident in his bridge, and in the heavy artillery which he had placed in his four towers.

Ivo Taillebois was utterly confident in his witch, and in the bridge likewise.

William waited for the rising of the tide; and when the tide was near its height, he commanded the artillery to open, and clear the fort opposite of the English. Then with crash and twang, the balistas and catapults went off, and great stones and heavy lances hurtled through the air.

"Back!" shouted Torfrida, raised almost to madness, by fasting, self-torture, and religious frenzy. "Out of yon fort, every man. Why waste your lives under that artillery? Stand still this day, and see how the saints of heaven shall fight for you."

So utter was the reverence which she commanded for the moment, that every man drew back, and crowded round her feet outside the fort.

"The cowards are fleeing already. Let your men go, Sir King!" shouted Taillebois.

"On to the assault! Strike for Normandy!" shouted William.

"I fear much," said he to himself, "that this is some stratagem of that Hereward's. But conquered they must be."

The evening breeze curled up the reach. The great pike splashed out from the weedy shores, and sent the white fish flying in shoals into the low glare of the setting sun: and heeded not, stupid things, the barges packed with mailed men, which swarmed in the reeds on either side the bridge, and began to push out into the river.

The starlings swung in thousands round the reed-ronds, looking to settle in their wonted place: but dare not; and rose and swung round again, telling each other, in their manifold pipings, how all the reed-ronds teemed with mailed men. And all above, the sky was cloudless blue.

And then came a trample, a roll of many feet on the soft spongy peat, a low murmur which rose into wild shouts of "Dex Aie!" as a human tide poured along the causeway, and past the witch of Brandon Heath.

"'Dex Aie?'" quoth William, with a sneer. "'Debbles Aie!' would fit better."

"If, sire, the powers above would have helped us, we should have been happy enough to—But if they would not, it is not our fault if we try below," said Ivo Taillebois.

William laughed. "It is well to have two strings to one's bow, sir. Forward, men! forward!" shouted he, riding out to the bridge end, under the tower.

"Forward!" shouted Ivo Taillebois.

"Forward!" shouted the hideous hag over head. "The spirit of the well fights for you."

"Fight for yourselves," said William.

There was twenty yards of deep clear water between Frenchman and Englishman. Only twenty yards. Not only the arrows and arblast quarrels, but heavy hand-javelins, flew across every moment; every now and then a man toppled forward, and plunged into the blue depth among the eels and pike, to find his comrades of the summer before; then the stream was still once more. The coots and water-hens swam in and out of the reeds, and wondered what it was all about. The water-lilies flapped upon the ripple, as lonely as in the loneliest mere. But their floats were soon broken, their white cups stained with human gore.

Twenty yards of deep clear water. And treasure inestimable to win by crossing it.

They thrust out baulks, canoes, pontoons; they crawled upon them like ants, and thrust out more yet beyond, heedless of their comrades, who slipped, and splashed, and sank, holding out vain hands to hands too busy to seize them. And always the old witch jabbered overhead, with her cantrips, pointing, mumming, praying for the storm; while all above, the sky was cloudless blue. And always on the mound opposite, while darts and quarrels whistled round her head, stood Torfrida, pointing with outstretched scornful finger at the strugglers in the river, and chanting loudly what the Frenchmen could not tell: but it made their hearts, as it was meant to do, melt like wax within them.

"They have a counter witch to yours, Ivo, it seems; and a fairer one. I am afraid the devils, especially if Asmodeus be at hand, are more likely to listen to her than to that old broomstick-rider aloft."

"Fair is, that fair cause has, Sir King."

"A good argument for honest men, but none for fiends. What is the fair fiend pointing at so earnestly there?"

"Somewhat among the reeds. Hark to her now! She is singing, somewhat more like an angel than a fiend, I will say for her."

And Torfrida's bold song, coming clear and sweet across the water, rose louder and shriller till it almost drowned the jabbering of the witch.

"She sees more there than we do."

"I see it!" cried William, smiting his hand upon his thigh. "Par le splendeur Dex! She has been showing them where to fire the reeds; and they have done it!"

A puff of smoke; a wisp of flame; and then another and another; and a canoe shot out from the reeds on the French shore, and glided into the reeds of the island.

"The reeds are on fire, men! Have a care," shouted Ivo.

"Silence, fool! Frighten them once, and they will leap like sheep into that gulf. Men! right about! Draw off—slowly and in order. We will attack again to-morrow."

The cool voice of the great captain arose too late. A line of flame was leaping above the reed bed, crackling and howling before the evening breeze. The column on the causeway had seen their danger but too soon, and fled. But whither?

A shower of arrows, quarrels, javelins, fell upon the head of the column as it tried to face about and retreat, confusing it more and more. One arrow, shot by no common aim, went clean through William's shield, and pinned it to the mailed flesh. He could not stifle a cry of pain.

"You are wounded, sire. Ride for your life! It is worth that of a thousand of these churls," and Ivo seized William's bridle and dragged him, in spite of himself, through the cowering, shrieking, struggling crowd.

On came the flame, leaping and crackling, laughing and shrieking, like a live fiend. The archers and slingers in the boats cowered before it; and fell, scorched corpses, as it swept on. It reached the causeway, surged up, recoiled from the mass of human beings, then sprang over their heads and passed onwards, girding them with flame.

The reeds were burning around them; the timbers of the bridge caught fire; the peat and faggots smouldered beneath their feet. They sprang from the burning footway and plunged into the fathomless bog, covering their faces and eyes with scorched hands, and then sank in the black gurgling slime.

Ivo dragged William on, regardless of curses and prayers from his soldiery; and they reached the shore just in time to see between them and the water a long black smouldering writhing line; the morass to right and left, which had been a minute before deep reed, an open smutty pool, dotted with boatsful of shrieking and cursing men; and at the causeway end the tower, with the flame climbing up its posts, and the witch of Brandon throwing herself desperately from the top, and falling dead upon the embers, a motionless heap of rags.

"Fool that you are! Fool that I was!" cried the great king, as he rolled off his horse at his tent door, cursing with rage and pain.

Ivo Taillebois sneaked off, sent over to Mildenhall for the second witch, and hanged her, as some small comfort to his soul. Neither did he forget to search the cabin till he found buried in a crock the bits of his own gold chain and various other treasures, for which the wretched old women had bartered their souls. All which he confiscated to his own use, as a much injured man.

The next day William withdrew his army. The men refused to face again that blood-stained pass. The English spells, they said, were stronger than theirs, or than the daring of brave men. Let William take Torfrida and burn her, as she had burned them, with reeds out of Willingham fen; then might they try to storm Ely again.

Torfrida saw them turn, flee, die in agony. Her work was done; her passion exhausted; her self-torture, and the mere weight of her fetters, which she had sustained during her passion, weighed her down; she dropped senseless on the turf, and lay in a trance for many hours.

Then she arose, and, casting off her fetters and her sackcloth, was herself again: but a sadder woman till her dying day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW KING WILLIAM TOOK COUNSEL OF A CHURCHMAN.

If Torfrida was exhausted, so was Hereward likewise. He knew well that a repulse was not a defeat. He knew well the indomitable persistence, the boundless resources, of the master-mind whom he defied; and he knew well that another attempt would be made, and then another, till—though it took seven years in the doing—Ely would be won at last. To hold out doggedly as long as he could was his plan: to obtain the best terms he could for his comrades. And he might obtain good terms at last. William might be glad to pay a fair price in order to escape such a thorn in his side as the camp of refuge, and might deal—or, at least, promise to deal—mercifully and generously with the last remnant of the English gentry. For himself, yield he would not: when all was over, he would flee to the sea, with Torfrida and his own housecarles, and turn viking; or go to Sweyn Ulfsson in Denmark, and die a free man.

The English did not foresee these things. Their hearts were lifted up with their victory, and they laughed at William and his French, and drank Torfrida's health much too often for their own good. Hereward did not care to undeceive them. But he could not help speaking his mind in the abbot's chamber to Thurstan, Egelwin, and his nephews, and to Sigtryg Ranaldsson, who was still in Ely, not only because he had promised to stay there, but because he could not get out if he would.

Blockaded they were utterly, by land and water. The isle furnished a fair supply of food; and what was wanting, they obtained by foraging. But they had laid the land waste for so many miles round, that their plundering raids brought them in less than of old; and if they went far, they fell in with the French, and lost good men, even though they were generally successful. So provisions were running somewhat short, and would run shorter still.

Moreover, there was a great cause of anxiety. Bishop Egelwin, Abbot Thurstan, and the monks of Ely were in rebellion, not only against King William, but more or less against the Pope of Rome. They might be excommunicated. The minster lands might be taken away.

Bishop Egelwin set his face like a flint. He expected no mercy. All he had ever done for the French was to warn Robert Comyn that if he stayed in Durham, evil would befall him. But that was as little worth to him as it was to the said Robert. And no mercy he craved. The less a man had, the more fit he was for heaven. He could but die; and that he had known ever since he was a chanter-boy. Whether he died in Ely, or in prison, mattered little to him, provided they did not refuse him the sacraments; and that they would hardly do. But call the Duke of Normandy his rightful sovereign he would not, because he was not—nor anybody else just now, as far as he could see.

Valiant likewise was Abbot Thurstan, for himself. But he had—unlike Bishop Egelwin, whose diocese had been given to a Frenchman—an abbey, monks, and broad lands, whereof he was father and steward. And he must do what was best for the abbey, and also what the monks would let him do. For severe as was the discipline of a minster in time of peace, yet in time of war, when life and death were in question, monks had ere now turned valiant from very fear, like Cato's mouse, and mutinied: and so might the monks of Ely.

And Edwin and Morcar?

No man knows what they said or thought; perhaps no man cared much, even in their own days. No hint does any chronicler give of what manner of men they were, or what manner of deeds they did. Fair, gentle, noble, beloved even by William, they are mere names, and nothing more, in history; and it is to be supposed, therefore, that they were nothing more in fact. The race of Leofric and Godiva had worn itself out.

One night the confederates had sat late, talking over the future more earnestly than usual. Edwin, usually sad enough, was especially sad that night.

Hereward jested with him, tried to cheer him; but he was silent, would not drink, and went away before the rest.

The next morning he was gone, and with him half-a-dozen of his private housecarles.

Hereward was terrified. If defections once began, they would be endless. The camp would fall to pieces, and every man among them would be hanged, mutilated, or imprisoned, one by one, helplessly. They must stand or fall together.

He went raging to Morcar. Morcar knew nought of it. On the faith and honour of a knight, he knew nought. Only his brother had said to him a day or two before, that he must see his betrothed before he died.

"He is gone to William, then? Does he think to win her now—an outcast and a beggar—when he was refused her with broad lands and a thousand men at his back? Fool! See that thou play not the fool likewise, nephew, or——"

"Or what?" said Morcar, defiantly.

"Or thou wilt go, whither Edwin is gone—to betrayal and ruin."

"Why so? He has been kind enough to Waltheof and Gospatric, why not to Edwin?"

"Because," laughed Hereward, "he wanted Waltheof, and he does not want you and Edwin. He can keep Mercia quiet without your help. Northumbria and the Fens he cannot without Waltheof's. They are a rougher set as you go east and north, as you should know already, and must have one of themselves over them to keep them in good humour for awhile. When he has used Waltheof as his stalking-horse long enough to build a castle every ten miles, he will throw him away like a worn bowstring, Earl Morcar, nephew mine."

Morcar shook his head.

In a week more he was gone likewise. He came to William at Brandon.

"You are come in at last, young earl?" said William, sternly. "You are come too late."

"I throw myself on your knightly faith," said Morcar. But he had come in an angry and unlucky hour.

"How well have you kept your own, twice a rebel, that you should appeal to mine? Take him away."

"And hang him?" asked Ivo Taillebois.

"Pish! No—thou old butcher. Put him in irons, and send him into Normandy."

"Send him to Roger de Beaumont, sire. Roger's son is safe in Morcar's castle at Warwick, so it is but fair that Morcar should be safe in Roger's."

And to Roger de Beaumont he was sent, while young Roger was Lord of Warwick, and all around that once was Leofric and Godiva's.

Morcar lay in a Norman keep till the day of William's death. On his death-bed the tyrant's heart smote him, and he sent orders to release him. For a few short days, or hours, he breathed free air again. Then Rufus shut him up once more, and for ever.

And that was the end of Earl Morcar.

A few weeks after, three men came to the camp at Brandon, and they brought a head to the king. And when William looked upon it, it was the head of Edwin.

The human heart must have burst up again in the tyrant, as he looked on the fair face of him he had so loved, and so wronged; for they say he wept.

The knights and earls stood round, amazed and awed, as they saw iron tears run down Pluto's cheek.

"How came this here, knaves?" thundered he at last.

They told a rambling story, how Edwin always would needs go to Winchester, to see the queen, for she would stand his friend, and do him right. And how they could not get to Winchester, for fear of the French, and wandered in woods and wolds; and how they were set upon, and hunted; and how Edwin still was mad to go to Winchester: but when he could not, he would go to Blethwallon and his Welsh; and how Earl Randal of Chester set upon them; and how they got between a stream and the tide-way of the Dee, and were cut off. And how Edwin would not yield. And how then they slew him in self-defence, and Randal let them bring the head to the king.

This, or something like it, was their story. But who could believe traitors? Where Edwin wandered, what he did during those months, no man knows. All that is known is, three men brought his head to William, and told some such tale. And so the old nobility of England died up and down the ruts and shaughs, like wounded birds; and, as of wounded birds, none knew or cared how far they had run, or how their broken bones had ached before they died.

"Out of their own mouths they are condemned, says Holy Writ," thundered William. "Hang them on high."

And hanged on high they were, on Brandon heath.

Then the king turned on his courtiers, glad to ease his own conscience by cursing them.

"This is your doing, sirs! If I had not listened to your base counsels, Edwin might have been now my faithful liegeman and my son-in-law; and I had had one more Englishman left in peace, and one less sin upon my soul."

"And one less thorn in thy side," quoth Ivo Taillebois.

"Who spoke to thee? Ralph Guader, thou gavest me the counsel: thou wilt answer it to God and his saints."

"That did I not. It was Earl Roger, because he wanted the man's Shropshire lands."

Whereon high words ensued; and the king gave the earl the lie in his teeth, which the earl did not forget.

"I think," said the rough shrewd voice of Ivo, "that instead of crying over spilt milk,—for milk the lad was, and never would have grown to good beef, had he lived to my age——"

"Who spoke to thee?"

"No man, and for that reason I spoke myself. I have lands in Spalding, by your Majesty's grace, and wish to enjoy them in peace, having worked for them hard enough—and how can I do that, as long as Hereward sits in Ely?"

"Splendeur Dex!" said William, "thou art right, old butcher."

So they laid their heads together to slay Hereward. And after they had talked awhile, then spoke William's chaplain for the nonce, an Italian, a friend and pupil of Lanfranc of Pavia, an Italian also, then Archbishop of Canterbury, scourging and imprisoning English monks in the south. And he spoke like an Italian of those times, who knew the ways of Rome.

"If his majesty will allow my humility to suggest——"

"What? Thy humility is proud enough under the rose, I will warrant: but it has a Roman wit under the rose likewise. Speak!"

"That when the secular and carnal arm has failed, as it is written *—He poureth contempt upon princes, and letteth them wander out of the way in the wilderness, or fens;—for the Latin word, and I doubt not the Hebrew, has both meanings."

"Splendeur Dex!" cried William, bitterly; "that hath he done with a vengeance! Thou art right so far, Clerk!"

"Yet helpeth He the poor, videlicet, his church and the religious, who are vowed to holy poverty, out of misery, videlicet, the oppression of barbarous customs, and maketh them households like a flock of sheep."

"They do that for themselves already, here in England," said William, with a sneer at the fancied morals of the English monks and clergy.†

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* I do not laugh at Holy Scripture myself. I only insert this as a specimen of the usual mediæval "cant"—a name and a practice which are both derived, not from Puritans, but from monks.

† The alleged profligacy and sensuality of the English Church before the Conquest, rests merely on a few violent and vague expressions of the Norman monks who displaced them. No facts, as far as I can find, have ever been alleged. And without facts on the other side, an impartial man will hold by the one fact which is certain, that the Church of England, popish as it was, was, unfortunately for it, not popish enough; and from its insular

"But Heaven and not the Church does it for the true poor, whom your majesty is bringing in, to your endless glory."

"But what has all this to do with taking Ely?" asked William impatiently. "I asked thee for reason, and not sermons."

"This. That it is in the power of the Holy Father—and that power he would doubtless allow you, as his dear son and most faithful servant, to employ for yourself, without sending to Rome, which might cause painful delays—to——"

It might seem strange that William, Taillebois, Guader, Warrenne, short-spoken, hard-headed, swearing warriors, could allow complacently a smooth churchman to dawdle on like this, counting his periods on his fingers, and seemingly never coming to the point.

But they knew well, that the churchman was a far cunninger, as well as a more learned, man than themselves. They knew well that they could not hurry him; and that they need not; that he would make his point at last, hunting it out step by step, and letting them see how he got thither, like a cunning hound. They knew that if he spoke, he had thought long and craftily, till he had made up his mind; and that therefore he would very probably make up their minds likewise. It was—as usual in that age, the conquest not of a heavenly spirit, though it boasted itself such—but of a cultivated mind over brute flesh.

They might have said all this aloud, and yet the churchman would have gone on, as he did, where he left off, with unaltered blandness of tone.

"To convert to other uses the goods of the Church. To convert them to profane uses would, I need not say, be a sacrilege as horrible to heaven, as impossible to so pious a monarch"——

Ivo Taillebois winced. He had just stolen a manor from the monks of Crowland, and meant to keep it.

"Church lands belonging to abbeys or sees, whose abbots or bishops are contumaciously disobedient to the Holy See, or to their lawful monarch, he being in the communion of the Church and at peace with the said Holy See. If therefore, to come to that point at which my incapacity, through the devious windings of my own simplicity, has been tending, but with halting steps, from the moment that your majesty deigned to hear——"

"Put in the spur, man!" said Ivo, tired at last, "and run the deer to soil."

"Hurry no man's cattle, especially thine own," answered the churchman, with so shrewd a wink, and so cheery a voice, that Ivo, when he recovered from his surprise, cried:

"Why, thou art a good huntsman thyself, I believe now."

"All things to all men, if by any means— But to return. If your majesty should think fit to proclaim to the recalcitrants of Ely, that unless they submit themselves to your royal grace—and to that, of course, of His Holiness our Father—within a certain day, you will convert to other uses—premising, to avoid scandal, that those uses shall be for the benefit of Holy Church—all lands and manors of theirs lying without the precincts of the isle of Ely—those lands being, as is known, large and of great value—Quid plura? Why burden your exalted intellect by detailing to you consequences which it has long ere now foreseen?"

"* * * *" quoth William, who was as sharp as the Italian, and had seen it all. "I will make thee a bishop!"

"Spare to burden my weakness," said the chaplain; and slipt away into the shade.

"You will take his advice?" asked Ivo.

"I will."

"Then I shall see that Torfrida burn at last."

"Burn her?" and William swore.

"I promised my soldiers to burn the witch with reeds out of Haddenham fen, as she had burned them; and I must keep my knightly word."

William swore yet more. Ivo Taillebois was a butcher and a churl.

"Call me not butcher and churl too often, Lord King, ere thou hast found whether thou needest me or not. Rough I may be, false was I never."

"That thou wert not," said William, who needed Taillebois much, and feared him somewhat; and remarked something meaning in his voice, which made him calm himself, diplomat as he was, instantly. "But burn Torfrida thou shalt not."

"Well, I care not. I have seen a woman burnt ere now, and had no fancy for the screeching. Beside, they say she is a very fair dame—and has a fair daughter, too, coming on—and she may very well make a wife for a Norman."

"Marry her thyself."

"I shall have to kill Hereward first."

"Then do it, and I will give thee his lands."

"I may have to kill others before Hereward."

"You may?"

And so the matter dropped. But William caught Ivo alone after an hour, and asked him what he meant.

"No pay, no play. Lord King, I have served thee well, rough and smooth."

"Thou hast, and hast been well paid. But if I have said aught hasty——"

"Pish, Majesty. I am a plain-spoken man, and like a plain-spoken master. But instead of marrying Torfrida or her daughter, I have more mind to her niece, who is younger, and has no Hereward to be killed first."

"Her niece? Who?"

"Lucia as we call her, Edwin and Morcar's sister, Hereward's niece, Torfrida's niece."

"No pay, no play, saidst thou?—so say I. What meant you by having to kill others before Hereward?"

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freedom, obnoxious to the Church of Rome, and the ultramontane clergy of Normandy; and was therefore to be believed capable—and therefore again accused—of any and every crime.

"Beware of Waltheof," said Ivo.

"Waltheof? Pish. This is one of thy inventions for making me hunt every Englishman to death, that thou mayest gnaw their bones."

"Is it? Then this I say more. Beware of Ralph Guader."

"Pish!"

"Pish on, Lord King." Etiquette was not yet discovered by Norman barons and earls, who thought themselves all but as good as their king, gave him their advice when they thought fit, and if he did not take it attacked him with all their meinie. "Pish on, but listen. Beware of Roger."

"And what more?"

"And give me Lucia. I want her. I will have her."

William laughed. "Thou of all men? To mix that ditch-water with that wine?"

"They were mixed in thy blood, Lord King, and thou art the better man for it, so says the world. Old wine and old blood throw any lees to the bottom of the cask; and we shall have a son worthy to ride behind——"

"Take care!" quoth William.

"The greatest Captain upon earth."

William laughed again, like Odin's self.

"Thou shalt have Lucia, for that word."

"And thou shalt have the plot ere it breaks. As it will."

"To this have I come at last," said William himself, as they parted. "To murder these English nobles; to marry their daughters to my grooms. Heaven forgive me! They have brought it upon themselves, by contumacy to Holy Church."

"Call my secretary, some one."

The Italian re-entered.

"The valiant and honourable and illustrious knight, Ivo Taillebois, Lord of Holland and Kesteven, weds Lucia, sister of the late earls Edwin and Morcar, now with the queen; and with her, her manors. You will prepare the papers."

"I am yours to death," said Ivo.

"To do you justice, I think thou wert that already. Stay—here—Sir Priest—do you know any man who knows this Torfrida?"

"I do, Majesty," said Ivo. "There is one Sir Ascelin, a man of Gilbert's, in the camp."

"Send for him."

"This Torfrida," said William, "haunts me."

"Pray heaven she have not bewitched your majesty."

"Tut, I am too old a campaigner to take much harm by woman's sharpshooting, at fifteen score yards off, beside a deep stream between. No. The woman has courage—and beauty too, you say?"

"What of that, oh Prince?" said the Italian. "Who more beautiful—if report be true—than those lost women who dance nightly in the forests with Venus and Herodias—as it may be this Torfrida has done many a time?"

"You priests are apt to be hard upon poor women."

"The fox found that the grapes were sour," said the Italian, laughing at himself and his cloth—or at anything else, by which he could curry favour.

"And this woman was no vulgar witch. That sort of personage suits Taillebois' taste, rather than Hereward's."

"Hungry dogs eat dirty pudding," said Ivo pertinently.

"The woman believed herself in the right. She believed that the saints of heaven were on her side. I saw it in her attitude, in her gestures. Perhaps she was right."

"Sire?" said both bystanders in astonishment.

"I would fain see that woman; and see her husband too. They are folks after my own heart. I would give them an earldom to win them."

"I hope that in that day you will allow your faithful servant Ivo to retire to his ancestral manors in Anjou; for England will be too hot for him. Sire, you know not this man—a liar, a bully, a robber, a swash-buckling ruffian, who——" and Ivo ran on with furious invective, after the fashion of the Normans, who considered no name too bad for an English rebel.

"Sir Ascelin," said William, as Ascelin came in, "you know Hereward?"

Ascelin bowed assent.

"Are these things true which Ivo alleges?"

"The Lord Taillebois may know best what manner of man he is since he came into this English air, which changes some folks mightily," with a hardly disguised sneer at Ivo; "but in Flanders he was a very perfect knight, beloved and honoured of all men, and especially of your father-in-law, the great marquis."

"He is a friend of yours, then?"

"No man less. I owe him more than one grudge, though all in fair quarrel; and one at least, which can only be wiped out in blood."

"Eh? What?"

Ascelin hesitated.

"Tell me, sir!" thundered William, "unless you have aught to be ashamed of."

"It is no shame, as far as I know, to confess that I was once a suitor, as were all knights for miles round, for the hand of the once peerless Torfrida. And no shame to confess, that when Hereward knew thereof, he sought me out at a tournament, and served me as he has served many a better man before and since."

"Over thy horse's croup, eh?" said William.

"I am not a bad horseman, as all know, Lord King. But heaven save me, and all I love, from that Hereward. They say he has seven men's strength, and I verily can testify to the truth thereof."

"That may be by enchantment," interposed the Italian.

"True, Sir Priest. This I know, that he wears enchanted armour, which Torfrida gave him before she married him."

"Enchantments again," said the secretary.

"Tell me now about Torfrida," said William.

Ascelin told him all about her, not forgetting to say—what, according to the chronicler, was a common report—that she had compassed Hereward's love by magic arts. She used to practise sorcery, he said, with her sorceress mistress, Richilda of Hainault. All men knew it. Arnoul, Richilda's son, was as a brother to her. And after old Baldwin died, and Baldwin of Mons and Richilda came to Bruges, Torfrida was always with her, while Hereward was at the wars.

"The woman is a manifest and notorious witch," said the secretary.

"It seems so indeed," said William, with something like a sigh. And so were Torfrida's early follies visited on her; as all early follies are. "But Hereward, you say, is a good knight and true?"

"Doubtless. Even when he committed that great crime at Peterborough——"

"For which he and all his are duly excommunicated by the Bishop," said the secretary.

"He did a very courteous and honourable thing." And Ascelin told how he had saved Alftruda, and instead of putting her to ransom, had sent her safe to Gilbert.

"A very knightly deed. He should be rewarded for it."

"Why not burn the witch, and reward him with Alftruda instead, since your majesty is in so gracious a humour?" said Ivo.

"Alftruda? Who is she? Ay, I recollect her. Young Dolfin's wife. Why, she has a husband already."

"Ay, but his Holiness at Rome can set that right. What is there that he cannot do?"

"There are limits, I fear, even to his power. Eh, priest?"

"What his Holiness' powers as the viceroy of Divinity on earth might be, did he so choose, it were irreverent to inquire. But as he condescends to use that power only for the good of mankind, he condescends, like Divinity, to be bound by the very laws which he has promulgated for the benefit of his subjects; and to make himself only a life-giving sun, when he might be a destructive thunderbolt."

"He is very kind, and we all owe him thanks," said Ivo, who had a confused notion that the Pope might strike him dead with lightning, but was good-natured enough not to do so. "Still, he might think of this plan; for they say that the lady is an old friend of Hereward's, and not over fond of her Scotch husband."

"That I know well," said William.

"And beside—if aught untoward should happen to Dolfin and his kin——"

"She might, with her broad lands, be a fine bait for Hereward. I see. Now, do this, by my command. Send a trusty monk into Ely. Let him tell the monks that we have determined to seize all their outlying lands, unless they surrender within the week. And let him tell Hereward, by the faith and oath of William of Normandy, that if he will surrender himself to my grace, he shall have his lands in Bourne, and a free pardon for himself and all his comrades."

The men assented, much against their will, and went out on their errand.

"You have played me a scurvy trick, sir," said Ascelin, "in advising the king to give the Lady Alftruda to Hereward."

"What! Did you want her yourself? On my honour I knew not of it. But have patience. You shall have her yet, and all her lands, if you will hear my counsel, and keep it."

"But you would give her to Hereward!"

"And to you too. It is a poor bait, say these frogs of fenmen, that will not take two pike running. Listen to me. I must kill this Hereward. I hate him. I cannot eat my meat for thinking of him. Kill him I must."

"And so must I."

"Then we are both agreed. Let us work together, and never mind if one's blood be old and the other's new. I am neither fool nor weakly, as thou knowest."

Ascelin could not but assent.

"Then here. We must send the King's message. But we must add to it."

"That is dangerous."

"So is war; so is eating, drinking; so is everything. But we must not let Hereward come in. We must drive him to despair. Make the messenger add but one word—that the king exempts from the amnesty Torfrida, on account of——You can put it into more scholarly shape than I can."

"On account of her abominable and notorious sorceries; and demands that she shall be given up forthwith to the ecclesiastical power, to be judged as she deserves."

"Just so. And then for a load of reeds out of Haddenham fen!"

"Heaven forbid!" said Ascelin, who had loved her once. "Would not perpetual imprisonment suffice?"

"What care I? That is the churchmen's affair, not ours. But I fear we shall not get her. Even so Hereward will flee with her—maybe escape to Flanders, or Denmark. He can escape through a rat's hole if he will. And then we are at peace. I had sooner kill him and have done with it: but out of the way he must be put."

So they sent a monk in with the message, and commanded him to tell the article about the Lady Torfrida, not only to Hereward, but to the abbot and all the monks.

A curt and fierce answer came back, not from Hereward, but from Torfrida herself—that William of Normandy was no knight himself, or he would not offer a knight his life, on condition of burning his lady.

William swore horribly. "What is all this about?" They told him—as much as they chose to tell him. He was very wroth. "Who was

Ivo Taillebois, to add to his message? He had said that Torfrida should not burn." Taillebois was stout; for he had won the secretary over to his side meanwhile. He had said nothing about burning. He had merely supplied an oversight of the king's. The woman, as the secretary knew, could not, with all deference to his majesty, be included in an amnesty. She was liable to ecclesiastical censure, and the ecclesiastical courts. William might exercise his influence on them in all lawful ways, and more, remit her sentence, even so far as to pardon her entirely, if his merciful temper should so incline him. But meanwhile, what better could he, Ivo, have done, than to remind the monks of Ely that she was a sorceress; that she had committed grave crimes, and was liable to punishment herself, and they to punishment also, as her shelterers and accomplices? What he wanted was to bring over the monks; and he believed that message had been a good stroke toward that. As for Hereward, the king need not think of him. He never would come in alive. He had sworn an oath, and he would keep it.

And so the matter ended.

ORKNEY AND THE ORCADIANS.

THE islands of Orkney and Shetland are so little known that many persons, in other respects well informed, seem to look upon them as in a sort the refuse of creation—some of the rubbish for which no use could be found, and which was therefore tossed out into the great lumber-room of the ocean to be out of the way,—a collection of rocks either uninhabitable or inhabited by a race of men almost as untamed as the seals which play upon their shores, and with intellects very little more developed; a race with whom the civilised world has no communion, living on fish, dressing in sealskin, gloriously ignorant of broad cloth, crinoline, the "Saturday Review," and other evidences of civilization; destitute of education, coming into the world and leaving it without benefit of clergy. I know many think they speak Gaelic—not that that is any fault, only it is not the case. They are, and have always been, as ignorant of Gaelic as we are of Chinese. But these northern islands and their inhabitants are in reality very interesting, and it is in the hope of making them better known and appreciated that I now attempt to give some account of the nearer group—the Orkneys. Separated from the mainland by the Pentland Frith, from ten to twelve miles in width, and "confronting," (as Mr. Balfour, their latest historian, remarks,) "within a few hours' sail, the mouths of the Baltic and the Elbe; indented with fine harbours, easily made as impregnable as any in Northern Europe, and never boomed like them by half a year of ice; with a soil of more than ordinary fertility; and a sea-loving people, hardy, intelligent, and enterprising—Orkney was well adapted to become the vanguard of northern civilisation and commerce."

To those who have not had their attention directed to the subject this may seem strong language; the description nevertheless is a true one.

The Orkney Islands are upwards of sixty in number, containing from 400,000 to 500,000 acres, and a population of 32,416, according to the census of 1861. Twenty-five are inhabited, and to these only the name of *island* is generally given. Those not inhabited, and used only for pasture, are called *holms*.

The general appearance of the group is flat, and to some extent tame. The only very high hill is Holy Head, which is upwards of 1300 feet above the level of the sea. There are other fine bold headlands, such as the Noup in Westray, the east side of Copinshay, and Moull Head. No trees meet the eye. You must look for them in some sheltered spot under the protecting care of a large building; and indeed those near the Cathedral at Kirkwall are perhaps the only specimens of full grown trees in Orkney or Shetland. So long as the young plantations are protected from the sea breezes they grow well enough, but whenever they show their heads above the sheltering wall, they become stunted. In some of the islands attempts are being made to foster them, but with little prospect of success; in others again there is not as much wood growing as would make a walking-stick. There is therefore some foundation for the joke against the Orkneyman, who, when it was thrown in his teeth that there were no trees in Orkney, indignantly replied, "It is not true, for there are three growing beside the kirk." He might have said three hundred, and have been well within the mark.

Orkney must have undergone a most remarkable change in respect of climate, for in the mosses, trunks of very large trees are found; and I have seen many deer's horns that have been dug up, proving that in some pre-historic age this now treeless, deerless country had not only deer but forests to shelter them.

The mosses containing these remains—trees, deer's horns, and hazel nuts—extend under the present sea level; and at very low tides they are sometimes exposed, as in Otterwick Bay, Sanday, and Deerness, suggesting that at one time the islands may have been joined to the mainland of Scotland. This conjecture is much strengthened by the fact that the granite and conglomerate at the western end of Graemsey and the shore of Stromness, bear a striking resemblance to the prevailing rocks in Sutherland and Caithness; while the sandstone flag of Orkney is exactly similar to the slaty rock of Caithness.

Pomona, or Mainland, is by far the largest of the Orkney group; its length from east to west is upwards of thirty miles, and its breadth in some places from six to eight miles. The two largest towns of Orkney are in Pomona—Stromness, in the south-west, with a population of about 3000, and a very fine harbour; and Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney, which lies on the north side, and contains above 4000 inhabitants, many good shops, three banks, two newspapers, churches and schools in proportion to the population, and a very fine Cathedral. The plan of the town is irregular, with a great show of gable-ends to the street, as is common in sea-board towns liable to frequent storms. The oldest houses have two gable-ends to the street, with a court or close between them. The same style of architecture is found in many old continental towns. The principal street is about a mile in length, and is made up of houses that would not seem out of place in any county town. It is not surprising that the metropolis of Orkney should now contain all the necessaries, and most of the luxuries, which modern refinement demands; but it is strange to find that 700 years ago, on this extreme verge of civilisation and so near the polar regions, there arose a cathedral, more perfect, very little smaller, and in some respects finer, than that of Glasgow. It was built in the 12th century, by Ronald, one of the Lords of Orkney, and dedicated to his uncle Magnus, the patron saint of the Orcadians. Tradition says that two rival Earls, cousins, had settled in Orkney. One of these, Magnus, who is called the Apostle of Orkney, endeavoured to instil the principles of Christianity into his wild people; the other, inheriting a love of war and plunder, despised the peace-loving tendencies of his cousin, laid violent hands on him, and ordered his followers to put him to death. Magnus, unable to avert his fate, prepared to meet it with the humility of a Christian and the nobility of an Earl. When about to be beheaded he said to the executioner, "Stand before me, and strike with all your might, that your sword may cleave my brain; it were unseemly that an Earl should be beheaded like a thief." Regard for his memory led to his canonization as a martyr, and to the erection and dedication of the Cathedral to his honour.

The architecture is Romanesque, with a little of the Early Pointed style. The view of the centre aisle lengthways is perhaps finer than anything of the kind in Scotland. The building is in good repair, but a portion of it has been partitioned off and is used as a parish church. That part has been thoroughly spoiled by pews, ugly square windows, and hideous galleries, looking as ill-suited to the beautiful nave of the old Cathedral, as would peg-tops and a dress-coat on a monk.

Near the Cathedral are the ruins of the Bishop's palace, where Haco, King of Norway, died in 1263, soon after the fatal battle of Largs. A little to the east of it is the Earl's palace, also in ruins, though not yet 300 years old.

Within an easy walk from Kirkwall is Wideford Hill, from the top of which nearly all the islands may be seen; and no one who goes there on a clear day will hesitate to admit that the scene before him, looking seaward, is one of exquisite beauty. In calm weather, the sea, land-locked by the islands, resembles a vast lake, clear and bright as a mirror, and without a ripple save from the gentle impulse of the tide. Here, a bluff headland stands out in bold relief against the horizon; there, the more distant islet is lost in sea and sky; on one side a shelving rock sends out a black tongue-like point, sharp as a needle, losing itself in the water, where it forms one of those reefs so common among the islands, and so fatal to strangers, but which every Orkney boatman knows as we do the streets of our native town; while on the other side a green holm, covered with cattle and ponies, slopes gently to the water's edge. Then there is the dovetailing and intercrossing of one point with another, the purple tints of the islands, the deep blue of the sea, the indentations of the coast, the boats plying their oars or lingering lazily on the waters, the white sails of the pleasure yachts contrasting with the dark brown canvass of the fishing craft, and here and there a large merchant vessel entering or leaving the harbour;—all these combine to make a most lovely picture, in which the additional ornament of trees is not missed. And again in a storm, the boiling tides, the green and white billows, the pillars of foam which spout aloft when dashed against the rocks, make a scene with which the absence of trees is in perfect harmony. You feel that trees here would be out of their element. In calm weather they are not needed, in a storm they would seem out of place. Anyone who has seen an Orkney sunset in June or July, tracing its diamond path across island, reef, and tideway, must confess that it is scarcely possible to suggest an addition to its beauty.

From Wideford Hill you can cast your eye upon structures that are memorials of every form of religion that has ever existed in Scotland. Stennis and its standing stones are in sight, eight or ten miles off. Nearer to you are some of those inscrutable mounds called Picts' houses. On the Isle of Eagleshay, which may be seen from the some spot, stand the walls and tower of probably the earliest Christian church in Britain. On the right you have the more complete development of the religious idea in the Cathedral of Kirkwall. With the same glance you take in the United Presbyterian Church, the Free Church, and those of every other considerable denomination in Scotland; for Kirkwall is not behind other places in its religious distinctions.

The Standing Stones of Stennis are still about thirty in number, forming portions of two circles, the larger of which measures above a hundred yards in diameter, and the smaller about thirty-four. These circles are not now complete, as many of the stones have fallen and many have disappeared, but sufficient traces remain to show what they were. The stones vary in form and size, and are all totally unhewn. The largest is about fourteen feet high, but the average height is from eight to ten; the breadth varies from three to eight; and the average thickness is one foot. They are grand, solemn-looking old veterans, painfully silent regarding their past life, as if ashamed to speak of those bloody rites in which they may have had a share. They were formerly called *Druidical Circles*, perhaps for no better reason than that their history is utterly unknown. Later investigations refer their erection to another race, and give them a Scandinavian origin, but the author of *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland* remarks, "We shall be nearer the truth when the exclusive Scandinavian theory has been demolished. . . . The common Gaelic phrase. '*Am bheil thu dol d'on chlachan?*' 'Are you going to the stones?' by which the Scottish Highlander inquires at his neighbour if he is bound for church, seems no doubtful tradition of worship within the Megalithic ring at an earlier date than that of the Norsemen." Professor Munch of Christiana, who visited Orkney in 1849 in order to investigate the traces of Norwegian intercourse with Scotland, was convinced that the first Scandinavian settlers found the stones standing. Possibly the Norsemen appropriated the great temple to their own use, as Dr. Wilson truly says,—"The rude Norsemen who possessed themselves of the Orkney Islands in the ninth century, found far less difficulty in adapting the temple of Stennis to the shrine of Thor, than the Protestants of the sixteenth century had to contend with, when they appropriated the old Cathedral of St. Magnus to the rites of Presbyterian worship."

Of the mounds called Picts' houses, of which there are hundreds in Orkney, we know as little as we do of the stones, save that they are of two kinds, very similar in construction, and that the smaller seem to have been the dwellings of the early inhabitants of the country, and the others the sepulchres of their dead. These structures are not strictly subterranean, although they are covered with earth. They were either erected on level ground, or excavated in the side of a hill. They are built of large stones converging towards the centre, where an aperture seems to have been left for air and light. Bones and teeth of the horse, cow, sheep, and boar, were found in the Picts' houses on Wideford Hill opened in 1849, but not a vestige of any human remains; whereas in a tumulus in the island of Burray, discovered and explored in 1863, the central compartment contained ten human skeletons and the skulls of four dogs. Similar remains, human and canine, were found in seven smaller chambers adjoining. I happened to be in Orkney when a party of antiquarians opened up the Maeshowe, the largest of all these mounds, about four years ago. It consists of a chamber 14 feet square and 20 feet high, with a recess in each of three walls, which may have been used either as a bed for the living, or a resting place for the dead. The walls are finely built and quite entire, though erected no one knows how long ago. A great many Runic characters were found engraven on the stones, and an excited buzz tingled the ears and quickened the pulses of the whole antiquarian world, even as far as Norway and Sweden; and those deep in antiquarian lore exchanged congratulatory whispers, that the Mystery was about to be solved. Casts of the Runes were taken and sent to Norway to be translated; but, alas! when interpreted they proved next to nothing, and seemed only to be the slightly scratched record of the exploration of the Maeshowe by the Norsemen, or the common formulæ of name-records, carved at different times by those who ransacked the mound in search of treasure. The disappointment on this occasion was scarcely less than that of the Antiquary on discovering that A. D. L. L. meant nothing more than "Aiken Drum's lang ladle." A full account of the excavation of the mound has been printed for private circulation by James Farrer, Esq., M.P. There seems little doubt that the stones of Stennis formed a temple for religious worship of some kind, either Celtic or Scandinavian or both.

We turn with more certainty to the church of Eagleshay, which is believed to have been built in the eighth century. It has the peculiar cylindrical tower found only in churches of that early period, and of which there are only other two in Britain (at Brechin and Abernethy), though there are many in Ireland. It is said that within the walls of that little church, Magnus, the Apostle of Orkney, was murdered by his cousin Haco, and Eagleshay became famous as his shrine.

The climate of Orkney is moist and mild; there are neither such warm summers nor such cold winters as in the south and west of Scotland. In June, 1861, however, a child died at Kirkwall from sunstroke. But such heat is very unusual. A gentleman who has lived in Orkney the greater part of his life, told me, that he had seldom seen ice strong enough to bear a man's weight. The Gulf Stream is, no doubt, the cause of this.

The length of day-light makes these islands a desirable summer residence. I have myself read a newspaper without difficulty at midnight in the month of June; and I have been told by a friend who lives in Orkney, that on the shortest day he has read the "Times" at 4 o'clock p.m. by daylight, or rather by the beautiful twilight of that region, for in winter the sun is only about four hours above the horizon.

The soil is in many parts mossy, but there is almost everywhere a stiff clay underneath, and this, when ploughed up, and mixed with the moss, makes a very good loam. In many places, the ground merely requires to be "tickled with the plough, that it may smile with the harvest," as somebody has said. With such a soil, and such mildness of climate, Orkney is likely to become a very rich agricultural district. The prevalent moistness, and the withering sea-breeze, will, however, always make the farmer's returns from grain crops more or less uncertain.

There is, perhaps, no district in Scotland, where so much is being done in the way of improving the land. In 1814, very considerable progress had been made on some of the larger estates in Orkney, more especially in the North Isles, where turnips were pretty extensively grown, and at least one flock of fine Cheviot merino sheep was profitably kept; but it was not until about twenty-five years ago that the agricultural movement began in earnest.

Previous to that time, the sea had been the sole support of the working man. He rented land, and paid his rent out of fish and sea-weed. Leases of land were not given to small tenants, and of course no improvement was possible. Small crofts were held on the run-rig system, and a croft was supposed to do its work if it raised some stunted oats, bere, and a few potatoes. The women were generally the farmers, while the men fished.

It is not many years since Orkney made out of her sea-weed alone an annual income of 15,000*l.*, 20,000*l.*, and even 25,000*l.* There is a kind of sea-weed, the *fucus palmatus*, commonly called tangle, thrown up in great abundance on the shores of the Orkneys, and also of the Western Isles. From this a substance called kelp is made, valuable from the large amount of iodine it contains, and once extensively used in the manufacture of soap and glass. Its value at one time ranged from 8*l.* to 16*l.* per ton, and during the war, when the importation of barilla from Spain was prohibited, it reached the price of 20*l.* per ton. Orkney kelp always brought double the price of that of the Western Isles or of Ireland.

The process of kelp-making is as follows:—The sea-weed is collected and dried, and put into a hole in the ground about three feet wide. A live coal is then put in, and the heap is allowed to smoulder. During the smouldering it is stirred with an iron-hook, until in course of time it gets into a state somewhat like molten lead. When it cools and dries, it is kelp. Besides iodine it contains glauber salts, common salt, and carbonate of soda.

Owing to the reduction of duty on barilla, which is both cheaper and better for glass-making, the manufacture of kelp is no longer remunerative, and as a general rule, kelp-making in Orkney has given place to farming.

It was not until after the failure in the kelp-trade, in 1832, and the establishment of weekly steam communication with Edinburgh, in 1833, that it occurred to some of the larger proprietors on and near the Mainland, that something might be made of the soil, to balance the loss of income from kelp. Even the most sanguine could not have anticipated, that, in a few years, improved farming, and communication with southern markets, would raise the export value of bacon and eggs alone to a larger sum than had ever come into the islands from the kelp-trade.

In saying a few words on the present state of agriculture in the Orkneys, I shall take the island with which I am best acquainted as a type of the whole. It is perhaps below some, and above others, but it is a fair representative.

In the island of Shapinshay, which contains about 7000 acres, only 730 were under cultivation 15 years ago, when the rental of the whole island was 601*l.* The thriftlessness of the farming of these days is well illustrated by an anecdote I had from Mr. Balfour, the proprietor. His father, observing that one of his tenants was always in difficulties, though he did not pay a farthing of rent, said to him one day, that he was surprised at his being so much in want, seeing that he had a good croft, and paid nothing for it. "Oh, Captain Balfour," he replied, "I *dae* pay a rent." "Why, what rent do you pay?" "Weel—I *sud* pay a hen." He thus took shelter under the fact, that a hen was exigible, but he did not venture to say it was paid.

Another tenant, whose rent of 10*s.* had been reduced in successive years to 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5s., and 2*s.* 6*d.*, was at length, for his importunity's sake, allowed to sit free. This kept him quiet a year or two, but at the end of that time he presented himself on the rent day to the laird, who, at a loss to know what more he could want, said, "Well, Robert, do you wish for a further reduction of rent?" "Oh, Captain," he replied, "ye're joking me noo; but I just cam to say that if ye dinna big me a barn I maun flit."

The island is now in a very satisfactory state of cultivation, about 5000 acres being under the plough, although the rental is as yet only about 1500*l.*

The rise in the price of land is surprising. Thirty years ago it was thought valueless, and could be bought for an old song. One half of Shapinshay was purchased by the grandfather of the present proprietor in 1796 for 1200*l.*; in 1846 the other half, though not better land, sold for about 14,000*l.* A dozen years ago Shapinshay imported meal for the support of its inhabitants; it now exports largely grain, potatoes, cattle, sheep, pigs, eggs, &c.

Any one who takes a trip to Orkney will see, as he sails into Kirkwall roads, a noble mansion, which for elegance and size would attract attention anywhere; and he will be at a loss to think what could induce a man to build so fine a house so far out of the world. But if the traveller were to pass a week with Mr. Balfour, and have a talk and a walk with him over his estate, and see how much has been done, and is still doing through his encouragement and residence among his people; if he could see the cheerful, independent, yet thoroughly respectful bearing of his tenants towards him, as if every face said plainly, "The world is going well with me; I have enough to eat, drink and put on, and I expect to be better off still, and I know that my landlord sympathises with me and helps me,"—if he saw all this, as I have, he would be at no loss to understand why Mr. Balfour has cast in his lot with his people, and made his home with them.

One plan adopted to encourage the inprovement of the land is, to charge for the first seven years a merely nominal rent—6*d.* or 1*s.* per acre. For the second seven years there is a small rise in the rent, and for the third seven a reasonable rent is charged, according to the state of the land. Another plan is:—A large piece of comparatively waste, or half cultivated land, is squared off and made into farms. The previous rent is a little raised, and a lease is granted for twenty-one years, on the understanding that if, at the end of seven years, the improvements stipulated for have been carried out, one-third of the rent shall be remitted towards payment of the expense of them. After the first seven years no further remission is made, and the rent is raised 15 per cent. each successive seven years, till an average rent be charged.

The rental of the whole of Orkney is above 50,000*l.*, and is constantly increasing, perhaps at the rate of 2000*l.* a year; and the condition of the people is improving every year in consequence. In the three banks at Kirkwall there are understood to be deposits, made chiefly by the middle and working classes, to the amount of 300,000*l.* These are large figures, but they cease to be surprising when you are told that, at a moderate computation, 10,000 head of cattle, a large proportion of them short-horns, are exported annually; besides a great number of pigs and sheep. Compare this with the traffic, not a great many years ago, when a sloop of seventy tons burden, making ten trips a year, was found to be almost sufficient. Fifteen years ago beef was sold at 2*d.* per lb., butter at 6*d.*, eggs at 3*d.* a dozen, cows from 30*s.* to 2*l.* The average price of two-year-olds raised in Orkney is now from 12*l.* to 15*l.*

The habits and mode of life of the islanders were very primitive even fifty years ago. The chimney of the cottage was simply a hole in the roof, and the fire was in the middle of the floor, so that the smoke had to find its way out as best it might. Such fire-places have, I think, almost disappeared from Orkney, at least I do not remember seeing one. A friend of mine told me that when he was a boy he was sitting one night with a farmer's family round the fire in the middle of the floor. Behind the dwarf wall, which formed the back of the fire-place, the peat-ashes were collected as bedding for the cattle, straw being scarce. An old woman of the party was relating a kelpy or fairy tale, with all the thrilling details which have such a horrible charm for children, and she had just got to the most exciting and terrible part of it. Every one began to look over his shoulder fearfully as if expecting the hobgoblin to appear, when, without the slightest warning, a terrific flop was heard, followed by such a cloud of dust as almost blinded every one present, though it was not so thick as to prevent them from seeing a figure emerge from the ashes and disappear through the door like a flash of lightning. The solution of the mystery was, that the sweetheart of Jeanie, one of the daughters, had climbed to the top of the house, and, looking down the hole which served for a chimney, threw pieces of turf at her, to let her know he was there. Missing her several times, and getting impatient, as young lovers are generally supposed to do, he made an extra effort to hit her, overbalanced himself, and fell down among the ashes, to the terror and amazement of the honest farmer's family. The young man is, I believe, still alive, and eighty years of age. I saw him in 1863, when a friend reminding him of the circumstance, he replied: "Deed ay, it's true enough; but it's time you and me were forgetting thae daft auld-warld stories."

In old times the islanders had many strange beliefs and antipathies, which some of the older people still cherish. For instance, they have a prejudice against turbot, and will not eat it—nor even name it at sea—although they constantly eat halibut, a much less delicate fish of the same species.

A strange belief was held generally at one time, that drowned persons are changed into seals. The island of Borey, in the bay of Milburn, is sometimes called the Seal Island, and a romantic legend is told in connection with it, which has already found its way into print, but not so fully as it was related to me.

It was a fine summer evening, and Harold of the isle of Gairsay had been fishing till late, when, as the sun went down, he heard the most enchanting music. He followed the sound till he reached the island of Borey, where he saw a company of gaily-dressed people dancing to it, but no musicians were visible. He went close inshore, and saw a number of black objects like beasts. They lay so still that he landed and took up one, and found it to be a seal-skin. He watched the dancers for some time, and when the sun began to rise the music suddenly ceased, and they all hurried down to the shore. Harold dropped the seal-skin into his boat, pushed off, and pulled away to a short distance, to see what would happen next. Each person seized a seal-skin, put it on, and plunged into the sea. One woman alone was left, and she went along the shore seeking the seal-skin which Harold had taken. He put back to the island, spoke to her, and then recognised her as his own mother, who had been drowned many years before. She told him that all drowned persons became seals, and once a month they were allowed to resume their human form and come on shore at sunset, and dance till sunrise. She begged hard for her seal-skin, which at first he refused to give up; but on her promising that he should have the prettiest maiden in all seal-land for his wife, he gave it back. She desired him to return to Borey that day month: she would then show him the seal-skin of the girl who should be his bride, and he was to keep the skin carefully hidden from the owner, whom he would thus have in his own power. On the night appointed Harold went again to Borey; again he heard the beautiful music, and saw the mysterious dancers. His mother went to the shore and laid her hand on a seal-skin, which Harold put into his boat; then rowed home and concealed it. Before sunrise he returned to Borey. The music ceased as before, the dancers resumed their seal-skins, and disappeared in the sea—all but one beautiful girl, who went about wringing her hands and weeping for the loss of hers. After a little time Harold approached and spoke to her. She told him that she was the daughter of a pagan king. He endeavoured to comfort her, and succeeded so well, that she consented to go home with him and become his wife. He loved her fondly, and she bore him several children; but at length she fell sick—some secret grief was consuming her. Often she asked for her seal-skin, but Harold never suffered her to see it; and at last she confessed that she was anxious about her soul. A priest was sent for, and she was baptised—yet still she was not satisfied, and pined away. "Harold," she said one day, "we have lived long and happily together. If we part, we part for ever. If I die, you cannot be sure that my soul is saved, for I have long lived a pagan. To-night is the dancing night; roll me in my seal-skin and leave me on the beach—they cannot take me away if I am Christian. But you must go out of sight, and return for me in the morning; then you will know my fate." Harold yielded to her wish. He laid her on the shore, and went himself to the other side of Gairsay to wait till sunrise. All night he sat with his face buried in his hands. Once he heard a sudden wail; they had found his wife on the shore, but he dared not move. That short midsummer night seemed endless to him; at last the sun appeared, and he hastened to the place where he had left her. She was still there. They had not taken her away, for she was a Christian. She was dead, but with a smile on her face that spoke of a soul at peace. That smile comforted Harold, and assured him that their parting would not be for ever.

The islanders are brave and hardy. During the season of egg-gathering they may be seen at one time climbing a precipice to rob the nests, at another swinging from the face of a rock with nothing between them and almost certain death but a rope round their waists. They thus naturally acquire the habit of talking of danger and even of death in a way that seems to indicate indifference to both. Probably few, however, reach the degree of coolness exhibited by an old man who went out one day with his son to gather eggs. The son descended the face of a high rock with one end of a rope round his waist, the other being fastened to a stake above, while the old man remained in his boat at the base, in case of accident. The precaution was not unnecessary, for the rope gave way, and the lad fell into the sea. There was a considerable ground swell, and the poor boy had sunk once or twice before his father could rescue him, but at last he was taken into the boat almost lifeless. This elicited from the father the simple remark, "Eh! I'm thinking thou's wat, Tam." The saying that those born to be hanged will never be drowned, is probably no truer of hanging than of other deaths. Tam was reserved for a different but scarcely less enviable fate. An acquaintance of the old man's, years afterwards, reminded him of Tam's escape, and asked what had become of him, to which the father replied in the same indifferent tone: "Tam? our Tam? Oh! Tam gaed awa' to a far country, and the haithens ate him." This anecdote I know to be perfectly true, and I have as reliable authority for another of the same kind. A man was one day gathering eggs on the face of a precipitous rock, and while creeping cautiously yet fearlessly along a ledge little broader than the sole of his foot, he came to an angle round which he must pass. The wall-like steepness of the rock and the narrowness of the ledge made this under any circumstances difficult and dangerous. The difficulty, however, grew into an apparent impossibility, when he found on reaching the corner that he had the wrong foot first. To turn back was impossible, to get round while his feet were in that position was equally so. The danger was observed by the friend who related the occurrence to me, and who looked on with terror at the probable consequences, for a false step or a stumble involved certain death. The man paused for a moment, took off his broad bonnet, in which he carried, as was customary, his snuff-horn, and after shaking up the snuff in the most unconcerned way, he took three hearty pinches, and then returned the horn to his bonnet, and the bonnet to his head. Then straightening himself up, he made an agile spring, and got the right foot first. It was an awful moment for the looker-on, and an awful risk for the performer. Happily it was successful; he got round the point, and finally reached the top of the rock in safety. My friend, who had waited for his ascent, said to him: "Man, Johnnie, were ye no feared?" "Eh man, if I had been feared, I wudna be here." "I daresay that," replied my friend; "but what made you think of taking a snuff when you were in such danger?" "Weel," he answered, with admirable simplicity and truth, "I thocht I was needin't."

It is impossible, within the limits of a short paper, to give a detailed description of the various islands. Nor is this necessary. Shapinshay, of which I have spoken, is a fair specimen of the others. Stronsay is, perhaps, farthest advanced towards general cultivation. Westray, Sanday, and Rousay are following up rapidly. I cannot, however, omit giving some account of North Ronaldshay, the most curious, most primitive, and most remote of the whole group. It is also the most difficult of access. Perhaps I was unusually unlucky, but I made five several attempts to reach it without success. In my sixth attempt, however, three years ago, I was more fortunate, though even then it was with some difficulty. The frith between North Ronaldshay and Sanday is a very dangerous one, and the wind and tide must be carefully consulted. If you start too late to reach it before the turn of the tide, you are almost inevitably carried back to your starting point, unless the wind be all the more favourable. A friend of mine, with his wife and some ladies, had once got within gun-shot of the shore as the tide turned, when, caught in the fringe of it, they were carried off as in a mill-stream, and in a very short time were miles off. One of the ladies was very sea-sick, and exhibited the disregard to personal appearance usual under the circumstances. She was lying huddled up in a corner of the boat, when one of the crew, being asked to do something, said, "Oo ay, I'll do't this minute, but I think it a pity of Miss —— lying that way; we'll hae to put her in some kin' o' shape first."

I got there in decent enough shape myself, about three o'clock in a fine summer morning, though a good stiff breeze was blowing. The beach is very rough, and the aspect of the island generally is about as inhospitable as can well be imagined.

It is very flat, the highest elevation being only 47 feet. What strikes one at first sight as most peculiar, is a dry stone wall, between 5 and 6 feet high, with small holes left at regular intervals. It stretches along the beach as far as you can see, and is but a little above high-water mark. You are still more surprised to learn that it goes right round the island. The purpose of this wall is very puzzling to a stranger. The island is a small one, only 4000 acres. Can it be meant to keep the young islanders from tumbling into the sea? or, if they are supposed to have more sense, is it to keep the sheep from the shore, lest they should be swept off by the waves which often play wildly there? No, but exactly the reverse. The wall was built for the double purpose of depriving the winds as they pass through it of the saline vapour which used to blight the crops, and of keeping the sheep out. The grass is very valuable, being required for the cattle, so the sheep must have other fare. What other fare, we naturally ask, can a sheep have than grass? Sea-weed—nothing but sea-weed—if we except some small patches of *plantago maritima*, or similar stunted grasses. From January to December, hundreds of sheep stroll about like the pariahs of the brute creation, outside that inhospitable wall, exposed to every variation of summer's heat and winter's cold. Perhaps, in the lambing season, if a ewe has the good luck to have twins, she may be taken inside the wall for a few days, and treated to a little grass as a delicacy suited to her tender condition, and as more likely to supply the drain made on her suckling powers by her "heavy handfu'." I need scarcely say, that the sheep here are unlike any animal of the species I ever saw. They are called wild sheep, are lean and scraggy, and are like goats. Their mutton is dark coloured. the natives like it very much, and some people say it has the flavour of venison. The taste is certainly peculiar, and suggests the idea of sea-weed. Though not at all disagreeable, I must confess that I failed to detect the smack of the deer's flesh in it.

Each tenant on North Ronaldshay is entitled to keep a certain number of sheep—three or four for every pound of rent that he pays—and he is bound to keep up a corresponding part of the wall. The sheep feed and roam about in common, and though they may belong to seventy or eighty different owners, one man's sheep is never mistaken for another's. This is managed by a system of marks on the ears, so ingeniously contrived, that nearly a hundred different marks can be made in the two "lugs" of a sheep. These marks are definitely specified in the various leases, and should a dispute arise, reference is made to the lease with as much confidence as if the question were about the annual rent. The population of the island at the last census was 582. I found 81 scholars on the school roll, and only eight different names among the whole. Every man is cousin or uncle to everybody else on the island. Every one you meet is a Tulloch, Turfus, Cutt, Muir, Thomson, Kilday, Swanny or Scott, and to distinguish those of the same name from each other the name of the farm or residence is added, such as John of Phisligan, Tom of Hooking, William of Purlatreck, &c., and the additional names are as formally entered on all business documents as those the minister gave them.

The Thomsons, Scotts, Tullochs, and Muirs, are descended from a ship-load of west-country Covenanters who were banished to the island; the others are from the original Norse settlers; but all are now so mixed by intermarriage, that you often find, in the same family, the blue eyes, flaxen hair, and bright red complexion of the Norse, with the black hair and eyes, and bilious look of the Scotch.

Almost every rood of the island is under cultivation. There are therefore no peats, and there is no wood, except when an unfortunate ship is wrecked. Coals and peats are very expensive. To obtain a supply of fuel, the people have recourse to an expedient practised by the Arabs in the desert, and also by the inhabitants of Cornwall. Every family has a cow, and when the byre is cleaned out, the dung heap, instead of being used for agricultural purposes, is mixed with straw, and then cut into pieces, which are called scones. These are laid in the sun to dry, and are not used until they are a year old, when the sulphuretted hydrogen is gone, and the smell in burning is not so offensive. One can see from this why the cow is made so much of, and has the grass all to herself, to the detriment of the sheep. It is not every animal that can supply us with meat, drink, clothing and fire. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the atmosphere of houses heated by this kind of fuel is not particularly pleasant. When I saw some smoked fish hanging in a cottage, I could not help asking if they had been smoked with scones. "Oh yes?" "But does it not spoil the fish?" "Well, peat or wood is better, but we soon get used to it." I could not help thinking that this eel-like facility in getting used to things is very fortunate;—and that it is the same kind of happy knack which discovers the flavour of venison in sea-weedy mutton. The same fuel is used in Sanday, and was until lately in Papa Westray.

There is no inn on North Ronaldshay, and as the minister was from home, I was thrown on the hospitality of a farmer, whose genuine kindness I shall not soon forget, and with whom I spent a very happy day and night. He is a very ingenious clever fellow, who can turn his hand to anything, and do everything well. He unites in his own person the varied offices of farmer, watchmaker, smith, carpenter, kelp-maker, and, if I mistake not, doctor—in all of which capacities he is purely self-taught. He has never been further south than Kirkwall, and has no desire to leave his little world, to which he is passionately attached. He knows all about it; but his knowledge, like charity, though it begins at home, does not end there. He is thoroughly up in the politics of the day, has a keen sense of humour, is full of anecdote, and well acquainted with the works of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens. There is a post once a week to this island; to Westray, Sanday, and Rousay twice a week; and to some of the less remote islands once a day. This is a very different state of things from what existed formerly. At the time of the Revolution, a Scotch fisherman was imprisoned at Kirkwall, in May, 1689, for saying that King William III. had been crowned the previous November; and he was just about to be hanged for the treasonable statement when a vessel arrived to confirm it.

I have only to add one word on the people. They are, of course, first rate sailors. In appearance there is not any very striking indication of their descent, though now and then you see a decidedly Scandinavian face. Scott describes them as known by

> "The tall form, blue eye, proportion fair,
> The limbs athletic, and the long light hair;"

and this type you not unfrequently find.

I was much struck by the exceeding gentleness of the working classes. A brawny, bearded man, who has not a particle of cowardice or sneaking in his composition, speaks to you with all the softness of a woman. Swearing is a vice from which, so far as I could judge, they are singularly free. Their language is Scotch, with some unusual words, and a slightly peculiar accent, which no doubt are the remains of the Norse. In talking to each other, the common people use the familiar and kindly "thou" instead of "you," and their bearing towards each other is gentle and pleasing. I was one day crossing a frith in a pretty rough sea. The smack was being steered by one of the passengers, as the whole crew were required for other duties. He had a difficult task, but he managed it well, and one of the men said in banter: "Robbie, I'm thinking when thou was a young man [Robbie was not above forty] thou could steer a boat a little." "Weel," he replied, "my han' has been oot o't for some time; but when I was a younger man and in the way o't, if onybody had said that I kent naething aboot it *I wud hae lookit at him.*" In many other parts of Scotland the "*wud hae lookit at him*" would probably have taken an uglier form. I have seen some pretty female faces in Orkney, but the men are generally handsomer than the women. They are a people of whom I have formed a very high opinion, both morally and intellectually. The criminal and pauper rolls of Orkney will, I believe, bear a most favourable comparison with those of any part of the kingdom. The country presents many objects of interest to the antiquarian, the naturalist, the farmer, and the merchant. Hospitable, intelligent, industrious, and self-reliant, the Orcadians are sure to keep well abreast of their neighbours, and are likely to realize Mr. Balfour's idea of a prominent place in civilisation and commerce. When the resources of the country are developed, as they will be in the course of a few years, by the stimulus of regular leases and kindly encouragement on the part of the proprietors, they will be better known and appreciated by us on the mainland than they are now.

JOHN KERR.

ON LIGHT.

By SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart.

PART II.

THEORIES OF LIGHT.—INTERFERENCES.—DIFFRACTION.

(*Concluded from page* 574.)

Diffraction.—The optical phænomena which refer themselves to this head are many and various. They are not, for the most part, very obvious, but are exceedingly curious and interesting in their details, and some of them, under careful arrangement and with good optical appliances, very brilliant. Familiar examples offer themselves in the twinkling of the stars and the changes of colour they exhibit during the different phases of their scintillations:—in the vivid radiating streaks of light which seem to stream outwards from any small and *dazzlingly* brilliant point of light (as for instance the reflection of the sun on a small polished globe, as a thermometer ball):—in the colours exhibited when a bright point is seen reflected on or refracted through a surface regularly striated or scratched across with fine equidistant lines, as beautifully exhibited in the so-called "Barton's buttons" (from the name of the ingenious and skilful amateur mechanist who first executed them); brass or steel buttons delicately cross-lined by engine work:—in the lateral images of a candle seen reflected on polished mother-of-pearl: and in the coloured halos often seen to surround the flame of a candle in certain states of the eye and their artificial imitations in a mode presently to be described. Less obvious to common observation, and requiring particular arrangement, instrumental or otherwise, to see them distinctly, are the phænomena (referable to the head of diffraction) of the rings and other appendages seen to surround the images of stars when viewed through telescopes of great magnifying power and with apertures either of the usual circular form, or of forms otherwise varied for this express purpose. And though last in our order of enumeration, by far the most important and instructive as elucidatory of the principle of explanation, applicable to all the phænomena of this class;—the coloured fringes seen to follow the outlines of shadows when thrown by a light emanating from an extremely small but intensely luminous point. With these therefore we shall begin.

It was objected to the undulatory theory of light by Newton himself, that sound, to which that theory assimilates it, spreads from an aperture through which it is transmitted, or round the edge of an intercepting screen of any kind, equally in all directions; and thus, were the analogy exact, there could be no shadows. The objection is founded partly on an imperfect statement of the fact, and partly on omitting to allow for possible differences in the natures of the conveying media, and in the modes of vibratory motion conveyed. Every one is familiar with the sudden outbreak of sound from a railway train heard at a great distance when it emerges from a cutting, or turns the corner of a wall or of a hill. Sound is propagated through water with greater sharpness, velocity, and distinctness, than through air. But an obstacle interposed under water, as a projecting pier, or a rock, cuts off the *rays of sound*, as appears from direct experiment, with much greater definiteness than in air, and casts, so to speak, an evident acoustic shadow. Nor will it appear at all surprising that an effect of this kind should, in the case of light, be carried still farther when we consider that the aerial impulses by which sound is propagated, take place *in the direction* of the sound-ray, so that in passing (for instance) through an aperture in a screen, a quantity of air is *pushed bodily through it*, and issuing on the other side, causes an increase of *local* density due to the actual introduction of additional air at a given spot, which of course tends to *expand laterally* as well as to *push forward*, and is not restrained from so doing by the lateral pressure of the rest of the wave, which is suppressed. Light, as we have already intimated, is propagated through an elastic medium more in analogy with a solid than a fluid (which Newton's objection implies) and by vibrational movements not in the direction of the ray, but transverse to it, so that in its passage through an aperture, or beside the edge of an obstacle, *this* cause of lateral spreading, at least, is absent; whatever other this peculiar mode of propagation may call into action. Lastly, however, the phænomena of diffraction with which we are now concerned rely for their explanation on this very principle—that shadows are *not* strictly definite, and that there really *is* a certain, and not very small amount of lateral spreading of the light into the space occupied by what may be called the geometrical shadow.

If a room be darkened and the sun allowed to shine into it only through a very small aperture, as a pin-hole, the rays which emanate from different points of its apparent disc, passing straight through and crossing at the hole, will depict on a white screen held at a distance of several feet from the hole a circular *image* or inverted picture of the sun, which may be considered as the circular base of a cone of rays having the pin-hole for its vertex. In this case, the illumination of the screen, if placed at a great distance, is feeble, and, if near, the circular patch of light inconveniently small. But if instead of a pin-hole, be substituted a convex glass lens of short focus, the whole of the sun-light received on it will be concentrated in the very small image of the sun formed in its focus, and, diverging *thence* will spread out into a much wider cone of light, and form a much larger circular and brilliantly illuminated area on the screen, affording every facility for the examination of the shadows of objects thrown upon it; with the additional convenience that by a reflector outside of the window, the illuminating sunbeam may be thrown horizontally, at whatever time of day the experiment is made.

The condition essential to the distinct exhibition of all phænomena of this class—that of a very brilliant light emanating from a very small point, being thus secured, let an opaque body of any form be placed between the point and the screen, so as to cast a shadow on it. It would naturally be expected under such circumstances that the termination of the shadow on all sides should be a clear and sharply marked outline, separating a uniformly bright space on the outside from a uniformly dark one within, and free from that external gradation from light to darkness which constitutes what is called the *penumbra* in ordinary shadows, which arises from the angular diameter of the sun.* Quite otherwise. A shadow indeed *is* formed, but instead of a sharp and sudden transition from darkness to light, it terminates in three coloured fringes, following its contour, the inner being the broadest and more distinctly coloured, the outer extremely faint and feebly tinted. The order of the colours, reckoning from the first *dark* fringe, is, generally speaking, analogous to that of the colours of thin plates proceeding outwards from the dark centre rings, only degrading more rapidly, viz., blue within, and yellow and red without. And that the tints originate in the same way from the superposition of a series of dark and bright fringes of the different prismatic colours, of different breadths, is shown (as in the colours of thin plates) by throwing on the lens in succession the several coloured prismatic rays, when the fringes are seen in each colour much more numerously and sharply defined, being broadest in red light and narrowest in violet.

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* The diffracted fringes may be seen very well on the borders of shadows cast by the light of Venus when at its greatest brightness, on a white surface, in a room with a single window, and under favourable circumstances as to twilight.

If the object casting the shadow be long and very narrow, as a hair or a strip of card not more than a 30th of an inch broad, the phænomena are still more curious and complex. Besides the exterior coloured fringes already described, others are seen *within the shadow*, running parallel to its length, similarly disposed along both its edges, and blending in the middle into a central line devoid of colour. That these fringes originate in the mutual interference of rays which have passed beside *both* the edges of the object and entered the shadow, is proved by intercepting the light on one side only, leaving that on the other to pass freely. *All* the interior fringes and the central streak disappear, leaving only the *exterior ones on the illuminated side* outstanding. The shadow (which is now formed under the same circumstances as in the former case) must, it is clear, be still receiving one-half the total quantity of light which it did before; and if its edge be narrowly examined, it will be seen not to terminate in any sharply-defined line cutting it off from the fringes, but to graduate off insensibly: and hence arises a very singular phænomenon. If the light be readmitted on *both* sides, and the breadth of the shadow, or what under such circumstances must be accepted as such, be measured, it is found to be much broader than it ought to be were it limited by straight lines drawn from the illuminating point through the edges of the object. And, what is still more remarkable, if its breadth be measured on a screen, successively placed at different distances from the object, its increase of breadth is found not to be in the simple proportion of its increased distance, as it would were the aerial shadow (or the space shaded by the object) bounded by straight lines; but as if by curves starting from its edges, and having their convexities towards the light. And, finally, if the object and the screen, *preserving the same distance between them*, be moved gradually nearer and nearer to the illuminating point, the fringes, both interior and exterior, are observed to dilate in breadth, according to a certain law which it is not necessary here to state, but whose agreement with the result of calculation affords a very satisfactory verification of the theory adopted for the explanation of the whole series of these phænomena on the undulatory hypothesis; while, on the other hand, it is very obvious that no such dilatation could possibly take place were the fringes produced by any kind of action on the rays in their passage by or near to the edges of the object, in the nature of attractive or repulsive forces originating in the material substance of which it consists, and deflecting them from their rectilinear paths, inasmuch as such action *could* neither be increased nor diminished, or in any way modified, by the greater or less distance traversed by the rays *before* their arrival within its sphere.

The appearances exhibited when the light is *transmitted* through a narrow rectangular slit, are even more curious. In this case a bright image of the opening is thrown on the screen, but instead of being an evenly illuminated narrow band, bounded on either side by uniform darkness, it is bordered both externally and internally by parallel fringes. The external ones are bright and highly coloured, and vary in breadth, but not materially in brightness as the screen is withdrawn from the slit; but the interior fringes undergo singular changes as the distance increases. At near distances they are narrow and close, and leave a medial space of uniform light; but as the distance increases they enlarge in breadth, and close in on the illuminated space, so that at a certain distance a medial *dark* line makes its appearance—which, if the distance be still further increased, changes to a bright one, and so on alternately till after a certain distance is attained the alternations cease. If the screen be stopped at the last position in which the medial line is dark, and there fixed, and an opaque strip, exactly half the breadth of the slit, be held *medially* along its whole length, so as to divide the slit and reduce it to two parallel ones, each one quarter of the original breadth (by which, of course, the total light traversing the aperture will be reduced to half its amount),—instead of darkening still more the medial dark fringe on the screen, as would naturally be expected on throwing a shadow upon it, the very reverse happens: the dark fringe in question disappears altogether, and is replaced by a bright one.

If the shape of the body which casts the shadow be angular, having salient and re-entering angles, the fringes where they surround the re-entering angles cross and pursue their courses up to the shadows of the sides respectively opposite to them; but those which surround salient ones *curve round them*, preserving their continuity. At an angle of the latter kind too, crested or plume-shaped *interior* fringes are seen—"Grimaldi's crested fringes," as they are called, from the name of Father Grimaldi of Bologna, who first described (in 1665) these curious appearances. If a re-entering angle, however, be very acute, the external fringes which border its sides on approaching the angular point curve outwards, cross one another, and run out both ways into the shadow in elegant curves of a hyperbolic form. Nothing can be imagined more singular and *bizarre* than the appearance of shadows cast on a screen in this manner by a variety of minute objects of different shapes,—needles, feathers, lace-work, locks of hair, &c.; and as their observation, as we have shown, is exceedingly simple and easy, we earnestly recommend them to the attention of our readers—a bit of looking-glass, or, still better, a polished metallic reflector, a hole in a window shutter, a lens of an inch focus, a screen of white paper, and a sunny day, being all the requisites.

When the image of a small circular aperture (as a pin hole) is thrown on the screen, it is seen as a small round disc, highly coloured, the colours varying as the screen is approached from a distance to the hole—presenting in regular succession the tints of the reflected colours of thin plates described in a former part of this article, beginning with the first white, or, if the illumination be effected by homogeneous light, alternate gradations of light from brightness down to total obscurity, and thence through an alternate succession of light and darkness. Around the central spot, too, coloured rings are formed, the tints of which vary in dependence on those of the centre. When the light is transmitted through two holes side by side, and very near together, besides the rings belonging to each, a set of *intersectional* coloured streaks is formed, straight if the holes be equal, hyperbolically curved if unequal. With three holes forming an equilateral triangle, or with a still greater number *arranged with perfect regularity* (as in machine-stamped paper in patterns), an endless variety of elegant and pleasing appearances will be witnessed. To see them to the greatest advantage, a magnifying glass should be used, *placing the eye in the place of the screen, and looking through the glass at the fringes and images of the holes as if they were real objects in its focus.*

When the system of apertures examined consists of a great multitude of exceedingly narrow parallel slits, precisely equal and equidistant, they constitute what is called a "diffractive grating," and present very curious, and in some cases brilliant, phænomena, which are best viewed by placing the eye close behind the grating. The luminous point (which appears colourless) is then seen accompanied laterally and on either side by a succession of highly coloured spectra, arranged in a line passing through it, and with their lengths directed along that line; their colours not like those of the fringes (which are composite) but the pure unmingled hues of the prismatic spectrum, even more vivid (if the grating be delicately executed) than the best spectrum which can be formed by refracting a sunbeam through a prism; and exceedingly remarkable in another respect, viz., that the proportional lengths of the coloured spaces in each, instead of depending, as in the case of the spectrum formed by a prism, on the nature of the particular medium of which the prism consists, is independent of any such consideration, and determined solely by the proportion between the wave-lengths corresponding to the colours of the rays. They are, therefore, what may be called *normal spectra.* So pure and undiluted indeed are their tints, that by the aid of a magnifying telescope the "fixed lines," so often above referred to, may be seen in them, and thus the wave-lengths, corresponding to the most conspicuous of these lines, ascertained with great precision. The violet ends of all the spectra are nearest to the central point, and the more distant spectra longer than the nearer, so that at length they overlap and confuse one another by the intermingling of the red end of one with the violet of that next in order.

If the apertures of which the grating consists be formed by removing with a graver portions of an opaque varnish covering a glass surface, spectra exactly similar are seen accompanying the image of the luminous point reflected on the anterior surface of the glass from the polished portions laid bare. The same is observed, and with far more brilliancy, when a highly polished surface of metal is furrowed in equidistant parallel grooves by a graver or diamond point (which destroys the polish of those lines), and if the metal be hardened steel, the furrows so formed are transferable by violent pressure to the polished surface of a softer metal, which then in its turn exhibits similar appearances, and thus are produced the "buttons" above spoken of. Mother-of-pearl, too, which consists of exceedingly thin layers of calcareous matter superposed, and agglutinated or otherwise held together, when ground and polished, has these layers, which lie very little oblique to the general surface, torn up at their edges, where they crop out; which remain rough and unpolished, however brilliantly polished the general surface. The polished surface, therefore, is lined all over with almost exactly equidistant, exceedingly minute, non-reflective grooves, and when, if held close to the eye, a candle is seen in it reflected, its image is accompanied with two lateral and very vivid spectra of similar origin, and an impression of the surface taken on black sealing-wax presents the same phænomenon.

When, as occasionally happens, the eyes are suffused with a nebulous film, (due to the presence in the lacrymatory secretion of extremely minute globular particles of equal size,) the image of a candle in a dark room some feet distant is seen surrounded with two or three broad circular halos of rainbow colours alternately ruddy and green; similar halos are formed round the candle when viewed through two pieces of clear glass between which has been placed a little oil mixed with the delicate powder of the common puff-ball or *lycopodium*, reduced to a thin even film by pressure and gently rubbing them together. In this case they are much more vivid and beautiful, the tints being those of the colours of thin plates beginning from the centre, only more dilute, so that it is difficult to discern more than a feeble indication of the fourth ring. Their diameters, however, unlike those of the coloured rings figured in fig. 6 (p. 568), increase in arithmetical progression, or nearly so; that of the first or smallest, reckoned to the minimum of illumination, being 21° 36′ or thereabouts. They owe their origin to the exceeding minuteness, uniformity of size and sphericity (or at least circularity) of outline (if flat discs) of the spores of this fungus.

The explanation of these and of other phænomena referable to the head of diffraction, turns on two considerations, one of which may be regarded as a theoretical postulate (founded, however, on the analogy of sound), viz., that if a portion of a luminous wave be intercepted, the non-intercepted undulation spreads laterally into the dark space beyond, diminishing however in intensity as the lateral deviation of the *ray* (or perpendicular to the wave) from its original rectilinear course increases:—the other, a natural consequence of the mode in which a wave is propagated, viz., that every point in the surface of the non-intercepted portion may be regarded as the origin of a new wave spreading out spherically in all directions from that point as a centre, only with this proviso, that all such secondary waves start, each from its own origin, at the same precise instant of time and in *the same precise phase of its undulation.* And this, because all belong to one wave surface, and are therefore necessarily coincident in time and identical in phase.

To show how this last consideration affects the question of diffraction, let us suppose a point P on a screen illuminated by light emanating from a single bright point O (fig. 9), from which is propagated a series of equidistant spherical waves corresponding to light of any one refrangibility, and therefore distant from each other by one entire undulation of such light (say, to fix our ideas, a 50,000th of an inch). If O P be joined, intersecting the surface of any one such wave, at a given distance, O A from O in A; P A will be the shortest line that can be drawn from P to that surface. Suppose now we take on either side of A a series of points B, *b*; C, *c*; D, *d*; &c., progressively more distant (by pairs) from P than A is, by 1, 2, 3, &c., hundred-thousandths of an inch, or semi-undulations of the light under consideration; and let the whole figure be conceived as turned round on O P as an axis. Then these points will mark off on the spherical surface of the wave, a central circular area (call it the area A), and a series of concentric rings or rather zones of the wave (call them in succession B, C, D, &c.), surrounding it, like those represented in fig. 7 (p. 569), from every point in each one of which the light sent to P will reach it in more or less discordance of phase, with that which reaches it from the next in succession. Thus if all the vibrations propagated from the central circle (A) arrive at P in a phase of compression, all these *simultaneously* reaching it from the zone (B) will arrive in a phase of expansion, all from (C) again in one of compression, and so on alternately. Now if the distance A P of P from the wave be anything considerable, suppose a few feet or even inches, it will be *enormously* great in proportion to one semi-undulation or 100,000th of an inch, the length by which the distances P A, P B, &c., differ from each other, and in that case it is very easy to show by geometry, that the successive areas (A), (B), (C), &c., are almost exactly equal. Were these areas *rigorously* equal, and were moreover the vibrations (propagated as they are from them to P *more and more obliquely* with respect to the general surface of the wave at their points of emanation) all of equal intensity, it would follow therefore that the totality of the movement propagated to P from (A) would be precisely opposed and destroyed by that from (B), that from (C) by that from (D), and so on; so that an ethereal molecule at P would in effect be agitated by no preponderating movement, one way or another, and there would be no illumination on the screen at P. Inasmuch, however, as the vibrations diminish in intensity as they are propagated more obliquely, and as the areas (A), (B), (C), (D), &c., are, though very nearly, yet not rigorously equal, this mutual distinction in the case of each consecutive pair is only partial, and the point P will be agitated by the sum of all these outstanding excesses (taken in pairs) from the centre outwards; which, though excessively small individually, in virtue of their immense number make up a finite sum. And as the same is true for each point of the screen (if spherical, and therefore everywhere equidistant from O), the whole of its surface will be equally illuminated: if plane, very nearly so, in all the region around P.

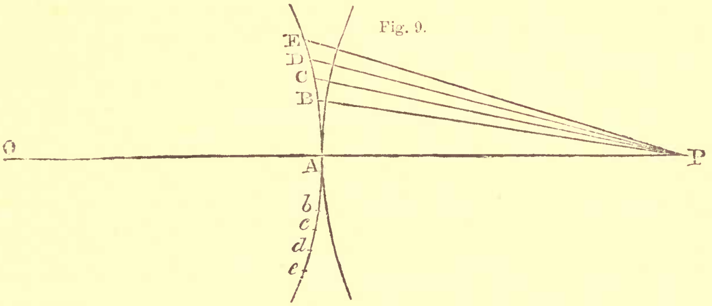
Fig. 9.

A very singular consequence follows from this reasoning, and one admirably calculated to test its validity, and the soundness of the theory it relies on, by experiment. There can be no better presumptive evidence of the truth of a physical theory than its enabling us to predict, antecedent to trial, a result in direct contradiction to what mankind in general would consider as the obvious conclusion of common sense founded on all *ordinary* experience. This is the case in the present instance. Since the total illumination of one point P on the screen is only that due to the undulations which remain outstanding after the mutual destruction of by far the greater proportion of those propagated from the zones (A), (C), (E), &c., (the *odd* zones, reckoning (A) as No. 1,) by those emanating from the even ones (B), (D), (F), &c., it follows that if all the even zones could be entirely suppressed or rendered ineffective, the illumination at P would be prodigiously increased, and that even the obliteration of a few of them would produce a very material augmentation of brightness at that point. In other words, that by *stopping out* a large proportion of the luminous rays passing through a circular aperture from a bright illuminating point, the illumination of the central point of the image of such aperture thrown on a screen at a certain distance behind it, may be made to *exceed by many times what it would be were the whole aperture left open.* This strangely paradoxical result is stated by M. Billet[*] to have been experimentally verified by M. Fresnel (to whom its suggestion is due), and more recently by M. Billet himself, who by merely interposing (concentrically) between the luminous point and the centre of the screen, a small *opaque* annulus exactly corresponding to the calculated dimensions (for red rays and using red light) of the first even ring (B) obtained an illumination at P estimated at five times that when no obstacle was interposed.

By way of showing the kind of explanation these principles afford of some of the simplest and easiest cases of diffraction (for their calculation is for the most part very complicated in its details, though simple enough in its principles); let us suppose first the case of a screen illuminated by a minute radiant point O through a small circular aperture, and consider only the illumination of the central point of projection on the screen, or of P in our figure. Suppose P to approach the screen from a very great distance—so great that the *difference of its distance from the centre and either edge of the aperture* shall be less than a semi-undulation of the light considered (say 100,000th of an inch). Then the undulations from every part of the aperture will reach P in phases more or less accordant with each other, and P will therefore be more or less illuminated, and, P still approaching, its illumination will increase till it attains such a distance that the difference in question exactly equals a semi-undulation. In this case the portion of the wave transmitted corresponds precisely to the whole of the central circle (A) of our system of wave-zones above discussed, and we have here the greatest possible amount of concordant and no discordant rays, and the illumination will be a maximum. But if P approach nearer, the difference in question will be greater than a semi-undulation, and the portion of the aperture near the edges will send rays to P more or less in *dis*cordance with those from the centre, and these will destroy a portion of P's illumination. P approaching, this will go on till the difference amounts to an entire undulation (1-50,000th), that is to say, till the aperture extends (as respects the new situation of P) over the whole of the *two* first zones (A) and (B), of which the second (B) destroys almost the whole of the light from (A) (being equal in area, and differing very little in obliquity). Here then the illumination at P will be *nil* or very small. P still approaching, the third zone (C) (which sends vibrations in unison with (A)) will begin to be included within the limits of the aperture, and the illumination will again increase, to another maximum, viz., when the three, (A), (B), (C), are just included; thence again it will diminish to a degree of obscuration not *quite* so complete as before; and so on. Thus as the screen approaches the aperture, its central point, after attaining a maximum of illumination, will suffer a succession of eclipses or obscurations gradually less and less complete, with intermediate recoveries, just as we have seen above, is really the case. When the light is not homogeneous, the different coloured rays having different wave-lengths, the obscurations of one colour will not correspond to those of the others and thus will arise a succession of colours at the central point of the screen, agreeing with those there described.

Take now the case of the exterior fringes, when the shadow of a broad straight-edged body, as a ruler, is thrown on a fixed screen at a considerable distance behind it. Suppose P first placed exactly at the edge of the geometrical shadow. In that case, the view of exactly half of each of the concentric wave-zones (A), (B), (C), &c., will be intercepted, and P will therefore receive from the remaining halves just half the amount of *luminiferous* agitation it received when opposed to the whole wave, viz., half the amount of concordant and half of discordant undulation. Its intensity of *illumination* will therefore be *one-fourth* of that when the ruler is altogether removed.[*] Now, suppose the ruler withdrawn gradually, and *laterally*, so as to disclose to the view of P successively, 1st, the whole of the central zone (A) of the wave surface; 2ndly, the whole of the two first zones (A), (B); 3rdly, the three first, (A), (B), (C), and so on. It is very evident

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[*] Billet, *Traité d'optique Physique.* 1858. ii. § 55. By far the fullest *résumé* of that subject hitherto published, only too little explanatory, and sadly deficient in facility of reference.

[*] The effect on the retina is estimated, not by the simple *momentum* or *velocity* of the impulse communicated by the vibration, but by the "*vis viva*," "energy," or "work done," which is proportionate to the *square of the velocity* of movement. In this the undulatory doctrine of light agrees with the theory of sound.

then, on merely casting our eyes on fig. 6, (p. 568), and imagining a line drawn through the common centre of all the circles to be removed parallel to itself, step by step, so as to become in succession a tangent to the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c., circles; that in the first step of its removal it will disclose to P all the remaining half of the central area (A), which sends to it undulations *concordant* with those by which P is already illuminated, but less than half of the second (discordant), still less of the third, &c., so that on the whole there will be a preponderance of the concordant undulations so introduced, and P will be *more strongly* illuminated than before. When removed one step further however, since the newly introduced half of (B) the second zone almost exactly counteracts that of (A), the effect of the change will have its character decided by the proportional magnitudes of the segments of (C), (D), &c., disclosed, among which the preponderance is evidently in favour of (C), that is, of *discordant* undulation, so that by *this* removal of the shading obstacle the illumination of P will be *diminished;* and so on alternately. Now at each stage of these removals of the shading body, the edge of the geometrical shadow retreats farther and farther from P, or (which is the same thing) P is successively farther and farther outside of the edge of the shadow, becoming alternately more and less illuminated than at the actual edge. Here then we see the origin of the bright and dark external fringes exhibited in homogeneous light; and therefore by the very same reasoning, of the coloured ones produced by the successive overlapping of those formed by several coloured rays to each of which corresponds a different breadth of fringe; that for the red being broadest and for the violet narrowest.

The twinkling or scintillation of the stars partakes so far of the nature of a phænomenon of diffraction, as that it depends for its origin on the mutual interference of discordant rays arriving at one instant, but *by different routes*, on the same point of the retina of the eye; and which, therefore, do not interfere with or enfeeble one another in any part of their previous course. The image of a star on the retina is formed by the union in a focal point of the whole bundle or *pencil* of parallel rays contained within a cylindrical space or column, having the circular opening of the pupil for a base or section, continued through the whole atmosphere, however far it may extend. Now the air, though a very feebly refracting medium, has still a certain amount of refractive power, and *that* a variable one, depending on its density, temperature, and moisture; and corresponding to the degree of this power is the velocity with which it is traversed by the luminous undulations. Now, however the density, temperature, and moisture of the lower and upper regions of the air may differ; if throughout the whole extent of this column it were perfectly uniform in these respects, *at every point of each cross section* of it (however it might differ in different sections) all the rays traversing its length from the star to the eye would have their undulations *equally* retarded by the aerial medium, and therefore all the rays belonging to any one wave setting out at the same instant of time from the star would reach the focal point on the retina at the same moment, such being the condition which determines the focal point of a lens. But if the air in one side of the column should for any considerable distance along it be slightly different in these respects from that in the other, the undulations transmitted along that side would be differently retarded from those along the other, and would not arrive on the retina at the same instant. The one portion, then, on its arrival would meet there, not the other portion of the same wave to which it originally belonged, but one in advance or in arrear of that by either a whole, a half, or any part of an undulation, or any number of such, according to the extent of the difference in the quality of the aerial contents of the column. Suppose, for instance, the light from the two halves of the column to differ in their time of arrival by 1, 3, 5, or any odd number of semi-undulations of the most luminous or the yellow rays; these then would interfere and totally extinguish each other, and the apparent light of the star would undergo a great obscuration, assuming at the same time a hue complementary to yellow, or dark purple: and so for other rays. Now the constitution of the air is so irregular—such a perpetual mixture of masses of it, differing in temperature and moisture, is continually going on under the influence of wind-currents, that such differences as above supposed must be almost constantly in progress, even within the narrow space of a column no wider than the pupil of the eye, much more in that corresponding to the aperture of a small telescope. The scintillations, with their accompanying changes of colour, are beautifully seen through an opera-glass (*not binocular*), especially if somewhat out of focus, in which case the colours and the darkness are seen, as it were, to run over the circular disc into which the image is dilated in a very singular and capricious manner. If a small circular motion be given to the glass, so as to make the image of the star describe a circle, this will be seen *as* a luminous circle (as when a burning stick is whirled round, forming a ring of light), and in the circle so formed spaces highly coloured—red, blue, or green, as well as dark and bright—will be seen, corresponding to the state of the image at the instant it occupied those spaces, forming an easy, pleasing, and very interesting experiment.

An effect, the precise parallel to the scintillation of the stars, might be produced, affecting the ear instead of the eye, by sounding together two strings, at first exactly in unison, and then very slightly increasing and diminishing alternately the tension of one of them, thus producing a succession of beats, not regular as in the case of two strings permanently differing by a minute interval of pitch, but capricious in their succession.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

IX.—CHRIST THE CONQUEROR OF SATAN.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."—Luke xi. 21, 22.

In the original it is still more forcible. Not "a strong man," but "the strong one," in the former verse: not "a stronger than he," but "the stronger than he," in the second. In short, it is exactly, even in form and figure, the subject now before us, "Christ the Conqueror of Satan."

In opening a former topic, "Christ the Lord of Nature," we began by asking "What is Nature?" Is it needful for the information of any who read these pages, to ask the like question now, "What, or who, is Satan?"

We might, no doubt, have expressed the idea differently, and said, "Christ the Conqueror of Evil."

There are places, even in Scripture, where the original language leaves it ambiguous whether "evil" or "the evil one," is the right translation.

It is so in the Lord's Prayer. "Deliver us from evil," might be rendered, "Deliver us from the evil one."

It is so in our Lord's Intercession in the 17th chapter of the Gospel by St. John, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." "From the evil" might be given, in like manner, "From the evil one."

And so in the 5th chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. John, "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." It might be, "lieth in the wicked one."

These are ambiguous passages. But there are others, neither few nor exceptional, in which there can be no doubt and no evasion.

That evil which is in the world—that mass of sin and corruption which is ever working around, amidst, and in every man—has a personal head, who both embodies the principle of evil in all its malignity, and also stirs it into activity by a perpetual process of temptation.

The 3rd chapter of the Bible shows us this being, and shows him to us at work. It is he who puts to mankind the first question of disloyalty, "Yea, hath God said?" lodges in the unsuspecting heart the earliest cavil of treason, and then follows it up with the audacious defiance of unbelief, "Ye shall not surely die: for God," your tyrant, "doth know that" this which He has forbidden you is in deed and in truth your highest good. Hence "sin entered into the world, and death by sin."

In the onward course of the Old Testament Scriptures, the same fallen spirit is presented again in the various yet consistent characters of man's accuser, man's tempter, and man's tormentor.

It is he who in the 21st chapter of the 1st Book of Chronicles "stands up against Israel, provoking David to number Israel." It is he who in the Book of Job defames the righteous man, in God's presence, as "not fearing God for nought;" as reverencing God only so long as he receives good at His hand, and ready to curse God to His face as soon as the Divine power is put forth upon him in suffering. It is he, too, who executes that ministry of evil by which the fidelity of God's servant is to be tried to the uttermost, and out of which he comes forth at last like gold from the refiner's furnace. It is he, finally, who in the Book of the Prophet Zechariah is seen standing, in vision, at the right hand of the Angel of the Lord—or, as it should seem from the following verse, at the right hand of the Lord God himself—to withstand the cause and to resist the work of Joshua the high priest in behalf of the chosen Jerusalem. "The Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

I need not stay to prove to any one how constant, how decisive, are the references to this fallen spirit as the mover and inciter of human evil, in the Scriptures of the New Testament. From the 4th chapter of the first Gospel, where he presents himself as the tempter of "the Word made flesh," down to the last chapter but two of the Book of Revelation, where he is himself finally cast into the lake of fire, the devil, or Satan, is spoken of in every variety of application, but with an entire unity of description, as the spiritual enemy who is ever seeking man's ruin, and whom it is the one business of Divine Redemption to vanquish for the individual and at last to destroy for the race. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." "That through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."

One of the most comprehensive of the Saviour's titles is that now before us, "Christ the Conqueror of Satan."

The time is short, and we must turn aside from a thousand topics which invite enquiry.

We may notice five steps by which Christ our Lord advances to this victory over Satan.

1. The first was when He vanquished him in Himself.

"Christ was tempted in all points like as we are."

(1) Through the body. He was hungry. His long fast ended, He was conscious of a painful exhaustion. The tempter seized the moment, and bade Him turn one of the stones of the desert into bread for Himself. It sounded like a recognition of His omnipotence. It was so. "The devils also believe." It sounded like a consideration for His comfort; like the voice of a friend caring for life and health. It sounded like a regard for duty: could it be right to perish wantonly for hunger, with all the resources of Deity at command? So plausibly can the tempter argue! So difficult is it, for all save One, to discern between the seeming right and the real! But Christ discerned, and conquered. Christ would not, like the profane Esau, for one morsel of meat sell his birthright: would not so exalt the body as to humour it at the devil's bidding; at the expense of trust in God and of affiance in His protection. In its subtlest and most persuasive form He conquered that temptation which comes to us through the body.

(2) The tempter tried Him through the mind. The human nature is ambitious; loves power; desires distinction; thirsts for greatness. To such dispositions and inclinations did Satan now address himself in Christ. He offered Him universal empire. He would make the kingdoms of the world the kingdoms of God and of his Christ without delay and without a struggle. He proposes (as it were) a short road to redemption. He will spare the Saviour all suffering: he will excuse mankind from centuries of sin and pain and conflict: all shall be Christ's at once—on one condition. He must do homage for His throne to Satan. He must hold His crown as from him. In short, it was an offer of a great good through a little evil. It was the proposal of a momentary compromise out of which was to spring endless blessing. To save Himself, and to save mankind, a deluge of blood and tears, He was to make a royal road to the destined end, not through the cross and the grave, not through the bitterness of atonement, and not through the tardiness of sanctification, but by one brief acknowledgment of an enemy's right, and by one passing homage to a usurper's crown. Christ discerned the snare and foiled the stratagem.

(3) The tempter tried Him yet again—and this time through the soul. "Thou art God's Messiah. Thou art He of whom it was written, that the Angels have thee in their keeping; that each step is guarded for thee by heavenly watchmen; that in their hands they bear thee up, lest thou so much as strike thy foot against a stone. Now therefore claim the promise. Cast thyself down, if thou be the Son of God, from this pinnacle. God will keep Thee. Thou canst not perish." It was a temptation addressed to the religious part of man. Faith itself is appealed to. "It is a want of faith to exercise prudence. Show thy trust by hardihood. If thou art God's, God will keep thee. Try Him: test the promise. In thee presumption is faith." The Saviour calmly answered Scripture by Scripture; corrected the promise by the precept; refused either to ask, or to give, the proposed sign from heaven; bade us, by His own example, to walk in safe ways, and not provoke God to withdraw that hand which is our one safeguard. Christ conquered Satan in the region of the spirit. He was in all points tempted like as we are—and in all without sin.

And it became Him—may we not so apply the inspired saying?—it became Him, who was to conquer Satan for mankind, to conquer him first of all in Himself. The great question of comparative strength must be decided first within. The stronger than the strong man armed must first meet him and vanquish him at home. How many have inverted this process! have gone out in Christ's name to encounter evil in the world, without having first met and overcome it in the soul within! Hence weakness, disappointment, and defeat—falsely imputed to Christ and Christ's Gospel—really due to him who made himself into a champion of that faith which he had not first realized and embraced in the heart. That man went forth in armour which he had not proved: and therefore the evil spirit could give the old answer to the self-taught exorcists, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know: but who are ye?"

Not so did Christ. He began with the fasting and the temptation; disciplined Himself first for battle; conquered Satan there, in solitude and in Himself; and then was able to pass forth into other battle-fields, conquering everywhere and to conquer.

2. Secondly, then, by His works. And here we will put aside those miracles of bodily healing, in which, nevertheless, Christ taught us to recognize the same great principle, that they were all in their place dispossessions of Satan. "Ought not this woman," He said of one poor sufferer, in terms descriptive equally of all, "whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?"

We will turn to those particular cases in which the devil himself was present in the struggle.

A mystery hangs over the whole subject: how should it not be so? God never speaks to gratify curiosity. Where there is no practical object in the disclosure, His word either speaks not, or speaks in dark sayings. It is so in all matters concerning the existence of spiritual beings not human. So far as to assure us of the aid of God's ministering Angels, of their sympathy in our good, of their ministrations in time of need, so far Scripture speaks to us; but not to tell us the nature of angelic existence, in itself or in its circumstances. So far as to put us on our guard against the malignity and power of evil spirits, Scripture speaks; but not so as to tell us the history of spiritual foes—what they were, when and how they fell, or by what means they find access, in the way of temptation, to the hearts and minds of men. So then the direct conflict of Christ with Satan in the cure of persons possessed with devils, has in it, of necessity, much that we cannot understand. But are we therefore to leave it unregarded? to treat it with suspicion? to repress its solemn lessons, both of fear and hope? God forbid. Let us gather up that which is written, and see what it says for our admonition.

It seems to be implied in every such record, that at least in the days of the Son of Man there was a sort or a degree of Satanic influence at work among men, beyond or beside that which is exemplified in all suffering, disease, and sin. Is it unreasonable to suggest that this singular type of human disease may have been permitted for the very purpose of bringing to open issue the warfare then waging between Christ and Satan? to enable men, not to infer by reasoning, but as it were to see with their eyes, the virulence of diabolical power and the gracious efficacy of that Omnipotence which came to counterwork it? In no other manner, we may venture to say, could the great lesson have been so decisively taught—the twofold lesson, of the extremity of man's need, and the irresistible might of a Saviour's grace.

Take the pitiable instance of the demoniac whose cure is described in the 5th chapter of St. Mark's Gospel. Every stroke of the picture is most terrible, yet most life-like. The man has an unclean spirit. It makes him a solitary. His dwelling is among the tombs. It makes him a maniac. He has a madman's strength and a madman's rage. It makes him a self-tormentor. The suicide's spirit is in him. He is always doing himself harm—crying and cutting himself with stones. We have called it an instance of an exceptional malady; of one belonging to other times than these. And yet how does every particular reproduce itself again now, morally in the effects of sin, mentally in the workings of madness! What is wanting is the linking together of the two in one and the same person: the sin which has developed itself into madness, and the madness which is distinctly traceable to sin.

Such was the condition, before Christ is in sight. Now mark the condition as brought face to face with Him. There is first a distinct recognition of Him: of His nature, of His power, of His right to command. Along with this, a fearful shrinking from contact with Him: "What have I to do with thee?" and a special dread of being debarred from the work of tormenting: to torment is the solace of Satan. Again, there is a glimpse of the miserable confusion, discord, and war within, arising out of a divided personality. "My name is legion:"—the poor human being has lost its unity: every faculty, every affection, every power and energy of the soul, is in a state of warfare with every other: what a picture, this also, of the soul distracted and torn by appetite, passion, and sin! What a type of the fallen and diseased nature, by whatever name called!

And then see the strong man despoiled and ejected by the stronger. See the unclean spirits so dispossessed of their victim, that they shall even be seen to be elsewhere. See the proof of their departure, the illustration of their character, and the exhibition of their malignity, in that marvellous incident of their destructive entrance into the herd of swine: an incident full of difficulty for the sceptic, full of mystery even to the true believer, but withal so fertile in spiritual lessons, so instructive in its bearing upon the nature and tendency of all sin, so encouraging in its assurance of the separability of evil from the human being, of its merely adjunctive and circumstantial presence in us, and of Christ's absolute power to eject and exterminate it, so that it shall no longer *be* for us—that I do not scruple to call it one of the most important and edifying of all miracles, and to claim for it a foremost place among those marvels of grace by which Christ proved Himself to be "for this purpose manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

Mark then, in conclusion, the condition of the same human being when Christ has wrought upon it. See the violent man calm, the madman reasonable, the suicidal hand at rest, the legion become one man in Christ Jesus. "Sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind." Hear him pray that he may remain with his benefactor and liberator, as though fearing to go back into the misery from which Christ had set him free. Hear the correcting voice saying to him, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee!"

If these pages shall fall into the hand of any one whom Satan hath bound, perhaps for long years, with the chain of sin—with the band of some inveterate evil habit or sinful lust—let him read in this history the prescription for his malady and the assurance of his cure! Let him come, in heart, by prayer, to Jesus—reminding Him of that which He did upon earth for this demoniac; and let him know this, on the word which cannot lie, that all power is given to Him in heaven as on earth—that He is the Conqueror of Satan still, as once by miracle, so now by grace!

3. Christ is the Conqueror of Satan by His death. "It shall bruise thy head," said the original prophecy, "and thou shalt bruise his heel." The promised seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head in the very act of the serpent bruising his heel. It was "through death," says the Epistle to the Hebrews, that Christ "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." "Now is the judgment of this world," said the Lord Himself, in the immediate foreview of His Passion; "now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." It was the death of Christ which cast out Satan. It was through death that He destroyed the devil. It was in submitting to the bruising of the heel, that He Himself struck the mortal blow upon the head of "the old serpent, called the devil and Satan."

How true! how touching a thought! Yes, it was by His death, even more than by His temptation, even more than by His miracles, that Christ conquered the devil.

How was this?

Can any one ask who knows anything of himself, or anything of Christ?

Was it not by submitting to death as the sacrifice and propitiation for sin, that Christ redeemed us? Was it not by being "made sin for us?" by being "wounded for our transgressions" and "bruised for our iniquities?" We thank God, every day, for His "inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ." Is there no meaning in those words? Or is it only a vague hope which we thus express, for a future deliverance? or else a thanksgiving for a limited number, interested (where others are not interested) in the Saviour's cross?

We do not thus read the language of Holy Scripture, nor the language of the Church's words of worship.

We believe that the Cross and Passion of our Saviour Christ was the means of a real and actual redemption, and that for all the world. We believe that that death did avail as an atonement for all sin of all men; that it removed that obstacle of unforgiven and uncancelled guilt which was the very strength of Satan's kingdom; that void between man and God which was the real and actual impediment between the soul of man and the glorious liberty of the children of God. And therefore we can never consent to speak of Satan's kingdom as unaffected by that great transaction; that death of the Son of God in human form, to take away the curse and the debt of sin, and to buy back the world for holiness and for happiness and for God.

We mourn indeed, and well may we mourn, over the comparatively small effects which the Gospel has as yet wrought upon the souls and lives of men. We point with sad misgivings to vast regions of earth still unblessed with the very knowledge of the Saviour: and we feel with shame and self-reproach that even Christendom is but faintly influenced, but superficially penetrated, by the light of Christ and of the Spirit. We find in ourselves a coldness and a reluctance and an inconsistency in reference to Christ's work and to Christ's will, which humbles us in the dust while we give thanks for His redemption. Yet none the less do we maintain, for His honour and for that of God who gave Him, that the power of Satan has been shaken by the redemption; that the world, at its worst, is not quite in the state in which it was in days of heathen darkness; that the kingdom of the devil is both contracted in its limits, and weakened in its dominion; and that preparations are visibly making for that day when the Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and shall gather out of His earth all things that offend.

4. And so this brings us to speak of the victory of Christ over Satan achieved by His life. And when we now speak of His life, it is not of His life on earth, but of His life after death in heaven; that life upon which He entered by resurrection, and to which the seal was finally set by His ascension into God's presence.

We have spoken of the conquest by death: now the life is the fruit of that death; according to His own saying, in a passage already referred to, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The life after death is that of which He said to His disciples, "Because I live, ye shall live also." The death had in it the seed and the promise and the first fruit of victory: but the life after death is that which reaps the harvest.

Is it not so?

The power of Satan is a power exercised over hearts poisoned and lives ruined. If that power is to be broken, not in name but in truth, it must be broken in the heart, broken in the life, which Satan hath bound.

And what is it which alone can break that power in the heart and in the life of man?

What but the Holy Spirit of God, given as the purchase of redemption—given to the individual—given in answer to prayer awakened and aroused by the message of the Gospel; by the Gospel which says first, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" by the Gospel which says secondly, "God will give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

Now therefore it is the life of Christ in heaven which makes Him in this particular sense the Conqueror of Satan.

Whenever one of us, wearied and grieved with the burden of his sins, comes to Christ for salvation; whenever one of us, feeling the yoke upon him of some inveterate evil habit, wicked temper, or deadly lust, kneels down seriously and humbly before God, and asks Him for Jesus Christ's sake to forgive and to cleanse him; to pardon all that is past, and to send into his heart that Holy Spirit who is all liberty and love and peace and strength; and when in answer to this prayer—as will be the case if he only prays on and faints not—he is set free; gradually, tardily it may be, but really, decisively, and at last completely; then does Christ conquer Satan: then is the saying again verified, which He spake once on earth, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven;" the saying which He wrote afterwards from His glory, by His Apostle and Evangelist St. John, "There was war in heaven: Michael and his Angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought, and his angels, and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven."

My friends, it is in our power—it is in the power of each one who reads these sayings—to multiply and to extend this conquest of Christ. Look into your own hearts: find out there anything which defileth: drag to the light of conscience any bad disposition, any sinful desire, any indulged or half-indulged lust: and then ask of God, through Jesus Christ, to give you His Holy Spirit to mortify and to extirpate it: and you too, like thousands and tens of thousands before you, shall experience that of which this subject tells, when it describes our Lord Jesus Christ as the Conqueror of Satan in this fourth and most practical sense of all, by His life after death, by His life now in heaven, at the right hand of God. The last-mentioned was a victory wide as the world: this is a victory minute and searching as the very personal life of the individual soul.

5. And now, finally, there is yet one more way in which the words before us are verified.

Christ the Conqueror of Satan in Himself.

Christ the Conqueror of Satan by His works.

Christ the Conqueror of Satan by His death.

Christ the Conqueror of Satan by His life after death.

Now, fifthly and lastly, Christ the Conqueror of Satan by his future judgment.

The revelation is half disclosed to us in many places of Scripture.

We read in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, of an "everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

We read in the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?"

We read in the 2nd Epistle of St. Peter, that "God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."

And in St. Jude's Epistle, in like manner, "The angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, He hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."

These are hints of the things spoken of. But St. John, in the 20th chapter of the Book of Revelation, sets the very thing itself before us in all its fearful grandeur.

He has spoken of that binding of Satan for a thousand years, which we believe to have been the immediate effect of our Lord's death, resurrection, ascension, and Pentecostal gift. The "binding" there spoken of is the "falling from heaven" of the Gospels, the "casting out of heaven" of the 12th chapter of the Book of Revelation, the "delivering into chains of darkness" of St. Peter, the "reserving in everlasting chains under darkness" of St. Jude.

That season of limited power, figured by the binding, has now run its course. "The thousand years are expired." Satan is loosed out of his prison. A brief period (the theme of many prophecies) of more unbridled license, is to be granted to him in the near prospect of the last end of all. He goes out to deceive the nations. Gog and Magog are to be gathered to one last battle with the saints of God. They go up on the breadth of the earth, and compass the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city. In the very moment of their seeming triumph, fire comes down from God out of heaven, and devours them. The last onslaught of infidelity and wickedness has had its chance and lost it. Now all is ready for the consummation of all things. Then at last the devil that deceived them is cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever. Then is set the great white throne: earth and heaven flee from the face of Him that sits thereon: the dead, small and great, stand before God: the books are opened; and another book is opened, which is the book of life.

Christ the long despised and treated with scorn —Christ seen at length as King of kings and Lord of lords—is the Conqueror of Satan at last by judgment.

"Alas! who shall live when God doeth this?"

THE HOUR FOR ME.

I'll sail upon the mighty main—but this is not the hour—
There's not enough of wind to move the bloom in lady's bower:
Oh! this is ne'er the time for me: our pretty bark would take
Her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a lake.
There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to meet the eye;
The ripple sleeps; the sun is up, all cloudless in the sky.
I do not like the gentle calm of such a torpid sea;
I will not greet the glassy sheet—'tis not the hour for me.

But now the night-breeze freshens fast, the green waves gather strength;
The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its length;
Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick, let her hawser slip;
Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship.
Away, away! what nectar spray she flings about her bow!
What diamonds flash in every splash that drips upon my brow:
She knows she bears a soul that dares, and loves the dark rough sea.
More sail! I cry; let, let her fly!—this is the hour for me.

E. C.

EASTWARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

VIII.—THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF JERUSALEM.

THE JORDAN, THE DEAD SEA, AND MAR SABA.

LIKE all travellers in Palestine, we of course paid a visit to the Jordan and Dead Sea.

To accomplish the journey, we were advised to take a guard. The very proposal threw a certain air of romantic danger over the expedition. I almost began to regret that I had no supply of bullets for my revolver; and to become painfully doubtful of its even being free from rust, to say nothing of the trustworthiness of the caps, should the trigger ever be drawn. But if it came to fighting, which I sincerely deprecated as involving a most unworthy position for a clergyman, I had fortunately no doubt whatever of my utter incapacity to hit either man or horse, should I be fool enough to try; and was confident that I would adopt no other course in the event of a "scrimmage," than that of either yielding with all grace to the Ishmaelite, or, if possible, of galloping off. There was no use, however, in speculating as to how one would feel or look, if stripped and robbed in the wilderness. It was enough to know that we had resolved to see certain places, and that an escort was necessary, come weal or woe.

Let me illustrate the position of a modern traveller wishing to see the Dead Sea, by a parallel case which might have occurred to a Sassenach wishing to visit Loch Lomond in the days of the Sheik Rob Roy, when his tribe of the Gregarach were in possession of one side of the lake. The traveller, we will suppose, reaches Glasgow on horseback a few weeks after leaving London, and brings with him a letter of introduction to Bailie Nicol Jarvie from some Scotch merchant in the metropolis. He applies to the Bailie for advice as to the safest manner of accomplishing his purpose of seeing the frontier wilderness of the Highlands. The magistrate speaks of its danger; and is ready, over his ale in the Saltmarket, to narrate his own adventures and escapes at Aberfoyle—but comforts the traveller by the assurance that the red-haired Sheik, Rob, happens to be in town; that he is a friend of his, having more than once saved him from the clutch of the Pasha Provost; and that he will easily arrange for a guard, on black-mail being paid. The Sassenach smiles at the idea, points to his fire-arms, talks contemptuously of the savage Gregarach, enlarges on the grandeur of the Saxon, and resolves to go with his own servant John only. The Sheik hears this, and vows vengeance for being thus done out of 5*l.*, which would keep his *spleuchan*, or pouch, full of tobacco for months. So he summons his henchman, the Dugald Cratur, and tells him to be off to the Wady of Balmaha, and there assemble half a dozen of his tribe, to lie in wait among the heather and behind the rocks with their long guns, until they see a white-faced Sassenach, with trousers, coming along,—then to fire some powder, rush at him with a yell, roar Gaelic in his ear, rob him,—but do no more. "The next chiel," adds the Sheik, taking a snuff, "will be more ceevil." Thus would act in all probability the Rob Roy of the Taamireh, Allaween, Anazi, Beni Sakker, or any other tribe. No doubt at Loch Lomond the Graham might dispute the right with the Gregarach of keeping the Wady of Balmaha as a preserve or net for travellers, and they might accordingly fight Rob or Dugald, when travellers were under their protection and paying them black-mail. So might the Anazi fight the Taamireh. Still it is better for every reason to pay and take your chance, assured that then you are, in ordinary circumstances — the extraordinary being easily ascertained before leaving Jerusalem—quite as safe in going to most spots in Palestine as to most spots in Europe, especially Italy. And there is one real advantage gained by such arrangements, that is the security given, and respected, that any property stolen will be replaced.

A tall Arab Sheik, in a shabby dressing-gown, with turban above, and bare legs thrust into clouted shoes below, did us the honour of squatting himself on our divan one evening, and of agreeing to protect us with the lives of all his tribe. The trifling sum asked for this service, it must be presumed, expressed the small extent of our risk and the little value put upon the lives of the warriors who might be sacrificed, rather than that put upon their honour.

The day before we started I was loitering in the streets and by-lanes of the city seeing what I could see. When opposite the Austrian Consul's house I was attracted by a troop of Arab horsemen drawn up in loose array. A handsomely-dressed Turk was calling over their names. They had formed the guard, I was told, of the Duke of Modena from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and were now being paid off. In my life I never beheld such a set of ragamuffins! The horses were far superior in their breeding to those who rode them; they were small, thin, and wiry, but with a life in their eyes and a defleshed firmness of muscle which marked them as fit for enduring hard work. Their riders wore the usual Arab dress. They had kaffiahs bound with cord round their heads; their cotton or camel-hair garments were sufficiently thin and loose; their feet were stuck into coarse leather sandals or boots; and they were accoutred with long spears and guns slung over their backs. Their faces were studies! Each rose from its own neck a distinct individual face, with all the essentials of a face, but these were arranged with an art which I had never seen before, concentrating scoundrel in every feature, and forming a combined whole to me quite unparalleled. I singled out two or three, and pictured to myself the feelings of any decorous parson, or sensitive lady, who might fall into such hands on the lonely and bituminous shores of the Dead Sea, and who might endeavour to read their fate in the expression of such countenances! One man, a black, seemed to me the personification of animal ugliness.

Next day, when our escort was mustered, I discovered among them my black friend, and some of my other studies of human villany. But I am bound in justice to add, that, after having been politely introduced to them, and making their acquaintance through our mutual friend Hadji Ali, and having done all I could to discover the cloven foot in them, the impression made upon me was, that they were all very good-natured and obliging fellows,—inclined no doubt, like all the children of Jacob as well as of Esau, to backsheesh, but on the whole pleasant and agreeable, and I should think much in advance of the Gregarach of old. I have no doubt that, in the event of a fight, they would have fired their guns, in a way I could not have done mine, but I have also no doubt that had I bolted they would have accompanied me (in kindness no doubt), and have even led the way far ahead.

We clattered over the stones of the Via Dolorosa, passed through St. Stephen's Gate, ascended the slope of Olivet, skirted the mud hovels of Bethany, and immediately began the rapid descent of the gorge leading for about twenty miles to Jericho. This road has been made for ever famous, not so much, strange to say, by the fact that along it our Lord journeyed, as by his glorious parable of the Good Samaritan, in which the religion of charity, and his own universal love to his "neighbour," are so grandly illustrated.

The descent from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea is, as the reader knows, a half greater than that from Jerusalem to the Mediterranean. In round numbers, it is twice 1300 feet from Jerusalem to the Mediterranean, three times 1300 from Jerusalem to the surface of the Dead Sea, and four times 1300 to the bottom of the Dead Sea. We had therefore to descend about 4000 feet.

The part of the descent immediately below Bethany is the steepest. There is a path here of loose stones and smooth rock, which rapidly plunges into the head of the long valley. I here deemed it safe and prudent, both for man and beast, to dismount and lead my horse. It must have been up this steep our Saviour toiled, on his momentous journey from Jericho to Bethany. And to the summit of this ascent, or possibly from it, gazing along the windings of the glen, must Martha and Mary have turned their longing and expectant gaze for the coming of the Saviour to heal their brother Lazarus. Up this road the wondering crowd had accompanied Him from Jericho, with one joyful man among them, the blind beggar Bartimeus, who having received his sight, beheld with a greater sense of novelty and wonder, than any traveller before or since, those wild scaurs and rocky uplands—unless indeed his eyes were fixed on one object only, Jesus, the Son of David, who had mercy on him.

On reaching the bottom of this rapid descent, and passing a well and the ruins of an old khan, our road ran right along the bottom of the valley. It was a bare, bleak, dry, limestone bit of scenery, but not tamer or more uninteresting than many places which I have traversed, even in Scotland. But after a few miles, when we got entangled among broken uplands and deep gorges, lonely, wild, and dreary in the extreme, things began to have a wilderness and Dead-Sea look. We rested at a spot well known to every traveller, near an old inn or khan now in ruins, which was famous as a sort of rendezvous for brigands, and where Sir Francis Henneker was robbed and wounded forty years ago. We did not, however, even catch a glimpse of man or boy prowling near. Was this the "inn" alluded to by the Saviour, to which the good Samaritan is represented as bringing the suffering stranger? It may have been some well-known spot like this, the parable gaining, to those who heard it, more vividness and reality by a local allusion. I may mention here, that, strange to say, this was the only part of our journey in Palestine where we saw any signs of cruelty. Two Arabs going to Jericho were driving before them a miserable skeleton-looking horse with a knee hideously diseased. The brute could hardly touch the ground with its agonised limb, but ever and anon it did so, leaving spots of blood on the road. It was vain to expostulate with its drivers; so for the sake of our own feelings, as well as for the sake of the wretched creature, we resolved to purchase it and shoot it. The skin alone, we thought, could be of any value to its owners; and our dragoman agreed that our offer of 100 piastres, about 1*l.*, was therefore a handsome price. But it was indignantly refused, and 1000 piastres demanded! And so the brute was driven on, at a rate too, which, fortunately for us at least, enabled it to get so far ahead that we lost sight of it. Another act, equally out of harmony with the spirit of the good Samaritan, was perpetrated by our escort. They seized a lamb from a flock and drove it on before them. We expostulated as earnestly as did its owner, but the deed was justified by the chiefs on some principle of black-mail which in their opinion made the claim a right, though we more than suspected it to be a robbery. So much for the unloving spirit still seen on the way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

Soon after passing the old khan, we entered a narrow path full of interest. Immediately below us, to the left, was a deep gorge that cut its way through bare rocky precipices, between which, 500 feet down, a fresh full mountain-stream rushed along to the plain of the Jordan. This was the Wady Kelt, and in all probability the brook Cherith where Elijah was supported during the famine. And here, as confirming the conjecture, we noticed many ravens, and heard their hoarse croak echoing from the wild precipices. We saw remains of old aqueducts, and other buildings. The precipices were also dotted here and there with cave-like holes, the first mementoes we had seen of the old hermits who once lived here, like grey bats, nourishing their strange religious life. Remains of old chapels, in which they had worshipped and had caught some glimpses of a higher life and of a better country, were visible on the heights.

On and down we went, winding through this arid waste, until at last we saw the plain of Jericho stretching below us, dotted with verdure produced by the mountain springs, and stretching, a grey flat with patches of wood here and there, until its bare shore-like surface was fringed, ten miles off, by the line of vegetation shading the unseen and deep bed of the Jordan. Beyond the Jordan rose the grand ridge of Moab, and to the right appeared the northern bay of the Dead Sea. Down, down, we crept, always thinking we would in a few minutes reach the lowest level, but always finding a lower still. But every lane has a turning, and so had ours; and right glad were we when it turned to the left, as the shades of evening were drawing over us, and we saw our white tents, pitched where those of many a thankful and wearied traveller had been pitched before, under the Quarantania, and near the Ain es Sultân, or Fountain of Elisha.

Oh what a blessed sight are those tents! What a paradise do they appear to a weary man after a day's ride, when everything is hot, from the heavens above to the earth beneath, and to the very waters under the earth. Your horse begins to neigh, and to pace along with cocked ears, the prospect of fodder being as cheering to him as Mohammed's dinner is to us. And then, after ablutions, how delightful to lean down on the camp-bed; and after dinner and pleasant friendly talk about the sights and adventures of the day, to go out in the cool night, with the world of stars all twinkling in the unsurpassed sky of this low region; to catch picturesque glimpses of the Arabs in the dim light around their fires; to *hear* the awful stillness of the silent land: and then to sleep, as motionless as a desert stone!

But before falling into this unconscious state, we here exhibited a few fireworks which we had brought from London (cockney fashion) for the purpose of amusing the Arabs, or maybe with the innocent hope of awing the desert tribes by a revelation of wonder and power.

The musical snuff-box was our *opus magnum*,* but the Roman candles were our most imposing spectacle. I had the honour, as the Hakeem Pasha, of setting them off in the presence of what the newspapers would describe as an "attentive and admiring audience." They shot aloft with great success, and "fortunately no accident occurred." Our Arabs were delighted, even Meeki smiled, and condescendingly manifested a sense of agreeable surprise. Had any robbers been prowling about the plain looking for plunder, it is more than likely, as we afterwards concluded, that our fireworks, instead of frightening them away, would rather have attracted them to our tents.

We gave our escort a homely supper of rice mixed with various ingredients prepared by the cook. They eagerly seized the food with their fingers, dexterously moulded it, and chucked it into their mouths, as they squatted round the large dish placed in the centre of their circle. In return they danced one of their dances, if dance it could be called where the body and not the feet moved. Twelve of them formed a line, while their chief with drawn sword stood facing them. They then began with a low monotonous chant, or rather howl, to move backwards and forwards, while he moved, and swayed, and ducked, making fantastic movements with his sword. And so on it went, utterly unintelligible to us. It had, of course, a meaning, to one able and learned enough to appreciate it; but to us it had none, and sundry attempts on Hadji Ali's part to make it plain, only served to convince us that he, too, knew nothing about it. So we were glad when it ceased, and we could retire to our tents without giving offence. These men, let us record it, in spite of their singular abstemiousness and "total abstinence"—or because of these, as "the League" would say—underwent a wonderful amount of physical endurance. During our journey they hunted partridges (which they fired at only when the birds sat) and gazelles along the whole road—now running down the valleys, and again rushing to the tops of the rocks with unwearied perseverance and activity. They managed to kill a gazelle and a brace of partridges, which we bought from them. Yet at the end of their day's journey, which they had made double by their exertions, they challenged us to race them; and for about two hundred yards they kept up with our horses urged to their highest speed, which, however, it must be admitted, was not equal to the Derby stride.

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* Since mentioning, in a previous paper, the grand occasion on which we brought high class music in our snuff-box to the Gibeonites, I have heard with great pleasure that the Marquis of B——, when he encamped on the same spot this spring, was beset with applications for a display of Hakeem Pasha's art! Our dragoman Hadji Ali being with him, the mystery of these applications was soon explained. In olden time the box would have been the occasion of rearing a fane to Pan or Apollo. But unless some other travellers soon follow our example, we fear the echoes will die out.

I remembered, while seeing them, the fact of Elijah running before the chariot of Ahab from Carmel to Jezreel. His was not, after all, such a feat of physical strength, considering the state of the roads, and the probably somewhat slow driving of the king, as was that of our Arabs.

Next morning we enjoyed a view of the cliffs of Quarantania, which we had examined rapidly the evening before. The high pyramidal precipice was honeycombed with hermits' cells. A ruined chapel was on the summit. We were afterwards informed by an English clergyman who, with great difficulty and no small danger, (owing to the destruction of portions of the narrow footpaths,) had examined them by help of ropes, guides, and cool climbing, that there were interesting remains of Byzantine frescoes in the chapels, still fresh and vivid in their colours. They had, however, no interest as works of art, but only as ecclesiastical remains of a strange and interesting episode in the history of religion.

It is strange indeed to think of the world of thought, politics, and opinions, which interested those hermits, as they crept from cavern to cavern, or sat in groups on their limestone seats gazing from their rocks of sure defence, over the plain, on to the Dead Sea and wild hills beyond. There some of them lived, no doubt, their fourscore years or more, talking about the Greek Fathers, and the persecution of the Arians, and worshipping, amidst the awful silence of the hills, with the stars and God above, and scenes of desolation and death below; until they died, and were laid beside old friends in a dark cave. Yet our union with these old and gnarled specimens of mortality, in so far as they held communion with the same Father and through the same Saviour, is more real than we can have with any others on earth who are without God and Christ in the world.

We started at early morn for the Jordan and Dead Sea. The day promised to be hot, if indeed a cool one was ever known at the bottom of this singular hollow since the day it was formed by its restless and hot parents, the earthquake and volcano.

After visiting the Ain es Sultân, and rejoicing in the delicious though not very cool water springing from its limestone cave, we gazed on the great mounds on every side, speculating in vain on their relation to ancient Jericho. It is probable that the first Jericho was here, and that the Jericho of the Gospels was near the spot where the mountain road we had traversed debouched into the plain. The so-called Jericho is modern, and may possibly mark the site of Gilgal.

We struck across the plain to the Jordan. We pushed through a tangled wilderness of low trees, and passed Jericho, that capital of rascaldom, robbery, poverty, and vice, and soon began to pace over the bare flat of the Ghor. What a glorious plain that might be made, growing, as it could do, in full luxuriance the products of the tropics! The soil is excellent; the water at command abundant: yet all is a dreary waste. But could capital be applied to distribute the springs of the Kelt, Ain es Sultân, and El Duk over the soil; could a few Armstrong guns be placed in round towers to defend the fords of the Jordan, to sweep the plain, and stop the incursions of the Bedouin, there is no doubt the Ghòr would again become a paradise.

The sun was already getting hot, and the Jordan seemed to be farther and farther away. We passed in succession, and after considerable intervals, three steep beaches, leading down from a higher to a lower level, and each marking a former shore of the river. These shores may have been occupied for a long period, but more probably only during inundations, and when the Jordan flowed at higher levels. It was not until we descended the fourth beach that we reached the narrow plain through which it now flows. There its muddy and rapid waters rushed in eddying circles like those of a glacier stream, between tangled brushwood of various kinds, and trees, and tall reeds that bent their feathered heads in the quiet air, there being no wind to shake them. On the other side, perpendicular banks of white clay, with the edge of a higher bank appearing beyond, hemmed the water in. It did not seem more than one hundred feet broad. Some of our party and the Arabs bathed in it. I deferred that duty, chiefly from fear of being swept off by the stream, until we reached the Dead Sea. The Arabs revealed a very simple toilette, consisting merely of a long shirt, and a cotton or camel's-hair dressing-gown.

We lingered some time on the bank of the river, cutting walking-sticks for mementos, and also some bulrush-heads—an innocent amusement verily, and affording a striking enough contrast to boar-hunting and other "manly sports." One or two of our party had tin cases provided in which to carry home some of the water; but I was, alas! too prosaic to take the trouble, having no wish to baptise any child in holier water than that which springs up unpolluted among our own beautiful hills.

As we rode towards the Dead Sea, and turned away for ever from the Jordan, I began to recal all the grand events associated with the river and the plain through which it flowed. Somewhere beyond and above us was Pisgah,* from which that grand man, the Saint Paul of the old dispensation, saw revealed for the first time the vision of his life—the land on which he was not to tread until he appeared on it in glory along with the Messiah of whom he had testified. The Jordan was full of memories, dating from the famous day when the ark stayed its waters, and the armies of Israel defiled before it after their long wilderness journey

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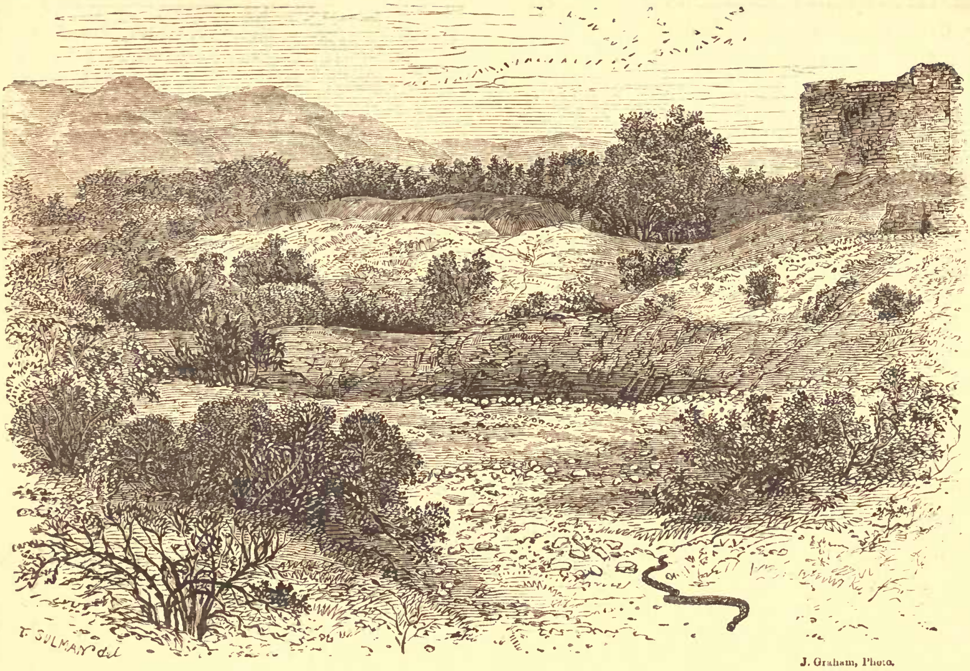
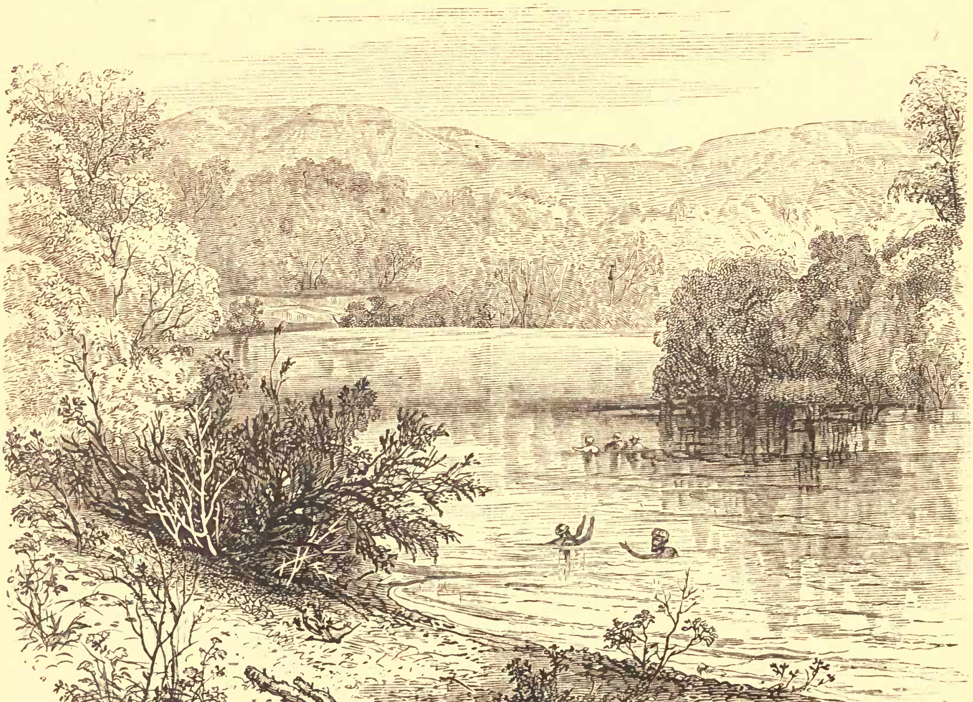
* It is difficult, if not impossible, to discover any point higher than another in the skyline of the ridge which runs parallel to the Jordan, and north of the Dead Sea. Mount Nebo cannot therefore be identified. But this famous point is believed to be the high ridge which rises a little to the east and south of where the Jordan enters the Dead Sea, and which, lying over against Jericho, must from its position command the whole of Palestine.


T. SULMAN del

J. Graham, Photo.

THE REMAINS OF JERICHO.

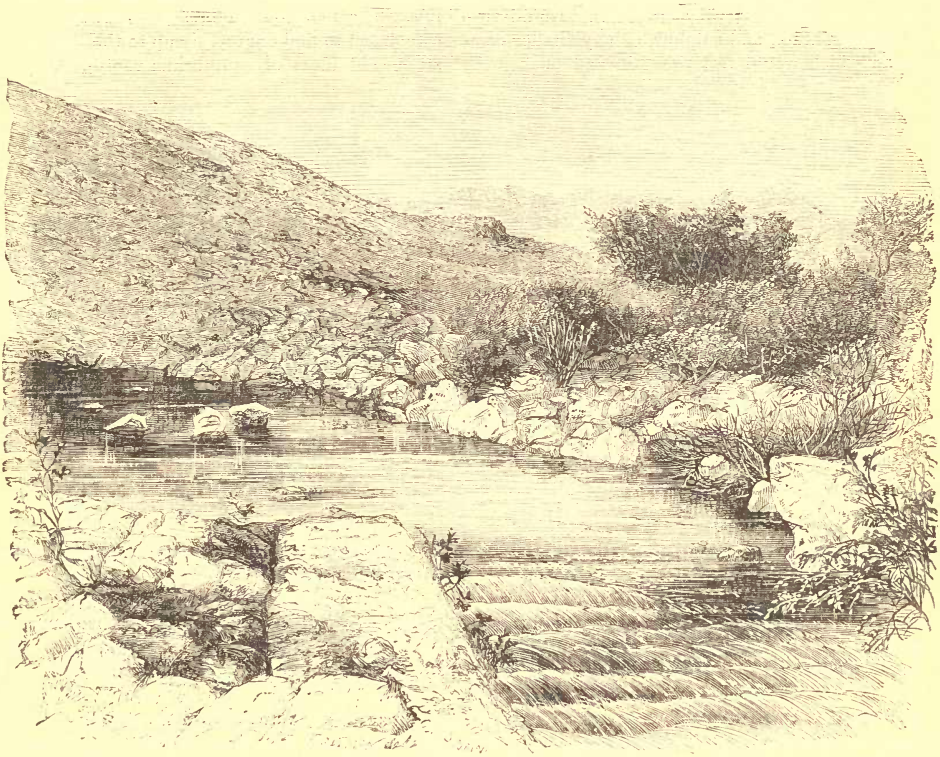


J. Graham, Photo.

THE JORDAN BELOW JERICHO.

into the Holy Land of Promise—Caleb and Joshua alone connecting them with Egypt—downwards through the times of Elijah and Elisha, Naaman the Syrian, and John the Baptist, until the Lord Himself was consecrated in its waters for the public work of His ministry. Behind us was Jericho, associated with the victories of Joshua, the school of the Prophets, the healing miracles of Jesus;—and holy Gilgal, also long the seat of worship before the Tabernacle was pitched at Shiloh, and the place where Samuel and Saul and David and the ancient Church had prayed, and offered sacrifices, and sung their songs of praise.

How desolate and dreary is all this scene now! It is the haunt of brigands, and the home of a few poor debased peasants. The great forests of palm-trees which filled the plain for miles together, with the fields of sugar-cane, have all disappeared, and tangled thickets of valueless trees and shrubs alone remain. The granaries of corn which could feed the armies of Israel, enabling them to dispense with the manna, have perished: while but a few patches of cultivation are left to testify of the former fertility. Desolation everywhere, and the stones of emptiness! The very sites of Jericho and Gilgal are uncertain, and wild beasts or wilder men roam where Holy Prophets taught, where the Baptist preached, and where the Son of God performed his miracles of love and power.

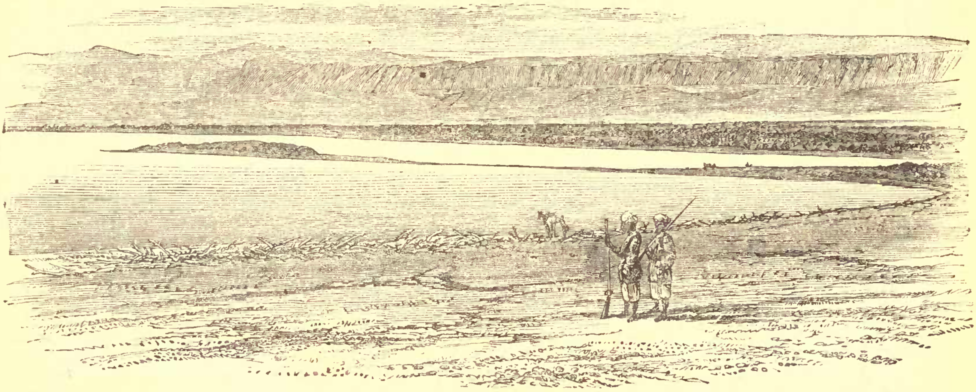


Ain es Sultán

J. Graham, Photo.

When we reached the shore of the Dead Sea, we all gazed in silence on the scene before us. What were our first impressions? Putting aside the associations of God's anger and righteous judgment which are irresistibly suggested by all we know of those degraded races who dwelt somewhere on its borders or on spots where its waters rest, the scene was decidedly pleasing. True, it is not picturesque. The want of life on this part of its waters makes it dull and uninteresting, without, however, giving it the dreary look of many a Highland loch—such, for example, as that darkest and most barren of all I have ever seen, Coruisk in Skye. Nor is the mountain range of its shores apparently "bleak and blasted," like the sides of a volcano, but, generally speaking, is clothed with what looks like herbage, though it may be but low shrubs; while several beautiful and luxuriant wadies debouch on its shores. And then there was a delicious breeze blowing over it, sending fresh-looking tiny waves to the shore; and the water was so marvellously clear and transparent, and we were so hot and deliquescent, that a bathe was anticipated with peculiar pleasure. It is an error to suppose that there is actually no life of plant or animal possible within the influence of its so-called noxious vapours. Plants do grow on its border; and further south, birds are seen not only flying over it but swimming or wading in its waters. No fish have as yet been discovered in it; and this no one who touches its waters will be surprised at, assuming that fish have tastes like men! But one must draw upon fancy more than on what is seen by the eye to make the Dead Sea so very dreadful as it is generally supposed to be.

We bathed of course, and the experiences gained thereby are such as its waters alone afford. Every one knows what a horrid taste it has. No mixture of vinegar, alum, and sulphur, or any similar compound which would fret the skin and pucker the tongue, can give any idea of it. One must taste the deceptive liquid, so clear and beautiful, yet so vile and nauseous, in order to appreciate its composition; and must let his lips, cracked and blistered with the sun, and his face, punctured with mosquitos and other insects, be touched by this limpid wash, before he can estimate its energy. Its buoyancy is also well known, but one must swim through its heavy waters to realise the novel sensation of being unable to sink. The first attempt to swim never fails to produce shouts of laughter,—a dangerous levity, as giving admission to the water by the lips. The moment we breast its waves, we are astonished to find our feet fly up to the surface, and all our old ideas of equilibrium vanish. The most comfortable attitude is either floating on the back, or sitting in the water with a gentle movement of the hands to balance our water-seat; and then the ease, quiet, and composure with which our object can be accomplished, inaugurates a new idea in aquatics. Some travellers tell us that they have dived, or attempted to dive, into these depths. The very idea would have terrified me! I felt uneasy once when losing connection with terra firma, and had a vision of a depth of possibly 1300 feet, near if not beneath me. Might not the edge of the abyss be but a few yards off? And the idea of hanging over such a precipice, with who knows what below, was enough to make one look to the pebbles at his feet for comfort. Besides, I did not see how anybody with only hands for paddles, and without the help of a screw, could ever force his way through those leaden depths. It may pain some solemn critics to know that we very frequently broke the silence of the Dead Sea by shouts of merriment. But the fact must nevertheless be confessed,—though we are in some quarters given to understand, that whatever coloured garments a clergyman may wear in Palestine, he is always to write as one who travels in gown and bands. We enjoyed our bath exceedingly, felt much refreshed by it, and did not find the pungent effect of the water on the skin peculiarly disagreeable.



The North Bay of the Salt Sea, at the South End of Jordan."—Joshua xviii. 19.

J. Graham, Photo.

We made no exploration of the shores. Our expedition had not an atom of science in it, here or elsewhere. We left such work, not without feelings of envy and admiration, to explorers like the Duc de Luynes, who had started a day or two before, as we were told, in his steamer, and Mr. Tristram, who has since added a truly valuable and pleasing contribution to scientific books on Palestine.*

We started now for Mar Saba. It was our original intention to have approached the Dead Sea from Mar Saba by the Ras el Feskah. But we were told that the district was rather disturbed, and that we might have some trouble in that route. This may have been an exaggeration, but our time was too limited to admit of unnecessary delays. There can be no doubt, however, that this is *the* point from which travellers should first behold the famous lake.

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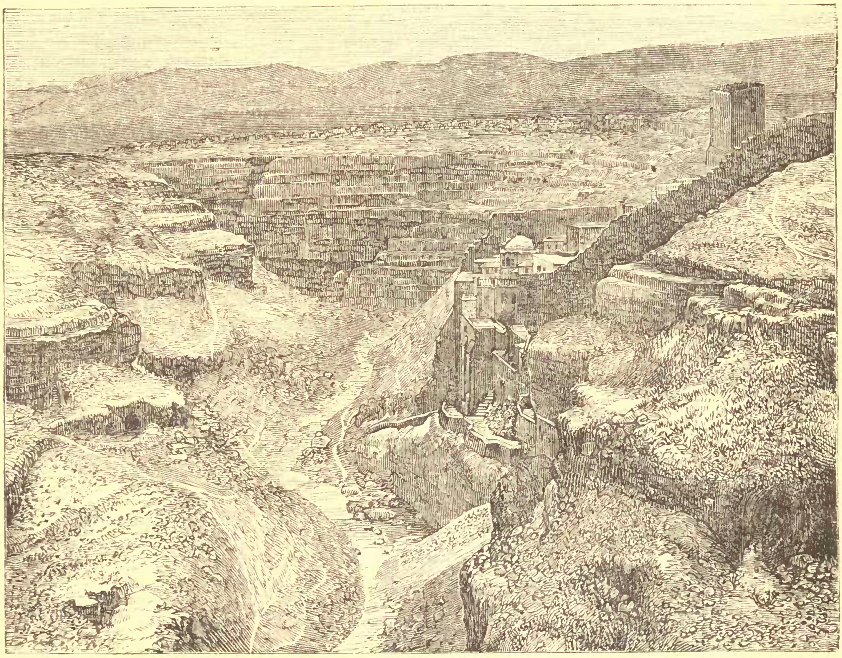
* In the above engraving, a narrow tongue is seen entering the Dead Sea to the right. My friend Mr. Reichardt of the Church Missionary Society, a resident for some years in Jerusalem, told me that more than once he had visited this point, and had seen remains of ancient ruins upon it, which he was inclined to think belonged to a remote period.

In riding along its shore before ascending the hills, we were struck by the appearance of an island near its western end. I remarked how strange it was that no such island was noted in any map. "It must be mirage," we said. Yet surely no mirage could create an island so clear and well defined as that! But being on our guard against deception, we rejected the evidence of sense, and fell back on faith in the map. There was no island; but had there been one, it could not have been more distinct.

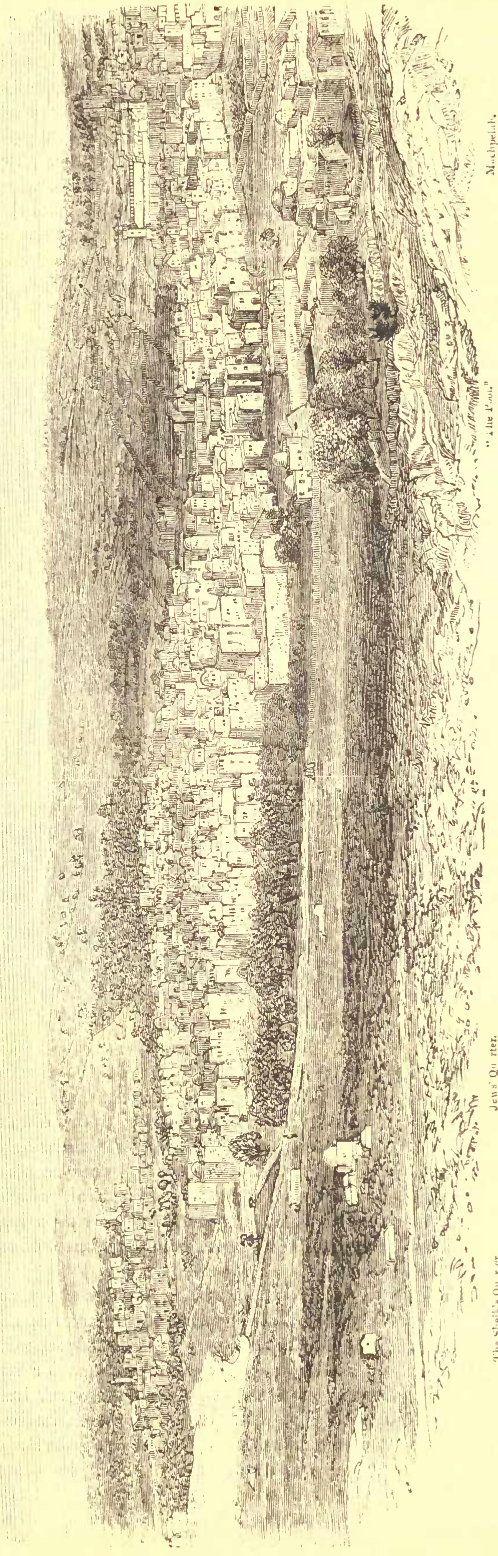
The ride to Mar Saba was long and tedious. We were, I think, about eleven hours on horseback from the time we left Ain es Sultân until we reached the monastery. Travellers in the East will smile at this. But I did not smile, except grimly. I never was exposed, except once in the far West, to such oppressive heat, and we had no shelter of any kind. But I had fortunately a noble horse, which ambled along with a brave unfaltering step. I wish he could have known how much I pitied him, and how fully I appreciated the unselfish manner in which he did his work.

The scenery was altogether different from anything I had ever seen in my life or ever expect to see again. It realised all that can be imagined of a dry and parched land. We did not meet a human being. The silence was broken only, as I rode alone ahead, by the beat of the horse's hoofs and his strong breathing under the sweltering heat. A glare of light streamed from earth and sky. We crossed dry plains, and ascended along the narrow path which zigzags up and up to the summit of the ridge. Everywhere desolation, as if the fire of heaven had scorched the rocks, and ten thousand furious torrents had denuded the valleys, and left great white mounds and peaks of clay and limestone, like a series of gigantic cones, along the hill-sides. I have no distinct ideas of the journey beyond impressions of heat, glare, and dreariness, of bare rocks, narrow paths, deep ravines, valleys bare and wild as might be seen in the depths of an ocean along which icebergs had ploughed their way, tossing down hills of *débris*, to be moulded into fantastic forms by the roaring tides or whirlpools. More definite pictures my memory does not retain. That one day of life in the wilderness quite satisfied my fancy. But my memory does retain with more distinct clearness the satisfaction which I experienced when about sunset we went pacing along the edge of the Kedron gorge, and knew that Mar Saba was near.


The Convent of Mar Saba.

F. Bedford, Photo.

The approach to this famous old place is along one of the most picturesque paths in Palestine, or indeed in any country. The Kedron, with the help no doubt of earthquakes, has cut for itself during long ages a tortuous course several hundred feet deep. The rocks which rise from its bed in sheer precipices are so close at the top that a one-arched bridge could span them. This deep ravine winds along like a huge railway cutting until it reaches the Monastery. That wonderful building, the


Machpelah.
"The Pool."
Jews' Quarter.
The Sheik's Quarter.

Panoramic View of Hebron and the Plain of Mamre from the S.E.

[J. Graham, Phot.

hospice of pilgrims during many centuries, had its origin with the hermits—*tradition* says to the number of 15,000—who once sought refuge from persecution in this place of solitude and defence. The precipices are full of caves. These were enlarged, and fashioned, by the aid of walls closing up apertures and connecting jutting strata, into something like houses, or cells rather, by the anchorites. One abode communicated with another, a hundred feet below or above it, by narrow paths and tortuous holes, such as a fox might creep through with caution; and there they lived—God alone, who feeds the wild beasts of the desert, knows how!—on herbs and pure water (?), nourishing skeleton bodies containing queer minds, whose ideas belonged to a world of thought we know not of. And there they prayed, and starved themselves, and buried themselves, and held a sort of communion with each other, until one cannot conceive of them as being other than monomaniacs possessed of oddest thoughts of God and man—of the world present and of the world to come—thoughts which now, I doubt not, seem stranger to themselves than to any on earth who survive them.

But how can I give an idea of the convent? Well, imagine a cell scooped out between the ledges of those rocks, then several others near it, and then a cave enlarged into a chapel, and this chapel becoming the parish church of the wild glen, and being surrounded by other cells and houses built on this ledge of rock, and others below on another ledge reached by stairs, and others on storey below storey, and so down the face of the precipice, cells and chapels and houses being multiplied, until from the ridge above to the stream below a beehive has been formed, which is finally defended by high walls and two strong towers:—if you can fancy this hanging nest of bees and drones, you have an idea of Mar Saba. Its walls protect it from the incursions of the Bedouin. It is a haven of repose in the wilderness to every pilgrim. It can accommodate hundreds in its endless honeycombs; and is the *beau idéal* of a monastery, such as one reads about in tales of the Crusades and of the middle ages.

To enter it the traveller requires a

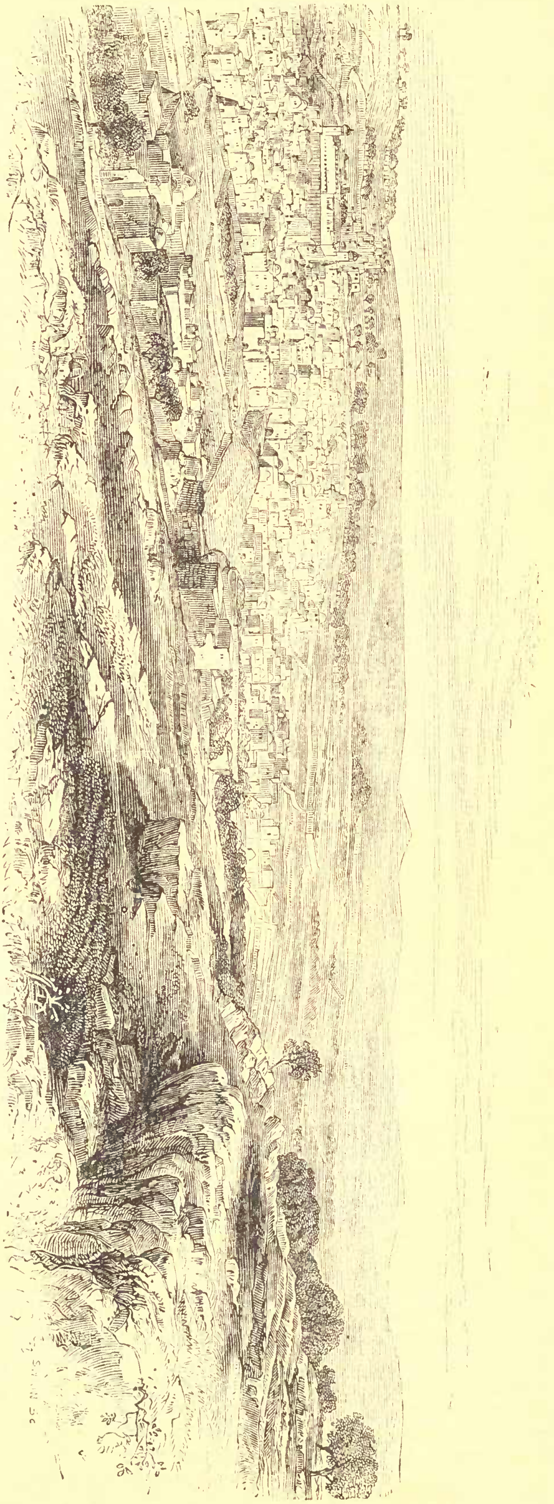
letter of introduction from the ecclesiastical superior of the monks at Jerusalem. This we had obtained. A basket to receive it was lowered from one of the high towers by a dot representing a monk. This form is always gone through, and only when the letter is read, and not till then, is the gate opened to pilgrim or traveller. The poor shrivelled, dried-up, and half-starved monks were very civil, giving us coffee and wine in a comfortable refectory. Those who can converse with them say that they are very stupid and ignorant. Yet the place seemed to be a very paradise for study, with its repose, wild scenery, solitude, and antiquity. We saw of course all the sights—such as the skulls of 10,000 martyrs. Oh, for the brain and eyes, for a few minutes only, of one of these, to feel as he felt, and to see as he saw! The wish could not be gratified; and so the skulls taught us nothing which other skulls could not impart.

We encamped outside the monastery. It was a glorious night. When all were asleep, I left the tent to enjoy it, and also, let me add, to get some water to drink. The moonlight, the cool air, the deep shadows of the rocks, the silent towers shining in the moonlight, and the dreams of the past, made the hour delightful. But a prowling jackall, fox, or wolf—for there are many of each in the neighbourhood—induced me to return to my tent, and to forget Mar Saba for a time in sleep.

We had a short ride next day to Jerusalem up the Kedron Valley. This is beyond doubt the finest approach to the city, which from it has an elevation and citadel-look which is afforded by no other point of view; —the wall and buildings of the Haram Area rising above the Valley of Jehoshaphat, as seen in the illustration on page 593.

A DAY'S RIDE SOUTH FROM JERUSALEM.

There is one remarkable peculiarity in the Bible, as a revelation of God's will to man—or rather of the many books which make up the one which we call the Bible,—that it is a record of historical events, extending over thousands of years, all of which occurred in many different places, but situated within a very small territory.


"The Pool."
Mosque over the Cave of Machpelah.
The Mountains east of Hebron, towards Sodom and Gomorrah.

Panoramic View of Hebron from the S.W.

J. Graham, Photo.

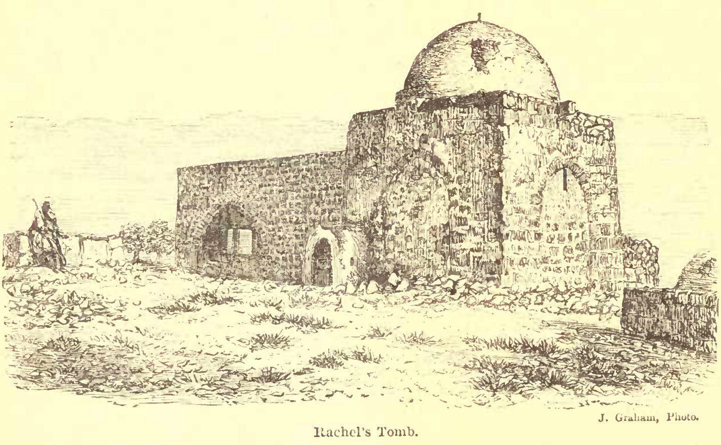
Accordingly there is hardly a hill or valley, stream or fountain, town or village in Palestine which has not been the home of some person, or the scene of some event known and familiar to the Church of Christ. Every spot is consecrated by holy associations. And so in journeying through the land, we almost every hour visit some sacred locality. Thus, for example, in one day's ride south from Jerusalem, after leaving the city by the old Jewish tower at the gate of Jaffa, we cross the plain of Rephadim, pass close to the tomb of Rachel, visit Bethlehem, drink at the pools of Solomon, stand on the plain of Mamre and by the well of Abraham, wind among the vineyards of Eshcol, and end with Hebron.

This was our day's ride, and let me tell the reader something of what we saw in so brief a journey.

As to the general aspect of the country, it is beyond doubt the least picturesque in Palestine, and, apart from associations, does not possess any attractive feature. The hills which cluster over this upland plateau, are like straw beehives, or rather, let me say, like those boys' tops, which are made to spin by a string wound round them,—*peeries* as they are called in Scotland,—but turned upside down, the grooves for the string representing the encircling ledges of the limestone strata, and the peg a ruined tower on the summit. Imagine numbers of such hills placed side by side, with a narrow deep hollow between them filled with soil, their declivities a series of bare shelves of grey rock,—the rough path worming its way round about, up and down, with here and there broader intervals of flat land, and here and there the hill-sides covered with shrubs and dwarf oaks,—and you will have some idea of the nature of the country between Jerusalem and Hebron. In some places, as about Bethlehem, there are olive plantations and signs of rapid improvement, with which my brother was much struck, as contrasted with what he saw on his visit seven years ago. To me, the scene had a friendly and home look, for many parts of the stony road, with its break-down fences, reminded me of spots in a Highland parish, endeared by touching recollections of an early home; but the grander features of "the parish" could not be traced in Southern Palestine. Yet it is obvious, as has been remarked by every traveller, that an industrious population could very soon transform these barren hills into terraces rich with "corn and wine." Were these limestone ledges once more provided with walls, to prevent the soil being washed down into the valley by the rain floods, and were fresh soil carried up from the hollows, where it must lie fathoms deep, magnificent crops would very soon be produced. It is well known also how soon the moisture of the climate would be affected by the restoration of the orchards. And when we remember the small quantity of carbonaceous food that is required to maintain life in such a climate as Palestine, it is obvious that a population larger than that of Scotland, living as the Easterns do, could be supported in "The Land."

There was always one redeeming feature of the road, and that was "the glory in the grass." The flowers gave colour and life to the path wherever they could grow. We came upon a large land tortoise crawling among them, the only specimen we met with in Palestine.

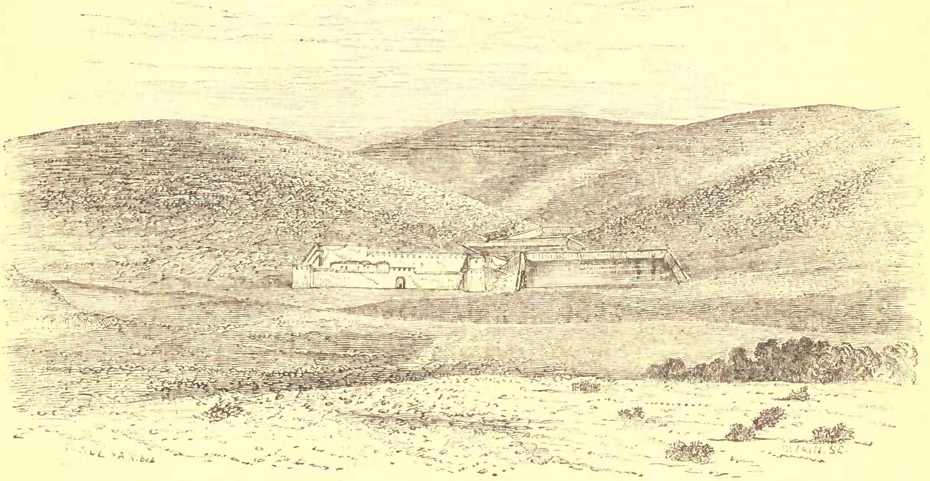
Rachel's Tomb was to me very touching. It was just where it should have been:—"They journeyed from Bethel, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrah. And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrah, which is Bethlehem." That place of burial is an undying witness to the oneness of our human hearts and of our domestic sorrows from the beginning of the world. It is this felt unity of our race in soul and spirit, in spite of some differences in the body, whether it be in the shape of the foot or of the skull, which strengthens our faith in the possibility of eternal fellowship among all kindreds and nations and tongues. To Rachel, with her dying breath naming her boy "the child of sorrow," every parent's heart will respond through all time.


J. Graham, Photo.

Rachel's Tomb.

We passed Bethlehem, but did not visit it until our return from Hebron. The Pools of Solomon,* of which the picture will give a better idea than any verbal description could do, are interesting as being unquestionably grand old "waterworks" worthy of a highly civilised age, and such as all the Turks put together would never think of designing or executing nowadays. And the water is not surpassed by that of the great pool (Loch Katrine) which supplies Glasgow. The road during a part of the way is alongside the clay pipe which conveys the water to Bethlehem, as it did formerly to Jerusalem; and where there happens to be a break the fresh clear stream is seen gushing along as it did before the "works" were repaired by Pontius Pilate.

Below the Pools is the Valley of Urtas, which, being watered by them and other springs, looks like an emerald green river, of about two miles in length, and from 10 to 300 yards in breadth, flowing between high banks of barren limestone hills, and winding round their jutting promontories. Here were once the Gardens of Solomon, and no doubt these hills, now so bare, were once clothed with the trees and plants about which he "spake." It was probably with reference to his labours in this spot that he said:—"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruit: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." And here an attempt is being made to introduce model gardens, where converted Jews may support themselves by their own industry, instead of trusting to the charity which they are necessarily thrown upon when "put out of the synagogue." In this enterprise my much respected friend Major C—— took a lively interest, as he does in all that is good, and became one of the proprietors, as did also Lady Dufferin and his Royal Highness Prince Alfred. We had coffee and conversation at Bethlehem with the present superintendent of these gardens, old Mr. Meshallum, who appears to be a sincere good man. It is difficult to determine how far the benevolent experiment will succeed. It is not in a hopeful condition at present.


J. Graham, Photo.

The Pools of Solomon.

About two miles from Hebron we turned off to the left, to visit the ruins of an old church built by Constantine round the stump of a terebinth tree, which, according to tradition, was Abraham's oak, and consequently marked the spot where he pitched his tent on the plain of Mamre, or "of the oak." The old stump had become an object of superstition, and attracted crowds, so the Emperor Constantine, to counteract this, and to turn the spot to good account, built a great Basilica around it. We found several feet of the walls of the church remaining, and we could easily trace the whole. Three tiers of stone remain at one side, some of the stones being upwards of 14 feet in length. "If Abram," remarked one of the party, "had his tent near the oak, depend upon it he had a well also. Let us get inside the ruins and search." There we found—as no doubt other travellers have done, when they sought for it—a deep well encased with stone, and having its edges deeply cut by the ropes which were wont to hoist the water-buckets or skins. I have not the slightest doubt that this was the true Mamre, and that it was close to this well that the wondrous interview between Abraham and those sent to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, recorded in Genesis, took place. The scenery of the wady is dull and uninteresting in the extreme. But such an event as this sheds around it much of that holy light which more or less invests all Palestine. From the lower hills to the east, the smoke from the doomed cities could be easily seen, although the Dead Sea itself lies too low to be visible.

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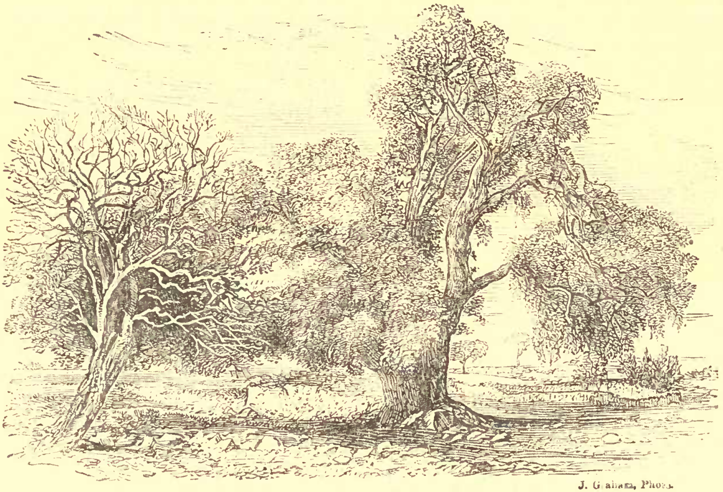
* These pools are three in number. The largest is 580 feet in length and 236 feet in breadth. The smallest is 380 feet by 207 feet. The depth from 25 to 50 feet.

Hebron is entered by a road which winds between the walls that enclose the vineyards and orchards of Eshcol, the grapes of which are still famous.* It is snugly nestled amidst bare, tame, limestone hills, with numerous olive groves clothing their lower spurs and the valleys between them. There is no "hotel" in the city, but travellers who do not bring their tents can be accommodated at the old Lazaretto, or, as we were, in a private dwelling. The houses are poverty stricken. The Jewish inhabitants wear dressing-gowns with girdles, and sugar-loaf hats, curl their hair in tiny ringlets, and have soft white faces, giving one the impression of great effeminacy. Our host was a Jew. His house was situated and arranged in a way which at once suggested the idea of danger, of liability to attack, and of the necessity of providing for defence. We first passed from the street by what we call in Scotland a narrow *close*, which one broad-shouldered man might almost have filled up with his own person; then along narrow tortuous windings, which could be easily defended by a few against many. Three or four steps led up to the narrow door of the house, which was situated in the deep recesses of alleys and back courts. The entrance-hall was a sleeping apartment with divans on each side; from it a second series of steps and another narrow door led to the kitchen. From this a stair ascended to the flat roof. On the left, a few steps led from the kitchen to a small room, round which we found our couches spread. The house thus possessed a succession of strongholds before the roof was reached, which was itself a citadel. The windows of our room had frames and shutters, but no glass, which afforded us at least ample ventilation. We provided of course our own food. The night was tolerably cool, and so, in despite of the howlings of jackalls without, and the attacks of insects common to Jew and Gentile within, we slept, as usual, profoundly.


J. Graham, Phot.

The Tree pointed out as Abraham's Oak.

There is certainly no town in Palestine which is so associated with early patriarchal history as Hebron. It has other associations no doubt, stirring and curious enough. For example, those connected with its early inhabitants, the strange race of giants who struck terror into the minds of the unbelieving spies; with those men of faith, Caleb and Joshua; and with David,* who reigned here for seven years, during which he probably composed some of his immortal Psalms. But still the memories of the patriarchs predominate, as this was at once their home, if home they had anywhere, and their place of burial.

The oak, or terebinth tree, which is now pointed out as Abraham's oak, is indeed a noble tree, twenty-four feet in circumference, with stately branches sweeping ninety feet round its stem. But it was planted many a century after the patriarchs were gathered to their fathers.

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* I have been informed by one who had, he said, made the experiment, that even now the best way of carrying a large cluster of the grapes of Eshcol is over a long pole, as was done by the "spies,"—not on account of their weight, but from the long tendrils on which they grow giving a cluster a greater length than is found in the same number of grapes grown elsewhere. As to the wine of Hebron and Bethlehem—of which we had supplies—not being intoxicating, that is absurd. If anyone disposed to make the experiment can overcome the difficulty of *quality*, I have no doubt that a sufficient *quantity* will produce the same effect as other fermented liquors.

* The only memento here of David is the great pool—130 feet square by 50 deep—where he hung the assassins of Ishbosheth (2 Sam. iv. 4—12). There is another pool as ancient, but not so large.

The one spot connected with these ancient fathers which is unquestionably authentic is the cave of Machpelah, now covered by the famous mosque. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Dean Stanley and other members of his suite, were the first Christian travellers who were permitted to enter it for centuries. Since their visit, Mr. Fergusson has been allowed ready admission; and it is soon likely to be as accessible as the Holy Mosques of Jerusalem or Damascus, which until but as yesterday were also closed against all "infidels."

Both Dr. Stanley and Mr. Fergusson have given full and interesting details of the interior of this hitherto mysterious building. To their accounts I must refer my readers. I may state, however, for the information of those who have not access to their volumes, that there are no tombs to be seen in the mosque, but cenotaphs, or so-called tombs, on its floor, each a sort of monument to the famous patriarchs. But the cave itself in which their mummies are laid is beneath the floor of the mosque, and, so far as is yet known, has no entrance except by a small hole in the floor, which opens into darkness. If there is another entrance, it has not been revealed by the Mohammedans even to the Prince of Wales. In that mysterious cave no doubt Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob lie. What a spot of matchless interest! There is no authentic tomb on earth like it. Nearly 4000 years ago, when earth was young and history just beginning, here were buried persons with whose lives and characters we are still familiar, whose names God has deigned to associate with his own, as the "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;" and whom Jesus has consecrated as guests at the great marriage supper of the Lamb. It is strange indeed for a Christian to be on the spot where that one lies in whose seed all the families of earth have been blessed, and who is "the father of all who believe!"

This is the only spot on earth which attracts to it all who possess the one creed, "I believe in God." The "Holy Sepulchre" in Jerusalem separates Moslem, Jew, and Christian: here they assemble together. The Moslem guards this place as dear and holy. The Jew from every land draws near to it with reverence and love, and his kisses have left an impress on its stones. Christians of every kindred, and tongue, and creed, visit the spot with a reverence equally affectionate. And who lies here? a great king or conqueror? a man famous for his genius or his learning? No; but an old shepherd who pitched his tent 4000 years ago among these hills, a stranger and a pilgrim in the land, and who was known only as *el-Khulil*, "The Friend." By that blessed name, Abram was known while he lived; by that name he is remembered where he lies buried; and by that name the city is called after him. And it is when all men through faith become with him Friends of God, that all shall be blessed along with "faithful Abraham." Praise be to God for such an immortality as this, whether possessed by us on earth or in heaven, through faith and love in Christ towards God, whose glory may be concealed from the wise and prudent, but is revealed to babes!

My space compels me to stop. I must delay till another chapter our visit to Bethlehem, where He was born in the flesh who was yet before Abraham, whose day Abraham saw afar off and was glad, and in whom "the promise" was fulfilled to Abraham's spiritual seed, more numerous verily than the stars of heaven!

ON POLISH.

By Polish I mean a certain well-known and immediately-recognisable condition of surface. But I must request my reader to consider well what this condition really is. For the definition of it appears to me to be, that condition of surface which allows the inner structure of the material to manifest itself. Polish is, as it were, a translucent skin, in which the life of the inorganic comes to the surface, as in the animal skin the animal life. Once clothed in this, the inner glories of the marble rock, of the jasper, of the porphyry, leave the darkness behind, and glow into the day. From the heart of the agate the mossy landscape comes dreaming out. From the depth of the green chrysolite looks up the eye of its gold. The "goings on of life" hidden for ages under the rough bark of the patient forest-trees, are brought to light; the rings of lovely shadow which the creature went on making in the dark, as the oyster its opaline laminations, and its tree-pearls of beautiful knots, where a beneficent disease has broken the geometrical perfection of its structure, gloom out in their infinite variousness.

Nor are the revelations of polish confined to things having variety in their internal construction; they operate equally in things of homogeneous structure. It is the polished ebony or jet which gives the true blank, the material darkness. It is the polished steel that shines keen and remorseless and cold, like that human justice whose symbol it is. And in the polished diamond the distinctive purity is most evident; while from it, I presume, will the light absorbed from the sun gleam forth on the dark most plentifully.

But the mere fact that the end of polish is revelation, can hardly be worth setting forth except for some ulterior object, some further revelation in the fact itself.—I wish to show that in the symbolic use of the word the same truth is involved, or, if not involved, at least suggested. But let me first make another remark on the preceding definition of the word.

There is no denying that the first notion suggested by the word polish is that of smoothness, which will indeed be the sole idea associated with it before we begin to contemplate the matter. But when we consider what things are chosen to be "clothed upon" with this smoothness, then we find that the smoothness is scarcely desired for its own sake, and remember besides that in many materials and situations it is elaborately avoided. We find that here it is sought because of its faculty of enabling other things to show themselves—to come to the surface.

I proceed then to examine how far my pregnant interpretation of the word will apply to its figurative use in two cases—*Polish of Style*, and *Polish of Manners*. The two might be treated together, seeing that *Style* may be called the manners of intellectual utterance, and *Manners* the style of social utterance; but it is more convenient to treat them separately.

I will begin with the Polish of Style.

It will be seen at once that if the notion of polish be limited to that of smoothness, there can be little to say on the matter, and nothing worthy of being said. For mere smoothness is no more a desirable quality in a style than it is in a country or a countenance; and its pursuit will result at length in the gain of the monotonous and the loss of the melodious and harmonious. But it is only upon worthless material that polish can be *mere* smoothness; and where the material is not valuable, polish can be nothing but smoothness. No amount of polish in a style can render the production of value, except there be in it embodied thought thereby revealed; and the labour of the polish is lost. Let us then take the fuller meaning of polish, and see how it will apply to style.

If it applies, then Polish of Style will imply the approximately complete revelation of the thought. It will be the removal of everything that can interfere between the thought of the speaker and the mind of the hearer. True polish in marble or in speech reveals inlying realities, and, in the latter at least, mere smoothness (either of sound or of meaning) is not worthy of the name. The most polished style will be that which most immediately and most truly flashes the meaning embodied in the utterance upon the mind of the listener or reader.

"Will you then,"—I imagine a reader objecting—"will you then admit of no ornament in style?"

"Assuredly," I answer, "I would admit of no ornament whatever."

But let me explain what I mean by ornament. I mean anything stuck in or on, like a spangle, because it is pretty in itself, although it reveals nothing. Not one such ornament can belong to a polished style. It is paint, not polish. And if this is not what my questioner means by *ornament*, my answer must be modified according to the differences in his definition of the word. What I have said has not the least application to the natural forms of beauty which thought assumes in speech. Between such beauty and such ornament there lies the same difference as between the overflow of life in the hair, and the dressing of that loveliest of utterances in grease and gold.

For, when I say that polish is the removal of everything that comes between thought and thinking, it must not be supposed that in my idea thought is only of the intellect, and therefore that all forms but bare intellectual forms are of the nature of ornament. As well might one say that the only essential portion of the human form is the bones. And every human thought is in a sense a human being, has as necessarily its muscles of motion, its skin of beauty, its blood of feeling, as its skeleton of logic. For complete utterance, music itself in its right proportions, sometimes clear and strong, as in rhymed harmonies, sometimes veiled and dim, as in the prose compositions of the masters of speech, is as necessary as correctness of logic, and common sense in construction. I should have said *conveyance* rather than utterance; for there may be utterance such as to relieve the mind of the speaker with more or less of fancied communication, while the conveyance of thought may be little or none; as in the speaking with tongues of the infant Church, to which the lovely babblement of our children has probably more than a figurative resemblance, relieving their own minds, but, the interpreter not yet at his post, neither instructing nor misleading any one. But as the object of grown-up speech must in the main be the conveyance of thought, and not the mere utterance, everything in the style of that speech which interposes between the mental eyes and the thought embodied in the speech, must be polished away, that the indwelling life may manifest itself.

What, then (for now we must come to the practical), is the kind of thing to be polished away in order that the hidden may be revealed?

All words that can be dismissed without loss. For all such more or less obscure the meaning upon which they gather. The first step towards the polishing of most styles is to strike out—polish off—the useless words and phrases. It is wonderful with how many fewer words most things could be said that are said; while the degree of certainty and rapidity with which an idea is conveyed would generally be found to be in an inverse ratio to the number of words employed.

All ornaments so called—the nose and lip jewels of style—the tattooing of the speech; all similes that, although true, give no additional insight into the meaning; everything that is only pretty and not beautiful; all mere sparkle as of jewels that lose their own beauty by being set in the grandeur of statues or the dignity of monumental stone, must be ruthlessly polished away.

All utterances which, however they may add to the amount of thought, distract the mind, and confuse its observation of the main idea, the essence or life of the book or paper, must be diligently refused. In the manuscript of *Comus* there exists, obliterated but legible, a passage of which I have the best authority for saying that it would have made the poetic fame of any writer. But the grand old self-denier struck it out of the opening speech because that would be more polished without it—because the Attendant Spirit would say more immediately and exclusively, and therefore more completely, what he had to say, without it.—All this applies much more widely and deeply in the region of art; but I am at present dealing with the surface of style, not with the round of result.

I have one instance at hand, however, belonging to this region, than which I could scarcely produce a more apt illustration of my thesis. One of the greatest of living painters, walking with a friend through the late Exhibition of Art-Treasures at Manchester, came upon Albert Dürer's *Melancholia.* After looking at it for a moment, he told his friend that now for the first time he understood it, and proceeded to set forth what he saw in it. It was a very early impression, and the delicacy of the lines was so much the greater. He had never seen such a perfect impression before, and had never perceived the intent and scope of the engraving. The mere removal of accidental thickness and furriness in the lines of the drawing enabled him to see into the meaning of that wonderful production. The polish brought it to the surface. Or, what amounts to the same thing for my argument, the dulling of the surface had concealed it even from his experienced eyes.

In fine, and more generally, all cause whatever of obscurity must be polished away. There may lie in the matter itself a darkness of colour and texture which no amount of polishing can render clear or even vivid; the thoughts themselves may be hard to think, and difficulty must not be confounded with obscurity. The former belongs to the thoughts themselves; the latter to the mode of their embodiment. All cause of obscurity in this must, I say, be removed. Such may lie even in the region of grammar, or in the mere arrangement of a sentence. And while, as I have said, no ornament is to be allowed, so all roughnesses, which irritate the mental ear, and so far incapacitate it for receiving a true impression of the meaning from the words, must be carefully reduced. For the true music of a sentence, belonging as it does to the essence of the thought itself, is the herald which goes before to prepare the mind for the following thought, calming the surface of the intellect to a mirror-like reflection of the image about to fall upon it. But syllables that hang heavy on the tongue and grate harsh upon the ear are the trumpet of discord rousing to unconscious opposition and conscious rejection.

And now the consideration of the Polish of Manners will lead us to some yet more important reflections. Here again I must admit that the ordinary use of the phrase is analogous to that of the preceding; but its relations lead us deep into realities. For as diamond alone can polish diamond, so men alone can polish men; and hence it is that it was first by living in a city (πόλις, *polis*) that men—

> "rubbed each other's angles down,"

and became *polished.* And while a certain amount of ease with regard to ourselves and of consideration with regard to others is everywhere necessary to a man's passing as a gentleman—all unevenness of behaviour resulting either from shyness or self-consciousness (in the shape of awkwardness), or from overweening or selfishness (in the shape of rudeness), having to be polished away—true human polish must go further than this. Its respects are not confined to the manners of the ball-room or the dinner-table, of the club or the exchange, but wherever a man may rejoice with them that rejoice or weep with them that weep, he must remain one and the same, as polished to the tiller of the soil as the leader of the fashion.

But how will the figure of material polish aid us any further? How can it be said that Polish of Manners is a revelation of that which is within, a calling up to the surface of the hidden loveliness of the material? For do we not know that courtesy may cover contempt; that smiles themselves may hide hate; that one who will place you at his right hand when in want of your inferior aid, may scarce acknowledge your presence when his necessity has gone by? And how then can polished manners be a revelation of what is within? Are they not the result of putting on rather than of taking off? Are they not paint and varnish rather than polish?

I must yield the answer to each of these questions; protesting, however, that with such polish I have nothing to do; for these manners are confessedly false. But even where least able to mislead, they are, with corresponding courtesy, accepted as outward signs of an inward grace. Hence even such, by the nature of their falsehood, support my position. For in what forms are the colours of the paint laid upon the surface of the material? Is it not in as near imitations of the real right human feelings about oneself and others as the necessarily imperfect knowledge of such an artist can produce? He will not encounter the labour of polishing, for he does not believe in the divine depths of his own nature: he paints, and calls the varnish polish.

"But why talk of polish with reference to such a character, seeing that no amount of polishing can bring to the surface what is not there? No polishing of sandstone will reveal the mottling of marble. For it is sandstone, crumbling and gritty—not noble in any way."

Is it so then? Can such be the real nature of the man? And can polish reach nothing deeper in him than such? May not this selfishness be polished away, revealing true colour and harmony beneath? Was not the man made in the image of God? Or, if you say that man lost that image, did not a new process of creation begin from the point of that loss, a process of re-creation in Him in whom all shall be made alive, which, although so far from being completed yet, can never be checked? If we cut away deep enough at the rough block of our nature, shall we not arrive at some likeness of that true Man who, the apostle says, dwells in us—the Hope of glory. He informs us—that is, forms us from within.

Dr. Donne (who knew less than any other writer in the English language what Polish of Style means) recognizes this divine polishing to the full. He says in a poem called "The Cross":—

"As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take,
Let Crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his Image, or not his, but He."

This is no doubt a higher figure than that of *polish*, but it is of the same kind, revealing the same truth. It recognizes the fact that the divine nature lies at the root of the human nature, and that the polish which lets that spiritual nature shine out in the simplicity of heavenly childhood, is the true Polish of Manners of which all merely social refinements are a poor imitation.—Whence Coleridge says that nothing but religion can make a man a gentleman.—And when these harmonies of our nature come to the surface, we shall be indeed "lively stones," fit for building into the great temple of the universe, and echoing the music of creation. Dr. Donne recognizes, besides, the notable fact that *crosses* or afflictions are the polishing powers by means of which the beautiful realities of human nature are brought to the surface. One can tell at once by the peculiar loveliness of certain persons that they have suffered.

But, to look for a moment less profoundly into the matter, have we not known those whose best never could get to the surface just from the lack of polish?—persons who, if they could only reveal the kindness of their nature, would make men believe in human nature, but in whom some roughness of awkwardness or of shyness prevents the true self from appearing? Even the dread of seeming to claim a good deed or to patronise a fellow-man will sometimes soil the last touch of tenderness which would have been the final polish of the act of giving, and would have revealed infinite depths of human devotion. For let the truth out, and it will be seen to be true.

Simplicity is the end of all Polish, as of all Art, Culture, Morals, Religion, and Life. The Lord our God is one Lord, and we and our brothers and sisters are one Humanity, one Body of the Head.

Now to the practical: what are we to do for the polish of our manners?

Just what I have said we must do for the polish of our style. Take off: do not put on. Polish away this rudeness, that awkwardness. Correct everything self-assertive, which includes nine-tenths of all vulgarity. Imitate no one's behaviour; that is to paint. Do not think about yourself; that is to varnish. Put what is wrong right, and what is in you will show itself in harmonious behaviour.

But no one can go far in this track without discovering that true polish reaches much deeper; that the outward exists but for the sake of the inward; and that the manners, as they depend on the morals, must be forgotten in the morals of which they are but the revelation. Look at the high-shouldered, ungainly child in the corner: his mother tells him to go to his book, and he wants to go to his play. Regard the swollen lips, the skin tightened over the nose, the distortion of his shape, the angularity of his whole appearance. Yet he is not an awkward child by nature. Look at him again the moment after he has given in and kissed his mother. His shoulders have dropped to their place; his limbs are free from the fetters that bound them; his motions are graceful, and the one blends harmoniously with the other. He is no longer thinking of himself. He has given up his own way. The true childhood comes to the surface, and you see what the boy is meant to be always. Look at the jerkiness of the conceited man. Look at the quiet *fluency* of motion in the modest man. Look how anger itself which forgets self, which is unhating and righteous, will elevate the carriage and ennoble the movements.

But how far can the same rule of *omission* or *rejection* be applied with safety to this deeper character—the manners of the spirit?

It seems to me that in morals too the main thing is to avoid doing wrong; for then the active spirit of life in us will drive us on to the right. But on such a momentous question I would not be dogmatic. Only as far as regards the feelings I would say: it is of no use to try to make ourselves feel thus or thus. Let us fight with our wrong feelings; let us polish away the rough ugly distortions of feeling. Then the real and the good will come of themselves. Or rather, to keep to my figure, they will then show themselves of themselves as the natural home-produce, the indwelling facts of our deepest—that is, our divine nature.

Here I find that I am sinking through my subject into another and deeper—a truth, namely, which should, however, be the foundation of all our building, the background of all our representations: that Life is at work in us—the sacred Spirit of God travailing in us. That Spirit has gained one end of His labour—at which He can begin to do yet more for us—when He has brought us to beg for the help which He has been giving us all the time.

I have been regarding infinite things through the medium of one limited figure, knowing that figures with all their suggestions and relations could not reveal them utterly. But as far as they go, these thoughts raised by the word Polish and its figurative uses appear to me to be most true.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

This is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago,—
Quiet, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow;
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasp'd hands and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room,—
With the fragrance fled away!

Effie, Grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face,—
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Effie is singing elsewhere,—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue,—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she be quiet, and buried, and dead,
I should not wonder much.

For she was so young, you know,—
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me, so,
Though I was gray and old,
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
And it still lookt living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown drest,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

Nay!—though I am dull and blind,
Since men are bad and base,
The Lord is much too kind
To mar such a sweet young face:
Why, when we stood by her still bed-side,
She seemed to breathe like a living thing!
And when I murmur'd her name and cried,
She seem'd to be listening!

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life;—
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men with their prayers untrue—
Nay!—rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do!

A weary path I have trod;
And now I feel no fear,—
For I cannot think that God
Is so far, since she was here!
As I stand, I can see the blue eyes shine,
And the small arms reach thro' the curtain'd gloom,—
While the breath of the great Lord God divine
Stirs the little white rose of a room!

ISAAC TAYLOR.

The grave having just closed over the earthly remains of Isaac Taylor, I cannot but think that a few personal recollections of him and his home, and a brief glance at his principal writings, will gratify the readers of a magazine to which he was lately so large a contributor. What I have got to say will be, I know, a very meagre memorial of the man, and a very inadequate estimate of his writings; but the notices of him in the newspapers have been so very bare, that though I must come far short of what is due, I think I shall go a little beyond what has yet been done in the way of tribute to so estimable a memory.

Of one who reached the zenith of his fame so long ago as five-and-twenty or thirty years, many of the present generation can have but a very vague impression, especially as he occupied no public sphere, lived secluded from the world, and hardly ever appeared in person before a general audience. Many, I fancy, think of him dimly as a great and learned champion of truth, who sat in his study at Stanford Rivers, pondering men and things, and threw out a remarkable book now and then to the world, like a shot from an Armstrong gun, that told mightily upon intellectual minds, and greatly delighted the friends of Christian truth. The names of his books are no doubt familiar to most persons who know anything of the more solid literature of the present century; yet if the inquiry were made, in such a company as he himself in "Good Words" proposed to catechise as to whether or not they had read "Paradise Lost,"—Have you read the "Natural History of Enthusiasm?" or the "Physical Theory of Another Life?" or "Saturday Evening?" or "Home Education?" it is too likely that the per centage of "ayes" would be even less than the very small one which he allowed for the readers of Milton. It is the deep conviction, that both the man and his books deserve to be much more widely known at the present day, that induces me to bring before the public the few recollections of him which a short acquaintance supplies. No class of writings, I am persuaded, is more fitted to benefit the world just now. They are not of course popular books, they are not easily read, and not always readily understood. They are full of thought, of reasoning, of wisdom, of deep conviction, and earnest feeling. Every page shows how strongly the writer's mind was under the influence of truth. Every page shows as clearly his remarkable candour, and how well he was fitted for one of the great tasks he set himself—to separate real from fictitious piety, in its secret springs as well as its open appearances. From first to last he laboured to clear religion of every element of disease and impurity, and hand it down to future generations in a condition of health that would secure for it, under God, a career of continued vitality and growing power. A pure and lofty aim, doubtless; yet not more pure or lofty than the soul of the man who made it his own.

A few years ago, I set out on a winter afternoon to pay my first visit to Stanford Rivers. At that time, the most convenient way of reaching it from the Metropolis was by the train from Shoreditch, and a covered van that ran (if it could be said to run) between the Romford station and the village of Ongar. The latter conveyance was somewhat primitive, almost antediluvian. It took the world easily, the coachman, among other leisurely acts, pulling up at a road-side inn, and letting down the passengers to warm their feet at a comfortable fire, and have a glass of beer if they chose, or smoke a pipe. The eight or nine miles between Romford and Stanford Rivers were traversed in this way in about a couple of hours. Nothing could have been more striking than the contrast between the commencement of the journey from London and its close; between the roar and commotion at the Shoreditch station, and the sober jogging of the covered van. One could hardly have supposed that within twenty miles of London one should find such a quiet scene; but it was just what seemed appropriate for the residence of Isaac Taylor; near enough to the busy world for him to know and appreciate the forces by which it was agitated, yet so beyond the whirlpool as to favour that course of calm meditation on its currents and eddies, seen and unseen, to which his life was given.

The name "Stanford Rivers" is a puzzle to people at a distance, leading them instinctively to think of a land of streams, while nothing of the kind meets the stranger's eye. The very frequent occurrence of the syllable *ford* in the names of places in Essex has often been remarked (Romford, Ilford, Woodford, Chelmsford, Stanford, &c.); but however that fact may be explained, it has no connection with the latter half of the name of the parish where Mr. Taylor had his home. Stanford, according to Morant, in his "History and Antiquities of Essex," "is the name given to this parish because a ford through the river Rodon here was naturally stony, or was paved with stone after the manner of the Romans;" and the addition of Rivers "is from the family *De Ripariis*, or Rivers, its ancient owners, distinguishing it from Stanford le Hope."

Of this Stanford Rivers the reader must conceive as a thoroughly rural parish, with a few houses scattered over its rich fields and wooded slopes, wearing a charming aspect of rural seclusion and simplicity. Though thickening somewhat near the parish church of Stanford Rivers, the houses are still too much apart to form a village, or even the appearance of one. No one probably would at first sight be particularly struck by a modest house near the road-side, with the square windows and low ceilings of the old English style, having in front a small plot of grass and a few ornamental trees, and behind, a garden of average size, embellished with no ribbon-borders or other devices of modern gardening, but with the old-fashioned shrubs and flowers of half a century ago. As the coachman pulled up at the gate, I knew this to be the Stanford Rivers from which so many remarkable books had been dated. The scene of so much intellectual activity, the home of so much warm affection and Christian grace and purity, did not indicate one on whose fortunes the world had smiled. But the evidences of mental culture and refined taste, and of the victory of mind over unfavourable conditions of life, showed with how much more lavish a hand the higher gifts had been bestowed than the lower. On entering the house, one felt that one was welcome, and at home. Not that Mr. Taylor's manner was particularly easy or genial; on the contrary, it was abrupt and angular; but there was an honesty and genuineness about it that at once impressed you; you felt that he meant what he said, and more than he said. A slight figure, below the middle height, suggested no idea of commanding power. But besides what one gathered from the compact firmness of the face, and the finely-chiselled brow, crowned by an ample supply of crisp grey hair, the quick bright eye told the tale of intellectual prowess,—what a piercing glance he could cast into the field of intellectual vision, and how much he could see where all was mist and confusion to ordinary men. The very first look indicated one incapable of yielding his convictions in deference to any one; but you saw at the same time how much genuine Christian kindness mingled with this tone of decision, and how little his intellectual throne had interfered with the simplicity and kindheartedness of the man.

Mr. Taylor was sprung from ancestors remarkable through several generations both for the fear of God, and for acuteness and vigour of intellect; singularly skilled in the art of self-discipline, of making five talents ten by careful and constant trading; great economists of time, and of everything that contributes to the increase of intellectual and spiritual stores. How far back the Christian name Isaac goes in the family, we cannot tell; at all events it was borne both by his father and his grandfather, while his eldest son, the author of "Names and Places," and of some able pamphlets and articles on ecclesiastical subjects, gives evidence that it has not yet completed the wreath of honour destined to be gathered round it. Isaac Taylor, the grandfather, besides carrying on other business, took up that of copper-plate printing, when that art was introduced, and prosecuted it with success. His son, Isaac the second, followed out this department of his father's business, and became an eminent engraver, so that even still engravings with "Isaac Taylor, junior," in the corner are prized by collectors and connoisseurs. Another son, a man of considerable learning, was the editor of the edition of Calmet's "Dictionary of the Bible," in five volumes quarto, and author of the "Fragments" appended to it. In addition to his artistic pursuits, Mr. Isaac Taylor, junior, had charge of a Congregational church, first at Colchester, and afterwards at Ongar; and as if these employments were not sufficient, he acted as domestic tutor to his own family, devoting himself to their training with remarkable care. Some insight into the upbringing of the family, and the remarkable care with which even meal-hours were turned to account, has been given by his son in his recent papers in "GOOD WORDS." Both father and mother were equally in earnest in the rearing of their children, and their ideas of "Home Education" descended largely to their son, who not only adopted the practice, at least for the female part of his own family, but wrote the suggestive treatise, or rather portion of a treatise, which bears that title. The father seems to have bent his mind with great earnestness to find out what really was the nature of a child—its wants, capacities, and longings, and how these might be most effectually dealt with. For his children's use he wrote books, constructed chronological tables, and prepared lectures in history, science, and art. He was author of "Scenes of British Wealth," and other books familiar to the children of last generation. I remember his son showing me a box of geometric figures which he had made with his own hand for the use of his children,—cubes, cones, prisms, pyramids, and so forth, and by means of which he furnished them with several useful and interesting exercises. He found that it was a pleasure to a child to answer questions which should lead him to recognise each of these forms in some familiar object; as in the roof of a house, a prism; in the church spire or the extinguisher of a candle, a cone; in a cricket-ball, a sphere; in an egg, a prolate; in a turnip, an oblate spheroid. This prepared them for finding fit comparisons for other objects. It exercised the faculty that deals with resemblances, and enlarged their power of conception. How well the efforts of the parents were bestowed, both in an intellectual and religious point of view, is apparent from the distinction attained by several of the family, especially by Isaac, and by the two sisters, Jane Taylor and Mrs. Gilbert, the latter of whom still survives, and in whose son, a well-known artist, the family talent for the use of the pencil continues to flourish.

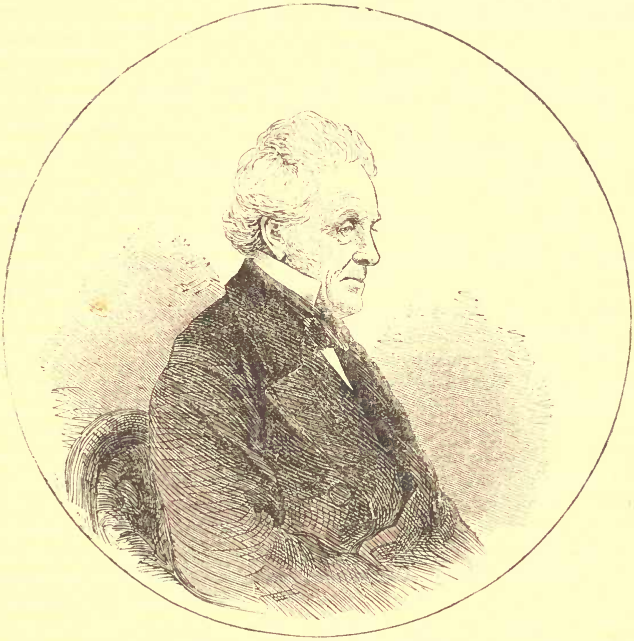
The author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was born in 1786 at Lavenham, in Suffolk. At first he followed the artist's profession, but by degrees literature was found to be his congenial element, and the pencil yielded to the pen. The reader of Edward Irving's Works may see a sample of his pencil in the profile sketch of the great preacher, prefixed to the first volume. He and Irving were attached personal friends, though differing in the structure of their minds almost as much as in that of their bodies,—the one penetrating to the depths, the other soaring to the skies; but they were alike in the honesty and purity of their natures, in the subjection of their whole souls to the power of divine truth, and in that elevated view of Christianity and the Christian life which could find in no existing section of the Christian community a home altogether congenial to their hearts.

In his sister Jane, Mr. Taylor found a most congenial companion, and their similarity of taste and feeling, and warm affection and regard, bound them to each other as brother and sister are but rarely united. For some years (1813—1816) his health was so feeble that it was necessary for him to reside in Devonshire and the neighbourhood; there his sister Jane was his companion; and her most affectionate care was probably the means of preserving to the world a life whose full value even she could hardly have foreseen. She too, like him, had had the training of an artist, for their father seems to have anticipated modern discoveries on "the employments of women." But in her case also, art yielded to literature. Many is the nursery that has got sunshine and Christianity from her gentle hymns and rhymes. In these, and in some other publications, she was associated with her sister, Mrs. Gilbert; but in "Display," a fiction for young persons, she stood alone, and the publication was so favourably received that she would in all likelihood have attempted bolder and higher flights. But after a long illness, she died in 1824, full of peace and joy,—the sun shining out on her soul with extraordinary brightness shortly before she was taken away. To her brother, her death was not only a bereavement of unwonted intensity, but it altered the whole complexion of his life. Soon after he married an intimate friend of his sister's, Edward Irving giving away the bride. The calm contemplative leisure hitherto experienced could be but partially enjoyed amid the bustle and cares of a family reaching the patriarchal number of twelve children. To one whose chief property, as Southey said of himself, lay in his ink-glass, and who wrote, not for the superficial multitude, but for the thoughtful few, it was no easy task to provide for so many. Mr. Taylor's mechanical genius seemed at one time likely to secure the independence which his pen could hardly compass. He took out a patent for an ingenious process connected with the printing of calico. Though quite successful mechanically, it was far from being so commercially. Many a long journey did he take in its interest between Stanford Rivers and Manchester, and many a comfortless sojourn did he pass in the latter place, at the very time when he was incubating on some of his ablest works. Few would suppose that his books on Loyola and Wesley saw the light while his mind was hard at work on the best mode of printing patterns on calico. About the time of one of my visits to Stanford Rivers, the American war had dried up the last streamlet of return that this invention yielded. The pension conferred on him about this time by Lord Palmerston came very opportunely, freeing him from anxieties which must otherwise have pressed very hard on one so advanced in life.

It is not many literary men whose whole family of books have had a single cradle. But all, or nearly all, that is connected with the name of Isaac Taylor was produced at, or at least issued from, Stanford Rivers. The house, furniture, and all remained unchanged for forty years. It was his habit to spend the early part of each day in his study—the largest room of the house, surrounded with book-shelves, conspicuous among which were the rows containing the Christian Fathers, his intimacy with which he seemed to consider about the most important, as it had been the most laborious of his acquisitions. He greatly dreaded lest the Fathers should go out of fashion, and the minds of theologians should be occupied merely with any single school of divinity. In every branch of the Church, he used to say, there ought to be a few men thoroughly familiar with the Fathers, knowing all their views, and acquainted with the bearing of any passages to which controversialists might appeal. Having laid down his views on this point with great decision, he would ask somewhat abruptly, "Have you got any such men in Scotland?" His own sense of the value of the early Fathers seemed to increase in the latter part of his life. Indeed he seemed to feel that in his "Ancient Christianity" he had not altogether given them their proper place, and he showed some signs of regret that he had written that book during the heat of the Tractarian controversy, and under the influence of feelings that had somewhat disturbed the usual candour and calmness of his judgment. Dr. Stanley's Lectures on the Eastern Church had appeared a short time before one of my visits, and had been read aloud in the parlour, according to the custom of the family. But he could point to great gaps in the historical sketch of the lecturer; and, as if he felt that some injustice had been done to John of Damascus, and other magnates of the Greek Church, he longed for an opportunity of letting the world know something of the rich Oriental veins of which Dr. Stanley had told them nothing. His acquaintance with the Greek and Latin Fathers does not seem to have been made with rapidity. We remember his contrasting his own mode of reading such books with the extraordinary quickness of his neighbour, Dr. Tattam, the rector of the parish, to whom he would sometimes apply when he wished information on particular points. Once he showed me a great folio volume, of perhaps twelve hundred pages with double columns, which he had sent to Dr. Tattam, asking him to note the passages where anything was said about the Holy Places in Jerusalem—one of the subjects in which he felt a particular interest. In a very short time the volume had been returned, with a note of some eight or ten places in different parts of the book where the subject was referred to. Mr. Taylor could lay claim to no such quickness; though of course his activity of mind and readiness of apprehension would enable him to read faster than most.

The study window opening to the garden allowed him in fine weather to relieve the sitting posture by an occasional promenade along the walks. Often had he paced those gravel walks. Sometimes a little summer-house became the study, and in one very warm summer—1828—when the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" was written, his writing-table had been placed under some trees, and his work was done in the open air. About two o'clock books were closed, and the circulation quickened by a walk. For forty years he had had the privilege of the neighbouring grounds of Navestock,—"my grounds," as he would humorously call them, not so much from the sort of prescriptive right to the use of them which the period gave him, as from the fact that he had really got the good of them to a far greater extent than the owner or anybody else. So far from envying the owner, the owner, he seemed to think, had more cause to envy him. What could a noble lord or lady, coming down for a few weeks in autumn with a bevy of fashionable company, know of these glades and wooded uplands, compared to one who had seen and studied them under every aspect of nature, and had loved them for forty years? And to him nature was something very different from what it is to most mental philosophers. We daresay the public were somewhat surprised, in his recent papers in "Good Words," to find how closely and how curiously he observed nature. The common notion that mental philosophers are for ever looking inwards, and another common notion that a man who is very eminent in one capacity must be little better than a booby in every other, would have led most people to say *à priori*, that if he thought of nature at all, it would only be with the vague sentiment of admiration which is common to nearly all men of cultivated minds. But in Isaac Taylor the cultivated eye of the artist was united to the abstract power of the philosopher. It is a rare combination; it would be difficult to recall another eminent instance. The outer forms and colours of things were peculiarly interesting to him, and suggested many a curious speculation. Witness his paper on "A Winter's Ride on a Starry Night," and his explanation of the manner in which, through the influence of sounds, the horse, when his rider is bewildered, takes the right road home. I remember him propounding several curious questions to a boy who walked with us, on some of the appearances of nature—as, for example, why it was that when a sunbeam came through an opening in a cloud, the rays seemed to spread out like a fan as they approached the ground—a phenomenon which he ascribed to the fact of their coming nearer to us as they descended, and therefore seeming to occupy more space, although they did not do so really. The phenomena of light interested him greatly. His eye was practised to notice the different intensities of light at different seasons of the year, and in different latitudes; and I well remember one evening, as we stood at the door looking out for the comet that was then expected, how confidently he affirmed that the feeble star in the "Plough" was decidedly and sensibly less bright than it had been in his younger days.

The chief literary undertaking to which Mr. Taylor may be said to have devoted himself, could hardly fail to make him unpopular in many quarters. At least it was not likely that he could be cordially liked by the ordinary leaders of sects and parties. He had set himself to study very carefully the diseases and aberrations, so to speak, of the Christian Church, and in this series of his books, he sought to exhibit at one view the leading forms of spurious or corrupted religion. It was not a popular task. And it became less so as it proceeded. The first volume of the series, "Natural History of Enthusiasm," was the most successful, as regards the interest it excited, and the extent of its sale. "Fanaticism" followed, but never reached the circulation of its predecessor. Then came "Spiritual Despotism," with the smallest circulation of the three.* Yet Sir James Stephen, in his remarkable critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, republished in his "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," considers this treatise the ablest of all, and is quite enraptured at the skill and power and wisdom with which the subject is opened up. "Little," he says, "is hazarded in announcing this work as the most original, comprehensive, and profound contribution which any living writer in our own country has made to the science of ecclesiastical polity." The great success of "Enthusiasm" may be accounted for partly by the fact that it dealt with the mildest form of religious disease, and partly also that while on the one hand it indicated some subtle seeds of evil, on the other it was a vindication of the intensely earnest spirit which was then beginning to vivify the Church, but which was the object of so much indiscriminate abuse. It was a noble defence of real enthusiasm in religion, but at the same time it made a skilful discrimination between the true and the false, and gave a masterly diagnosis of those elements of disease by which


Isaac Taylor.

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* We are inclined to think that some modification of the opinions advanced in this book, led the author to prevent its being reprinted in recent years.

earnest religious movements are so often ruined in the second or third generation. It threw the shield of Achilles over the earnest Christian men of forty years ago, showing that instead of the ridicule of wise and thoughtful minds, they deserved their highest esteem and admiration; but at the same time, it laid the finger of warning on this point and on that, and showed that if the guides of these movements were not on their guard, excesses would appear that would weaken their strength and destroy all their beauty. Within the last few years, in connection with the earnest movements of the day, some of these very tendencies have appeared very prominently, to the great anxiety of wise and good men. Nothing has given us a higher impression of the wisdom of Isaac Taylor, than the perusal of that book in the light of the spiritual movements of the present day. The skill with which it draws the line between the good and the evil in earnest religion — between real and fictitious piety—is unrivalled. Had he been enabled and encouraged to complete his great plan of exhibiting all the corrupt forms and morbid tendencies of religious society under all the different conditions in which it may be placed in the world, the contribution coming from a man of such personal excellence, such profundity of thought, such store of learning, so attached to the great positive doctrines of Revelation, and so removed from the influences that usually cloud the vision and give a bias to the judgment, would have been invaluable. His original plan was to embrace treatises on Enthusiasm, Fanaticism, Superstition, Credulity, Corruption of Morals, and Scepticism. That he would have been right on all occasions we should never think of insinuating. But he could hardly have failed to be exceedingly useful and suggestive. Whatever he might have indicated in the case of particular churches and communities, would have been entitled to their most respectful and patient consideration. But it was not so ruled. How it fared with him in other quarters, we do not know; but when he tried, in 1856, in an elaborate critique on the writings of Chalmers in the *North British Review*, to indicate what seemed to him morbid in the excessive rigidity of the Scottish theological system, a storm of great vehemence arose against him and his friends, showing on the part of those who raised it a determination not to listen even to his most deliberate counsels. Mr. Taylor felt keenly this untoward occurrence; and used to ask in his later years whether six men could be found in that country who would pay the slightest attention to anything he might say. Still the views and spirit of Isaac Taylor have exercised, and will continue to exercise, a perceptible influence even in Scotland, especially in the promotion of Christian candour. Those whom it is not impossible to convince that all is not gold that glitters in their church or sect, will ever find much instruction and profit in his books. Mr. Taylor himself was not very sanguine, either as to the effect of his writings, or the future destinies of Christianity in these islands. "If I were to say what I believe," we remember him once jocularly remarking, in reference to some topic of the day, "people would say it's one of the crotchets of that cross old being, Isaac Taylor." Everyone will readily see that the ordeal through which he passed must have been a trying one for himself. But though immovable in his convictions, he could not be said to have the temper of a soured or disappointed man. Sunshine fell from his heart, especially on his friends and his family, and as years increased, he felt the more how rich a heritage he had in their love and esteem, while the great truths of "Scriptural Christianity" still proved the anchor of his soul.

It was but natural for Mr. Taylor to make his escape at times from working among the diseases and corruptions of the Christian Church,—"from the contemplation of souls, infected by the taint of their mortal prison-house, to a meditation on immortal spirits, whose corporeal shrines should eternally enhance their purest joys, and participate in their most exalted duties." The "Physical Theory of Another Life" is in many respects his most remarkable work. Never did a man about to soar on the wings of fancy bind himself down more rigorously to shun all that was merely fanciful, or confine himself more carefully to the exposition of the changes in the life of the soul, which the substitution of the spiritual for the natural body might be expected to cause. One hardly knows which to admire most in that book—the boldness of his flights into the unseen, the firmness of the reasoning that guides these flights, or the beauty and practical force of the views of the future which his several conjectures open up. In "Saturday Evening" the weaknesses and sorrows of the Christian Church are not absent from his view, but her hopes and prospects, and final glories, are the more congenial subjects of meditation. Sir James Stephen, describing how, on the completion of "Spiritual Despotism" he soared away in "Saturday Evening" into other contemplations more agreeable to himself, because more abstruse, says of him, very truly, that he sought and found relief in regions of thought where ordinary mortals find little else than lassitude. I would strongly recommend every one who can lay his hand on the seventy-first volume of the *Edinburgh Review* to read that most interesting "Essay in Ecclesiastical Biography" which Sir James first published there. So far as it is biographical, it is a biography constructed wholly out of hints and allusions in the author's works. It is a theory of an earthly life, framed from the records of the spiritual; and not less remarkable for the justice it does to his conceptions, than for the accuracy with which it traces the progress of his mind.

Nothing more could be needed to prove even to a perfect stranger, that Mr. Taylor had nothing of the cynic or even of the censor in his nature, than a perusal of his work on "Home Education;" and the conviction would become immovable if it were known that that volume is little else than an exposition of the method practised at Stanford Rivers. Not to be tedious, I may just remind my readers that the fundamental principle of the book and the method is, that home should be filled with cheerful influences,—that the happiness inherent in childhood, should be allowed to develop itself in all suitable and Christian ways,—and that love should be the great organ of education in the early years. At least he held very strongly that, apart from this method,—under any sky of gloom and frowns and terror,—the Christian education of the young could not be carried on successfully. His own family was a singularly happy one, and well fitted to gladden the heart of a Christian parent. "We have tried to bring up our children," he would say, "as God's children; not knocking them about as blocks or stones, but treating them with the respect and tenderness due to 'the heritage of the Lord;' not fearing to vindicate our authority, when that was really needful, but aiming rather at having it felt than seen. We have represented to them, at the proper time, the duty of giving themselves to Christ, and we have every cause to be gratified in the highest degree by the result." It will readily be understood that it was a special aim to make Sunday a happy day. And so long as the day was in the main devoted to the great and blessed ends for which it exists, he did not burden them with innumerable rules, or keep them under a yoke of perpetual restraint. In every respect he deemed "a due and fervent attendance on religious exercises, public and private," most important. "I am prepared to affirm," we quote his words from "Home Education," "that, *to the studious especially*, and whether younger or older, a Sunday well-spent,—spent in happy exercises of the heart, devotional and domestic—a Sunday given to the SOUL, is the best of all means of refreshment for the mere intellect. A Sunday so passed is a liquefaction of the entire nature,—a process dispelling mental cramps and stagnations, and enabling every single faculty again to get its due in the general diffusion of the intellectual power." Mr. Taylor was no advocate for what is currently known as intellectual preaching. In "Saturday Evening" he censures the preaching that makes "the glory of Christ as the Saviour of man, which should be always as the Sun in the heavens, shine only with an astral lustre;" and he declares his conviction, that "the mode of preaching which has been affectedly termed the intellectual, can hardly be made to consist with a bold, simple, cordial proclamation of the message of mercy." For himself, what he sought in the services of the sanctuary, was not so much the gratification of the intellect, as the invigoration of the conscience, and the refreshment and stimulation of the best feelings of the heart. Finding most of what he desiderated in the service of the Church of England, he latterly became a member of the Establishment. But, as Sir James Stephen indicates, and as "Spiritual Despotism" abundantly shows, there were other sympathies between him and the Church of England; and so early as 1829, in the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," he gave his judgment on its value when he described it as "the chief prop of modern Christianity."

Most careful though he was to avoid all the technical phrases and forms of theologians, it is plain that the old Puritan theology had a firm hold and a most vital influence on his whole life. Whenever he was drawn into controversy, it was the Bible and biblical theology he rushed to defend. A certain greater degree of freedom than is usually allowed in the interpretation of the Bible, he unquestionably desired, and with no small warmth he would sometimes inveigh against the hurtful influence of those systems which, giving undue prominence to certain aspects of divine truth, overlaid or neutralised, in his judgment, other aspects highly important; but when he drew his sword, it was ever in support of the great truths which are commonly received among Christians. Witness his "Restoration of Belief," his work on "Hebrew Poetry," his Remarks in reply to Bishop Colenso, or his articles on "Modern Thought," in the *North British Review*. Even the "Physical Theory of Another Life" was written in support of the same great cause. The author is most careful to claim paramount authority for every statement of Holy Scripture on the future Life, while he asks for his own treatise only the place of a hypothesis, which may throw light on difficulties, or inspire faith and patience under them, but must never be allowed to interfere with any article of religious belief. The verities of the Gospel were life and death realities to him, and so he desired them to be to all; feeling well assured that "when once the purity of law, and the impartiality and vigour of the divine government have been admitted, and the thought of standing at the tribunal of God has firmly lodged itself in the mind, the well-founded fear of condemnation is in no way to be allayed, until the SUBSTITUTE of the sinner is known to be THE VERY PARTY whom the sinner has insulted!"*

It is a singular fact—explain it as we may—that Mr. Taylor was never able to find a *niche* for himself in any literary institution, and remained out of office to the end of the chapter. Much though he loved Stanford Rivers, and the life of contemplation he led there, he would have been thankful for a position that would have enabled him (to use his own words) "to exert an influence favourable to humanity, piety, and knowledge upon the age to come."

In 1836, he was not far from obtaining the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. His mode of proceeding, in his application for that chair, was very characteristic. Up to this time, his chief writings had been anonymous. He was known, indeed, as the translator of Herodotus, —of this translation, Mr. Rawlinson formed so high an opinion, that, had he known of it in time, he would have adopted it as the basis of his own; and as the author of the "Life of Jane Taylor," and a few other works of no great pretension. But the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and the other books on which he put forth his strength, had been published anonymously. He had deliberately renounced the distinction of literary eminence, believing that the work he had undertaken might be done better if he concealed his name. Consequently, when he came forward for the chair of Logic, he had no testimonials to offer. Writing to one of the patrons,* he told him that he had withdrawn himself from the sometimes flattering inquiries that had been made after the author, and that several expressions of favourable opinions by distinguished men that had incidentally come under his notice, were not at hand, or could not easily be turned to account. Then, as if the information were wrung from him by absolute force, he adds,—"I have been told that Dr. Chalmers has repeatedly honoured the author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' by his cordial eulogium. Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, I believe, entertains a similar opinion of the author. The Bishop of London has spoken in the same manner, and in a printed charge has quoted the author with approbation. The same, I believe, of the Bishop of Limerick, the late Dr. Jebb. I had once in my hands, for a day or two, a copy of 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' enriched and honoured by the copious pencil annotations of the late Mr. Coleridge; and these notes included some strong encomiums, a part of which appeared in the volume on the 'Church and State.' In the United States, where my books have always been reprinted, and sometimes three editions simultaneously, I enjoy, I believe, an extended reputation." The opponent of Mr. Taylor was Sir William Hamilton. Sixteen years previously Sir William had advanced strong claims to the chair of Moral Philosophy, when Dugald Stewart retired; his testimonials now for the chair of Logic were absolutely overwhelming. Notwithstanding, Mr. Taylor had fourteen votes at the election, as against eighteen for Sir William. In his letters, Mr. Taylor explains the scheme of Logic he had long been meditating. He believed that the great vivifying principles of reasoning had yet to be deduced from the dim prophetic form in which Lord Bacon gave them, and that when this was done, a great impulse would be given to all the sciences. Even the logic of common life he thought might be digested,—the rationale of business and ordinary prudence. Interesting though these glimpses of his plans and intentions are, it may be doubted whether in a chair of Logic he would have been in his right place. He himself afterwards came to see that he would not. But it is interesting to think, had the majority been the other way, what effect would have been produced on Scotland and the world, by Isaac Taylor in place of Sir William Hamilton in the chair of Logic. The instance might be added to a multitude of others, in which very trivial circumstances, like the determination of two or three votes, have carried results of the greatest importance.

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* "Saturday Evening."

The death of Isaac Taylor has severed the last link that connected our time with the age of the giants in the Evangelical movement in Great Britain in the earlier part of this century. Robert Hall, John Foster, Thomas Chalmers, and Isaac Taylor, were of an order that has now no living representative. It is astonishing how correct, for the most part, the public instinct is in recognising men of the highest intellectual calibre. The kingly faculty of these men met with a very general recognition; their voice, at least in their best days, commanded universal respect; but to not one of the many able divines that have followed or accompanied them, has the same rank been conceded. These four men rendered to evangelical religion a service of the highest importance. They gave to the winds the notion that earnest piety was necessarily associated with feeble intellect; they showed to demonstration how cordial the alliance might be between hearts completely possessed by evangelical truth, and minds of thorough independence and originality, that could embrace the whole world of intellect in their ken. They removed a great stumbling-block in the way of intellectual men espousing the cause of Christ. If the present age cannot rival the brightness of their gifts, it may at least profit by the light which they shed. And it will do well to remember, that the eminent position they reached was due not less to their transparent candour, high honour, and great charity, than to the strength of their convictions and the brilliancy of their powers.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

THREE WEEKS AMONG THE CHURCHES OF FRANCE.

By THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

My object in sending to press the following hasty notes has been, to show those who like myself have little technical knowledge of architecture, how rich a treat they may enjoy, in a small space of time, and at no great cost, whenever wearied energies demand recruiting.

This being so, I must deprecate being judged, as some have judged my former letters from abroad, for want of completeness in having omitted mention of some of the most noteworthy objects, or some of the most remarkable details in the objects which I described. If I were writing a guide-book, these omissions might be justly complained of; but I am merely setting down those things which struck me, and not elaborating a description of all that ought to be noted.

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* I have to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Marwick, city clerk, Edinburgh, for the opportunity of reading the documents connected with this election.

And with regard to the objects included, it must be borne in mind by the reader that my time was limited, being merely that which could be spared for a Lenten holiday after a winter of unusually hard biblical work,—a parson's three weeks, from Monday morning till the evening of the Saturday fortnight. This necessitated the omission of several of the greater churches: of some because seen before, of others as being too far from the route to be conveniently taken in. In the former of these classes were Reims, Laon, Strasbourg, Amiens, Beauvais, Caen, Poitiers, Angoulême, Narbonne, Arles, and Metz; in the latter Bayeux, Coutances, and Evreux.

On Monday, March 6, I left Canterbury with a friend, taking the usual pleasant day's journey to Paris: pleasant that is, if the winds and waves are propitious during its former portion, and society or a book during its latter. The ruined abbey church of St. Bertin at St. Omer, the distant view of the grand mass of Amiens, the old church of St. Leu, on the right; the graceful spire of Senlis and the Abbey of St Denis on the left, are really almost the only objects to be made out before Montmartre looms ahead, and we find ourselves in Paris.

Nôtre Dame de Paris is, according to the authorities, one of the grandest and best proportioned of French cathedrals: but I am ashamed to say that I have always felt disappointment with it. There is little that the eye loves to dwell upon, or the memory to carry away. The view of any great west front is always imposing, but the front of Nôtre Dame is soon obliterated by the far greater interest of those of other cathedrals. The two massive square towers, exactly alike in their somewhat heavy details, and the uniform length of horizontal balustrade in two stories beneath, prevent, it always seems to me, the beautiful rose window and rich receding portals from producing their due effect of splendour and variety. The interior again is coldly correct, and devoid of varied interest. This effect has perhaps been increased by the modern restoration, which has left the walls of a dull leaden grey; and this tint, we were told, is intended to remain in the nave and aisles, while the outlying chapels are to receive richness of colour and gilding. The remembrance of Nôtre Dame which will probably dwell most on the mind of an observant Englishman, is that of the east end with its flying buttresses and chapels, as it will probably have been his first example of that form of this portion of a church, known as the *chevet*, and almost universal in France.

Our first expedition was to CHARTRES. The day was most favourable for cathedral effects; a wild gleamy March sky, with more of the lion than the lamb both in the quantity and quality of the wind; dark massive clouds laden with sleet and snow, alternating with bright sunshine: a day when the flying sunbeams chase the shadows along the pillars and triforia within, and the steep wet roofs glitter behind the pinnacles and parapets, gladdening him who stands and looks from without. On such a day we saw one of the most beautiful monuments ever raised by human hand,—the cathedral of Nôtre Dame de Chartres. The first feature for description is that which will ever dwell last on the memory, as the clear image recedes into dimness; the western end, with its two matchless spires. They are not twins, as they have been called: rather is the southern and elder of the two the brother, admirable in massive simplicity and perfect manly proportion, and the northern and later, the younger sister, beautiful in feminine grace, and veiled with the richest and most profuse adornment. Still I must add that as the day wore on, and I watched them with the westering sun creeping round, even till they glowed with the setting purple, that while *his* beauty grew on me every hour, *hers* somewhat waned. So it ever seems to be: that which is simple, wins with time, that which is elaborate and complicated, loses. It may be, however, that even longer habitude would have corrected this back again. The simpler proportions are soon mastered: the more complicated do not reveal themselves but by degrees. I might in a day have learned the relative parts of the older spire, while every week might have disclosed new reasons for the adjustment of details producing such exquisite grace in the other. The transept portal, who does not know? Those wonderful assemblages of long stately figures in stone: that profusion of light and elegant shafts, carried up above them: and wherever relief is wanted for the blank space, the receding trefoil, or the little clinging ballflower, studding like gems the buttresses and mullions.

Let us now enter the building. The nave is beyond all praise. It consists of seven bays with stilted arches, *i.e.*, arches which do not spring from the vertical till some way above the capitals of the shafts. These arches increase in width toward the east; the extreme westerly one being nine feet in space, the next ten, the next eleven, and so on. Those who know the choir at Canterbury will remember a similar arrangement. There the increase is in the reverse direction,—towards the west and not the east. It is very difficult to say what effect this increase of width produces on the eye. Certainly *not*, as commonly supposed at Canterbury, the lengthening out of the vista to those who look from the wider to the narrower arches. For, if the effect of distance be to diminish in a certain proportion arches of an equal width, then in the case of width gradually lessening, that diminution must be much more rapid, and the vista would appear shorter, not longer. And the same reasoning would lead to the conclusion, that if the eye looked in the opposite direction, from the narrower to the wider arches, the vista would be lengthened. Thus we should have Chartres lengthened by this device to one looking from the west, and Canterbury to one looking from the east. Whether this really is so, can never be determined, until one can compare simultaneously two series of arches, of one of which the spans are equal, and of the other of which they are unequal: a coincidence not likely to be attained. The eye is at the same time so confident of its own measurements, and so likely to be deceived, that its evidence in such a matter is not to be trusted.

But from speculation let us come to matters of fact. These clerestory windows, how grand and imposing, with their lofty lancet lights and colossal saints in the brightest amber and crimson! Then again, what can be more graceful than the arcade (for it is that, rather than a triforium) which is carried round the whole church under the clerestory windows? But even this noble church has not escaped the marring hand of the vulgariser. The semicircle of highly stilted narrow arches which finish the choir to the east was once as beautiful as the rest; but in evil hour the Italianising mania fell on the authorities of the church, and they have actually cut away the mouldings of the arches and worked the surface into Italian panels, thus rendering restoration almost impracticable. As might be expected, the fittings of the choir itself are in the worst possible taste; and between it and the nave is a heavy solid wall of square-panelled white marble, surmounted by an enormous gilded cross.

But let us hide these incongruities, as we pass round eastward behind the choir, and examine the magnificent windows in the aisle and chapels. Here we have older glass than that in the clerestory; probably coeval with the building of this part of the church in the beginning of the thirteenth century. In general character it resembles that in the windows of Trinity chapel at Canterbury; differing from them however in this, that here we have in the body of the window full-length figures mixed with the small medallion groups, and in the borders, figures of men and animals introduced in the midst of the floral patterns.

Another matter worthy of notice is the very richly-carved outer screen which surrounds the choir. It is mostly of the latest Gothic; some of it even of the renaissance period: all, most elaborate and highly finished. The subjects are chiefly from Scripture or sacred legend, but I noticed some curious mixtures. The figures on one small renaissance compartment were Titus Cæsar, Vaspasian Cæsar (*sic*), and Hector; surrounded by subjects from the legends concerning the life of the Virgin.

And now we have accomplished the round of the choir, and are again standing at the intersection of the transepts. Chartres is one of the very few great French churches which we have seen, having real transepts. Most usually, the portion of the building which serves as a transept inside is not carried out on the outside further than the plane of the north and south walls; and sometimes, as in one notable instance presently to be described, there is no pretence of any transept at all. Even at Chartres, the transepts project beyond the north and south walls of the choir by one bay only. But let us observe these two rose windows, glowing with so much richness of colour and variety of subject. Windows of this kind are not indeed peculiar to French churches, but the abundance and beauty of them in France are so great, as to render them almost national. Beneath each of these two is a pierced arcade, containing five single-light windows of admirable colours: in the middle light of both is the figure of the Virgin; on the south, in the other lights, are Melchisedec, David, Solomon, and Aaron; and on the north, an arrangement which I do not remember to have seen before: the four great Prophets, each bearing on his shoulder an Evangelist; Isaiah having St. Matthew,—Ezekiel, St. John,—Daniel, St. Mark,—and Jeremiah, St. Luke.

After all, the glory of Chartres Cathedral will be justly held to be the north and south porches at the ends of the transepts. These, with their stately population of kings and saints, are well known by photographs and engravings. We were not sorry to be enabled, by being driven into the south porch for refuge in a snow-storm, to examine its grand figures at more leisure than our hurried visit would otherwise have allowed.

The next day from Paris took us to Senlis. The glory of this church is the very light and elegant north-western spire, in the purest style of the best age of Gothic. This spire was peculiarly interesting to travellers from Canterbury, as it shortly follows upon the time when the east end of our own cathedral was in construction, and forms a datum for conjecture how the two staircase-towers of "Becket's crown" may have been intended to be finished. The church itself is a light and graceful specimen of the transition from Romanesque to what we here call Early English or First-pointed. One feature which distinguishes this church from the great majority of those which we saw during our present tour is, that the triforium, instead of being a mere arcade in the wall, is a repetition of the aisle beneath it, of the same width, and with a roof similarly groined. The same, if I remember right, is the case in the abbey church of St. Remi at Reims. The transept ends of this church are specimens of all the rich and meretricious vagaries of the later flamboyant style;—the crockets of leaves of curly kale, the different lines of interfering ornamental designs running through and over one another, the trefoil and quatrefoil distorted to fit into all manner of incongruous spaces. We were unfortunate in having a very wet day at Senlis. Had there been sun, the play of light and shade on the north-western spire would doubtless have made it still more beautiful. A hurried sketch under an umbrella, from the boulevard near the railway station, was all that I could carry away of Senlis.

Rouen is too well known to our English travellers to need any general description from me. I will only set down the things which struck me most on revisiting it after twenty-two years' absence.

The wonderful gigantesque mass of the cathedral façade,—that agglomeration of finished and unfinished, of delicately carved stonework and projecting lumps absolutely unhewn, impressed me less than when I first was astonished by it: St. Ouen, on the other hand, much more. This exquisite building is probably the finest parish church in the world. One might venture to call it the St. Mary Redcliffe of foreign churches: and the coincidence, that both have a truncated central spire, might seem further to justify the comparison. But in purity of style, as in size and importance, the Bristol church must yield the palm to the other. St. Ouen is of the purest Gothic of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Although in size fitted for a cathedral, and indeed surpassing the cathedral its neighbour, its proportions are so perfect, and its architectural character so faultless, that all appearance of ambitious grandeur is absent. We mounted into its triforium and its roof, and found more and more at every step to admire. The western front has, since my last visit, been completed by two modern spires; of which, though they, as well as the whole work of the façade, are most carefully and correctly done, Mr. Pettit's criticism is undoubtedly true, that they approach too near to the height of the beautiful central tower for the general effect to be good. "The front," he observes, "should either have been kept subordinate to the central tower, by being furnished with lower towers having no spires, as in the original design, or by forming a flat mass, relieved by turrets and pinnacles: or else the steeples should have been carried boldly up, out-topping, as at Coutances, every part of the building. The present steeples, had they been carried up a stage or two higher, would have given the front a noble and beautiful proportion. As it is, it appears curtailed in its height in deference to the central tower, the effect of which is in reality more diminished by western spires, exactly equaling it in height, than it would have been had they far exceeded it. A spire, if it be anything more than a mere pinnacle, should always exceed in height any tower in the same building." (P. 148).

I am afraid I have not been endowed with faculties to admire the meretricious and overloaded flamboyant variety of Gothic. The much-praised church of S. Maclou (even by Pettit, p. 149) seemed hardly to deserve all that is continually said of it. Wherever the eye looks for repose and pleasure, it is disappointed—wearied with the crowding, and inconsistency, and want of symmetry, of the ornamentation.

In the course of our rambles round the old town, we came upon several churches of inferior size, possessing remarkably fine collections of the later cinque-cento stained glass. Especially let the traveller find out the church of St. Vincent, where the whole series of windows round the *chevet* is complete, and well worth examination.

There is a peculiarity in the interior of Rouen Cathedral, which I do not remember to have noticed elsewhere. The whole of the rich First-pointed nave arches are in two stories, the upper arch exactly corresponding to the lower. An appearance is thus given of a fine massive triforium running round the whole: the groining of the aisle roofs being seen through the upper arches. It is true, this is at the expense of that lightness and lofty spring, which characterizes for the most part the French interiors: but it is not unpleasing to the English eye, as giving more massiveness, and richness, and appearance of stability, which, in comparison with our great churches, the French interiors want.

After these visits made from Paris, we took our way southward towards Auvergne, staying a few hours on the first day at ORLEANS. Among the varieties of French architecture, one certainly does not expect to find a stately Gothic cathedral, almost correct even to its details, built in the seventeenth century. It is probable that the idea of Henry IV., who was the founder of the new building, was to reproduce the old one, destroyed by the Huguenots: and some portions of the ancient fabric are worked in among the arches and chapels of the modern church. Still, carefully and successfully as the object has in the main been carried out, instances of poor and shallow work abound: the resources of the time, hardly equal even to copying, were over-taxed, the moment anything beyond this was required. The general effect has been that of a body without a soul. The west front, with its two equal towers terminated by an ugly balustrade, betrays, even at a distance, its late character.

The evening brought us to BOURGES, and the next morning to its magnificent cathedral. If there is danger of monotony in describing, over and over again, the details of buildings having so much general resemblance, this danger is at any rate escaped at Bourges. For we have here some features of marked peculiarity. Transepts, which have been gradually, the further we have advanced in France, shrinking up into mere indications of such an arrangement, here fail us altogether, and the whole length is carried through, from west to east, absolutely unbroken. The three west end portals have become five, corresponding to five aisles, also carried through the whole length of the building. These five aisles are of unequal height, the outer one being the lowest. The effect thus produced in the interior, looking eastward, is the finest I remember to have seen anywhere: lofty and simple, the style being the purest First-pointed throughout. Here and there, in examining the church more in detail, we came upon flamboyant work: but in the main vista it does not appear at all. The painted glass is truly superb: a complete study of the different periods of the art. Of the older portion of it, there is very much that closely resembles ours at Canterbury, but is even more beautiful.

The day being Sunday, we wished to witness all that we could of the services in the cathedral: and for that purpose, after having the English service in our own room, we attended first high mass, then a military mass at noon, then vespers and a sermon at three : the latter in the presence of the Archbishop. Remembering always the fact, that the central "point of departure" in worship is wholly different from our own, and disclaiming, of course, all sympathy with the adoration of the real Presence in the consecrated elements, it is fair to say that these services, as well as those which we witnessed on the following Sunday at Lyons, were reverentially and even simply conducted. The music was good, and carefully done : and the general behaviour of the worshippers devout and pleasing. It struck me, that there had been great improvement in all respects since my last opportunity of observing Divine Service in France, in 1855. This was the more noticeable, when we came to visit the great pilgrimage church of Nôtre Dame de Fourvières at Lyons. There, the walls had been cleared of very many of the grosser evidences of superstition which were seen in abundance at my former visit. These symptoms are at all events pleasing, and point to a change in public feeling of the right kind. But it must ever be remembered, that for anything like real reform, it is impossible that mere amelioration can suffice. The very centre of worship itself must be shifted. Not only must excrescences, such as the adoration of saints and relics, and the foolish fiction of purgatory, be cleared away, but a spiritual worship must take the place of a material one. The consecrated wafer, now the depositary of the Divine Presence of our Lord, and therefore the main object of every worshipper's adoration, must absolutely disappear as such object of adoration, and only remain as a portion of the elements to be partaken by the communicant in the Lord's Supper. To bring about such a change as this, mere reforms are powerless. It cannot be approached gradually : we cannot conceive the moment when the Roman Catholic services should begin to admit it. This is *the real difficulty*, in any approach to the truth of Christian worship, for which we might hope, as in the case of the reforming movement in the Italian Church. And this difficulty is apt to be forgotten, in our ardent hopes for amelioration. It is hardly possible, it seems to me, for this change to take place as part of a reform from within :—hardly possible, without a break in the continuity of the Church, and of religion itself. Still, there is One to whom nothing is impossible : and Englishmen should hail all symptoms of change for the better as the stirrings of His Spirit who can, when He will, bring light out of darkness.

The sermon which we heard at Bourges was, as usual, lively and attractive, and contained no unsound *doctrine* whatever. It was a curious example of divergence from the text ; and also an example, by no means uncommon, of incorrect and perilous logic. The text was "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and soul and strength." The preacher said he would prove to us that Christianity was a matter of the *heart*. This he essayed to do by beginning from its very commencement, and dwelling on the means employed by its Divine Founder, so insignificant, so inadequate, in human estimation, for the great work which was to be accomplished. All this part of the sermon was very eloquent and striking, but bore, I thought, the mark of being made up of *stock* declamation—a fault to which *mission preachers*, such as this was, are especially liable. He went on to show, from the success which Christianity had achieved in the world, that it must be of Divine origin. But how this was connected with his text, or with that which he proposed to prove at the outset, I could not see. He ended with another stock declamation on the oneness and unchangeableness of the (R. C.) Church. I noted down this somewhat bold sentence : "Tout ce que les Apôtres croyaient, nous croyons : et tout ce que nous croyons, les Apôtres croyaient" (!). It would be difficult surely to show that the Apostles held purgatory or the invocation of saints ; and easy to show that they did *not hold* the infallibility of St. Peter, nor grant him the slightest primacy among them. As I said, the sermon drifted wide of the text, and indeed wide of the subject which he proposed to treat. And the argument from the (apparent) success of Christianity to its Divine origin, is, unless far more cautiously handled, a perilous one. If we are allowed, in a superficial view of what it has accomplished, to assert it to be from God, the unbeliever must also be allowed, on a superficial view of what it *has not* accomplished, to infer that it is not from God : and an equally eloquent declamation, equally consistent with facts, might be made on those things which Christianity undertook to do and has not done. The truth is, that the Gospel will not bear weighing in any such scales as those of success and failure, as apparent to men. For evidence of this kind, we must wait till He comes who shall bring things to light which are hidden now, and shall teach us wherein the true success of His Gospel consisted.

From Bourges we went to NEVERS, a fine old city on the Loire, having two remarkable churches, the cathedral, and St. Etienne. The cathedral is an interesting building, of several dates : remarkable as having a semicircular apse at the west end, of pure Early Romanesque work, forming a sort of second choir. Throughout the length of the First-pointed arcading of the triforium in the nave, the bases of the shafts are terminated by quaint figures of men and women in grotesque supporting attitudes. The tower is late flamboyant, and overloaded with incongruous ornaments. At the angles are niches with unpleasing colossal figures : and the windows are deformed, as in several of the later French towers which we have seen, by huge projecting black louvre-boards. At one corner, an octagonal staircase turret rises up to a disproportionate height above the rest of the tower. Certainly, the flamboyant towers of France will not bear comparison with our Perpendicular towers.

We seek in vain for anything like Canterbury, or Gloucester, or Taunton, or Wrington, or a long list which might be gathered out of Somersetshire, or indeed almost any district of England.

But if the balance is inclined one way by comparison of towers, it is righted, and indeed thrown over on the other side, when we enter such a church as St. Etienne at Nevers. We have hardly any examples in our larger parish churches of the pure Romanesque carried throughout: indeed, properly speaking, no examples at all of this its southern variety. We have indeed grand cathedrals and collegiate piles of this early character: but in our large parish churches it has almost universally been broken in upon by later work, and its general effect marred. Little village churches not unfrequently occur in which the old Norman has remained entire: witness Iffley near Oxford, Corfe near Taunton, Patrixbourne and Barfreston near Canterbury: but I hardly remember a large parish church of which the same can be said, unless Melbourne in Derbyshire be thought to come up to the standard of size. But St. Etienne at Nevers is twice the size of Melbourne.

Thence southward to the Puy de Dôme and Auvergne: passing through, as is usual in central France, a vast plain with scarcely an object to detain the eye. The volcanic range of Puys, or peaks, first show themselves as we approach Riom. The churches, and the walls, begin to be built of black or dark brown lava. We pass various points which remind me of the much-loved and often-remembered Campagna of Rome. The rich puce-coloured pozzolana earth: the long level ranges of low hill, betraying the lava-streams of other days: the insulated peaks, such as lie basking in the blue mist under Monte Gennaro as you look eastward from Rome: these are too suggestive not to induce a comparison, and a regretful thought on that most lovely of all plains. But here we are at the old city of CLERMONT, the capital of the Puy de Dôme: and a succession of dark-looking streets and ample open spaces brings us to our hotel, situated in the largest of them all, and looking full on the hills now flushed in the sunset.

That evening took us to the remarkable unfinished cathedral: where we first witnessed the alternations of dark and light lava over the arches and in the open spaces between them, giving very much the effect of the mosaic of black and light marble in the churches of South Italy. The choir of Clermont cathedral is light and beautiful, a sort of Bourges on a smaller scale.

The next day, though bitterly cold, was clear and fine, and we started with a guide for a long ramble round the hills, and ultimately to explore the plateau of Gergovia, the scene of Cæsar's defeat by the Gauls under Vercingetorix. First we wound our way up an interesting gorge in the side of the hills which overlook Clermont, to the picturesque village and baths of Royat, piled, house above house, up the banks of a torrent, and surmounted by the dark mass of its ancient fortified church. This latter we examined, and found it an interesting specimen of its not very common kind.

It is cruciform, and on the outside machicolated like a castle: and this, while the shape is undeniably that of a church, gives it a strange unchurch-like appearance. The higher part of the central tower has been restored in the same style. The interior is plain Romanesque, the piers having rich and varied capitals. One unusual feature, is that the east end is square, as commonly in England. There is a simple but very beautiful Romanesque crypt.

From Royat we struck across the country by the deepest of muddy lanes, and climbed the precipitous mountain plateau of Gergovia.

Those who read Cæsar's account of his defeat hardly imagine that the Gaulish capital of Auvergne was perched on an abrupt elevation of 1200 feet above the plain, or that his unlucky troops had to scale anything more than a common wayside hill. But it appears to have been his object to extenuate all the circumstances of this failure. The whole subject is ably and lucidly treated in a little work entitled "Vercingetorix et César à Gergovia," by M. Mathieu of Clermont. By the aid of this book, all the positions on the plateau can be clearly made out, and also that of Cæsar's camp, across the plain at La Gondole, a triangular piece of ground at the junction of the brook Auzon and the Allier.

Our next day brought us from Clermont to BRIOUDE, the present terminus of the Central of France Railway: making a midday halt at ISSOIRE, where, as well as at Brioude, there is a remarkable Romanesque church in the style peculiar to Auvergne. That at Issoire is the finer, as it is the best cared for, of the two. It has been carefully restored, and the interior painted in the original colours. Certainly the general appearance makes one rather glad that all our old Romanesque churches have not had the same motley coat put on them.

The capitals of the piers in the choir are particularly rich in design. They represent scenes from the New Testament history: the figures, as might be expected, being quaint in the extreme. I copied one where the Roman solders, asleep at the Sepulchre, are packed horizontally one over another, like herrings in a barrel.

The Brioude church is in very bad condition: we were informed that a restoration is contemplated. It is full of interest. The eastern *chevet* is especially notable, having five projecting three-sided chapels clustering round the main apse, and like it adorned on the outside with mosaic patterns in dark and light lava. Inside, these chapels are very rich with clustered pillars and arcading: the latter having a kind of very obtuse foliation, the effect of which is anything but pleasing.

I may mention that the railway between Clermont and Issoire runs for some miles along the bank of the Allier, through some very pretty rock and river scenery.

From Brioude, it is at present a long diligence journey of eight hours, over an uninteresting mountain road, to LE PUY, one of the most curious old cities in France. In a wide basin-valley, surrounded by the round heapy mountains of the Haute Loire, rise two abrupt black masses of rock, one about 350 feet high, the other full 500 feet. The lower and more precipitous is a mere pinnacle, tapering to a point, and on that point is built the chapel of St. Michael, the aërial guardian of such rock sanctuaries. The other, and loftier, is of much more considerable bulk, and on it stands a huge colossal bronze figure of the Virgin and Child, recently cast from cannon taken at Sebastopol. Round the foot of these two strange black objects clusters the city, with its red roofs and sombre streets: and half-way up the larger mass of rock nestles the cathedral with its surrounding buildings. The west front is approached by more than 200 steps. Indeed, he who cannot climb stairs has small chance at Le Puy. The old cathedral is most curious: outside, mosaic, of various lavas: inside, of dull grey lava, and divided, as is the custom further south, into dome-like compartments. Behind it, there is an exceedingly beautiful Romanesque four-sided cloister, which no one should omit seeing.

Here we got another bright and interesting day's walk, exploring the village of Expailly, with its own dark mass of lava rock, fortress-crowned, and its strange organ-fronted basaltic cliff, known as "Les orgues d'Expailly;" and thence across some miles of upland to Polignac, the nest of the noble family of that name,—a village clustered round the grandest mass of black rock which we had yet seen, overtopped by the ruins of the once magnificent château. Hence, after exploring the curious little Romanesque church, and refreshing ourselves in very primitive style at the hospitable little inn, through many miles again of rich marshy valley, into the gorge of the Loire. This river, before only known to us in its wide and champaign wanderings, is here a blue mountain torrent, diversified with all the incidents belonging to such a description. Next day, our way lay, when we reached the rail at Pont de Lignon, for many miles along its banks, tunnelling the promontories, and varying at every minute the groupings of its rich grey rocky barriers.

This journey took us, through the smoky and tall-chimneyed precincts of St. Etienne, to Lyons, where our second Sunday was spent. Here, as at Bourges, all the services were well and carefully done. At the vespers, the cardinal archbishop was present. At one part of this service, the tune which is known to us as Hanover, or the 104th Psalm, and (wrongly) passes for Handel's, was sung, and largely joined in by the congregation. I had noticed the same circumstance on a previous visit. The sermon, which was preached by a Capuchin friar on his Lent mission, was of a very different character from that of the former Sunday at Bourges. "Go, teach all nations." "There were various authorities. There was the authority of a father (which he described at length); of a magistrate; of a king; &c. But, my brethren, there is ONE authority, which is above ALL other authorities: L'AUTORITÉ DE L'EGLISE!" He was proceeding further and further with exaggerated ultra-montanism, when we were obliged to leave, for daylight was waning, and I wished to show my friend the great pilgrimage church of Nôtre Dame de Fourvières, on the lofty hill behind the old cathedral. Here I told him he would see superstition in all its perfection: votive pictures, waxen legs and arms, &c., hanging up in memory of various miraculous cures and preservations. When we had entered the church, we looked about in vain for the grosser portion of these offerings. Many votive pictures remained; but the greater part of the "ex voto" offerings had been removed, and the church was decorum itself, compared with former times. I noticed also that in the pilgrims' shops lining the steep street leading up to the church, waxen legs and arms were no longer exposed outside for sale. We found, however, the church filled with young girls, singing the blasphemous and revolting litany to the Virgin: showing that if public opinion has produced some superficial improvement, the real departure from the purity of the faith is as great as ever.

We examined with far more satisfaction the very ancient church of St. Aignan, where the dungeons of the primitive martyrs, Pothinus and Blandina, are still shown.

And now our steps turn northward and homeward.

In this portion of our tour we visited AUXERRE, and made an excursion to the old abbey church of Pontigny. Auxerre is an old town, with many towers and spires, grouped on a gentle acclivity above the Yonne. The cathedral hardly requires minute description. It is a noble old pile, of different dates, the choir of the purest thirteenth-century Gothic. At the east end of the church is a curious, and to us unique feature. The central, or extreme eastern chapel, instead of being polygonal as the rest, is square; and the problem of fitting it in among the polygonal ones is solved by the insertion of two very light and elegant detached shafts in the space where it joins the main wall. At the ends of the nave and transepts are three of the finest windows which we have seen, both as to form and as to colour; the design being the usual one, the rose resting on five or seven lights. In some cases the superincumbent circle is too large for the lower portion of the window thus produced, and the combination has an awkward and unpleasing effect: but at Auxerre the due proportion has been preserved, and very beautiful windows are the result. The glass in the more ancient windows of the choir-aisle is, like very much that we have seen, of the same character as that at Canterbury. One feature in its arrangement here, not peculiar to this church, is the arrangement of the groups of figures in the spaces of the ironwork, not on squares or circles.

but on shields lying obliquely, some from the left to the right, some *vice versa*.

Auxerre is a good spot for studying the vagaries of the later flamboyant style, from the odd mixture of pure and meretricious ornament in the church of St. Germain, to the very top of the climax of the hideousness of the ambitious debased, in St. Pierre. Of the former church the nave was destroyed by the Huguenots, who left only a very pure and beautiful Early-pointed tower and spire, which formerly stood in the western façade. Under the choir is a very ancient crypt, containing the tombs of St. Germain and of several of the first bishops of Auxerre. One or two of the original inscriptions are left; the greater part have been re-cut, or painted from the originals, the styles being the same throughout: no date; thus: "Avitus, who governed the church xvi years, vii months, vi days, and fell asleep on the xxii of May."

The abbey church of PONTIGNY, about twelve miles from Auxerre, is to Canterbury men full of interest. It was to the Cistercian monks here that Becket was entrusted by the Pope (Alexander III.) in December, 1164; and here he remained till, at Easter, 1166, the monks, frightened by the threats of Henry II., requested him to find shelter elsewhere. The great church was but lately built at the time of his visit, and remains now nearly as he left it. It is a long barn-like building, without a tower, lighted by lancet windows of extreme simplicity. The rules of the order enjoined the absence of ornament, forbidding towers and painted glass. The chapel where the Archbishop regularly said mass is now in ruins.

It was on the road from Pontigny to Sens, where he next took refuge, that those remarkable words were spoken to him by the Abbot who was escorting him: remarkable, as showing us the man, in the judgment of his own partisans and friends. Becket had expressed his expectation of martyrdom, and had related a dream in which the scene of his future death had been revealed to him. On which the Abbot replied, "What has a glutton and a drunkard to do with a martyr? The cup of wine which you drink has nothing in common with the cup of martyrdom." The Archbishop's answer is equally remarkable: "I own," he said, "that I indulge too much in the pleasures of the body, yet, unworthy as I am, He who justifieth the ungodly hath vouchsafed to reveal this unto me."*

Our next point was SENS, a city, both before and after the period just spoken of, much connected with the history of Thomas of Canterbury. It was here that he resigned his archbishopric into the hands of the Pope in 1164, and was by him anew invested with it: and here again, in the monastery of St. Columba, that he found refuge after his expulsion from Pontigny. The cathedral, it would appear, was yet unfinished at the time of his visit. It is a noble church: in many of its smaller details, though not in its general plan, reminding one of Canterbury, the choir of which, after the fire of 1174, was, it will be remembered, rebuilt by an architect from this city, William of Sens. In the capitals, in the vaulting, in the ornaments of the bases of the pillars, we were reminded of our own cathedral: and above all by the stained glass; which might have come, and perhaps did, from the same manufactory.

We made our way across pleasant fields, by the river Yonne, to the Abbey of St. Columba. We were shown over the building by one of the sisters who now hold it; but it is all modern, except a very small portion of the crypt, the only church which they now have, that above ground having been destroyed in the great Revolution. This crypt has been chastely and beautifully restored by the exertions of a former chaplain. No traces remain of the sojourn of Thomas of Canterbury.

A day at TROYES: too short to enjoy its numerous objects of interest, but enough, if diligently spent, and with a note-book in hand, to lay up many treasures for future recollection and description. The sky was almost cloudless, and the biting March wind had covered even the kennels in the streets with ice, so that we had every advantage of light and shade for effect, and all tonic influence from without to brace our energies. First, then, for the cathedral. The west front has certainly been over-praised, as it is over-drawn in Mr. Ferguson's book. There is no such depth of effect in the doorways, as he has represented: and the carved work over them, which he has given distinct in light, with dark shade behind, as if it were a light and elegant curtain hung before the deep recesses, is not capable of any such effect, being poor and formal, and having no pendants. The engraving in his valuable book, which is from Arnaud's "Voyage dans le Departement de l'Aube," is really only an artist's sketch for effect, and has no pretension to accuracy. The details of the carved work are, though early in the flamboyant style, full of its particular faults: a certain symmetry of general design is obtained at the sacrifice of the symmetry, and even of the meaning, of particular portions. For example, the simple trefoil window-head, beautiful in its own position, is twisted and deformed all manner of ways, to make it perform impossible duties. Had one never seen the west end of a French church before, that of Troyes might be thought very striking: but on any one at all versed in those magnificent façades, it will not produce much effect after Bourges,

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* At the little inn at Pontigny, we had our first experience of the "escargots," or large yellow snails, which form a favourite article of diet through a considerable part of France. We pronounced them not unpalatable, but certainly should not care to taste them again. The good landlady presented me with three, in their hermetically sealed state of hybernation, to carry home: which three came to life in this year's extraordinary April heat, and signalised their vigour by devouring an Alpine plant in my little fernery.

We saw a curious announcement respecting these snails at Troyes, made more curious by the omission of stops:—"Bablon Restaurateur prend des pensionnaires huitres et escargots."

Chartres, Reims, or Amiens. On entering, the eye is struck with the extreme beauty of the nave arches, triforium and clerestory. All is rich but simple, regular but not monotonous. The clerestory windows are very large, and filled with truly magnificent glass: glass of a kind which a visit to Troyes first makes one familiar with: late in date, but most rich in colour and happy in its combination. Of this, elsewhere than in the cathedral, I shall have more to say by-and-by. The choir was closed for repair, so that we could not see the whole effect; which I much regretted, as Mr. Ferguson describes it as being spoiled, owing to the too great width given by the five aisles. What could be seen of the east end, beautiful in the nicest symmetry of width and height, made me doubt whether the adverse verdict would be universally agreed on. We mounted the tower, of which the less is said the better, as a sort of penance for having come from Sens to Troyes by night: but the view of Champagne from the summit showed us that our penance might have been spared. We saw spread around us one of those wide-stretching plains almost without an object to distract the eye, of which central France is in the main composed. At our second visit in the afternoon, a young priest was addressing a large assembly of children from the pulpit in the nave. As much as the echo would let me hear in the side aisle, was a vivid description of the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.

Next to the cathedral in interest is the splendid unfinished church of St. Urbain, so named by its founder, Pope Urban IV., a native of Troyes. It is in the purest Gothic of the 13th century, with hardly any feature of the subsequent declension of the style. All is lightness and grace: every feature beautiful in itself, and beautiful as part of the whole. There are parts about it which somewhat reminded us of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, which is of nearly the same date. There is a good deal of ancient glass, but it is not to be compared with that which will be described a few lines on.

St. Madeleine is the oldest of all the churches we saw in Troyes, being of the Early-pointed style of the 12th century, whereas most of the others are of the flamboyant of the 15th and 16th. It is the only church which we saw in France having the moulding, so well known in England as the dog-tooth, running round the arches and along the string courses. It is well known for its magnificent stone rood-screen, a wonder of late rich carved work: but I found more pleasure in the old glass, which is of its kind unrivalled, both in drawing and in colour. Many windows remain, of which I particularly noted, as being most accessible, the three in the central chapel of the *chevet* eastward. The central window of these three bears date 1506, and was an offering from the goldsmiths of Troyes in honour of their patron saint, St. Eloy. Its four lights are divided into sixteen squares, representing the life and acts of the saint. Each square has under it four lines of rhyming verse, describing the action represented in it. We read how, when he was born, a prophecy declared that he should become a great saint: how, when a child, he was apprenticed to the most noble art of the goldsmiths: how he made rings and sceptres and the like, and bestowed his profits on the poor: how he conceived the idea of devoting himself to the holy life, and was offered by the people of Noyon the staff and dignity of their bishop, and then:

“ Le s^{t} en la ville de Rouen
Fut sacré avec St. Ouen
Ce jour de may le quatorzieme
Dans le tems de Louis deuxieme.”

“Then all the infidel people came from all parts to his feet, to know the way of salvation. But he, knowing his end to be near, spoke words of consolation to the servants of his house, and rendered up his soul to God.” Hitherto it is a simple and beautiful story. But here, of course, the miracles begin. His soul is seen going up to heaven, in the form of a cross of fire. His body is placed by the mourning people of Noyon within their great church. A precious liquor flows from his tomb which cures many of their diseases. The Duke of Touraine (I suppose:—“tyrouenne”), being healed of pestilence, offers his goods at the tomb: and the queen, chanting the praises of the Most High, places the glorious remains in a splendid sepulchre set with precious pearls.

To the right of this is a splendid Jesse window, containing the genealogy of our Lord, full of colour, vigour, and beauty. The inscription sets forth how God of his mercy turned the bitter fruit of Eden into sweet, giving his Son, that whosoever believeth in Him may have eternal life.

To the left is a very curious representation of the events of the Old and New Testament histories. The squares devoted to creation are of the oddest. The Creator, under the guise, as usual, of an old man with the triple crown, standing amidst the blue heaven, holds a large white circle, which is seen in various degrees of advance,—in one square empty, in a second powdered with stars, in a third mapped out with seas and continents. The inscription runs thus:

“ Com̃ent apres ciel et terre
Et tout mi en son vray lieu
Est fait notre premiere pere
En bel image de Dieu
Comment il le faut repaire
Trompé de malin esprit
Par sacrifice et priere
De nostre Sauveur Jesus Christ.”

There are several other windows, equally as beautiful and full of incident, in the same part of the church. It must be sufficient to have described these three by way of sample. The glowing blues and crimson of the glass here seemed to me to be without parallel.

In the churches at Troyes, as in other places, was affixed to the wall the usual Lenten pastoral of the bishop of the diocese. In this case the bishop had taken for his subject the observance of the Lord's

Day; and in his treatment of it a remarkable passage occurred, which I thought worth translating.

"And Protestantism, whose destructive work seems to have had no other result than to break to pieces the united body of doctrines (*briser le faisceau des doctrines*)—of which Jesus Christ has committed the guardianship to His Church, and to cast to the winds one by one the holy practices by whose aid we approach evermore nearer to our Divine Model, —has it attacked the law of the Lord's Day? No, my beloved brethern: I venture to say, on the contrary, it has rather exaggerated it, by prohibiting, as did Pharisaism of old, the most innocent recreations. Look at this England, this so peaceful nation, whose whole wealth is in commerce and industry. From her countless machines she sends forth her fleets of merchandise which inundate all the markets in the world, and almost without exception gains the victory in the competition of nations.

"Well—has she effaced from her code and from her habits the law of sacred rest? Her time is precious. She uses, and she abuses, the strength of her children. All the week long, she exacts from the hands of her workmen all that their sweat and their energy can produce. But scarcely has the solemn hour struck which begins the sacred day, when all ceases: silence reigns everywhere: the fires are extinguished, the doors of the workshops are shut, and each man enters into the peace of his own abode to prepare for the celebration of the Sunday.

"If you have not been, as we have, witnesses of this spectacle, you have at least heard it described. For it remains as an indelible remembrance on the mind of all who have visited the capital of Britain. Only, it must be confessed, it is a remembrance marked with some *tristesse:* for, as we said just now, there is a certain Pharisaism, which banishes from this legal observance the sweet and touching joyousness which Catholicism knows how to mingle with it."

The document, which goes into the subject at full length in all its bearings, is signed "Emmanuel Jules (Ravinet), Evêque de Troyes."

St. Nizier is another notable church, Late Flamboyant in style, containing much beautiful painted glass. Against one of the pillars we saw a table of the Ten Commandments, perhaps a century old, containing the second Commandment *at length: the only instance*, among all the Roman Catholic documents that I have seen, *in which this is the case.* To this table of the Decalogue there is this addition: "Ne quitte la loy de ta mere L'EGLISE. Prov. i." The biblical critic might observe here a curious instance of the comment finding its way into the text.

On one of the last days of our little tour, we ran down from Paris to SOISSONS, tempted by Mr. Ferguson's report of the cathedral as being worthy to rank among the first in France. And we were indeed richly repaid. It is the purest specimen of Early Gothic we have seen, and one of the stateliest. In point of unity, it is the Salisbury of foreign churches. Every pier in nave and choir is on the same pattern: all the bays in the vaulting are alike; so are the clerestory windows, with the exception of the five lancets which terminate the choir eastward: so are the beautiful arcades, which form the triforium round both nave and choir. And with all this perfect regularity there is no monotony: the perfect proportions instantly arrest the eye and never cease to give pleasure. But the chief beauty of the church is the southern transept, semicircular, and with a ground and first story of open first-pointed arcades of the lightest and most elegant kind, surmounted by the same triforium arcade which runs round the rest of the building. It is hardly possible to imagine anything more chaste or pleasing. The great want felt throughout is that of painted glass, which in this cathedral has almost all been destroyed: only the five lancets at the east end of the choir clerestory, and three windows in each of the three central chapels in the *chevet*, remaining. The extreme beauty of these redoubles one's regret that the present glare of the whole building is not now subdued by all being like them. The western end hardly satisfies the eye which has become accustomed to the interior. It has indeed three stately doorways of chaste and faultless pattern; but around them there is a mass of plain wall which seems hardly congruous, either with the ornament fitted into it, or with the generally elaborate character of the church. Over the central doorway is the usual rose-window, but in this case enclosed within a highly ornamented pointed arch; an arrangement which I do not remember to have noticed elsewhere, except in the neighbouring ruined abbey of St. Jean-des-Vignes. Outside the southern face of the choir is a pretty octagonal building, attached to the church, with round-headed lights in its lower story, and pointed ones in its upper.

The west end of the abbey church of St. Jean-des-Vignes is all that remains. It is a magnificent fragment. Two spires of unequal height (as at Chartres) flank it to north and south: the doorways are exceedingly rich, as is the work over them, of the same character and date as the cathedral itself. We hurried away from the spot, where we willingly would have spent some hours, and regained the railway, delighted that our ramble among French churches should have been closed with such a journey as this to Soissons.

THE PRAYER OF PRUDENTIUS.

[AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, the writer who is here introduced to the readers of GOOD WORDS, was born about the year A.D. 348. Little is known of his life beyond the facts that his father filled the office of Consul, and that the boy must therefore have received the education of the upper classes of the empire; that his early years were spent in reckless licence; that he twice filled the office of Prefect in a Spanish province under Theodosius; and that his maturer age was devoted to the attempt to create a Christian literature which should take the place of Virgil, and Horace, and Lucretius, for the generation then rising into manhood. For the most part, however, his poems do not rise above the level of neatly versified rhetoric. But the passage which is here translated has the merit of being something more,—the utterance of a deep feeling. The man himself is speaking out of the depths of his heart. At the close of a poem, on the Origin of Evil, his mind turns in upon itself, and the thought comes home to him, that there is an evil within which he has not yet conquered, and from which he is craving for deliverance. Wherever this feeling exists it claims our sympathy and respect. Without it there can be no true prayer. And it is because it is expressed by Prudentius with a truth and humility that carry their own witness with them, that I have thought it right, in spite of one serious drawback, to give it a wider circulation among English readers than it has had hitherto. The nature of that drawback is sufficiently obvious. The prayer implies, in its concluding words, the germ of the dogma which, in its developed form, as "the Romish doctrine of purgatory," English churchmen and other Protestants have learnt to distrust and to reject. I need hardly say that I have no wish to revive what the experience of so many centuries has shown to be the fruitful parent of "many superstitions." But it is one thing, in the light of that experience, to condemn the dogma, and quite another to refuse to acknowledge that when it first came there was much in it which might attract and fascinate minds of the highest order. As we find it in Prudentius, it is no instrument of priestly tyranny, no narcotic to dull the conscience, no substitution of the mere endurance of pain for a progressive sanctification. What we hear in him is the utterance of a spirit and temper upon which Christ himself has set the seal of His approval. In the "many mansions" of the Father's house, the writer of this prayer is content to "take the lowest room." In the consciousness that he is no more worthy to be called the son of that Father, he will simply ask that he may be as "one of His hired servants." He "stands afar off," like the Publican, and will not "so much as lift up his eyes unto Heaven." We may not doubt that, with such a soul, mists and shadows would pass away, that he would be bidden to "go up higher," that he would be welcomed as a son, that he too would enter into that great house "justified rather than the others" who were more confident and exulting.]

FATHER in heaven adored,
Of all creation Lord,—
Christ, Co-eternal Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,—
Thy wisdom guides my soul,
I bow to Thy control,
Before Thy judgment throne
I all my vileness own.
Before that judgment seat
I live in hope to meet
Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Thy smiling, pitying face,
Though what I do or say
Be stained with sin alway.

Before Thee I confess,
Help Thou my wretchedness;
Spare him who owns his sin,
The deep-dyed guilt within.
All woe and pain, of right,
On this vile soul might light;
But Thou, O Judge, be kind,
Cast all my sins behind.
Hear, Lord, the prayer of woe,
And better things bestow.

Grant this poor soul of mine,
When it shall leave its shrine
Of flesh and blood and bone,
The house it calls its own,
To which it fondly clings,
In love of earthly things;
When death's sad hour shall close
These eyes in dark repose,
And all in earth shall lie
This frail mortality:
When, cleansed and clear, the sight
Shall see the heavenly light:
Oh hide Thou then from view
The fierce wild robber crew,
That fright the startled ear
With voice of threat and fear,
Who fain would drag me down
With dark, relentless frown,
To caverns drear and deep,
And there a prisoner keep
Till all I owe be paid—
Guilt's utmost farthing weighed.

Within Thy Father's home
In different order come,
O Christ, the mansions meet,
Each soul's assigned retreat:
I ask not with the blest
To gain eternal rest;
There let the saints abide
Who conquered lust and pride,
And, seeking riches true,
From earth's vain shews withdrew.
There, in perpetual youth
Let white-soul'd, maiden Truth,
For ever dwell on high,
In stainless chastity.
For me enough, the deep
Of Hades dark and steep,
If only Thou wilt bind
The foes of human kind,—
If only Thou restrain
Gehenna's fire and pain,
Nor leave my soul to flit
All hopeless to the pit.
Enough, if fleshly stain
Require the cleansing pain,
That in the lake of fire
I purge each foul desire:
Enough, if breezes sweet
Temper the slackening heat,
And scorching flames abate
The fierceness of their hate.
The boundless realm of light,
The crown of glory bright,—
This meed let others gain;
Enough, if I attain,
Beneath Thy pitying eye,
A lighter penalty.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

IX.—SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

A SHORT hour's walk from the thriving little town of Langholm, in Dumfries-shire, there lived and toiled, nearly a hundred years ago, an industrious farmer named George Malcolm, who cultivated an estate known as "Burnfoot," and lived there, on the beautiful banks of the Esk, surrounded by a fine family of children, at that time far from complete. He was a man of more than common enlightenment for his station, for he had been trained for the Church, and, better still, of sterling integrity of character. His wife, too—a member of the Pasley family—was a woman excellent in all domestic relations, and of intelligence of a high order. As they dwelt together there, at Burnfoot, on the 2nd of May, 1769, a fourth son was born unto them, who in due course was christened John. It happened that, on the very day before, there came into the world one who was afterwards one of John Malcolm's closest friends, and the greatest man of the age in which he lived—Arthur Wesley, or Wellesley, known to a later generation as the Duke of Wellington—the "great Duke."*

I have no passion for the discovery of juvenile phenomena. I do not know that John Malcolm differed much from other healthy, robust, intelligent boys—such as swarm in all parts of our country. He was very good at "paddling in the burn," from which the name of the paternal estate was derived. Perhaps he was rather prone towards mischief, and not as industrious as could have been wished. He was rather given to the bad habit of putting off the learning of his lessons, until he was fairly on the start for the parish school, when he trudged up the hill, book in hand, and eye intent on the page. The schoolmaster used to say, when any wild pranks of mysterious origin had been committed, "Jock's at the bottom of it." There was not always good evidential proof of this, but worthy Archibald Graham had ever a strong conviction of the fact, and solemnly enunciated his belief that Jock, who was indeed the scapegrace, perhaps the scapegoat, of the family, was profoundly "at the bottom of it"—deep in amidst the mud, not of the transparent Esk, but of some slough imagined by the worthy preceptor of Westerkirk.

It is not forbidden to us to believe that promotion cometh from the North. In those days, an astonishing amount of patronage fell upon the striving inhabitants of Scotland and the border. It may seem strange that a yeoman of Dumfries-shire should have the power of providing, in all the finest services open to the nation, one after another, for a number of brave, clever, Eskdale boys. But so it was. Robert, the eldest, had permission, from the East India Company, to go out to shake the Pagoda tree, as a member of their civil service. James, the second son (afterwards Sir James), received a commission in the Marines. For the third son, Pulteney (afterwards Admiral Sir Pulteney), a midshipman's berth was provided. And John, as soon as he was old enough, was set down for the Company's military service. He was only eleven years old, when he had an offer of an appointment in the Indian army; but he was then too young to go abroad. Soon afterwards, however, his uncle, John Pasley, a thriving merchant, carried him up to London, and was anxious, above all things, to qualify him to "pass at the India House." But the good uncle, in November, 1781, wrote, that although tall of his age, Johnny would certainly not pass. In this, however, he was altogether wrong. The experiment was made. John Malcolm went up, nothing daunted, before an august assemblage of Directors. They were pleased by his juvenile appearance and his good looks; and one of them said, "My little man, what would you do, if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do," said the boyish aspirant—"why, sir, I would out with my sword, and cut off his head." Upon which evidence of spirit and determination they declared that he "would do," and forthwith passed him as a cadet. It was not necessary that he should sail immediately; so his good uncle put him to school again, in the neighbourhood of London; and not until the month of April, 1783, did the ship, which conveyed him to India, anchor in the Madras Roads. The family connections, who received him on his arrival, wrote to Burnfoot that Jock had grown a head and shoulders on his voyage, and was one of the finest and best-tempered lads ever seen in the world.

When John Malcolm arrived in India the French and English were contesting the possession of Southern India. John went with his friends to Vellore, to do garrison duty there, as he was considered too young to take the field. Peace, however, having been declared in the West, the English and French left off fighting in the East; and so the former had nothing to do but to carry on, without any distraction, the war against Hyder Ali and his son. After awhile, however (1784), a treaty of peace was signed, and an exchange of prisoners was decreed. This interchange sent young John Malcolm on his first detached service. The English prisoners were to be brought to our frontier, and there received by a detachment of British troops. John Malcolm was appointed to command this detachment, which was to meet Major (afterwards Sir Thomas) Dallas, who was to convey them safely beyond the territory of Mysore. When Dallas met the detachment coming from the Company's territories, he saw a slight, rosy, healthy-looking English boy astride on a rough pony, and asked him for his commanding officer. "I am the commanding officer," said John Malcolm, drawing himself up on his saddle. Dallas smiled; but the friendship, which then commenced between the two, lasted until it was severed by the death of the elder man.

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* Napoleon the First was born in the same year.

It is said that John Malcolm went out too young to India. He was a commissioned officer and his own master at an age, when in England boys were commonly subjected to the discipline of the birch-rod. If then he did not make use of his liberty and his pseudo-manhood, in the most virtuous and forbearing manner, there is nothing very surprising in the failure. He was assailed by many temptations; and being of a frank, open, unsuspecting nature, he went astray before he knew whither he was tending. He was generous, open-hearted, and open-handed. He got into debt, and suffered for it. He did not, as some are wont, wipe out old obligations by incurring new. But he set to work right manfully to extricate himself. And soon better days began to dawn upon him. He was contrite, and confessed his errors; and he wrote home that he was afraid his parents would think that all their good advice had been quite thrown away. "I must own, to my shame," he said, "that you had too much reason to think so. All that I now expect is that my friends will forget the past part of my conduct." And from that time (1788) he never relapsed, but went forward steadily to the great goal of honourable success.

A life of active service was now before him. The peace was at an end. Tippoo had broken it by ravaging the country of our ally, the Rajah of Travancore, and Lord Cornwallis had taken the field against him. Of the events of the two campaigns which followed I have spoken in the memoir of that statesman. The regiment to which John Malcolm was attached was ordered to co-operate with the troops of the Nizam. On this service he was often exposed to great hardships, and first learnt what war in India really is. At the siege of Copoulee he learnt another lesson. He was present at the attack of a strong fortress. Not long afterwards, his regiment joined the main army; and made the acquaintance of two of our principal political or diplomatic officers, Sir John Kennaway and Mr. Græme Mercer. A new ambition then stirred within him. He asked himself whether he also might not detach himself from the formalities of regimental life, become a diplomatist, and negotiate great treaties with the native powers.

He was now a man full-grown, tall and handsome, and of such a cheerful address, that he carried sunshine with him whithersoever he went. He was remarkably active, and fond of sport, and so playful, that he went by the name of "Boy Malcolm," and retained it long after he was well advanced in years and had attained high office in the state. But he had begun seriously to consider that it was his duty to earn a reputation as something more than a crack shot and a noted gymnast. The first step towards this was the study of the native languages; and Mr. Græme Mercer, taking a fancy for the youth, encouraged his desire to learn Persian, and gave him the use of his own Moonshee. Of the opportunity thus afforded him he made good use. Nor was the study of the languages the only improving pursuit to which he devoted himself. He applied himself to the investigation of Indian history, and endeavoured to master the principles, by the observance of which our great Indian Empire had been founded, and on which alone it could be maintained. In the prosecution of this, he began diligently to record upon paper the results of his inquiries and the substance of his reflections, and from that time to the end of his days he was ever a great writer.

I have said that it was John Malcolm's great ambition to obtain an appointment in the Political Department. After a while, he thought that he saw an opening. A subordinate post was vacant; he applied for it, and was just half-an-hour too late. It had been bestowed upon another young officer. His disappointment and vexation were great. He went back to his tent, flung himself down on his couch, and gave way to a flood of tears. But he lived, as many a man before and since has lived, to see in this first crushing miscarriage the crowning mercy of his life. The officer, who carried off the prize so coveted by John Malcolm, went straight to his death. On his first appearance at the native court, at which he was appointed an assistant to the Resident, he was murdered. This made a deep impression at the time on Malcolm's mind, and was ever afterwards gratefully remembered. He often spoke of it in later days, as an illustration of the little that man knows of what is really for his good; and he taught others, as he himself had learnt, never to repine at the accidents and mischances of life, but to see, in all, the hand of an all-merciful Providence working benignly for our good.

In God's time, however, that which he sought came; and John Malcolm received his first appointment. "I served," he wrote many years afterwards, "as a regimental officer, with European and Native corps (without ever having one week's leave of absence) for nine years. In 1792, when at Seringapatam, I was appointed Persian interpreter to the detachment serving with the Nizam, by the Marquis Cornwallis, on the express ground of being the officer with that corps best qualified for the station." His foot was now on the ladder of promotion; but, for a while, his upward progress was checked by the failure of his health. Continued exposure to the climate had done its sure work upon him; and he was compelled to return to England. He did not like it; but his friends persuaded him to take the advice of his physicians and he consented, with less reluctance, perhaps, than he would otherwise have felt, because Sir John Kennaway, his friend and patron in the political service, was going home also, and proposed to take young Malcolm with him.

It was great joy to him, and great joy to others, when John Malcolm reappeared in Eskdale, a fine, handsome young man, reinvigorated by the voyage, with an unfailing supply of animal spirits, and an inexhaustible budget of amusing and instructive talk. Great days were those at Burnfoot, when John sat by the fire and told to the admiring family circle pleasant stories of all that he had seen and heard in the Far East. But, having a career before him, he was not one to protract his stay in England a day longer than was perfectly necessary for the restoration of his health: so he returned to India, and under happy auspices, for he went out as aide-de-camp to General (afterwards Sir Alured) Clarke, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army. On his way out, he stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, found the English and Dutch at open war; and was present at the operations which ended in the transfer of the settlement to the English, by whom, save for a short interval, it has ever since been retained.

When, in the cold weather of 1795-96, John Malcolm again found himself at Madras, he was still a subaltern, but he was on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. General Clarke was soon transferred to the chief command in Bengal, and General (afterwards Lord) Harris was appointed to Madras to succeed him. There were circumstances which prevented Clarke from appointing John Malcolm to the military secretaryship in Bengal; so he remained at Madras, as Persian interpreter and secretary to General Harris. In this situation he was sufficiently happy; but the personal staff of a Commander-in-Chief afforded no great scope for the development of his powers, and he still longed for employment in the diplomatic line of the service. His next advancement, however, was in the military direction, for he was appointed Town-Major of Madras,—in those days an honourable and a lucrative office. But his hopes were about speedily to be realised, in a manner wholly unexpected. Lord Wellesley—then Lord Mornington—went out to India as Governor-General, and, on his way to Calcutta, touched at Madras. There he made the acquaintance of John Malcolm, by that time a captain in the army, who sent his lordship some reports which he had drawn up, on our relations with the native states of India, especially the state of Hyderabad. The result was, that soon after his arrival in Bengal, the Governor-General offered him an appointment as assistant to the Resident at Hyderabad; so without loss of time, Captain Malcolm proceeded to the chief city of the Deccan, and was soon in the thick of an exciting political contest.

Those were days of stirring adventure throughout the southern peninsula of India. Lord Wellesley was bracing himself up for the last decisive conflict with Tippoo Sultaun. He was "Citizen Tippoo" in those days—closely allied with France. At the court of Hyderabad also the French had for some time been making effectual progress. French officers had disciplined, and now commanded, several battalions of the Nizam's troops. Such a state of things could not be suffered to endure, on the eve of a great war with Tippoo. So Lord Wellesley determined to make a bold stroke for the destruction of the French force at Hyderabad. The consent of the Nizam was obtained; but it was still necessary to do it by a *coup d'état.* There was a large body of British troops at no great distance from the Residency, and with these Kirkpatrick, the Resident, and his assistant, Malcolm, determined to accomplish their object. Fortunately, it happened that at the critical moment the troops were mutinying against their officers, because they were in arrears of pay, and had made a prisoner of their French commandant. Malcolm was sent down to allay the tumult: but the crowd would not listen to him. They said that they would treat him as they had treated their own officers. And they were about to lay violent hands upon him, when some Sepoys of the French battalion who had formerly been in the Company's army, and served in John Malcolm's regiment, recognised him, and remembered many old kindnesses done to them by their English officer. So they lifted him up above the crowd, and bore him on their heads to a place of safety out of the reach of the exasperated mob.

How the French corps was afterwards dispersed, without the shedding of a drop of blood, is a matter of history, on which, however interesting, I cannot afford to enlarge. It was Malcolm's first great lesson in the stirring business of that "political department," whose concerns often savour more of war than of diplomacy. But the Governor-General had summoned him to Calcutta; and, the French corps dispersed, he set out with all possible speed, to join the vice-regal court at the great City of Palaces. He carried with him, as a palpable embodiment of success, the colours of the annihilated French battalions. At the capital, he was warmly welcomed. The Governor-General, no mean judge of character, saw at once that he was a man to be trusted and to be employed. In truth, this meeting with Lord Wellesley was the turning-point of John Malcolm's career. From that day his fortune was made. He found in the Governor-General a statesman after his own heart; and Lord Wellesley listened attentively to all that was said by the political assistant, because he found in John Malcolm's ready words fit and forcible expression of the opinions which were taking shape in his mind.

When Captain Malcolm returned to Madras, charged with the views and sentiments of the Governor-General, he was appointed to accompany the Hyderabad troops which, in accordance with our engagements with the Nizam, were to co-operate with the British Army in the invasion of Mysore and the assault of Seringapatam. In effect this political superintendance was little less than the military command of the Nizam's force. But afterwards it was considered advisable to attach a European regiment to this force, and His Majesty's 33rd Regiment, then stationed at Vellore, was selected for this duty. The regiment was commanded by Colonel the Honourable Arthur Wellesley, brother of the Governor-General, who then took command of the force; and the two became fast friends. The British Army was commanded by General Harris, whose secretary Malcolm had been. On the morning of the successful assault of Seringapatam, he paid a visit to the tent of his old master, and with characteristic hilarity addressed him as "Lord Harris." The general chided him for his levity in so solemn an hour; but the light-hearted prediction was fulfilled.

After the conquest of Mysore, a commission, of which General Wellesley was a member, was nominated for the settlement of Mysore, and John Malcolm was appointed secretary to it. He did his duty so well, indeed he had altogether so strongly recommended himself by his good service to the Governor-General, that Lord Wellesley, when the work of the commission was done, offered him far higher employment. He selected him to proceed on a mission to the Persian Court. In those days we knew little or nothing of the country. But Zemaun Shah, the ruler of Afghanistan, had been suspected of intriguing with Tippoo and with the deposed Prince of Oude, and we had visions of the French Directory in the background. The anti-Gallican tendencies of Lord Wellesley and of Captain Malcolm were equally strong, and the latter rejoiced all the more in the honourable appointment that had been offered to him, because there was a grand opportunity before him of checkmating France in the regions of Central Asia.

At the end of the year 1799, Captain John Malcolm, being then in his thirty-first year, sailed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf. After visiting Muscat, he steered for Bushire, where he landed, and made his preparations to advance into the interior of the country. This, however, was not very easily accomplished, for he was continually being arrested by absurd formalities, at which he laughed with the utmost possible good humour; but, at the same time, maintained the dignity of the great nation which he represented, by demanding from the Persian Government all the respect which he yielded on the part of his own. Not until the middle of November, 1800, was he presented to the Shah at Teheran. Some days afterwards he laid before his Majesty the magnificent presents with which he was charged. But he was in no hurry to enter upon the political business of his mission. He exhibited his diplomacy by leading on the Persian ministers to make the first proposal for the establishment of treaty-negotiations between the two powers. The result was that after a good deal of skirmishing, two treaties, the one commercial, the other political, were drawn up and discussed. Whether these treaties were ever really in force is matter of historical doubt. But at all events a good understanding was established between the two countries. The Persians were well pleased with the magnificence of the presents which were lavished upon them; they derived from them a grand idea of our national wealth; and it must be added that the personal belongings of the envoy himself made a profound impression on the Persian Court. His fine stature, his commanding presence, and the mixture of good humour and of resolute firmness with which he conducted all his negotiations, compelled them to form a high estimate of the English people. He was in their eyes a "Roostum," or hero of the first magnitude.

On his return to India, Captain John Malcolm was greeted by letters from the Governor-General, directing him to proceed at once to Calcutta. His reception at Government House was most cordial. Lord Wellesley bestowed his unqualified commendation on what had been done, and promised to give him, on the first opportunity, a high appointment in the political service. Meanwhile, he requested him to act as his private secretary, during the absence of Henry Wellesley, who had gone on a special mission to Oude. All this, it may well be conceived, filled with delight and gratitude the hearts of the family at Burnfoot. "The account of your employments," wrote his father to him, "is like fairy tales to us. . . . Your filial effusions brought tears of joy to the eyes of your parents. A good head will gain you the esteem and applause of the world, but a good heart alone gives happiness to the owner of it. It is a continual feast."

In the capacity of private secretary, John Malcolm accompanied Lord Wellesley on a tour to the Upper Provinces; but he had not proceeded further than Allahabad, when certain complications of a personal character at Madras caused the Governor-General to depute Malcolm, on a mission of much delicacy, to that Presidency. He did his work not only well—but nobly. For the arrangements, which were considered good for the public service, involved a great sacrifice on *his* part. He had been promised the Residency of Mysore; but he yielded his claims with cheerfulness in order to induce that excellent civil officer, Mr. Webbe, to remain a little longer in India. This done, he returned with all possible despatch to Calcutta, and met the Governor-General on his way back to the Presidency. But he did not remain long at the great man's elbow. Whenever any difficulty arose, it occurred to Lord Wellesley at once to "send Malcolm" on a special mission to set it right. So when, in July, 1802, the Persian Ambassador, who had come to India about the ratification of the treaties, was unhappily shot in an affray at Bombay, Malcolm was despatched to that Presidency to endeavour to make the best of so untoward an occurrence.

Making all speed, by land, to Bombay, he arrived there in October, and did everything that could be done to appease the expected resentment of the Persian Court. He wrote letters of explanation and condolence to the Shah and his ministers; and made such liberal grants of money to all who had suffered by the mischance, that it was said afterwards in Persia that the English might kill a dozen ambassadors, if they would always pay for them at the same rate. By the end of November the work was done, and Malcolm returned to Calcutta. He found the Governor-General and his advisers immersed in the troubled politics of the great Mahratta Courts. On New Year's Day, 1803, he wrote to Colonel Kirkpatrick that "the line was taken." In the diplomacies which preceded the war, Malcolm took a conspicuous part. Mr. Webbe having been transferred to the Residency of Nagpore, he was now appointed to Mysore. He hastened to Madras, therefore, to take up his appointment, and to communicate, on the part of Lord Wellesley, with the Governor of that Presidency. The work was soon done. On the 27th of February, 1803, he wrote to the Governor-General:—"I propose leaving Madras in a few days, and as I travel fast, I shall soon join the army, and convey to the Commander-in-Chief, in the clearest manner I can, a correct idea of the conduct which, in your Excellency's judgment, the present emergency demands."

The head-quarters of the Madras army were then at Hurryhur. To this place Malcolm proceeded post-haste, and after two days spent in camp, pushed forward to join the advanced division, under General Arthur Wellesley, which was to aid, in the lower part of the Mahratta country, the operations which Lord Lake was conducting in the upper. On the 19th of March he joined Wellesley's camp, and there was a cordial meeting between the two friends, and little disposition on either side to part. Malcolm saw clearly that they could act well together for the good of the public service, and, as no evil was likely to arise from his absence from Mysore, he determined to remain in Wellesley's camp, and there to turn his diplomatic experience to good account. "A political agent," he wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, "is never so likely to succeed as at the head of an army." It was a great epoch in the history of our Indian Empire, and there was a magnificent harvest of results. For a narrative of the events, which grew out of the Mahratta policy of Lord Wellesley, the inquiring reader must turn to the military annals of the time. It was enough, that the first great work which fell to the share of Wellesley and Malcolm was the restoration of the Peishwah, Badjee Rao, to the throne of Poonah. This accomplished, Malcolm fell sick. He struggled against his increasing infirmity—but in vain;—and at last, in the middle of August, to his intense disappointment, he was compelled to yield to the solicitations of General Wellesley and other friends, and to quit the camp for Bombay just as active business in the field was commencing.

But Malcolm was not long absent from his post. Just half-a-century afterwards, Mr. Elphinstone described to me, in vivid language, as though narrating an incident of yesterday, the effect of Malcolm's reappearance in camp. If not a little gloomy, the condition of social affairs among the General's Staff was a little grave and solemn, though everything had gone well with the army. It was all work and no play; and there was little laughter in the English tents. But when Malcolm reappeared among them, all this was changed. It was like a gleam of sunlight. He arrived in high spirits; he was overflowing with lively humorous talk; he had many rich stories to tell; he had a joke for every one, white or black; and no man left him without a smile upon his face. He was "Boy Malcolm" still. It was impossible to resist the fascinations of his genial presence.

His health, however, was not perfectly restored; and he was still haunted by apprehensions of another break-down, necessitating his second departure from the camp. But there was much work to be done, and he struggled against his infirmity. The beginning of the year 1804 found him negotiating a treaty with Sandiah, which, after much delay, was formally concluded. But it was productive of much distress of mind to Malcolm, for, although his views were shared by General Wellesley, they did not meet with the full approbation of Lord Wellesley. I think that Malcolm was right. If what he recommended was not more politic, it was at all events more generous and indeed more just than the opposite course. But the Governor-General was not a man to brook opposition of any kind, and for awhile he withdrew his smiles from his favourite lieutenant. But all this soon passed away. Lord Wellesley wrote him a long and very friendly letter, assuring him of his unbroken confidence—telling him that he was at full liberty to return to Mysore, to join the Government party in the upper provinces, to prepare for another mission to Persia, or to go home to recruit his health, as he might think best. He elected, in the first instance, to proceed to Mysore, whither he went, accompanied by General Wellesley. The latter soon returned to Madras, and Malcolm settled himself down at the Residency, intending to turn his leisure to good account by writing a history of Persia.

But his studies were soon broken in upon by a summons to Calcutta. Lord Wellesley wished to see him at the chief Presidency. So he closed his books, put aside his papers, and soon (April, 1805) found himself again an inmate of Government House. The Mahratta war had entered a new phase, and Malcolm's counsel was again in requisition. In a little while his personal services were required. In the conjuncture which had then arisen, it seemed more desirable than ever to "send Malcolm." So, at the end of a fortnight, he was sent to join the camp of General Lake in Upper India; and putting himself in a palanquin, he journeyed northward through the sultry summer weather, sorrowing most of all that he should look upon the face of Lord Wellesley no more in that part of the world, for the Governor-General had determined upon a speedy departure for England.

The head-quarters of the British army were then upon the banks of the Chumbul; but the scorching hot winds of the month of May compelled a season of inactivity, and they could do little but talk about the future. Grave and anxious talk it was, for news had come that Lord Cornwallis, with stringent instructions to adopt a pacific course of policy, had been a second time appointed Governor-General of India, and was expected shortly to arrive. The work was only half done, and to bring it to an abrupt, might be to bring it to a disastrous, close. Lord Cornwallis came, and the war was ordered to be wound up with the utmost possible despatch. The conduct of the Mahratta chiefs, however, rendered certain further operations on our part absolutely necessary. The insolence of Holkar demanded chastisement, but his courage was not equal to his pretensions, and as the army advanced he deemed it expedient to seek safety in flight. He crossed the Sutlej, and our troops pursued him. Malcolm accompanied the force, and was ever in the van. It was doubted whether the Hindoo Sepoys would cross the river. There were signs, indeed, of wavering, and it is said that the leading companies sat down on the banks, when Malcolm rode up to them, spoke in his brave hearty manner a few cheering words, reminding them that the holy shrine of Umritsur was in advance, and asked them if they would shrink from such a pilgrimage. And the story runs that such was the magic effect of these words, that the recusant Sepoys started up to a man, crossed the river, and soon, followed by their comrades, were in full march into the Punjab.

Lord Cornwallis died; Sir George Barlow succeeded him as provisional Governor-General, and the war, not without much murmuring in official quarters, was brought to a close. John Malcolm —he was then Colonel John Malcolm—after a brief residence in Calcutta, returned to the Residency at Mysore, and not very long afterwards took to himself a wife. In 1807, he married Charlotte, daughter of Colonel Alexander Campbell (afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army), a lady in whom, it has been said, "the charms of youth and beauty were united with a good natural understanding and a cultivated mind." This union was productive of much happiness to both. But nothing could ever relax John Malcolm's zealous activity in the public service. Single or married, he was ever hungering for employment; and in the course of the following year he was equipping himself for a second embassy to Persia.

Lord Minto had by this time succeeded to the Governor-Generalship; and the Gallo-phobia had been revived with increased force, not wholly without reason. The peace of Tilsit, as explained in a former memoir, threw the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander into each other's arms, and the invasion of India, for a time at least, was seriously contemplated by the two powers. But Malcolm started from Bombay to find that Sir Harford Jones had already started from England on the same mission; and it must be admitted that the contest, which then arose, was not a very seemly one. The danger, however, which the two envoys were sent to combat, soon passed away; and in due course, Malcolm, who had certainly done much more than his competitor to maintain the dignity of the British character in Iran, returned—if with nothing else—with an increased supply of materials for his history of Persia, and was eager to return to his beloved wife and his literary labours at Mysore.

It was in an interval, resulting from these complications, that Sir John Malcolm was called upon to address himself to a service of a very different kind. The European officers of the Madras army were in a state of revolt. The crisis was a very alarming one; and, perhaps, we do not even now know how nearly the state was wrecked. At Musulapatam, especially, there was a perilous state of things, for the Madras European regiment was garrisoned there, and it was believed that the men would follow their officers and hoist the flag of sedition. Sir George Barlow was then Governor of Madras. The presence of Malcolm was most opportune. If any man could restore discipline to the troops at Musulapatam, he could do it. He was asked, and he consented, to go. He took ship at the beginning of July, 1809, and was soon landed at Musulapatam. He found that the exasperation of the officers was even greater than he had expected. But he resolved to confront it with that frank, cheery, popular manner, so peculiar to himself, by which he had so often worked his way to success. He met the officers, talked the matter over freely and candidly with them, admitting as much as he safely could (for in part he sympathised with them), and afterwards joined them at Mess. After dinner, a young officer, flushed with wine, proposed as a toast, "Our Common Cause." With characteristic readiness of address, Malcolm rose and said, "Ay—the common cause of our country." The amendment was received and drunk with enthusiasm, and soon afterwards his own health was toasted with universal applause. This seemed to be the turning-point. On the following day, the leading officers of the garrison discussed the whole subject calmly with him; and, though it was not easy to allay their irritation, he held them in check; and endeavoured by mild persuasions, not wanting in dignity and resolution, to lure them back to their allegiance to the State. Sir George Barlow thought that he was too conciliatory—that such rebellion as theirs should not have been so treated. He sent a general officer, named Pater, to take command at Musulapatam, and Malcolm returned to Madras. A controversy then arose, which was maintained in vital force for some years. Some thought Malcolm was right, some thought that he was wrong in principle; but practically, at least, he gained time; and I am inclined to think that, if he had adopted any other course, the Musulapatam officers, followed by their men, would have formed a junction with the mutineers at Hyderabad, Jaulnah, &c., and that the danger would have risen to a point which, under the more conciliatory system, it was never suffered to attain.

There was now at last a brief season of repose for him. He took up his residence at Bombay early in the year 1811, and addressed himself assiduously to the completion of the financial accounts of his mission to Persia and the composition of his long-contemplated history. There he met, for the second time, Sir James Mackintosh, with whom he entered into the bonds of a life-long friendship, and was soon joined by his old comrade, Mountstuart Elphinstone, who, after returning from his mission to Afghanistan, had been appointed Resident at Poonah. In the following year, Malcolm, with his wife and children, took ship for England, uncertain about the future. There were times when he thought of retiring from the service, of farming and horse-breeding—but he was then in the full vigour of his manhood; and to abandon such a career at the age of forty-three required such strong inducements and substantial reasons as even the love of country and the charms of a happy home could not supply. But no man enjoyed life in his native country more than he did. There was but one drawback to the happiness of his return—one that has turned the joy of too many an Indian exile into sorrow—death had broken into the family circle. Both his parents were dead. He had started from Bombay full of the delightful hope of soon seeing his wife and children in his mother's arms; but news of her death met him at St. Helena, and the blow fell heavily upon him.

In the course of July (1812), he landed in England, and soon, having taken a house near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, he located his family there, and proceeded to Scotland to revisit the scenes of his youth. There, in his own native Dumfries-shire, he "went to visit all, high and low, that had known him as a child." "Visited the graves of my parents," he added, in the journal which he kept at the time, "and heard the noblest praise of them from the aged, the infirm, and the poor that they had aided and supported; and to whom the aid and support of the family are still given." At Burnfoot he was received with rapturous delight by all—scarcely less by the old servants and dependents of the family than by his own nearest kindred. On John Malcolm observing to one old servant that there had been many changes, but that he hoped that it was still, as before, a good house to live in, the man replied, "Faith, it's mair than that—it's the best house to die in of a' Scotland."

Having accomplished this visit to the North, Malcolm returned to London, and before the end of the year he was knighted by the Prince Regent. Soon afterwards, he was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons. This interested and employed him; and he was working assiduously at his history of Persia; but the stirring events of the great war in the Peninsula, and the success of his old friend Arthur Wellesley, now Duke of Wellington, raised within him a desire for active employment, and he asked the Duke if he could not obtain service for him. Wellington told him in 1813 to go into Parliament, and all the rest would follow in due course.

In the ensuing year (1814), Malcolm was created a Knight Commander of the Bath; and it is to be observed, that, two months before, the same high distinction had been conferred on his brothers James and Pulteny. In the same year Sir John Malcolm also won his spurs as an historian. His "History of Persia" was published, by Murray, in two magnificent quarto volumes, and was most favourably received by the literary world, both of England and of France. From many of the most distinguished writers of the day, including Byron and Scott, he received warm tributes of admiration, and had every reason to be satisfied with the success of his work. But in the life of Sir John Malcolm literature was only a digression. It is probable, that if he had been less a man of action, he would have been more highly esteemed as a man of letters. Whilst thinking of what he did, we are apt sometimes to forget our obligations to him for what he wrote.

The following year was the great Waterloo year; and, after the battle, Malcolm, like a host of other eager excited Englishmen, went to Paris to see the fun. He went under the happiest auspices, for the great conqueror was one of his dearest friends, welcomed his old Deccanee comrade in the heartiest manner, and gave him his own version of the battle. "People ask me for an account of the action," said the Duke, "I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest. There was no manœuvring." Nothing could have exceeded the friendly attention of Wellington to him during the whole period of his stay in the French capital. He met also a most flattering reception from some of the most eminent French savans—especially those interested in Oriental literature—and, sensible of his own deficiency in this respect, put himself to school to learn the French language.

Highly delighted with his continental visit, Malcolm returned to England in the autumn of 1815, and soon began to debate within himself the great question of a return or no-return to India. As he could not take his wife and young family with him to that country, there were strong appeals on behalf of the latter course continually tugging at his heartstrings; but it would, doubtless, be for their good that he should return to India, for, notwithstanding his great opportunities, he had amassed but a small fortune; so, after a while, he determined to continue his Indian career, and he took his passage in a ship which was to sail in October. Some months before his departure (June, 1816), Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

On the 17th of March, 1817, Sir John Malcolm landed at Madras; but he had not been many weeks on the coast before he received a letter from the

Governor-General, Lord Moira (better known as Lord Hastings), in which he said, "Let me assure you that I fully appreciate your talents and energy, and I shall rejoice if I find a fit field for their employment. I hear that for five months to come we must be restricted to Cabinet activity; perhaps in that interval you may be tempted to pay a visit to Bengal, when the opportunity of giving you such an insight into matters as cannot be afforded you by letter, may lead to your striking out a mode in which you may exert yourself with satisfaction." Upon this hint, Malcolm at once took ship for Calcutta. There he was received with the most flattering courtesy and kindliness by the Governor-General, and was at once taken into his confidence. It was a political conjuncture of the most serious character; for a state of things had arisen in Central India which could not be suffered to last. Lord Moira had determined to disperse the Pindarree hordes which were ravaging the country, and there was too much reason to believe that this movement would involve him in a war with the substantive Mahratta States. There was not a man in India who knew more about those States than Sir John Malcolm, nor one whom the Governor-General was more eager to employ. After a pleasant sojourn of a few weeks, he returned to Madras, with a mixed military and political commission from the Governor-General. "My situation is most flattering," he wrote from that Presidency. "As Governor-General's agent, all political work connected with our operations is in my hands; as Brigadier-General, I am destined for the most advanced force; and, what is really delightful, from the Governor-General down to the lowest black or white, red or brown, clothed or naked, all appear happy at my advancement."

In the autumn of this year, Malcolm, in pursuance of the objects of his appointment, visited the great political Residencies of Southern India, passing from Mysore to Hyderabad, and from Hyderabad to Poonah; sometimes riding long distances on horseback, and at others being carried in a palanquin. At Poonah he again took sweet counsel with Mountstuart Elphinstone, and afterwards visited the Peishwah, Badjee Rao, who received him with the most signal courtesy and respect. Malcolm tendered him the best possible advice, and he promised to take it; but he was utterly wanting in steadfastness of character, and when the hour of trial came he bitterly disappointed his English friend, who had hoped better things from him. From Poonah, Malcolm returned to Hyderabad to complete the necessary arrangements for the advance of the Army of the Deccan. From Hyderabad he hastened to Nagpoor, where he met another old friend and associate, Richard Jenkins; and having taken counsel with him, relative to the affairs of that state, he was eager to press on to join the army on the Nerbudda, and to merge his political into his military character. On the 29th of October he took command of his division at Hurda. "I do not contemplate," he wrote at this time, "that the Pindarrees will resist us. Scindeah has long submitted, and ruin must attend any tangible power that opposes us; but still, we shall have much work, and I am to have (for which I thank God) more than a common share. I am delighted with the work I have, the object of which is, beyond all wars, to give peace and prosperity to a miserable people and a wasted country." On the 10th of November, Sir Thomas Hislop, who had chief command of the army advancing from that side of the country, joined the force; and on the 15th Malcolm crossed the Nerbudda in pursuit of the Pindarrees. At the beginning of December he was hunting down the celebrated freebooter, Cheetoo. Cheetoo, however, escaped into the jungle, to be afterwards eaten by a tiger, and Malcolm had soon nobler game in view. It was now his good fortune to meet Holkar's army in the field at Mehidpore, and to fight one of the most famous battles in the Indian annals of those times. It was fought on the 21st of December, 1817. The story of this action has often been told before. It is enough to say here that all Malcolm's enthusiasm was roused to the highest pitch, and that if he made any mistake, it was in going forward too impetuously to the front. He never thought of himself, but exposed himself rashly to the enemy's fire, and was as cool and collected as if he had been on a morning parade. The battle was won. The victory was complete. But nothing pleased him more when he sent in the official report of the engagement, and afterwards forwarded copies to his wife and sisters in England, that there were the names of some Eskdale men in it who had covered themselves with glory.

Sir John Malcolm was one of those soldier-statesmen of the first class, whose vocation it was to pass rapidly from the command of an army to the negotiation of a treaty, and to be equally at home in the camp and in council. Badjee Rao, the Peishwah, had by this time thrown off the mask; he had forfeited his kingdom by his treachery and hostility to the British Government, and nothing remained but to bring him to such terms as might at once be merciful to him, and advantageous to the British Government. This business, one of great difficulty and delicacy, devolved upon Sir John Malcolm. Perhaps no other man could have brought the Peishwah to terms at all. By skilful negotiation, aided much by his own personal influence, he brought the Mahratta Prince at last to consent to an arrangement by which he was to become for ever a pensioner of the British Government. The terms, by the offer of which Malcolm brought the Peishwah to surrender himself and all his pretensions, were said by many at the time to have been over-liberal. It was stipulated that eight lakhs of rupees (or 80,000*l.*) should be paid to Badjee Rao for the remainder of his life. It may be doubted whether a less sum would have brought him into our camp, and the surrender of the Peishwah was necessary to the termination of the war. On the whole, viewed with reference to ulterior financial considerations, I am inclined to think that the arrangement was an economical one.

This engagement was made in June, 1818. There were afterwards some further operations, as the reduction of the fortress of Asseerghur, in which Malcolm was concerned; but the war was virtually at an end. And now came something more difficult than the conquest of Mahratta armies, the reduction to order and prosperity of a country long given up to anarchy and confusion. To no man could this be entrusted more confidently than to Malcolm. The work which now devolved upon him—the settlement of Central India—not, like some of more recent date, a settlement where everything is unsettled—showed the good stuff of which he was made, as a civil ruler and administrator. His success was great; and the secret of that success was the personal accessibility of the man. He had a word for every one, high and low. He did his own work by the force of his own individual character, and every one was satisfied with his reception, even though his claims were disallowed. "I wish I had you here for a week," he wrote to one of his oldest friends, "to show you my nabobs, rajahs, Bheel chiefs, potails, and ryots. My room is a thoroughfare from morning to night. No moonshees, dewans, dubashes, or even chobdars,* but '*char derwazah kolah*' (four doors open), that the inhabitants of these countries may learn what our principles are at the fountain-head. Suffice it, that from the highest ruler to the lowest robber, from the palace in the city to the shed in the deepest recess of the mountain forest, your friend *Malcolm-Sahib* is a welcome and a familiar guest, and is as much pleased, thank God, with firing arrows and eating roots with the latter, as at the fine durbars and sumptuous feasts of the former." About the same time I find an officer on Sir John Malcolm's staff writing confidentially to a friend, "Nobody that I ever saw or heard of can get over the same quantity of business in the same quantity of time that he does, and his reputation stands so very high with the natives, that his being personally concerned in any arrangements goes further in satisfying them than I believe would the interference of any other man upon earth. When we crossed the Nerbuddah in 1817, the state of Malwah was scarcely to be described. It was a country without government, a state without revenue, an army without pay; consequently, a peasantry without protection from the villanies of the troops of their own sovereign, or the depredators who chose to plunder them; and of these last the country was full. We now see around us the effects of our late operations. . . . . A state, though at present reduced in respect of revenue, yet respectable; that revenue increasing, and perhaps the finest country in India again wearing the face of cheerful industry; the inhabitants, assured of protection, returning to their villages, and looking forward with confidence to better times. . . . This is Sir John's work, and a most glorious work it has been. His is a noble character, and such as his are required to keep us now on the high ground on which, thank God, we stand in India. . . . . I believe, though it is possible that he may be equalled in some points, that in public virtue, and useful talent, he cannot be excelled by any public servant of any government at this time existing; and that for whatever time his fame may last in Europe, Malcolm Sahib will be remembered in Malwah as long as regular government exists, of which he has again laid the foundation." And high as was this praise, it was perfectly true; and the prediction was amply fulfilled. The names of Malcolm and Malwah have never since been disunited.

And all through the year 1819, Malcolm worked on bravely, and energetically, and with his whole heart, loving his work, and yet not without certain promptings of ambition, which made him look to the something beyond which is such a stimulus to all exertion in India—whether the thing coveted be a brigade-majorship, a deputy magistracy, or the government of a Presidency. Having been disappointed in his desires to obtain the government of Bombay, he thought that he had just claim to the government of Madras, which was about to be vacated, and that it would be recognised by the authorities in England. But when the post fell vacant, he was doomed to disappointment; for his old friend, Sir Thomas Munro, was nominated governor of Madras. Malcolm attributed his failures in no small measure to the opposition of Charles Grant, "an able leading director," as he said. But I believe that this was a mistake. The fact is, that there were three old servants of the Company, very nearly of the same standing, with very nearly equal capacity for government and administration. There were essential points of difference between them, and no one in all respects surpassed the other; so that it is hard to say to whom the palm of general superiority should be assigned by the biographer or the historian. Any accident, therefore, might have determined the preference to be given by the home authorities to one candidate or the other. And perhaps they were influenced in some degree by the feeling that Sir John Malcolm could not well be spared from Central India, and that there was a probability of a separate Lieutenant-Governorship being established in that part of the country, with Malcolm at its head.

This arrangement, however, which he had always warmly advocated, never took practical shape; and so, as the year 1821 advanced, Sir John Malcolm determined to rejoin his family in England, with no intention of returning to Indian work. "My Indian marches," he wrote to his wife on the 1st of September, from Bombay, "are, I trust, over for ever. I arrived here a few hours ago, after a very quick journey from Poonah. I am uncommonly well—better than I have been for many months. Elphinstone has given up Malabar Point to me,—a most delightful residence, almost in the sea." His reception at Bombay was of a most enthusiastic character. A grand entertainment was given to him by the inhabitants of the Presidency; and he took his leave of India, not however for the last time, amidst universal demonstrations of respect.

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* Native officials of different grades.

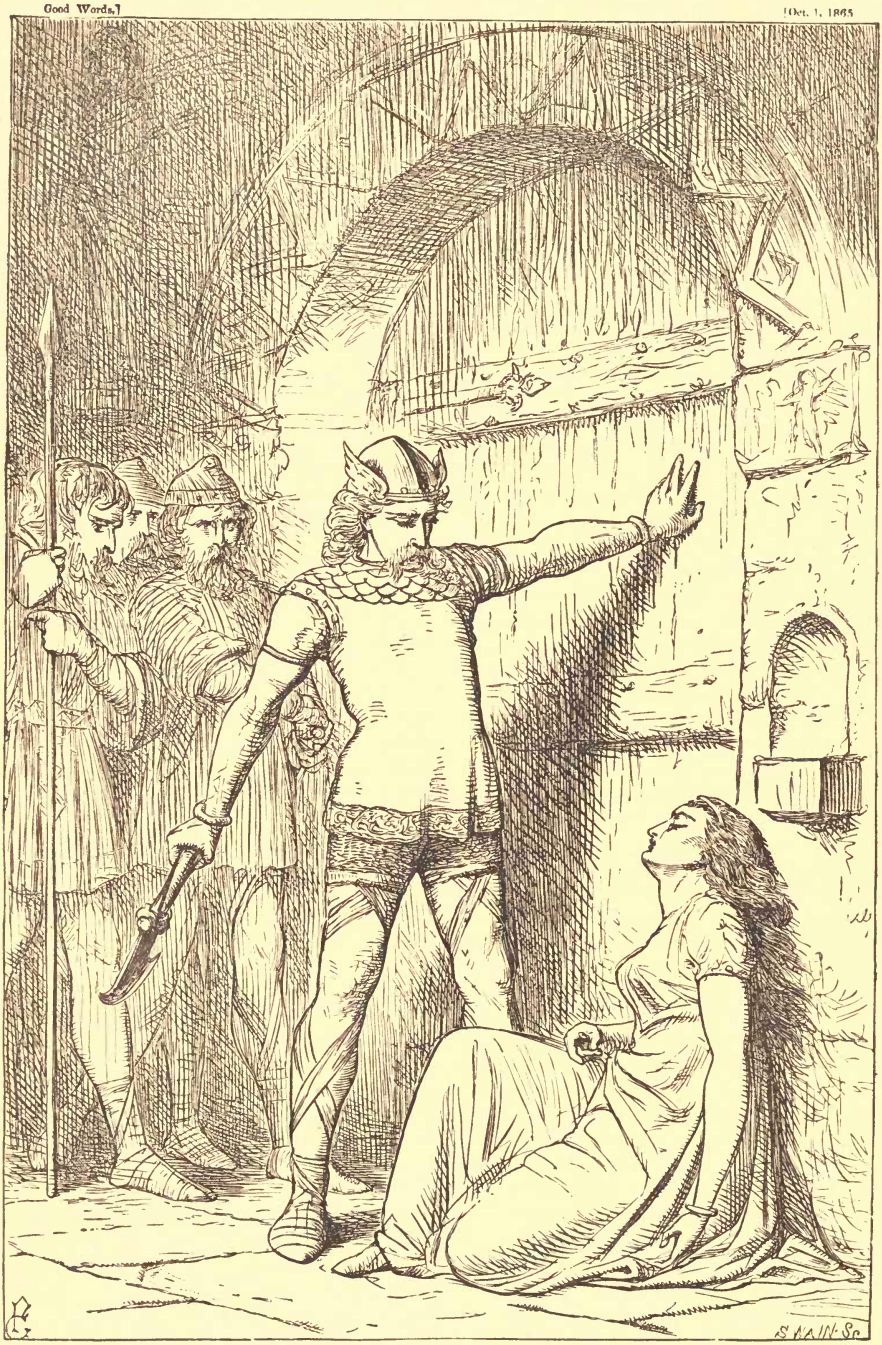
He went to England by the then unfamiliar route of Egypt, where he was received with all courtesy and hospitality by Mehemet Ali; and reached London at the end of April, 1822. It was no small delight to him to rejoin his wife and children. They had a house in London, and a cottage in Kent; but the latter was too small for the family, so he looked about for another country residence, and found one upon the borders of Hertfordshire, twenty-five miles from town, on the road to Cambridge, not far from the town of Sawbridgeworth. It was known by the name of Hyde Hall; and there, after a time, Malcolm pitched his tent—and a very hospitable tent it was, almost as much open, on all its four sides, as the old one in Central India. There he entertained many visitors from Cambridge, who long cherished the recollection of those days as among the happiest of their lives. Among these, I may cite the honoured names of Whewell, Sedgwick, and Hare.

In the midst of these home-pleasures, Sir John Malcolm was roused by an invitation to proceed again to India. The Government of Bombay was about to become vacant by the retirement of Mr. Elphinstone; and both the King's Government and the Court of Directors were of opinion that it would conduce greatly to the public interests to appoint Sir John Malcolm to the post. The offer was made and accepted. A grand farewell banquet was given to him at the Albion by the East India Company; and both Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington made impressive speeches in honour of the guest of the evening. The speech of the latter is especially worthy of being remembered, because the greatest man of the age then said, "A nomination such as this operates throughout the whole Indian service. The youngest cadet sees in it an example he may imitate—a success he may attain. The good which the country derives from the excitement of such feelings is incalculable." Nothing more true; nothing more deserving of abiding remembrance!

On the 1st of November, 1827, Sir John Malcolm, having arrived at Bombay a few days before, took the oaths of office, and entered upon the government of that Presidency. It was by no means an eventful period of our history; and there were no great opportunities, therefore, for Malcolm to display his capacity for government. It is generally said that his administration of Bombay was distinguished more by his collision with the Supreme Court than by anything else. This, however, is not strictly true. In a noiseless, unpretending manner, Malcolm did much good, and recorded, out of the fullness of his knowledge and experience, many important minutes distinguished by a strong sense of justice and a warm sympathy with the feelings of the people of the country. On the 5th of December, 1830, he turned his back upon India for ever. There was doubtless great happiness in the retrospect. The boy of thirteen, who had gone to India from the Eskdale Farm, had left it as the honoured Governor of a great province. Only one, who had started from the same small beginning, had done as much. Not one had ever done more.

When Sir John Malcolm arrived in England he was in his sixty-second year. The Duke of Wellington had told him years before to "go into Parliament." Whether the Duke would have given the same advice then is doubtful. But Malcolm did go into Parliament, supported by the interest of the Duke of Northumberland, and sat for Launceston, as a red-hot Tory. Had he entered Parliament a year or two later, when the continuance of the East India Company's Charter was one of the leading questions of the day, he would doubtless have been listened to with the profoundest respect; but speaking on the Reform question, and on the unpopular side, an old Indian General was not likely to make for himself a very attentive audience. The Reform Bill was passed. Launceston was disfranchised. There was a general election. Sir John Malcolm was requested to stand for Dumfries-shire; but a little inquiry soon assured him the case was hopeless; so he issued a frank, manly address, and withdrew from the contest.

The Company's Charter question was now coming on for discussion, and Malcolm, though excluded from the House of Commons, felt that he could at least do something by making his views known to the public through the medium of the Court of Proprietors of India Stock. He owed little or nothing to the Company—except the cadetship, which he had turned to such good account. It was his opinion that, as the pupil and friend of Lord Wellesley, who had denounced them as the "ignominious tyrants of Leadenhall Street," they had set their faces against him. This was a mistake; but he was not beholden to them for any special favours, and he could not be accused of any unjust leanings towards them. But he knew how necessary to the welfare of our Indian Empire was the existence of such an intermediate body as the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and he moved, in a long and able speech at the India House, the resolutions in favour of the continuance of the then-existing system. It was the last public act of his long and eventful life. Before the adjourned debate was brought to an end, Sir John Malcolm was struck down by paralysis, in his carriage; was carried home to his house in Manchester Street; and never again gave articulate utterance to his thoughts. On the 30th of May, 1833, he passed away from the world; and, perhaps, never has gone away from amongst us a man who had acted, so actively, so large a part in the great drama of Indian history, or who had done everything so worthily and so well.



"SHALL WE BURST OPEN THE DOOR AND KILL THEM ALL?"

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HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW THE MONKS OF ELY DID AFTER THEIR KIND.

WILLIAM's bolt, or rather inextinguishable Greek fire, could not have fallen into Ely at a more propitious moment.

Hereward was away, with a large body of men, and many ships, foraging in the north-eastern fens. He might not be back for a week.

Abbot Thurstan—for what cause is not said—had lost heart a little while before, and fled to "Angerhale, taking with him the ornaments and treasure of the church."

Hereward had discovered his flight with deadly fear: but provisions he must have, and forth he must go, leaving Ely in charge of half-a-dozen independent English gentlemen, each of whom would needs have his own way, just because it was his own.

Only Torfrida he took, and put her hand into the hand of Ranald Sigtrygsson, and said, "Thou true comrade and perfect knight, as I did by thy wife, do thou by mine, if aught befal."

And Ranald swore first by the white Christ, and then by the head of Sleipnir, Odin's horse, that he would stand by Torfrida till the last; and then, if need was, slay her.

"You will not need, King Ranald. I can slay myself," said she, as she took the Ost-Dane's hard honest hand.

And Hereward went, seemingly by Mepal or Sutton. Then came the message; and all men in Ely knew it.

Torfrida stormed down to the monks, in honest indignation, to demand that they should send to William, and purge her of the calumny. She found the Chapter-door barred and bolted. They were all gabbling inside, like starlings on a foggy morning, and would not let her in. She hurried back to Ranald, fearing treason, and foreseeing the effect of the message upon the monks.

But what could Ranald do? To find out their counsels was impossible for him, or any man in Ely. For the monks could talk Latin, and the men could not. Torfrida alone knew the sacred tongue.

If Torfrida could but listen at the keyhole. Well—all was fair in war. And to the Chapter-house door she went, guarded by Ranald and some of his housecarles, and listened, with a beating heart. She heard words now incomprehensible. That men who most of them lived no better than their own serfs; who could have no amount of wealth, not even the hope of leaving that wealth to their children—should cling to wealth—struggle, forge, lie, do anything for wealth, to be used almost entirely not for themselves, but for the honour and glory of the convent—indicates an intensity of corporate feeling, unknown in the outer world then, or now.

The monastery would be ruined! Without this manor, without that wood, without that stone quarry, that fishery—what would become of them?

But mingled with those words were other words, unfortunately more intelligible to this day—those of superstition.

What would St. Ethelreda say? How dare they provoke her wrath? Would she submit to lose her lands? She might do—what might she not do? Her bones would refuse ever to work a miracle again. They had been but too slack in miracle-working for many years. She might strike the isle with barrenness, the minster with lightning. She might send a flood up the fens. She might——

William the Norman, to do them justice, those valiant monks feared not; for he was man, and could but kill the body. But St. Ethelreda, a virgin goddess, with all the host of heaven to back her—might she not, by intercession with powers still higher than her own, destroy both body and soul in hell?

"We are betrayed. They are going to send for the Abbot from Angerhale," said Torfrida at last, reeling from the door. "All is lost."

"Shall we burst open the door and kill them all?" asked Ranald, simply.

"No, King—no. They are God's men; and we have blood enough on our souls."

"We can keep the gates, lest any go out to the King."

"Impossible. They know the isle better than we, and have a thousand arts."

So all they could do, was to wait in fear and trembling for Hereward's return, and send Martin Lightfoot off to warn him, wherever he might be.

The monks remained perfectly quiet. The organ droned, the chants wailed, as usual; nothing interrupted the stated order of the services; and in the hall, each day, they met the knights as cheerfully as ever. Greed and superstition had made cowards of them—and now traitors.

It was whispered that Abbot Thurstan had returned to the minster: but no man saw him: and so three or four days went on.

Martin found Hereward after incredible labours, and told him all, clearly and shrewdly. The man's manifest insanity only seemed to quicken his wit, and increase his powers of bodily endurance.

Hereward was already on his way home; and never did he and his good men row harder than they rowed that day back to Sutton. He landed, and hurried on with half his men, leaving the rest to disembark the booty. He was anxious as to the temper of the monks. He foresaw all that Torfrida had foreseen. And as for Torfrida herself, he was half mad. Ivo Taillebois' addition to William's message had had its due effect. He vowed even deadlier hate against the Norman than he had ever felt before. He ascended the heights to Sutton. It was his shortest way to Ely. He could not see Aldreth from thence: but he could see Willingham field, and Belsar's hills, round the corner of Haddenham Hill.

The sun was setting long before they reached Ely: but just as he sank into the western fen, Winter stopped, pointing. "Was that the flash of arms? There, far away, just below Willingham town. Or was it the setting sun upon the ripple of some long water?"

"There is not wind enough for such a ripple," said one. But ere they could satisfy themselves, the sun was down, and all the fen was gray.

Hereward was still more uneasy. If that had been the flash of arms, it must have come off a very large body of men, moving in column, and on the old straight road between Cambridge and Ely. He hastened on his men. But ere they were within sight of the minster-tower, they were aware of a horse galloping violently towards them through the dusk. Hereward called a halt. He heard his own heart beat as he stopped. The horse was pulled up short among them, and a lad threw himself off.

"Hereward? Thank God, I am in time!"

The voice was the voice of Torfrida.

"Treason!" she gasped.

"I knew it."

"The French are in the island. They have got Aldreth. The whole army is marching from Cambridge. The whole fleet is coming up from Southrey. And you have time——"

"To burn Ely over the monks' heads. Men! Get bogwood out of yon cottage, make yourselves torches, and onward!"

Then rose a babel of questions, which Torfrida answered as she could. But she had nothing to tell. "Clerks' cunning," she said bitterly, "was an overmatch for woman's wit." She had sent out a spy: but he had not returned till an hour since. Then he came back breathless, with the news that the French army was on the march from Cambridge, and that, as he came over the water at Alrech, he found a party of French knights in the fort on the Ely side, talking peaceably with the monks on guard.

She had run up to the borough hill—which men call Cherry Hill at this day—and one look to the north-east had shown her the river swarming with ships. She had rushed home, put on men's clothes, hid a few jewels in her bosom, saddled Swallow, and ridden for her life thither.

"And King Ranald?"

He and his men had gone desperately out towards Haddenham, with what English they could muster: but all were in confusion. Some were getting the women and children into boats, to hide them in the reeds. Others battering the minster gates, vowing vengeance on the monks.

"Then Ranald will be cut off! Alas for the day that ever brought his brave heart hither!"

And when the men heard that, a yell of fury and despair burst from all throats.

Should they go back to their boats?

"No! onward," cried Hereward. "Revenge first, and safety after. Let us leave nothing for the accursed Frenchmen but smoking ruins, and then gather our comrades, and cut our way back to the north."

"Good counsel," cried Winter. "We know the roads, and they do not; and in such a dark night as is coming, we can march out of the island without their being able to follow us a mile."

They hurried on: but stopped once more, at the galloping of another horse.

"Who comes, friend or foe?"

"Alwyn, son of Orgar!" cried a voice under breath. "Don't make such a noise, men! The French are within half a mile of you."

"Then one traitor monk shall die ere I retreat," cried Hereward, seizing him by the throat.

"For heaven's sake, hold!" cried Torfrida, seizing his arm. "You know not what he may have to say."

"I am no traitor, Hereward; I have fought by your side as well as the best; and if any but you had called Alwyn——"

"A curse on your boasting. Tell us the truth."

"The Abbot has made peace with the King. He would give up the island, and St. Ethelreda should keep all her lands and honours. I said what I could: but who was I to resist the whole chapter? Could I alone brave St. Ethelreda's wrath?"

"Alwyn, the valiant, afraid of a dead girl!"

"Blaspheme not, Hereward! She may hear you at this moment! Look there!" and pointing up, the monk cowered in terror, as a meteor flashed through the sky.

"That is St. Ethelreda shooting at us, eh? Then all I can say is, she is a very bad marksman. And the French are in the island?"

"They are."

"Then forward, men, for one half hour's pleasure; and then to die like Englishmen."

"On?" cried Alwyn. "You cannot go on. The King is at Whichford at this moment with all his army, half a mile off! Right across the road to Ely!"

Hereward grew Berserk. "On! men!" shouted he, "we shall kill a few Frenchmen apiece before we die!"

"Hereward," cried Torfrida, "you shall not go on! If you go, I shall be taken. And if I am taken, I shall be burned. And I cannot burn—I cannot! I shall go mad with terror before I come to the stake. I cannot go stript to my smock before those Frenchmen. I cannot be roasted piecemeal! Hereward, take me away! Take me away! or kill me, now and here!"

He paused. He had never seen Torfrida thus overcome.

"Let us flee! The stars are against us. God is against us! Let us hide—escape abroad: beg our bread, go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem together—for together it must be always: but take me away!"

"We will go back to the boats, men," said Hereward.

But they did not go. They stood there, irresolute, looking towards Ely.

The sky was pitchy dark. The minster roofs, lying north-east, were utterly invisible against the blackness.

"We may at least save some who escape out," said Hereward. "March on quickly to the left, under the hill to the plough-field."

They did so.

"Lie down, men. There are the French, close on our right. Down among the bushes."

And they heard the heavy tramp of men within a quarter of a mile.

"Cover the mare's eyes, and hold her mouth, lest she neigh," said Winter.

Hereward and Torfrida lay side by side upon the heath. She was shivering with cold and horror. He laid his cloak over her; put his arm round her.

"Your stars did not foretell you this, Torfrida." He spoke not bitterly, but in utter sadness.

She burst into an agony of weeping.

"My stars at least foretold me nothing but woe, since first I saw your face."

"Why did you marry me, then?" asked he, half angrily.

"Because I loved you. Because I love you still."

"Then you do not regret?"

"Never, never, never! I am quite happy—quite happy. Why not?"

A low murmur from the men made them look up. They were near enough to the town to hear—only too much. They heard the tramp of men, shouts and yells. Then the shrill cries of women. All dull and muffled the sounds came to them through the still night; and they lay there spell-bound, as in a nightmare, as men assisting at some horrible tragedy, which they had no power to prevent. Then there was a glare, and a wisp of smoke against the black sky, and then a house began burning brightly, and then another.

"This is the Frenchman's faith!"

And all the while, as the sack raged in the town below, the minster stood above, dark, silent, and safe. The church had provided for herself, by sacrificing the children beneath her fostering shadow.

They waited nearly an hour: but no fugitives came out.

"Come, men," said Hereward, wearily, "we may as well to the boats."

And so they went, walking on like men in a dream, as yet too stunned to realise to themselves the hopeless horror of their situation. Only Hereward and Torfrida saw it all, looking back on the splendid past—the splendid hopes for the future: glory, honour, an earldom, a free Danish England—and this was all that was left!

"No, it is not!" cried Torfrida suddenly, as if answering her own unspoken thoughts, and his. "Love is still left. The gallows and the stake cannot take that away." And she clung closer to her husband's side, and he again to hers.

They reached the shore, and told their tale to their comrades. Whither now?

"To Well. To the wide mere," said Hereward.

"But their ships will hunt us out there."

"We shall need no hunting. We must pick up the men at Cissham. You would not leave them to be murdered, too, as we have left the Ely men?"

No. They would go to Well. And then?

"The Bruneswald, and the merry greenwood," said Hereward.

"Hey for the merry greenwood!" shouted Leofric the Deacon. And the men, in the sudden delight of finding any place, any purpose, answered with a lusty cheer.

"Brave hearts," said Hereward. "We will live and die together like Englishmen."

"We will, we will, Viking."

"Where shall we stow the mare?" asked Geri, "the boats are full already."

"Leave her to me. On board, Torfrida."

He got on board last, leading the mare by the bridle.

"Swim, good lass!" said he, as they pushed off; and the good lass, who had done it many a time before, waded in, and was soon swimming behind. Hereward turned, and bent over the side in the darkness. There was a strange gurgle, a splash, and a swirl. He turned round, and sat upright again. They rowed on.

"That mare will never swim all the way to Well," said one.

"She will not need it," said Hereward.

"Why," cried Torfrida, feeling in the darkness, "she is loose. What is this in your hand? Your dagger? And wet?"

"Mare Swallow is at the bottom of the reach. We could never have got her to Well."

"And you have——" cried a dozen voices.

"Do you think that I would let a cursed Frenchman—ay, even William's self—say that he had bestridden Hereward's mare?"

None answered: but Torfrida, as she laid her head upon her husband's bosom, felt the great tears running down from his cheek on to her own.

None spoke a word. The men were awe-stricken. There was something despairing and ill-omened in the deed. And yet there was a savage grandeur in it, which bound their savage hearts still closer to their chief.

And so mare Swallow's bones lie somewhere in the peat unto this day.

They got to Well; they sent out spies to find the men who had been "wasting Cissham with fire and sword:" and at last brought them in. Ill news, as usual, had travelled fast. They had heard of the fall of Ely, and hidden themselves "in a certain very small island which is called Stimtench," where, thinking that the friends in search of them were Frenchmen in pursuit, they hid themselves among the high reeds. There two of them—one Starkwolf by name, the other Broher—hiding near each other, "thought that, as they were monks, it might conduce to their safety if they had shaven crowns; and set to work with their swords to shave each other's heads as well as they could. But at last, by their war-cries and their speech, recognising each other, they left off fighting," and went after Hereward.

So jokes, grimly enough, Leofric the Deacon, who must have seen them come in the next morning, with bleeding coxcombs, and could laugh over the thing in after years. But he was in no humour for jesting in the days in which they lay at Well. Nor was he in jesting humour when, a week afterwards, hunted by the Normans from Well, and forced to take to meres and waterways known only to them, and too shallow and narrow for the Norman ships, they found their way across into the old Nen, and so by Thorney on toward Crowland, leaving Peterborough far on the left. For as they neared Crowland, they saw before them, rowing slowly, a barge full of men. And as they neared that barge, behold, all they who rowed were blind of both their eyes; and all they who sat and guided them, were maimed of both their hands. And as they came alongside, there was not a man in all that ghastly crew but was an ancient friend, by whose side they had fought full many a day, and with whom they had drunk deep full many a night. They were the first fruits of William's vengeance; thrust into that boat, to tell the rest of the fen-men what those had to expect who dared oppose the Norman. And they were going, by some by-stream, to Crowland, to the sanctuary of the Danish fen-men, that they might cast themselves down before St. Guthlac, and ask of him that mercy for their souls which the conqueror had denied to their bodies. Alas for them! they were but a handful among hundreds, perhaps thousands, of mutilated cripples, who swarmed all over England, and especially in the north and east, throughout the reign of the Norman conqueror. They told their comrades' fate, slaughtered in the first attack, or hanged afterwards as rebels and traitors to a foreigner whom they had never seen, and to whom they owed no fealty by law of God or man.

"And Ranald Sigtryggsson?"

None knew aught of him. He never got home again to his Irish princess.

"And the poor women?" asked Torfrida.

But she received no answer.

And the men swore a great oath, and kept it, never to give quarter to a Norman, as long as there was one left on English ground.

Neither were the monks of Ely in jesting humour, when they came to count up the price of their own baseness. They had (as was in that day the cant of all cowardly English churchmen, as well as of the more crafty Normans) "obeyed the apostolic injunction, to submit to the powers that be, because they are ordained," &c. But they found the hand of the powers that be a very heavy one. Forty knights were billeted on them at free quarters with all their men. Every morning the butler had to distribute to them food and pay in the great hall; and in vain were their complaints of bad faith. William meanwhile, who loved money as well as he "loved the tall deer," had had 1000 (another says 700) marks of them as the price of their church's safety, for the payment whereof, if one authority is to be trusted, they sold "all the furniture of gold and silver, crosses, altars, coffers, covers, chalices, platters, ewers, urnets, basons, cups, and saucers." Nay, the idols themselves were not spared, "for," beside that, "they sold a goodly image of our lady with her little son, in a throne wrought with marvellous workmanship, which Elsegus the abbot had made. Likewise, they stripped many images of holy virgins of much furniture of gold and silver."* So that poor St. Ethelreda had no finery in which to appear on festivals, and went in russet for many years after. The which money (according to another†) they took, as they had promised, to Picot the Viscount at Cambridge. He weighed the money; and finding it an ounce short, accused them of cheating the King, and sentenced them to pay 300 marks more. After which the royal commissioners came, plundered the abbey of all that was left, and took away likewise "a great mass of gold and silver found in Wentworth, wherewith the brethren meant to repair the altar vessels;" and also a "notable cope which Archbishop Stigand gave, which the church hath wanted to this day."

Thurstan, the traitor Abbot, died in a few months. Egelwin, the Bishop of Durham, was taken in the abbey. He was a bishop, and they dared not kill him. But he was a patriot, and must have no mercy. They accused him of stealing the treasures of Durham, which he had brought to Ely for the service of his country; and shut him up in Abingdon. A few months after, the brave man was found starved and dead, "whether of his own will or enforced;" and so ended another patriot prelate. But we do not read that the Normans gave back the treasure to Durham. And so, yielding an immense mass of booty, and many a fair woman, as the Normans' prey, ended the Camp of Refuge, and the glory of the Isle of Ely.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW HEREWARD WENT TO THE GREENWOOD.

And now is Hereward to the greenwood gone, to be a bold outlaw; and not only an outlaw himself, but the father of all outlaws, who held those forests for two hundred years, from the fens to the Scottish border. Utlages, forestiers, latrunculi (robberlets), sicarii, cut-throats, sauvages, who prided themselves upon sleeping on the bare ground; they were accursed by the conquerors, and beloved by the conquered. The Norman viscount or sheriff commanded to hunt them from hundred to hundred, with hue and cry, horse and bloodhound. The English yeoman left for them a keg of ale, or a basket of loaves, beneath the hollins green, as sauce for their meal of "nombles of the dere."

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* These details are from a story found in the Isle of Ely, published by Dr. Giles. It seems a late composition; probably of the sixteenth century; and has manifest errors of fact: but *valeat quantum.*

† Stow's "Annals."

"For hart and hind, and doe and roe,
Were in that forest great plentie,"

and

"Swannes and fesauntes they had full good
And foules of the rivere.
There fayled never so lytell a byrde,
That ever was bred on brere.

With the same friendly yeoman "that was a good felawe," they would lodge by twos and threes during the sharp frosts of midwinter, in the lonely farm-house which stood in the "field" or forest-clearing: but for the greater part of the year their "lodging was on the cold ground" in the holly thickets, or under the hanging rock, or in a lodge of boughs.

And then, after a while, the life which began in terror, and despair, and poverty, and loss of land and kin, became not only tolerable, but pleasant. Bold men and hardy, they cared less and less for

"The thornie wayes, the deep valleys,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete; for dry or wete
We must lodge on the plaine,
And us above, none other roofe,
But a brake bushe, or twayne."

And they found fair lasses, too, in time, who, like Torfrida and Maid Marian, would answer to their warnings against the outlaw life, with the nut-browne maid, that—

"Amonge the wylde dere, such an archere
As men say that ye be,
He may not fayle of good intayle,
Where is so great plentè:
And water clere of the rivere,
Shall be full swete to me,
With which in hele, I shall right wele,
Endure, as ye may see."

Then called they themselves "merry men," and the forest the "merry greenwood;" and sang, with Robin Hood,

"A merrier man than I, belyve
There lives not in Christentie."

They were coaxed back, at times, to civilized life; they got their grace of the king, and entered the king's service: but the craving after the greenwood was upon them. They dreaded and hated the four stone walls of a Norman castle, and, like Robin Hood, slipt back to the forest and the deer.

Gradually, too, law and order arose among them, lawless as they were; the instinct of discipline and self-government, side by side with that of personal independence, which is the peculiar mark, and peculiar strength of the English character. Who knows not how, in the "Lytell Geste of Robin Hood," they shot at "pluck-buffet," the king among them disguised as an abbot; and every man who missed the rose-garland, "his tackle he should tyne;"

"And bere a buffet on his head,
I wys ryght all bare,
And all that fell on Robyn's lote,
He smote them wonder sair.

"Till Robyn fayled of the garlonde,
Three fyngers and mair."

Then good Gilbert bids him in his turn

"'Stand forth and take his pay.'

"'If it be so,' sayd Robyn,
'That may no better be,
Syr Abbot, I delyver thee myn arrowe,
I pray thee, Syr, serve thou me.'

"'It falleth not for myne order,' saith our kynge,
'Robyn, by thy leve,
For to smyte no good yeman,
For doute I should hym greve.'

"'Smyte on boldly,' sayd Robyn,
'I give thee large leve.'
Anon our kynge, with that word,
He folde up his sleve.

"And such a buffet he gave Robyn,
To grounde he yode full nere.
'I make myn avowe,' sayd Robyn,
'Thou art a stalwarte frere.

"'There is pyth in thyn arme,' sayd Robyn,
'I trowe thou canst well shoote.'
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode
Together they are met."

Hard knocks in good humour, strict rules, fair play, and equal justice for high and low; this was the old outlaw spirit, which has descended to their inlawed descendants; and makes, to this day, the life and marrow of an English public school.

One fixed idea the outlaw had—hatred of the invader. If "his herde were the king's deer," "his treasure was the earl's purse;" and still oftener the purse of the foreign churchman, Norman or Italian, who had expelled the outlaw's English cousins from their convents; shamefully scourged and cruelly imprisoned them, as the blessed archbishop Lanfranc did at Canterbury, because they would not own allegiance to a French abbot; or murdered them at the high altar, as did the new abbot of Glastonbury, because they would not change their old Gregorian chant for that of William of Fescamp.*

On these mitred tyrants the outlaw had no mercy, as far as their purses were concerned. Their persons, as consecrated, were even to him sacred and inviolable—at least, from wounds and death; and one may suppose Hereward himself to have been the first author of the laws afterward attributed to Robin Hood. As for "robbing and reving, beting and bynding," free warren was allowed against the Norman.

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* See the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

" 'Thereof no foors,' said Robyn,
'We shall do well enow.
But look ye do no housbonde harme,
That tilleth wyth his plough.

" 'No more ye shall no good yemàn,
That walketh by grene wood shawe;
Ne no knyght, ne no squyer,
That will be good felàwe.

" 'These bysshoppes, and these archbysshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and binde;
The hye sheryff of Nottingham,
Hym holde in your mynde.'

* * * *

" Robyn loved our dere Ladye.
For doubt of dedely synne,
Wolde he never do company harme
That any woman was ynne."

And even so it was with Hereward in the Bruneswald, if the old chroniclers, Leofric especially, are to be believed.

And now Torfrida was astonished. She had given way utterly at Ely, from woman's fear, and woman's disappointment. All was over. All was lost. What was left, save to die?

But—and it was a new and unexpected fact to one of her excitable Southern blood, easily raised, and easily depressed—she discovered that neither her husband, nor Winter, nor Geri, nor Wenoch, nor Ranald of Ramsey, nor even the romancing harping Leofric, thought that all was lost. She argued it with them, not to persuade them into base submission, but to satisfy her own surprise.

"But what will you do?"

"Live in the greenwood."

"And what then?"

"Burn every town which a Frenchman holds, and kill every Frenchman we meet."

"But what plan have you?"

"Who wants a plan, as you call it, while he has the green hollies overhead, the dun deer on the lawn, bow in his hand, and sword by his side?"

"But what will be the end of it all?"

"We shall live till we die."

"But William is master of all England."

"What is that to us? He is not our master."

"But he must be some day. You will grow fewer and fewer. His government will grow stronger and stronger."

"What is that to us? When we are dead, there will be brave yeomen in plenty to take our place. You would not turn traitor?"

"I? never! never! I will live and die with you in your greenwood, as you call it. Only—I did not understand you English."

Torfrida did not. She was discovering the fact, which her nation have more than once discovered since, that the stupid valour of the Englishman never knows when it is beaten; and sometimes, by that self-satisfied ignorance, succeeds in not being beaten after all.

So Hereward—if the chroniclers speak truth—assembled a formidable force, well nigh, at last, four hundred men. Winter, Geri, Wenoch, Grogan, one of the Azers of Lincoln, were still with him. Ranald the butler still carried his standard. Of Duti and Outi, the famous brothers, no more is heard. A valiant Matelgar takes their place; Alfric and Sexwold and many another gallant fugitive cast up, like scattered hounds, at the sound of "The Wake's" war-horn. There were those among them (says Gaimar) who scorned to fight single-handed less than three Normans. As for Hereward, he would fight seven,

" Les quatre oscist, les treis fuirent;
Naffrez, sanglant, cil s'en partirent
En plusurs lius issi avrit,
K'encontre seit très bien se tuit
De seit hommes avait vertu,
Un plus hardi ne fu veu."

They ranged up the Bruneswald, dashing out to the war-cry of "A Wake! A Wake!" laying all waste with fire and sword, that is, such towns as were in the hands of Normans. And a noble range they must have had, for gallant sportsmen. Away south, between the Nene and Welland, stretched from Stamford and Peterborough the still vast forests of Rockingham, nigh twenty miles in length as the crow flies, down beyond Rockingham town, and Geddington Chase. To the west, they had the range of the "hunting counties," dotted still, in the more eastern part, with innumerable copses and shaughs, the remnants of the great forest, out of which, as out of Rockinghamshire, have been cut those fair parks and

" Handsome houses,
Where the wealthy nobles dwell;"

past which the Lord of Burleigh led his Welsh bride to that Burghley House by Stamford town, well-nigh the noblest of them all, which was in Hereward's time deep wood, and freestone down. Round Exton, and Normanton, and that other Burley on the Hill; on through those Morkery woods, which still retain the name of Hereward's ill-fated nephew; north by Irnham and Corby; on to Belton and Syston, (par nobile,) and south-west again to those still wooded heights, whence all-but-royal Belvoir looks out over the rich green vale below, did Hereward and his men range far and wide, harrying the Frenchman, and hunting the dun deer. Stags there were in plenty. There remain to this day, in Grimsthorpe Park by Bourne, the descendants of the very deer which Earl Leofric and Earl Algar, and after them Hereward the outlaw, hunted in the Bruneswald.

Deep tangled forest filled the lower claylands, swarming with pheasant, roe, badger, and more wolves than were needed. Broken park-like glades covered the upper freestones, where the red deer came out from harbour for their evening graze, and the partridges and plovers whirred up, and the hares and rabbits loped away, innumerable; and where hollies and ferns always gave dry lying for the night. What did men need more, whose bodies were as stout as their hearts?

They were poachers and robbers—and why not? The deer had once been theirs, the game, the land, the serfs; and if Godric of Corby slew the Irnham deer, burned Irnham hall over the head of the new Norman lord, and thought no harm, he did but what he would with that which had been once his own.

Easy it was to dash out by night, and make a raid; to harry the places which they once had owned themselves; in the vale of Belvoir to the west, or to the east in the strip of fertile land which sloped down into the fen; and levy black-mail in Rippinghale, or Folkingham, or Aslackby, or Sleaford, or any other of the "Vills" (now thriving villages,) which still remain in Domesday book, and written against them the ugly and significant—

"In Tatenai habuerunt Turgisle et Suen IIII. Carrucæ træ," &c. "Hoc Ivo Taillebosc ibi habet in dominio"—all, that is, that the wars had left of them.

The said Turgisle (Torkill or Turketil misspelt by Frenchmen) and Sweyn, and many a good man more—for Ivo's possessions were enormous—were thorns in the sides of Ivo and his men, which must be extracted; and the Bruneswald a nest of hornets, which must be smoked out at any cost.

Wherefore it befel, that once upon a day, there came riding to Hereward in the Bruneswald, a horseman all alone.

And meeting with Hereward and his men, he made signs of amity, and bowed himself low, and pulled out of his purse a letter, protesting that he was an Englishman, and a "good felawe," and that though he came from Lincoln town, a friend to the English had sent him.

That was believeable enough, for Hereward had his friends, and his spies, far and wide.

And when he opened the letter, and looked first, like a wary man, at the signature,—a sudden thrill went through him.

It was Alftruda's.

If he was interested in her, considering what had passed between them from her childhood, it was nothing to be ashamed of. And yet, somehow, he felt ashamed of that same sudden thrill.

And Hereward had reason to be ashamed. He had been faithful to Torfrida—a virtue most rare in those days. Few were faithful then, save, it may be, Baldwin of Mons to his tyrant and idol, the sorceress Richilda; and William of Normandy,—whatever were his other sins,—to his wise, and sweet, and beautiful Matilda. The stories of his coldness and cruelty to her seem to rest on no foundation. One need believe them as little as one does the myth of one chronicler, that when she tried to stop him from some expedition, and clung to him as he sat upon his horse, he smote his spur so deep into her breast that she fell dead. The man had self-control, and feared God, in his own wild way: therefore it was, perhaps, that he conquered.

And Hereward had been faithful likewise to Torfrida, and loved her with an overwhelming adoration,—as all true men love. And for that very reason he was the more aware, that his feeling for Alftruda was strangely like his feeling for Torfrida; and yet strangely different.

There was nothing in the letter that he should not have read. She called him her best and dearest friend, twice the saviour of her life. What could she do in return, but, at any risk to herself, try and save his life? The French were upon him. The posse comitatus of seven counties was raising. "Northampton, Cambridge, Lincoln, Holland, Leicester, Huntingdon, Warwick," were coming to the Bruneswald to root him out.

"Lincoln?" thought Hereward. "That must be Gilbert of Ghent, and Oger the Breton. No! Gilbert is not coming. Sir Ascelin is coming for him. Holland? That is my friend Ivo Taillebois. Well, we shall have the chance of paying off old scores. Northampton? The Earl thereof just now is the pious and loyal Waltheof, as he is of Huntingdon and Cambridge. Is he going to join young Fitz-Osbern from Warwick and Leicester, to root out the last Englishman? Why not? That would be a deed worthy of the man who married Judith, and believes in the powers that be, and eats dirt daily at William's table."

Then he read on.

Ascelin had been mentioned, he remarked, three or four times in the letter, which was long, as from one lingering over the paper, wishing to say more than she dared. At the end was a hint of the reason:

"Oh, that having saved me twice, you could save me once more. Know you that Gospatric has been driven from his earldom on charge of treason, and that Waltheof has Northumbria in his place, as well as the parts round you? And that Gospatric is fled to Scotland again, with his sons—my man among them? And now the report comes, that my man is slain in battle on the Border; and that I am to be given away,—as I have been given away twice before,—to Ascelin. This I know, as I know all, not only from him of Ghent, but from him of Peterborough, Ascelin's uncle."

Hereward laughed a laugh of cynical triumph,—pardonable enough in a broken man.

"Gospatric! the wittol! the woodcock! looking at the springe, and then coolly putting his head therein. Throwing the hatchet after the helve! selling his soul, and never getting the price of it! I foresaw it, foretold it, I believe to Alftruda herself,—foretold that he would not keep his bought earldom three years. What a people we are, we English, if Gospatric is—as he is—the shrewdest man among us, with a dash of canny Scots blood too. 'Among the one-eyed, the blind is king,' says Torfrida, out of her wise ancients, and blind we are, if he is our best. No. There is one better man left I trust, one that will never be fool enough to put his head into the wolf's mouth, and trust the Norman, and that is Hereward the outlaw."

And Hereward boasted to himself, at Gospatric's expense, of his own superior wisdom, till his eye caught a line or two, which finished the letter.

"Oh, that you would change your mind, much as I honour you for it. Oh that you would come in to the king, who loves and trusts you, having seen your constancy and faith, proved by so many years of affliction. Great things are open to you, and great joys;—I dare not tell you what: but I know them, if you would come in. You, to waste yourself in the forest, an outlaw and a savage! Opportunity once lost, never returns; time flies fast, Hereward my friend, and we shall all grow old,—I think at times that I shall soon grow old. And the joys of life will be impossible, and nothing left but vain regrets."

"Hey?" said Hereward, "a very clerkly letter. I did not think she was so good a scholar. Almost as good a one as Torfrida."

That was all he said; and as for thinking, he had the posse comitatus of seven counties to think of. But what could those great fortunes and joys be, which Alftruda did not dare to describe?

She growing old, too? Impossible, that was woman's vanity. It was but two years since she was as fair as a saint in a window. "She shall not marry Ascelin. I will cut his head off. She shall have her own choice for once, poor child."

And Hereward found himself worked up to a great height of paternal solicitude, for Alftruda, and righteous indignation against Ascelin. He did not confess to himself that he disliked much, in his selfish vanity, the notion of Alftruda's marrying any one at all. He did not want to marry her himself,—of course not. But there is no dog in the manger so churlish on such points as a vain man. There are those who will not willingly let their own sisters, their own daughters, their own servants marry. Why should a woman wish to marry any one but them?

But Hereward, however vain, was no dreamer or sluggard. He set to work, joyfully, cheerfully, scenting battle afar off, like Job's war horse, and pawing for the battle. He sent back Alftruda's messenger, with this answer:—

"Tell your lady that I kiss her hands and feet. That I cannot write, for outlaws carry no pen and ink. But that what she has commanded, that will I perform."

It is noteworthy, that when Hereward showed Torfrida (which he did frankly) Alftruda's letter; he did not tell her the exact words of his answer, and stumbled and varied much, vexing her thereby, when she, naturally, wished to hear them word for word.

Then he sent out spies to the four airts of heaven. And his spies, finding a friend and a meal in every hovel, brought home all the news he needed.

He withdrew Torfrida and his men into the heart of the forest,—no hint of the place is given by the chronicler,—cut down trees, formed an abattis of trunks and branches, and awaited the enemy.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW ABBOT THOROLD WAS PUT TO RANSOM.

THOUGH Hereward had, as yet, no feud against "Bysshoppes and Archbysshoppes," save Egelsin of Selsey, who had excommunicated him, but who was at the other end of England, he had feud, as may be supposed, against Thorold, Abbot of Peterborough; and Thorold feud likewise against him. When Thorold had entered the "Golden Borough," hoping to fatten himself with all its treasures, he had found it a smoking ruin, and its treasures gone to Ely to pay Sweyn and his Danes. And such a "sacrilege," especially when he was the loser thereby, was the unpardonable sin itself in the eyes of Thorold, as he hoped it might be in the eyes of St. Peter. Joyfully therefore he joined his friend Ivo Taillebois, when, "with his usual pompous verbosity," saith Peter of Blois, writing on this very matter, he asked him to join in destroying Hereward.

Nevertheless, with all the Norman chivalry at their back, it behoved them to move with caution; for (so says the chronicler) "Hereward had in these days very many foreigners, as well as landsfolk, who had come to him to practise and learn war, and fled from their masters and friends when they heard of his fame; and some of them the King's courtiers, who had come to see whether those things which they heard were true, whom Hereward nevertheless received cautiously, on plighted troth and oath."

So Ivo Taillebois summoned all his men, and all other men's men who would join him, and rode forth through Spalding and Bourne, having announced to Lucia, his bride, that he was going to slay her one remaining relative; and when she wept, cursed and kicked her, as he did once a week. After which he came to Thorold of Peterborough.

So on the two worthies rode from Peterborough to Stamford, and from Stamford into the wilderness, no man knows whither.

> "And far they rode by bush and shaugh,
> And far by moss and mire:"

But never found a track of Hereward or his men. And Ivo Taillebois left off boasting how he would burn Torfrida over a slow fire, and confined himself to cursing; and Abbot Thorold left off warbling the song of Roland as if he had been going to a second battle of Hastings, and wished himself in warm bed at Peterborough.

But at the last they struck upon a great horse-track, and followed it at their best pace for several miles; and yet no sign of Hereward.

"Catch an Englishman," quoth the Abbot.

But that was not so easy. The poor folk had hidden themselves, like Israel of old, in thickets, and dens, and caves of rocks, at the far-off sight of the Norman tyrants; and not a living soul had appeared for twenty miles. At last they caught a ragged wretch herding swine, and haled him up to Ivo.

"Have you seen Hereward, villain?" asked he, through an interpreter.

"Nay."

"You lie. These are his fresh horse-tracks, and you must have seen him pass."

"Eh?"

"Thrust out one of his eyes, and he will find his tongue."

It was done.

"Will you answer now?"

The poor wretch only howled.

"Thrust out the other."

"No, not that! Mercy: I will tell. He is gone by this four hours. How have you not met him?"

"Fool! The hoofs point onward there."

"Ay"—and the fellow could hardly hide a grin—"but he had shod all his horses backwards."

A storm of execration followed. They might be thrown twenty miles out of their right road by the stratagem.

"So you had seen Hereward, and would not tell. Put out his other eye," said Taillebois, as a vent to his own feelings.

And they turned their horses' heads, and rode back, leaving the man blind in the forest.

The day was waning now. The fog hung heavy on the tree-tops, and dripped upon their heads. The horses were getting tired, and slipped and stumbled in the deep clay paths. The footmen were more tired still, and, cold and hungry, straggled more and more. The horse-tracks led over an open lawn of grass and fern, with here and there an ancient thorn, and round it on three sides thick wood of oak and beech, with under copse of holly and hazel. Into that wood the horse-tracks led, by a path on which there was but room for one horse at a time.

"Here they are at last!" cried Ivo. "I see the fresh foot-marks of men, as well as horses. Push on, knights and men-at-arms."

The Abbot looked at the dark, dripping wood, and meditated.

"I think that it will be as well for some of us to remain here; and, spreading our men along the wood-side, prevent the escape of the villains. A moi, hommes d'armes!"

"As you like. I will go in, and bolt the rabbit; and you shall snap him up as he comes out."

And Ivo, who was as brave as a bull-dog, thrust his horse into the path, while the Abbot sat shivering outside. "Certain nobles of higher rank," says Peter de Blois, "followed his example, not wishing to rust their armour, or tear their fine clothes, in the dank copse."

The knights and men-at-arms straggled slowly into the forest, some by the path, some elsewhere, grumbling audibly at the black work before them. At last the crashing of the branches died away, and all was still.

Abbot Thorold sat there upon his shivering horse, shivering himself as the cold pierced through his wet mail; and as near an hour past, and no sign of foe or friend appeared, he cursed the hour in which he took off the beautiful garments of the sanctuary to endure those of the battle-field. He thought of a warm chamber, warm bath, warm footcloths, warm pheasant, and warm wine. He kicked his freezing iron feet in the freezing iron stirrup. He tried to blow his nose with his freezing iron hand; but dropt his handkerchief into the mud, and his horse trod on it. He tried to warble the song of Roland: but the words exploded in a cough and a sneeze. And so dragged on the weary hours, says the chronicler, nearly all day, till the ninth hour. But never did they see coming out of the forest, the men who had gone in.

A shout from his nephew, Sir Ascelin, made all turn their heads. Behind them, on the open lawn, in the throat between the woods by which they had entered, were some forty knights, galloping toward them.

"Ivo?"

"No!" almost shrieked the Abbot. "There is the white bear banner. It is Hereward."

"There is Winter on his left," cried one. "And there, with the standard, is the accursed monk, Ranald of Ramsey."

And on they came, having debouched from the wood some two hundred yards off, behind a roll in the lawn, just far enough off to charge as soon as they were in line.

On they came, two deep, with lances high over their shoulders, heads and heels well down, while the green tufts flew behind them. "A moi, hommes d'armes!" shouted the Abbot. But too late. The French turned right and left. To form was impossible, ere the human whirlwind would be upon them.

Another half minute, and with a shout of "A bear! A bear! The Wake! The Wake!" they were struck, ridden through, hurled over, and trampled into the mud.

"I yield. Grace! I yield!" cried Thorold, struggling from under his horse: but there was no one to whom to yield. The knight's backs were fifty yards off, their right arms high in the air, striking and stabbing.

The battle was "à l'outrance." There was no quarter given that day.

"And he that came live out thereof
Was he that ran away."

The Abbot tried to make for the wood, but ere he could gain it, the knights had turned, and one rode straight at him, throwing away a broken lance, and drawing his sword.

Abbot Thorold may not have been the coward which Peter of Blois would have him, over and above being the bully which all men would have him; but if so, even a worm will turn; and so did the Abbot: he drew sword from thigh, got well under his shield, his left foot forward, and struck one blow for his life, and at the right place—his foe's bare knee.

But he had to do with a warier man than himself. There was a quick jerk of the rein; the horse swerved round, right upon him, and knocked him head over heels; while his blow went into empty air.

"Yield, or die!" cried the knight, leaping from his horse, and kneeling on his head.

"I am a man of God, an abbot, churchman, Thorold."

"Man of all the devils!" and the knight lugged him up, and bound his arms behind him with the abbot's own belt.

"Ahoi! Here! I have caught a fish. I have got the Golden Borough in my purse!" roared he. "How much has St. Peter gained, since we borrowed of him last, Abbot? He will have to pay out the silver pennies bonnily, if he wishes to get back thee."

"Blaspheme not, godless barbarian!" Whereat the knight kicked him.

"And you have Thorold the scoundrel, Winter?" cried Hereward, galloping up. "And we have three or four more dainty French knights, and a viscount of I know not where among them. This is a good day's work. Now for Ivo and his tail."

And the Abbot, with four or five more prisoners, were hoisted on to their own horses, tied firmly, and led away into the forest path.

"Do not leave a wounded man to die," cried a knight who lay on the lawn.

"Never we. I will come back and put you out of your pain," quoth some one.

"Siward! Siward Le Blanc! Are you in this meinie?" cried the knight in French.

"That am I. Who calls?"

"For God's sake save him!" cried Thorold. "He is my own nephew, and I will pay——"

"You will need all your money for yourself," said Siward the white, riding back.

"Are you Sir Ascelin of Ghent?"

"That am I, your host of old."

"I wish I had met you in better company. But friends we are, and friends must be."

And he dismounted, and did his best for the wounded man, promising to return and fetch him off before night, or send yeomen to do so.

As he pushed on through the wood, the Abbot began to see signs of a fight; riderless horses crashing through the copse, wounded men straggling back, to be cut down without mercy by the English. The war had been "à l'outrance" for a long while. None gave or asked quarter. The knights might be kept for ransom; they had money. The wretched men of the lower classes, who had none, were slain: as they would have slain the English.

Soon they heard the noise of battle; and saw horsemen and footmen pell-mell, tangled in an abattis, from behind which archers and cross-bowmen shot them down in safety.

Hereward dashed forward, with the shout of Torfrida; and at that the French, taken in the flank, fled, and were smitten as they fled, hip and thigh.

Hereward bade them spare a fugitive, and bring him to him.

"I give you your life; so run, and carry my message. That is Taillebois' banner there forward, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Then go after him, and tell him,—Hereward has the Abbot of Burgh, and half-a-dozen knights, safe by the heels. And unless Ivo clears the wood of his men by nightfall, I will hang every one of them up for the crows before morning."

Ivo got the message, and having had enough fighting for the day, drew off, says the chronicler, for the sake of the Abbot and his fellow captives.

Two hours after the Abbot and the other prisoners were sitting, unbound, but unarmed, in the forest encampment, waiting for a right good meal, with Torfrida bustling about them, after binding up the very few wounded among their own men.

Every courtesy was shown them; and their hearts were lifted up, as they beheld approaching among the trees great cauldrons of good soup; forest salads; red deer and roe roasted on the wood embers; spits of pheasants and partridges, larks and buntings, thrust off one by one by fair hands into the burdock leaves which served as platters; and last but not least, jacks of ale and wine, appearing mysteriously from a cool old stone quarry. Abbot Thorold ate to his heart's content, complimented every one, vowed he would forswear all Norman cooks and take to the greenwood himself, and was as gracious and courtly as if he had been at the new palace at Winchester.

And all the more for this reason—that he had intended to overawe the English barbarians by his polished Norman manners. He found those of Hereward and Torfrida, at least, as polished as his own.

"I am glad you are content, Lord Abbot," said Torfrida; "I trust you prefer dining with me, to burning me, as you meant to do."

"I burn such peerless beauty! I injure a form made only for the courts of kings! Heaven and all saints, knighthood and all chivalry, forbid. What Taillebois may have said, I know not! I am no more answerable for his intentions than I am for his parentage,—or his success this day. Let churls be churls, and wood-cutters wood-cutters. I at least, thanks to my ancestors, am a gentleman."

"And, as a gentleman, will of course contribute to the pleasure of your hosts. It will surely please you to gratify us with one stave at least of that song, which has made your name famous among all knights," holding out a harp.

"I blush: but obey. A harp in the green wood? A court in the wilderness! What joy!"

And the vain Abbot took the harp, and said—"These, if you will allow my modesty to choose, are the staves on which I especially pride myself. The staves which Taillefer—you will pardon my mentioning him——"

"Why pardon? A noble minstrel he was, and a brave warrior, though our foe. And often have I longed to hear him, little thinking that I should hear instead the maker himself."

So said Hereward; and the Abbot sang—those wondrous staves, where Roland, left alone of all the Paladins, finds death come on him fast. And on the Pyrenæan peak, beneath the pine, he lays himself, his "face toward the ground; and under him his sword and magic horn, that Charles his lord may say, and all his folk, the gentle count he died a conqueror;" and then "turns his eyes southward toward Spain; betakes himself to remember many things; of so many lands which he conquered valiantly; of pleasant France, of the men of his lineage, of Charlemagne his lord, who brought him up. He could not help to weep and sigh, but yet himself he would not forget. He bewailed his sins, and prayed God's mercy:—True Father, who ne'er yet didst lie, who raised St. Lazarus from death, and guarded Daniel from the lions: Guard my soul from all perils, for the sins which in my life I did. His right glove then he offered to God; St. Gabriel took it from his hand; On his arm the chief bowed down, with joined hands he went unto his end. God sent down his angel Cherubim, and St. Michael whom men call 'del peril.' Together with them St. Gabriel he came; the soul of the count they bore to Paradise."

And the Abbot ended, sadly and gently, without that wild "Aoi!" the war-cry with which he usually ends his staves. And the wild men of the woods were softened and saddened by the melody; and as many as understood French said, when he finished—"Amen! so may all good knights die!"

"Thou art a great maker, Abbot! They told truths of thee. Sing us more of thy great courtesy."

And he sang them the staves of the Olifant, the magic horn—How Roland would not sound it in his pride, and sounded it at Turpin's bidding, but too late; and how his temples burst with that great blast, and Charles and all his peers heard it through the gorges, leagues away in France. And then his "Aoi!" rang forth so loud and clear, like any trumpet blast, under the oaken glades, that the wild men leaped to their feet, and shouted "Health to the gleeman! Health to the Abbot Thorold!"

"I have won them" thought the Abbot to himself. Strange mixture that man must have been, if all which is told of him is true; a very typical Norman, compact of cunning and ferocity, chivalry and poetry, vanity and superstition, and yet able enough to help to conquer England for the Pope.

Then he prest Hereward to sing, with many compliments; and Hereward sang, and sang again, and all his men crowded round him as the outlaws of Judæa may have crowded round David in Carmel or Hebron, to hear, like children, old ditties which they loved the better the oftener they heard them.

"No wonder that you can keep these knights together, if you can charm them thus with song. Would that I could hear you singing thus in William's hall."

"No more of that, Sir Abbot. The only music which I have for William is the music of steel on steel."

Hereward answered sharply, because he was half of Thorold's mind.

"Now," said Torfrida, as it grew late, "we must ask our noble guest for what he can give us as easily and well as he can song—and that is news. We hear nought here in the greenwood, and must throw oneself on the kindness of a chance visitor."

The Abbot leapt at the bait, and told them news, court gossip, bringing in great folks' names and his own, as often and as familiarly mingled as he could.

"What of Richilda?" asked Torfrida.

"Ever since young Arnoul was killed at Cassel——"

"Arnoul killed?" shrieked Torfrida.

"Is it possible that you do not know?"

"How should I know, shut up in Ely for—years it seems."

"But they fought at Cassel three months before you went to Ely.

"Be it so. Only tell me. Arnoul killed!"

Then the Abbot told, not without feeling, a fearful story.

Robert the Frison and Richilda had come to open war, and Gerbod the Fleming, Earl of Clueter, had gone over from England to help Robert. William had sent Fitz Osbern, Earl of Hereford, the scourge and tyrant of the Welsh, to help Richilda. Fitz Osbern had married her, there and then. She had asked help of her liege lord, the King of France, and he had sent her troops. Robert and Richilda had fought on St. Peter's day, 1071—nearly two years before, at Bavinchorum, by Cassel.

Richilda had played the heroine, and routed Robert's left wing, taken him prisoner, and sent him off to St. Omer. Men said that she had done it by her enchantments. But her enchantments betrayed her nevertheless. Fitz Osbern, her bridegroom, fell dead. Young Arnoul had two horses killed under him. Then Gerbod smote him to the ground, and Richilda and her troops fled in horror. Richilda was taken, and exchanged for the Frison; at which the King of France, being enraged, had come down and burnt St. Omer. Then Richilda, undaunted, had raised fresh troops to avenge her son. Then Robert had met them at Broqueroie by Mons, and smote them with a dreadful slaughter.* Then Richilda had turned and fled wildly into a convent; and, so men said, tortured herself night and day with fearful penances, if by any means she might atone for her great sins.

Torfrida heard, and laid her head upon her knees, and wept so bitterly, that the Abbot entreated pardon for having pained her so much.

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* The place was called till late, and may be now, "The Hedges of Death,"

The news had a deep and lasting effect on her. The thought of Richilda shivering and starving in the squalid darkness of a convent, abode by her thenceforth. Should she ever find herself atoning in like wise for her sorceries—harmless as they had been; for her ambitions—just as they had been; for her crimes? But she had committed none. No, she had sinned in many things: but she was not as Richilda. And yet in the loneliness and sadness of the forest, she could not put Richilda from before the eyes of her mind.

It saddened Hereward likewise. For Richilda he cared little. But that boy.—How he had loved him! How he had taught him to ride, and sing, and joust, and handle sword, and all the art of war. How his own rough soul had been the better for that love. How he had looked forward to the day when Arnoul should be a great prince, and requite him with love. Now he was gone. Gone? Who was not gone, or going? He seemed to himself the last tree in the forest. When should his time come, and the lightning strike him down to rot beside the rest? But he tost the sad thoughts aside. He could not afford to nourish them. It was his only chance of life, to be merry and desperate.

"Well!" said Hereward, ere they hapt themselves up for the night. "We owe you thanks, Abbot Thorold, for an evening worthy of a king's court, rather than a holly bush."

"I have won him over," thought the Abbot.

"So charming a courtier—so sweet a minstrel—so agreeable a newsmonger—could I keep you in a cage for ever, and hang you on a bough, I were but too happy: but you are too fine a bird to sing in captivity. So you must go, I fear, and leave us to the nightingales. And I will take for your ransom—— "

Abbot Thorold's heart beat high.

"Thirty thousand silver marks."

"Thirty thousand fiends!"

"My beau Sire, will you undervalue yourself? Will you degrade yourself? I took Abbot Thorold, from his talk, to be a man who set even a higher value on himself than other men set on him. What higher compliment can I pay to your vast worth, than making your ransom high accordingly, after the spirit of our ancient English laws? Take it as it is meant, beau Sire; be proud to pay the money; and we will throw you Sir Ascelin into the bargain, as he seems a friend of Siward's."

Thorold hoped that Hereward was drunk, and might forget, or relent: but he was so sore at heart that he slept not a wink that night.

But in the morning he found, to his sorrow, that Hereward had been as sober as himself.

In fine, he had to pay the money; and was a poor man all his days.

"Aha! Sir Ascelin," said Hereward apart, as he bade them all farewell with many courtesies. "I think I have put a spoke in your wheel about the fair Alftruda."

"Eh? How? Most courteous victor?"

"Sir Ascelin is not a very wealthy gentleman."

Ascelin laughed assent.

"Nudus intravi, nudus exeo—England; and I fear now, this mortal life likewise."

"But he looked to his rich uncle the Abbot, to further a certain marriage-project of his. And of course neither my friend Gilbert of Ghent, nor my enemy William of Normandy, are likely to give away so rich an heiress without some gratification in return."

"Sir Hereward knows the world, it seems."

"So he has been told before. And therefore, having no intention that Sir Ascelin—however worthy of any and every fair lady—should marry this one; he took care to cut off the stream at the fountain head. If he hears that the suit is still pushed, he may cut off another head beside the fountain's."

"There will be no need," said Ascelin, laughing again. "You have very sufficiently ruined my uncle, and my hopes."

"My head?" said he, as soon as Hereward was out of hearing. "If I do not cut off thy head ere all is over, there is neither luck nor craft left among Normans. I shall catch the Wake sleeping some day, let him be never so Wakeful."

A PLASTER CAST FROM POMPEII.

[In recent excavations at Pompeii, the dust in which the city was entombed was found to have taken the mould of the bodies of a group of men, women, and children, who appeared to have taken refuge in the court-yard of a villa. To remove the mould was impossible, but plaster of Paris was poured in, and the casts thus obtained (one of them, that of a girl of sixteen or seventeen) are now in the Museum at Naples.]

Once I was young and fresh,
  Fair with the fairest;
Now thou who standest there
  Know'st not, nor carest.
Then the youths sang my praise,
  Flushed with the dancing;
Now thine eye coldly falls,
  Here and there glancing.

Lo! the hot air was thick,
  Stifling and steaming;
Through the grey mist the sun
  Rose dimly gleaming.
Then a wild flash of fire,
  Crash as of thunder,
All faces black with fear,
  All sick with wonder.

Then the white dust fell fast,
  Blinding our vision;
Men who had feared the Gods
  Mocked in derision;
Mockers in fear fell down,
  Death's spell upon them;
Gamesters threw up their dice;
  Hades had won them.

Hushed was the minstrel's song,
  Stiff grew the lithest,
All the stout hearts waxed faint,
  Awe-struck the blithest;
I to my mother ran,
  Love's shelter seeking;
Men sought their wives and babes,
  Gasping, not speaking.

Still the hot dust came down,
  Choking our breath then,
And on our hearts there came
  Darkness of death then.
Friends, mothers, children fled,
  In the dark meeting,
Uttering, ere life had fled,
  Last words of greeting.

Flowers in my hair were twined,
  Gracefully braided,
Now by the scorching blast,
  Withered and faded;
Necklet of gold I wore,
  Pearls that I cherished;
These thou hast look'd on here,
  All else has perished.

I to the court-yard gate
  Rushed in my madness,
After wild throbs of dread,
  Fear conquering sadness;
There were they met, my friends,
  Father and mother,
Faithful slave, lover true,
  Sister and brother.

So we faced death at last,
  Each to each clinging;
Some, in their wild despair,
  Frenziedly singing,
Most with clenched hands and lips,
  Stiffened with sorrow:
We who were met there then,
  Saw no to-morrow.

Bright was the life we lived:
  This was its ending.
Had we provoked the Gods,
  Blindly offending?
Did they look down in wrath,
  Jealously grudging?
Did they chastise our guilt,
  Righteously judging?

Long had those fires of hell
  Peacefully slumbered;
Men lived, and toiled, and loved,
  Years none had numbered.
Now the dread doom came on,
  Sent without warning;
Sunk in the night of death,
  Where was our morning?

Gladly our years had passed,
  Buying and selling,
Dancing with pipe and harp,
  Lovers' tales telling.
Now the fierce wrath of Gods
  Dried up life's fountain;
Fire-streams none knew till then
  Flowed from yon mountain.

One there was, even then,
  Tranquil, unaltered;
Calmly he look'd on death,
  Voice had not faltered;
Strange in his blood and speech,
  Men used to flout him;
Girls, in their joy of heart,
  Danced on without him.

Now as we sank in death
  Came his voice clearer,
First sounding far away,
  Then near, and nearer;
Voice, as of one who prays,
  Eagerly pleading,
For friends, and foes, and all
  Still interceding.

"So once of old the fire
  Burst on Lot's city;
So Thou dost smite us now,
  Lord of all pity.
Through all the crowds I see,
  Aged or youthful,
Not ten, nor five are found,
  Righteous and truthful.

"Yet, Lord, have mercy now,
  Spare those who perish;
Take them, and teach them, Lord,
  Chasten and cherish:
Babes in the dawn of life,
  Youths in its morning,
Thou hast redeemed them, Lord,
  Not one soul scorning."

Such were the words we heard,
  Strengthening and cheering;
So we sank down to sleep,
  Hoping, yet fearing:
Just for one breath we knew
  What death's strange calm meant,
Then we were safe entombed,
  Dust our embalmment.

Now we lie side by side,
  None knows our story,
What has come after death,
  Darkness or glory;
None reads the lesson right,
  Awe-struck with wonder,
Though these clay lips might speak
  Louder than thunder.

Go thou, who standest there,
  Tranquilly dreaming,
Learn the stern truths that lie
  Under all seeming.
Feeding the pride of life,
  Thou thyself starvest;
Thine is the seed-time now;
  Whose is the harvest?

E. H. P.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BY C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

X.—CHRIST THE DESTROYER OF DEATH.

"Our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death."—2 Tim. i. 10.

"ABOLISHED death?"

Have we not, then, all to die?

Yes, certainly that end is before all the living. Death, or its equivalent—death, for all generations save one; its equivalent, a change equal to death, for that one generation which shall be alive at Christ's Advent—this is our portion, this our prospect: nothing which Christ has done has interfered with the working of that one universal rule of the Adam being, "It is appointed unto men once to die."

And what is death? Who shall tell us what death is?

We know how to define it;. as the dissolution of soul and body; the snapping in twain of the twofold cord, the material body and the immaterial soul, which is our link to the living; the departure of that soul, the presence of which is life, from the house of this tabernacle, and the dropping down of the dead weight of the body upon the earth from which it was taken.

And we can say even more of the circumstances of death. We can tell of the gradual or the more sudden approach of that last enemy; of his coming as we have seen it in a decay of strength, a contraction of the daily walk, first within the four walls, then to the chamber, then to the bed, at last to the coffin; and (what is even worse) a slow but perceptible numbing of the faculties, enfeebling of the memory and reason, narrowing of the range of thought, and confining of the flight of mind, till at last we begin to say, What will be left for eternity and heaven?—or else of his coming as we have seen it in youth or middle age, through infection, through fever, through accident, through sin—when reason has been upset on her throne, or held down trembling upon it (according to that wonderful saying) by a frenzy seated beside her—or else, it may be, has simply slumbered, drugged by disease or by its remedies—and has so passed away, without word or sign to tell whither the man was going, or whether indeed any whither:—these things we have seen, and we have thought perhaps that we saw Death in seeing them—when, in reality, they were all but circumstances and accidents of the very thing itself, and we turned from that deathbed, or came back from that grave, just as ignorant of the essential nature of that mighty change which is before each one of us, as if indeed we had heard nothing, seen nothing, and felt nothing.

And yet, I say, this change, this mysterious, unknown, secret change, which we call death—which we define, and of which we daily see the circumstances and the consequences—this change is before each one of us. In some way, at some time, we must all, we must each, die.

This prospect affects different men very differently.

Some men are reckless of it. They not only forget, they even despise it. They not only do many things which they would not do if they expected it; they not only trifle with health of mind and body; they not only wanton with sin, and brave consequences, and defy judgment: but they even, in the boldness of a constitutional hardihood, will risk life itself, or give away life itself, without a fear of the thing called dying, and without an apprehension of that "undiscovered country" which they know lies just beyond it.

Other men are but too mindful of it, if that can be. They are timid about infection; they tremble at the first touch of illness; they shrink from the mention of disease; they will leave any symptom unexplored and untraced within them, rather than incur the possibility that the physician may look grave over the indication, and hint the existence of that malady which is to ring the knell of life.

On the whole, an Apostle teaches us that the fear of death is a predominant feeling in man's nature. He says that Christ came to "deliver those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." It is natural to fear death. Death is one of those real dangers, which lose not, but rather gain, by a close and thoughtful inspection. It is a very serious matter, that within seventy years at the furthest, all but one or two of my readers will be in their graves, unless they shall have risen. It is a solemn thought, that, more surely than that any one of us will lie down to sleep to-night or rise from sleep to-morow, each one of us will have to pass through, separately and alone, that act of dying, and that state of death, of which there is no one to tell us either the nature or the consequences. No one comes back from death to enlighten us as to its essence: and if such a return were ordained for any, he could not make us understand; he could not put us, in imagination or in knowledge, in the place which each one must occupy some day by actual experience. Such a prospect is serious: only a fool can despise it. The fear of death is the natural feeling; and from that fear grows (the Apostle says) bondage. A man feels himself a slave. Here is a necessity which he cannot evade. Here is a thing to be borne, and a state to be entered, which he can neither avoid by skill, nor refuse by resolution, nor even know beforehand by any study, any philosophy, or any devotion. A man who is liable to this cannot be called free. Through fear of death he is all his lifetime subject to bondage.

In discoursing, from time to time, upon various attributes and titles of our Lord Jesus Christ, we could not fail to select this as one of the most distinctive,

CHRIST THE DESTROYER OF DEATH.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ, the text says, hath abolished death: hath abolished this great enemy, this stern tyrant, this universal devourer of man: abolished him—and yet, we say, he is: he is before each one of us, and none of us can escape him.

How is this? What is that destruction, or abolition, of Death, which Christ has made, or shall make, for us?

1. The context leads us to say, first, that Christ is the Destroyer of Death by His Word. "Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

We hardly consider how dark the grave must have been before Christ came.

I know that a few of the ancient philosophers thought out by reasoning, and taught as a dogma of their science, the truth of a life after death. It was a noble triumph of the unassisted reason. That man should thus have argued out, by pure philosophy, the tenet of his own immortality, seems to say to us, That Scripture must indeed be true, which tells us that God created man in His own image, after His own likeness; the image of His intelligence, the likeness of His reason, and of His foresight, and of His reflection.

And yet, if we read one of those writings in which the immortality of the soul is argued out by the greatest of Greek philosophers, I think we shall say that his argument could convince no one—could scarcely have convinced himself. Inaccessible by its subtlety to the common multitude, it must have been unsatisfactory by its fancifulness to the privileged few. It was a sound conclusion from unsound premises. It could scarcely be dignified with a higher praise than this, that it was "one guess amongst many" of the highest philosophy of Greece. Woe to the man who has to lean his whole weight for eternity upon such a basis! If instinct does not teach immortality, we shall look in vain for it to philosophy.

And even in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, a life after death can scarcely be said to be made the subject of express revelation. I know that there are passages, neither few nor doubtful, which imply it: hopes expressed by righteous men, for themselves, of a life with God hereafter; and intimations in the Prophets of an immortality for man, chiefly in the form of similitudes applied to the resuscitation of nations. Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself teaches us to look for these things in the Old Testament, and finds them for us in places where they might have escaped our research.

But I will venture to say this—that there is no such thing in the Old Testament Scriptures (till Gospel light is thrown upon them) as an abolition of death and a bringing of life and immortality to light.

It was reserved for Jesus Christ to destroy death, first of all by His Word.

Need I remind any one of the clearness and the fullness with which He makes a life beyond death the subject of express revelation? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, 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." "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead (though he have died), yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am: that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me, for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

Thus Jesus Christ destroys death by His Word. To those who have learnt to trust Him—to those who believe that He came forth from God with a message of truth and reality for man—His word is enough: enough for faith, enough for conviction, enough for hope. He brings life and immortality to life by His Gospel.

2. And yet, so great is the danger, so terrible the foe, so critical the question therefore for each one of us, that it has pleased Him to add something to the bare word, "that by two immutable things we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to the hope set before us."

He destroyed death, secondly, by His works done below.

On three separate occasions—reserving one greater still and more decisive—Jesus Christ came face to face, and entered into a combat as it were hand to hand, with death.

He had just returned from a memorable conflict with a legion of possessing devils, and was come again to that side of the sea of Galilee on which most of His mighty works were done, when there came one of the rulers of a Jewish synagogue, and with every mark of respect and reverence besought Him to come and lay His healing hand upon an already dying child. It was in some respects a new request. Disease many times —but death once only before, and in a different region—had come under His restoring touch. In the first instance, it should seem, the word was "dying," not "dead." "My little daughter lieth at the point of death." But soon (if so) the message follows him, that she whom he had left dying was already dead. "Why troublest thou the Master any further?" was the unbelieving, or but half-believing, comment. Sickness He might have dealt with: but the last enemy of all is too strong even for Him. Yet the encouraging word of the Saviour emboldens him to hope even against hope. "Be not afraid," He said, "only believe." Hindered by many interruptions on His way, at last He reaches the house. And there, on the threshold, He rids Himself of the throng of followers, takes with Him just three witnesses from among the twelve Apostles, and then presents Himself upon the scene of mourning. Reproving the extravagant grief, always unseemly and in this case needless, He enters the chamber of death, with only the parents and the chosen three, and in words brief and commanding—of which St. Mark has preserved to us the actual sound as they fell from His sacred lips—He bids the dead child arise. Life comes back, and health with it: He who here gave, gives ever liberally and upbraids not: as in the miracle at Cana, a vast superabundance of wine—and as, in the miracle of the Desert, twelve superfluous baskets full of bread—so here, not a feeble spark of life, to be fanned by studious watching into the full glow of health; but life, and vigour, and appetite, all in one—"her spirit came again"—"straightway she arose and walked"—"and He commanded to give her meat."

Thus our Lord called back, by the word of His power, a soul newly parted, to inhabit again for a lifetime the tabernacle of the body.

But His hand is not limited by moments, nor arrested by the lapse of hours. As He recalls the child's soul from its recent flight, so at another time He revives the corpse in its burial, and at another opens the sealed tomb, and stays corruption itself in its visible course.

Approaching, one day, in His journeyings, the little town of Nain, He perceives, issuing from its gate, a funeral procession. Crowd meets crowd: "much people," the Evangelist says, "went with Him," and "much people" followed the dead man to his burial. It was a case for compassion. It was a young man's funeral; and he had left behind him a widowed mother, now childless too. That sorrow which awakened the sympathy of all, could not lack the sympathy of the Man of Sorrows: and so we read that, when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said to her, "Weep not"—and then put His hand upon the bier on which the dead was laid, and, stopping the bearers, addressed to the lifeless corpse itself the word of authority, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." That word was not spoken in vain. The word of authority was also the communication of power: "He that was dead sat up, and began to speak: and He delivered him to his mother."

There is yet a third record; if it be possible, more marvellous still.

There was one family upon earth, upon which Jesus bestowed more than common love, and in which He oftentimes found refreshment from the contradiction of sinners and the strife of tongues. A brother and two sisters were its surviving members; and for each of them, the sacred history tells, Jesus had a peculiar and a sacred bond of love. At length, during His absence in a distant part of Palestine, sickness enters the home. The brother lies in danger: and the first thought of the distressed sisters is of that absent Friend in whose power and tenderness they have long learned to confide. They send to Him, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." But, instead of hastening to their assistance, He remained for two days in the place where He was. At last He proposed to His disciples a journey into Judea; speaking of His friend in Bethany as already "sleeping," and of His purpose to go and "awaken" him. He had suffered the sickness to run on into death, that so the glory of God might be shown forth in the rising. Meanwhile His delay had seemed to the sorrowing sisters hard and unlike Him. If He had been there, they said, He could have prevented death: the thought of a resurrection was still above and beyond them. Each sister, according to her character, gave utterance to the regret almost in reproach: and Jesus Himself was profoundly moved as He looked upon the grief for which He had judged it right to leave room. But there was that in His heart, which, though it stopped not His sympathy, yet gave authority to His consolation. "Thy brother shall rise again." "If thou canst believe, thou shalt see the glory of God." He approached the grave. A stone lay at the cave's mouth. He bade them disclose the place of the dead: and then, after one brief thanksgiving, for the omnipotent strength of which He was conscious—for that "very present help" which He felt to be with Him for the mighty work which He had in hand—He calls forth the dead man from the inmost tomb, and sees the call answered by the instant return of His friend from the world of spirit to the world of sense.

A doubtful blessing for the man! to be recalled from his rest, to taste death twice over! to come back to a world of trouble and sorrow from the Paradise of the just made perfect! but yet an exchange needful for the confirmation of His Master's work, and a sacrifice cheerfully borne for His sake who demanded it.

3. Thirdly, Christ was the Destroyer of Death by His death.

The oft-quoted prophecy of the day of the Fall, "It" (the seed of the woman) "shall bruise thy head"—the head of the serpent—"and thou shalt bruise His heel"—had thus a fulfilment yet more condensed and concentrated than the words promised: for it was in the bruising of the heel that the bruising of the head was accomplished. "That through death," says the Apostle to the Hebrews, "He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."

I know that there might have been a death of the Saviour, which would have had no such virtue.

If Christ had died and not risen, then would the victory at last have rested with His foe. A dead Saviour is none. A Redeemer holden permanently by death would have been powerless even to redeem Himself.

But this, St. Peter says, "was not possible."

Why not possible?

Because it would have gone against the plain word and promise of God.

God "loosed" for Him "the pains of death, because it was not possible that He should be holden of it: *For* David speaketh concerning Him, Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell."

Therefore, when I say that Christ destroyed death by His death, I mean by that particular death which He died; a death for sin, and a death unto resurrection.

We have spoken of Christ destroying death by His Word; by the plain predictions of His Gospel, which everywhere implies and everywhere expresses the certainty of a life to come.

But O, my friends, is that enough to destroy death? Merely to believe in an immortality?

Christ's word tells of a resurrection of life: but the same word speaks also of a resurrection of damnation.

Therefore you see—and even the more for Christ's Gospel—there may remain for the sinner a dread of death. Death is not destroyed by merely telling us, on the surest evidence, of an immortality: for an immortality may be of two kinds; an immortality of joy, or an immortality of sorrow; an immortality of life, or an immortality of punishment.

Now therefore we see why Christ's death should be added to Christ's Word, as the destroyer of death.

It is something, no doubt, that in this fearful future which lies before each of us, Christ should have gone before; Christ should have even known and passed through the state of death. O, it makes the grave more tolerable, and Hades more homelike, and the cheerless comfortless separation of soul and body less desolate and less terrible, to know that Christ has been there before; to have a Friend come back from all to tell us, I have endured; to say, I know the worst, and it can be borne; I have gone through all, and in it all my rod and my staff shall comfort thee!

But even this is not enough.

Christ's death had in it something different from the mere hanselling of a strange thing for those that should come after: something more than the mere feeling that a friend has borne this operation before me, or passed in the van through that enemy's gate, through which I in the rear must faintly struggle after Him.

What is it which makes death formidable? formidable in a sense beyond its mere strangeness, and beyond the mere pain, the physical pain, of its endurance?

Is it not sin?

"The sting of death is sin."

Now then, if the sting is taken out of death, its wound will be harmless: it will be like that which we have just called it—an operation—something sharp, no doubt, and painful—but only medicinal in its intent, and only remedial in its consequence.

That is what will indeed destroy death; if it loses its sting; if it becomes a thing which must be submitted to as a pain, but which is not the beginning of an insufferable wretchedness.

Death is the curse of sin. Natural death came into the world by sin.

But natural death is chiefly dreadful as the completion of spiritual death, and as the vestibule of the second death, which is death eternal.

If then Christ has taken away our guilt; has borne our sins, has made atonement for iniquity; has procured for us pardon from God, and love, and blessing, and eternal life; and this by His own obedience unto death: then the words are fulfilled which say that Christ is the Destroyer of Death by His death; by that death from which indeed He rose, but by that death wherein and whereby He bore and took away the sin of the world.

Yes, we may go down securely into the dark valley, may we but feel that our sins have been done away first; that God, for Jesus Christ's sake, has forgiven us all trespasses.

And thus our Lord Jesus Christ has been the destroyer of death already, in ten thousand times ten thousand instances.

Every Christian's death has been such a victory.

Every person who is enabled to face death manfully, through faith in Him who has died, is an example of that triumph over death which through death Christ gained.

You have seen such deaths, Christian friends, or you have read of them: and have they not made you feel that there was a reality in the Gospel? let me rather say, a reality in Him of whom the Word of God tells as having abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through His Gospel?

4. I have yet a fourth word to add: Christ destroys death finally by the great resurrection.

The words are St. Paul's. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." And he tells us how. Even by that resurrection of the body, which can alone give to the *whole* of man victory over the grave, and over death and hell.

How often shall we repeat this evident maxim, that a disembodied soul is but half a man?

Our Lord so much assumes this, that He argues from a passage in the Old Testament, which speaks of God as the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob must not only be living still as souls, but must be destined to a resurrection of the body.

The whole argument turns upon this. Man is soul and body. If there is to be a future life of man, it must be a life complete in both parts: a soul by itself is a ghost, and not a man.

True, St. Paul says the body that shall rise is of a different mould and making from the body that died.

He exhausts all similitudes in showing the possible variety and divergence of bodies; how manifold are the discrepancies, even in matter, between body and body; and yet how truly each is a body, and how gloriously the resurrection body shall fulfil the aspirations and repair the deficiencies of the body of our humanity and our mortality.

Not, then, until the morning of Christ's Advent will Death, the last enemy, be destroyed. Abolished by Christ's Gospel, in hope and faith; abolished by Christ's works below, in principle and in promise; abolished by Christ's death for sin, in virtue and power; Death shall not be abolished (it is the same word) in act and in deed, until the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we (the then living) shall be changed into the same image.

Great and magnificent is the glimpse thus given of the powers and employments of the life that shall be revealed.

Not for purposes of dreamy contemplation or indolent praise shall we be clad, in the great day of the Lord, with bodies of beauty and glory.

Work, too, there will be for us: work, large and lofty, expansive and satisfying: work, without weariness or inconstancy: work, all from God, and for God, and in God.

Angelic functions, and more than angelic, may then be entrusted to us: for "they that shall be counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead are equal unto the Angels:" they can know thenceforth no pain nor sorrow nor weariness nor infirmity nor self-reproach: for the body of humiliation is changed into the likeness of His body of glory—they shall be like Him, for they shall see Him as He is. They too, like His holy Angels, shall then "excel in strength:" they, like his holy Angels now, shall then with new energy "do His commandments, hearkening" with open ear "to the voice of His words."

Therefore our latest thoughts must pass on into the region of faith, and see Death himself cast into the lake of fire, and his work finally defeated and undone by a transformation which shall make the powers of evil wish that they had let man alone in Creation gifts. So far is the Paradise Lost outshone and transcended by the Paradise Regained!

Christian friends! what shall be our part and lot in this abolition and destruction of the last enemy of man?

The question is answered by another question. What is our part now in that destruction of death which Christ our Saviour wrought by His own death?

Have we brought our sins to Him to be blotted out? Have we claimed our share in that forgiveness of sins which He purchased for us with His own blood?

If not, we are still (in our inmost souls) subject to that bondage which is the consequence of the fear of death. We cannot look forward into that mysterious region which lies within the black gate, without a serious misgiving as to the consequences—say, even the possible consequences—of the things done in the body; of evil done, and good left undone; of man disregarded or injured, of God forgotten, despised, and sinned against.

But, if we are Christ's; if, that is, we have seriously come to Him for pardon, and seriously devoted ourselves to Him for grace; then we are sharers in His victory over death and the grave, and when His glory shall be revealed, we shall be glad also with exceeding joy.

God give us all a place in that blessed home, of which it is written, "The former things are passed away," and "there shall be no more death!"

PAI MARIRE, THE NEW RELIGION OF THE MAORIS.

By AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

LITTLE more than half a century has elapsed since the Gospel was first preached to the cannibals of New Zealand. The noble bearing of some Maori chiefs whom he met in the streets of Sydney had the same effect on the mind of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, Senior Chaplain of the colony of New South Wales, as the beauty of the Anglo-Saxon youths whom he saw in the market-place at Rome produced on the mind of Gregory the Great: in both cases it awoke the desire to communicate to heathen nations the knowledge of Christianity. Mr. Marsden at once put himself in communication with the Church Missionary Society, which, acting on his suggestion, sent out, in 1810, twenty-five persons, chiefly artisans, to undertake the conversion of the natives of New Zealand. On reaching Sydney they heard of the massacre of the crew of the "Boyd" by those for whose benefit they had come out, and being unable to find a vessel to convey them to their intended field of labour, they gave up the undertaking as hopeless. Nothing was done till 1814, when Mr. Marsden received as his guest, Hongi, a warlike Maori chief, whose name occupies a prominent place in the annals of New Zealand, and obtained from him the promise that all missionaries should be protected. On the strength of this, he set sail for New Zealand in a brig navigated by convicts, and reached the Bay of Islands in safety. He and the three missionaries who accompanied him were well received by the natives, and established themselves near Hongi's residence on a piece of land consisting of 200 acres, which they had purchased for twelve axes. Missionary stations were formed in different parts of the island: fresh labourers of different denominations hastened to till the field and prepare for the harvest; it may be said with truth that they met with more opposition from one another than they ever did from the natives. The latter heard the Gospel gladly, but though the missionaries had many hearers, not one professed himself a convert for the first six years after their arrival, and the Rev. Henry Williams admits with praiseworthy candour that they were "as insensible to the necessity of salvation as brutes." Matters continued in this state till 1830, when the good seed sown amid so many hopes and fears in this unpromising soil began to bring forth fruit; a sort of religious revival sprang up; the missionary churches were crowded with attentive audiences; the schools were filled with old and young anxious to be taught to read; thousands applied to be admitted into the Church. The day of small things had passed away; the conversion of the whole Maori race seemed close at hand. Religious works were circulated and read in every part of the island; many professed themselves to be Christians who had never seen the face of a missionary, or been sprinkled with the water of baptism. There were some who suspected that the change was too rapid to be permanent. That a great change had been effected in the manners of the people no one could doubt. They renounced their cannibalism; they gave themselves up to prayer and the study of the Scriptures; in every village might be heard the morning and evening psalm. Young proselytes full of enthusiasm spread themselves over every part of the island, and preached the Gospel with such fervour and success, that at least two-thirds of the Maori race were admitted into the Church through baptism. Their knowledge of Christianity was necessarily very imperfect; they displayed far more interest in the teachings of the Old Testament than of the New; and it was only natural for the missionaries to dwell specially on those passages which were best adapted to the intelligence of their hearers. The Maoris had reached about the same state of civilisation as the Hebrews in the patriarchal age; the narratives of the Old Testament possessed for them a peculiar attraction because they described a state of society analogous to their own, but it is doubtful whether many amongst them ever attained to any adequate conception of the sublime teachings of Christianity.

It is certain, however, that the missionaries acquired a great and legitimate influence over the Maori mind. Their lives were held to be sacred; they might travel in safety through any part of the island during the prevalence of war; they often acted as mediators between the combatants. During the Taranaki war of 1860-61, missionaries frequently visited the insurgents in their pas, and sometimes read the service of the Church of England over the slain. Until the present year, no missionary was called upon to seal his testimony with his blood: the natives, even while in arms against us, retained their respect for their former teachers, observed the Sabbath, and adhered to the new religion. It is only within a very recent period that a large proportion of them have rejected Christianity, and adopted a new religion of their own. This religion is known as Pai Marire. The exact origin of the name is unknown. *Pai* in the Maori language means "good," and *marire*, "to be quiet or still;" but there are expressions in that tongue quite as unintelligible to the uninitiated as those used by a London street boy would be to a foreigner. The same expressions are frequently used in a variety of different senses, so as often to puzzle those who are well versed in the Maori tongue. I have consulted several Maori scholars, but have failed to obtain any satisfactory explanation of the origin or meaning of the term *Pai Marire.* The literal meaning would be, "it is good to be quiet," but the principles and actions of the new sect are not at all in keeping with such a peaceful maxim. There is nothing of quietism in the new religion; the system of Molina and Pai Marireism have nothing in common. I am inclined to believe that the expression is a sort of political watchword, signifying "wait," or "bide your time." If such be its meaning, it would point significantly to the hopes that are cherished by those who have adopted it, for there can be no doubt that Pai Marireism is quite as much a political association as a new system of religion. It is supposed to have originated among the natives of Taranaki or Wanganui, who, there is reason to suspect, have long cherished a secret predilection for the religion of their fathers, though most of them have conformed outwardly to Christianity. The existence of the new religion was accidentally discovered during an engagement between the insurgents and the friendly natives at Wanganui in 1864. The former descended the river in their canoes till they reached an island where our allies lay in wait for them. They allowed the insurgents to advance within a few yards of the ambuscade, when they poured a destructive volley into them; sixty or seventy fell; the rest took to their canoes. One of them, while struggling in the water, was overtaken by one of our allies, who raised his war-club to dispatch him. As the blow descended on his head, he threw his arms wildly in the air and shouted "Pai Marire." Since that time the expression has become familiar to every Pakeha in New Zealand; the new religion to which it is applied has spread with wonderful rapidity through every part of the island, and may be regarded as the adopted faith of the whole party of the insurgents. Proselytising parties are traversing the country in every direction, working pretended miracles, speaking in unknown tongues, practising cannibalism and other barbarous rites, boasting of their victories, and predicting the speedy arrival of the time when the Pakeha shall be driven into the sea, and the Maori shall have his own again. Pai Marireism has not been confined to the insurgents; it has found favour with a large section of the population, who secretly sympathise with the native movement, though from prudential motives they have not thrown off their allegiance to the British Crown. The other evening, while enjoying a solitary ride near one of the native settlements, I encountered a weird-like Maori woman, who might well have been the original of an old picture of the Witch of Endor which haunts my memory. I greeted her with the usual salutation, and her only answer was "Pai Marire." "Wait a little," she seemed to say; "you may ride here at present, but the time is close at hand when you and the other Pakehas shall be driven into the sea. Pai Marire."

The apostasy of the Maori race from the Christian faith has been as sudden as their conversion. This result might perhaps have been anticipated: the character of a people is seldom changed in a day or a year; in the moral as in the material world, all that is lasting is usually slow of formation. Far be it from me to detract from the merits of the missionaries or to depreciate the value of their labours; it is not their fault that the vine of their planting, like the gourd of the prophet, has decayed as rapidly as it had grown. If no war had broken out between the two races; if they had continued to live together as brethren, cultivating the arts of peace, in process of time the Maoris might have become assimilated to their neighbours in religious civilisation. As it is, the good seed sown by missionary hands had not time to take root in the soil; it was crushed beneath the iron heel of war; or choked by the noxious weeds of ancient superstition.

It is doubtful, indeed, whether the sublime doctrine of forgiveness of injuries was ever thoroughly comprehended by the Maori mind; it is certain that the native converts have exhibited little of its spirit in their dealings with their heathen countrymen. In 1841 a quarrel arose between the Waitotara natives at Wanganui, who professed Christianity, and their neighbours the Patutokuto, who were heathens. The latter drove the Christians from their territory, laid waste the country, and retired at length to Te Toka, an impregnable pa or fort. The fugitives, strengthened by reinforcements from Taranaki, returned and blockaded this stronghold. The siege had continued for some time when Mr. Matthews, a missionary, appeared upon the scene to mediate between the combatants. It was agreed that the Christians should be allowed to enter the pa and shake hands with its defenders, who, after this ceremony, were to return to their own country. The gate of the stronghold was thrown open, and the infidels, regarding the presence of a missionary as a sufficient protection against treachery, advanced with their right hands extended: the Christians seized them with their left, and then assaulted their helpless foes with concealed tomahawks. A hundred men were slaughtered on the spot; and only forty escaped to relate what had occurred. This treacherous deed proves how little these professors of Christianity were imbued with its spirit.

Before the present war broke out, the Maoris were not very enlightened Christians; they were more deeply read in the Old than the New Testament; they retained many of their ancient superstitions, and their religion was a strange mixture of heathenism and Christianity, or rather Judæism. They believed in witchcraft; they had recourse to incantations in sickness; they prayed to their former gods as well as to the God of the Pakeha; their ideas of religion were as imperfect as those of the *pagani* whom the Church welcomed to her arms in the days of Constantine. *Grattez le Russe, et vous trouverez toujours le Tartare*, is a significant proverb applicable to the Maoris as well as to the subjects of the Czar. No real, internal, spiritual change had been effected among them; they had only the semblance of religion, the mere enamel of Christianity. There is a great cry among a certain class for results; and there may be something highly encouraging in the idea of a whole people converted to Christianity. The reaction has now set in; the Maori has thrown off the cloak of Christianity which sat so ungracefully on him, and appeared before the world in his true character. Pai Marireism has roused into action all those evil passions which were dormant, but not extinguished, and exhibited him to the world as the bloodthirsty cannibal his fathers were. It has not changed his nature; it has only shown what his nature is. It is not a new religion; it is only a revival of ancient heathenism, with a slight admixture of Judæism, as I have said. This revival has been effected through the influence of the *tohungas* or native priests, who always regarded the progress of Christianity with a jealous eye, though they outwardly conformed to it. By reviving the ancient heathenism they have revived their own influence, which was on the wane; and have obtained that hold over the popular mind which the missionaries formerly possessed. Before the introduction of Christianity, they were consulted on every occasion; no expedition was undertaken without their advice; no disease could be healed unless they pronounced the necessary incantations. They claimed the power to recall the spirits of the departed, and their skill in ventriloquism enabled them to personate them so well that their nearest relations and most intimate friends were deceived. They are undoubtedly the founders of the new faith, which they profess to have received from the angel Gabriel, who has favoured them with numerous interviews, and taken the Maori race under his special protection. The religion taught by the missionaries has been superseded by this fresh revelation; the Maoris now stand to God in the same relation as the Jews did under the Old Testament dispensation; they are his favourite people; they are the true Israel. Hence the great sympathy which they manifest for the Jews, whom they recognise as their co-religionists, and treat with unbounded respect. Intelligent Hebrews who have witnessed their religious ceremonies speak of them as Jews: but along with the Jewish element there is a large infusion of a bloodthirsty spirit. The Maoris have discovered many points of resemblance between the Jewish nation and themselves: both have been favoured with a special revelation; the Pakeha is the Pharaoh of modern times; Topare is the Maori Moses, who is to rescue them from a foreign yoke, and drown their oppressors in the Red Sea. The Jewish leader was invested with the power of working miracles: the same power has been conferred on the Pai Marire priests. By their incantations, they can draw vessels toward the shore and crush them on the rocks: the elements are subject to their will: their followers are invulnerable. This faith in their invulnerability must have received many a rude shock, but they still cling to it with a blind tenacity which no experience can weaken. Many a Pai Marire convert has been struck down by the bullets of the Pakeha, but these casualties have wrought no change in their religious belief; the influence of the priests is as great as ever. Fanaticism is blind to all evidence, deaf to every argument; it may die out gradually, but it cannot be extirpated by force.

While there are many points of resemblance between Judæism and Pai Marireism, there are also, it must be admitted, many points in which they differ. The votaries of the new faith practise cannibalism as a religious rite. This barbarous custom had died out; there may be a few aged natives still alive who tasted human flesh in early life, but no case of cannibalism is known to have occurred since 1842. The Maoris, as a race, were humiliated by the remembrance that their forefathers devoured one another like beasts of prey; and every allusion to this savage propensity was carefully avoided. The greatest insult that could be offered to a native was to insinuate that his father had eaten somebody, or that somebody had eaten his father; the vilest term of reproach was to call him a cooked head. You might call him a blockhead with impunity, but the slightest allusion to cooking in connection with his head was deemed an unpardonable wrong. Pai Marireism has changed all this. Its votaries do not use human flesh as an ordinary article of food, for this was never done in the most savage times. Human flesh was always considered to be *kai tapu*, or sacred food; it could only be eaten by warriors while in a state of *tapu;* and it was always a prohibited article to women. The story of the aged Maori convert who said, on her death-bed, that she could die happy if she had the leg of one little pickaninny to pick, may be very ludicrous, but it betrays a complete ignorance of Maori customs on the part of its originator. Cannibalism was practised by the *tapued* warriors of the tribe, and by them alone. It formed part of their religious system, and was rarely if ever indulged in for the mere purpose of satisfying the appetite of hunger. The worst injury a Maori could do to his enemy was first to kill him and then eat him; his religion encouraged him to carry out the promptings of natural revenge. The few Europeans who have been compelled to satisfy the craving of hunger with human flesh speak of it with abhorrence. Not so the Maori. "I have tasted human flesh," said a venerable Maori convert at a missionary meeting in this island, "*and it was sweet.*" The last words were spoken with such emphasis that a sort of cold shiver ran through the audience; and no wonder. The Pai Marire priests have revived cannibalism, but only as a religious rite. We know of only one well-authenticated case where they ate the flesh and drank the blood of their victim; but they have frequently mutilated the bodies of the slain in such a way as to leave little doubt that they had used certain portions of them. The revival and general adoption of this revolting and barbarous custom affords the clearest proof that a large proportion of the Maoris, while professing Christianity, were at heart the same bloodthirsty wretches as their forefathers who massacred the crews of trading-vessels, and feasted on their bodies.

Another peculiarity of the Pai Marire system is that its votaries claim to be possessed of the power of speaking in strange tongues. Long addresses are delivered by the priests in a language unintelligible to the vulgar. During the delivery of these addresses they are supposed to be under the immediate influence of the *atua* or spirit, and to speak as he gives them utterance. Their favourite cry, *wau wau*, resembles the barking of a dog, and is often heard at night from the pas which they occupy. The grossest immorality has been introduced into their religious worship, and the foulest orgies of heathenism have been revived. The minds of many have been unstrung by the intense excitement of this new species of fanaticism, and they remain silent for days together, as if bereft of all their faculties. It is melancholy to contemplate the change which this delusion, the offspring of lust and cruelty, has effected, in the course of a few months, in the character of a people, whose rapid conversion to Christianity was regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of missionary labour in the nineteenth century; and many who felt the warmest interest in their welfare are beginning to despair of them as a race. The missionaries who have laboured among them for years, and were once regarded with feelings of the deepest reverence, are denounced by the priests as the worst enemies of the Maori race. They are accused of having defrauded them of their lands, and induced others to do the same. The priests know that the only way to re-establish their own influence is to destroy that of the missionaries. The mission stations have been abandoned, and the churches where the pure morality of the Gospel was once taught are now polluted by the orgies of Pai Marireism.

This fanatical system has been countenanced by some of the more intelligent chiefs for political purposes. They know the power of the religious element in a long-protracted struggle; and without giving in to the delusion themselves, they are not unwilling to profit by it. They feel that this is the last struggle; they know that none fight so well as those who are inspired by the glowing fervour of fanaticism. It would be contrary to their interests to discourage a system which makes their followers rush upon our bayonets with all the blind fury of fanaticism; which serves to widen the gulf of separation between the two races, and swells their ranks with fresh proselytes from those tribes which have hitherto remained neutral. Pai Marire is a political watchword as well as a fanatical faith; its emissaries spread themselves over every part of the island, work their pretended miracles in every village, and gain proselytes from every tribe. These proselytes are bound to fight for the new faith: when the struggle is over, they are to be rewarded with the arms and lands of the Pakehas. All the evil passions of a half-savage race are thus appealed to; they have the promise of a reward in this world as well as in the next. The success of Pai Marireism in the nineteenth century is as striking as that of Mohammedanism when first preached by the followers of the false prophet. And there is no reason to believe that it is a mere passing gleam of fanaticism which will speedily disappear, for it is constantly on the increase — bands of neophytes marching to join the banners of revolt. The vanity of the people is flattered by having a religion, or a revelation exclusively their own; and the time, I fear, is close at hand when the whole Maori race will be given over to a delusion and to believe in a lie. When that period arrives, their extinction as a race cannot be far distant.

The new religion has been inaugurated by the commission of a great crime: the life of an amiable and inoffensive missionary has been sacrificed to propitiate the *atua* of the Pai Marire faith. Carl Sylvius Volkner, a native of Cassel in Germany, arrived in this island about eighteen years ago, and was employed ever since in missionary labour in different parts of the province of Auckland. Originally a private soldier in the Prussian army, he became deeply impressed with religious truth, and resolved to devote his life to the conversion of the heathen. After a brief training in a missionary institution at Hamburg, he was sent out as a catechist to New Zealand, and continued to labour in that humble capacity till his intelligence and piety attracted the notice of Bishop Selwyn, who admitted him into holy orders. He had been stationed for some time at Opotiki, a Maori settlement at Poverty Bay, on the east coast, and remained there till the present war broke out, when he and his wife removed to Auckland. His heart was still at Opotiki, and he resolved to return to his flock. Accompanied by another missionary of the name of Grace, he embarked at Auckland on the 26th of February on board a small coasting schooner commanded by Mr. Morris Levi, a Jew, and reached Opotiki on the 1st of March. As they sailed up the river, they observed a large number of natives assembled on the banks, but as yet they had no suspicion of any danger. When the schooner cast anchor, a brother of Mr. Levi, who keeps a store at Opotiki, and Tewai, the native interpreter, came on board, and warned the missionaries to provide for their safety, as the Maoris had made a solemn vow to take their lives.

I must now briefly glance at certain events which had occurred at Opotiki before the arrival of the schooner. On the 24th of February it was reported that Potare, a Taranaki chief, was on his way to Opotiki for the purpose of instructing the natives in the new faith, and obtaining recruits for the rebel army. On the 25th he was known to be within three miles of the village, when about eight hundred natives assembled to meet him. He was received with every demonstration of joy; a flagstaff was erected near the church, and the standard of the new faith displayed upon it. Among other devices on the standard was one of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. A general review was followed by a general feast; the slaughtered bullocks were brought into the presence of Potare, who, holding a piece of each in his hand, pronounced an incantation, and then threw it away, after gorging himself with food, as the Maoris always do on such occasions. Potare condescended to favour the Jewish store-keeper with an interview. He expressed much sympathy with the Jews, because, like the Maoris, they had once been a great nation and had suffered much from the persecutions of their enemies. He spoke with much bitterness of the missionaries, and said that if he found Mr. Volkner, he would cut off his head, and send it as a trophy to Zerubbabel, the great prophet of the Pai Marire faith, at Taranaki. In the afternoon the people assembled to hear a lecture delivered by a prophet named Rereopa, who was once a policeman in Auckland. He carried in his hand the head of a soldier of the 70th Regiment, the sight of which caused much excitement among the natives, and, placing it at the foot of the worship post with the cap alongside, began an address which lasted for an hour and a half. He denounced Christianity, and spoke with much bitterness of the missionaries, who by their lies had been robbing them of their lands, their money, and their blood; he urged them to adopt the new religion, and concluded by holding up the soldier's head, and announcing that it would speak at sunset. Several natives came forward and applied their ears to the mouth of the skull, when, fancying that it spoke, they rushed off in terror over the plain. Potare then extended his right arm, and all the natives passed under it, in single file, into the church, where his followers began to dance, to shout, and to pray. As soon as one of the natives gave symptoms of being affected, he was seized by the shoulders by three or four of the priests, and rudely shaken, till he began to speak in unknown tongues. He was then swung round and round by the hand till he became insensible and sank to the earth, where he remained for days together, without moving or tasting food. The excitement was kept up during the whole night, and the most revolting scenes were enacted.

The following day was Sunday, but according to the Pai Marire faith, all days are alike. The natives continued to dance like demons round the worship post, and to mutter their gibberish, which they said was a language given to them by God, intelligible only to the initiated. Afterwards, Potare proceeded to Mr. Volkner's house and disposed of his effects among his own followers. There were several very inferior horses, which fetched only 5*l.* a head. Rereopa delivered another lecture in the afternoon; the same scenes were renewed in the church: and the natives were so powerfully affected that the greater part of them spent the night in the open air in a state of insensibility. The following day Potare, satisfied with the results of this great revival, prepared to depart in search of other proselytes, but promised to return in three days. It is melancholy to reflect that the fruits of many years of missionary labour were swept away by the brief visit of this arch impostor, and that the native catechist, whom Mr. Volkner had left as his substitute, was one of the first who gave in his adhesion to the new faith. Potare's party left, taking with them a soldier of the 57th Regiment, who had been taken prisoner at Taranaki; but Rereopa, the prophet, remained to complete the work of conversion. The same religious ceremonies were gone through during the night; the following day all the Bibles and Prayer Books were torn up, and scattered over the plain. On Wednesday, the 1st of March, the schooner was seen outside the bar, when, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Levi and Tewai, the native interpreter, hurried on board to warn the missionaries of their danger.

It was too late. They might have escaped at night, but before night came they were in the hands of their enemies. In the afternoon all hands were ordered ashore by the natives; and as soon as Mr. Volkner landed, two or three of them rushed upon him with ropes in their hands, but Mr. Levi pushed them aside. The two missionaries, and the crew of the schooner, were then shut up in a *whare*, and a guard of twenty armed men placed over them. The two Jews, who were left at liberty, were assured that they had nothing to fear, as they all belonged to the same religion. Mr. Volkner saw from the first that there was great danger, and prepared to meet his fate with Christian fortitude. "We must put our trust in God," he remarked to his fellow-prisoner. Next morning he requested an interview with the master of the schooner, and persuaded him to offer the cargo and everything they possessed as a ransom for their lives. This offer was at first accepted, but the thirst for blood proved stronger than the love of gain. The natives became fearfully excited, so that the two Jews deemed it prudent to keep out of the way. A party of half-castes went to the *whare* and summoned Mr. Volkner to accompany them to a meeting. On the way they told him that they were about to put him to death. He learned his fate without a murmur, and obtained their permission to kneel down and pray. When he rose, the natives stripped him of his clothes, bandaged his eyes, and proceeded to hoist him up to one of the loftiest branches of a large willow tree by means of a block and strap, which they had brought from the schooner. Accustomed to meet death themselves with savage indifference, his executioners were surprised to see tears flowing from his eyes. His body was left dangling in the air for an hour and a half, amidst the shouts and laughter of the fanatical mob; and it was observed that the women seemed to enjoy the horrible spectacle much more than the men, and were louder in expressing their enjoyment. Some idea may be formed of his sufferings from the fact that life was not extinct when the body was lowered and conveyed to the church. I have no wish to enter into harrowing details, or to cause my readers unnecessary pain; I shall therefore hurry over all that ensued. A space was fenced in close to the church, within which the body was spread out in the shape of a cross. The head was then separated from the body, the flesh removed from the chest and back, and the neck cut off with an old axe. The natives formed themselves into a line, so that all might be able to taste the blood as it flowed from the head and the body,—the women fighting like tigers as to who should have the most, and smearing their faces with that which fell upon the ground. Rereopa, the priest of the Pai Marire faith, the instigator of this great crime, scooped out the eyes of his victim with his fingers, and swallowed them in the presence of the whole assembly. The mutilated body was then thrown to the dogs, which snarled and fought for their share in the feast.

All the European settlers, nineteen in number, were then seized and bound. The brothers Levi were found concealed in the bush, and conducted to the house where the other prisoners were confined. The Maoris from Taranaki, on hearing that their co-religionists, the Jews, were bound, proceeded at once to release them, when all the other prisoners were set at liberty except Mr. Grace. In the evening the natives resumed their demon worship in the Roman Catholic church, and danced round the bleeding head, which was placed in the pulpit; and the excitement continued during the night. On the 4th of March, Rereopa left Opotiki; before leaving, however, he sent for the Messrs. Levi, and told them that they had nothing to dread, as they were Jews, but that Mr. Grace would be taken to Taranaki. On the same day Potare, the great Pai Marire chief, returned, and summoned all the Europeans to meet him in the church the following day. He blamed his followers for having put Mr. Volkner to death without the form of a trial, and agreed to release Mr. Grace on condition that Hori Tupea, a rebel chief who had fallen into our hands, should be set at liberty. It was agreed that the Messrs Levi and Mr. Grace should remain as hostages at Opotiki, till the "Eclipse" returned with Hori Tupea, when they should be allowed to return to Auckland; but nothing was done to carry out this arrangement. On the 8th of March Mr. Volkner's body, which had been left exposed and treated with every indignity, was decently interred close to that church where he had taught the doctrines of the Christian faith for so many years. No coffin contained the body: it was rolled in a piece of carpet provided by Tewai, the friendly native, and bound round with flax. No monument marks the spot where he reposes:

> "They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
> But they left him alone in his glory."

On the 16th of March H.M.S. "Eclipse" hove in sight, and Mr. Lev' the master of the schooner, went on board, and had an interview with Bishop Selwyn, who had sailed for Opotiki as soon as he heard of Mr. Volkner's death. He was anxious that some attempt should be made to effect Mr. Grace's release, but Mr. Levi assured him that nothing could be done, but agreed to go on shore again for two friendly natives who were still at Opotiki. The natives could not be found, but Mr. Grace was seen looking with longing eyes toward the steamer. The generous Levi resolved to make a last effort to save his life. "Jump in," he said. In a moment Mr. Grace was prostrate in the hollow of the boat, while the two sailors literally pulled for their lives. Some women rushed off to give the alarm; several armed Maoris appeared on the beach: but, with the tide in its favour, the gallant little boat went on and reached the steamer in safety. A ringing cheer rose from the crew when Mr. Grace was seen in the boat. Mr. Levi was congratulated by all on the success of his gallant conduct. The friendly natives were afterwards released, and the two vessels returned to Auckland.

Carl Sylvius Volkner will long be remembered as the first and, I trust, the only Christian martyr of New Zealand.

P. C. B.

CHILD'S PLAY.

WHEN summer comes, the little children play
In the churchyard of our cathedral grey,
Busy as morning bees, and gathering flowers
In the brief sunshine. They of coming hours
Reck not, intent upon their play, the Time
Speeds like a spectre by them, and their prime
Bears on to sorrow.

Angel, cry aloud!
Tell them of life's long winter—of the shroud!
No! let them play—for Age, alas! and Care,
Too soon will frown, to teach them what they are!

Then let them play, but come with aspect bland,
Come Charity, and lead them by the hand;
Come Faith, and shew, amid life's saddest gloom,
A light from heaven that shines beyond the tomb!

When they look up, and high in air admire
The lessening shaft of that aërial spire;
So be their thoughts uplifted from the sod,
Where Time's brief flowers they gather to their God!

B.

ASSISI, AND ITS MEMORIES.

I AM not going to describe Assisi at length. I have no particular faculty for local details, and no particular interest in them; but I should like to recall at present a few impressions which linger in my mind associated with this ancient city—impressions which were very stirring at the time, and which remain with me among the happy recollections of a long season of recreation.

In travel, I confess that I find myself chiefly moved by the *human* associations of a place—the glory of its past history, the thought of the beautiful or noble lives that have lived in it, or the good and holy deeds that have been done in it. There is an excitement sometimes rapturous in the contemplation of grand scenery, and there is delight, at once humorous and instructive, in the observation of strange manners and customs. But the incessant hurry and novelty of a great tour wear off the edge of both these enjoyments. The most enchanting scenes, the most picturesque modes of life, even the rarest treasures of art which one had scarcely dreamed long years ago ever to see, fail to arouse the old keenness of interest. One becomes cynical even in the presence of Nature; it is a shocking feeling to confess; but it is not that the sense of the beautiful is lost, only that it has become weakened by satiety; the very groups on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, so charming at first in their suggestion of a luxuriance of southern beauty and free artlessness of southern manners, become commonplace by experience, and at length weary by their monotony; while the reproduction of the same conventional forms of sculpture, and the frequent imitativeness of the sister art—an imitativeness, too, strangely centering around one or two subjects of ancient mythology and history,* which Christian feeling, not to speak of the treasures of the morally beautiful, should long since have banished from the canvass, are apt to destroy all freshness of artistic feeling, and make visits to galleries frequently one of the most joyless toils of the sight-sick traveller. If we could only see at leisure the few great pictures which most galleries alone contain—pictures which educate while they inspire the imagination, and raise us nearer to the conception of Divine beauty on earth or in heaven – it would be an infinite joy; but it is a weary task to wander from room to room, as at Naples, amidst masses of rubbish, good neither for the eye nor the heart. I own honestly that such things are not among my pleasant memories; that I would not make one *of a party*,—no, not for a great deal,—to see the sculptures of the Vatican by torchlight, nor even to visit the Coliseum by moonlight; that I get tired to death gazing at the large canvasses of Peter Paul Rubens in the Louvre—some of them the most unspiritual renderings of spiritual facts that a large but coarse imagination could suggest. But I delighted to wander alone and silently, or with a single companion, amongst the comparatively deserted sculptures of the Capitol—to gaze, always with renewed interest, on the worn, thoughtful, keenly-vivid face of Cæsar, or the sullenly beautiful (to me, even in its youthful form, with all its beauty and power, morally odious) face of Augustus; to spend a quiet, dreamy afternoon amidst the vast arcades of the Coliseum, while the lizards darted brightly over the warm stones, and the sun kindled with a glow every dank grassy nook of the mighty structure; and to conjure up, with no consistent effort, but in a strange, fragmentary, unchronological sequence, the brilliant and awful scenes on which the same walls and heavens had long ago looked. It was a rare pleasure, too, to isolate some picture of more than usual meaning, such as Guido's Beatrice Cenci, in the Palazzo Barberini: or Albertinelli's Visitation of Saint Elizabeth, in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence; or Giotto's frescoes of St. Francis; and give oneself up to thoughts of all they suggested—the inexpressible fulness of feeling or idea that rose up from the marvellous lines of the artist. Like one of these grand old pictures, Assisi remains in my memory—surrounded by a host of sacred and charming associations. It is the city of St. Francis; and there are few characters in Christian history so singular and interesting. He has always greatly attracted and delighted me since I first read Sir James Stephens' fine, although somewhat too rhetorical, sketch; and it had long been in my mind, if I ever had opportunity, to make a special pilgrimage to the City of the Saint, and spend a day amidst all its lively and impressive memorials.

I had accidentally acquired the means of making my visit as advantageous as possible. During my winter's residence in Rome, I had made the acquaintance of a venerable and accomplished Franciscan monk,—a man who, although devoted to the interests of his Order and his Church, had seen the world, and was something more than a monk; something more than the mere ecclesiastic in any Church—and most of all, the Church of Rome—is likely to be. He had been at the head of the Latin mission in Constantinople for many years, and had there learned to understand, if not fully to appreciate, Greek Christianity, and to open his mind to a wider horizon of knowledge than was customary with his brethren. His hard work was over. He had spent the prime of his days in the active service of his Order, and now he had returned to a quiet room in the Franciscan House beside the Tiber, in the Travestere, or Trans-Tiburtine, quarter, to spend the evening of his days. He was a delightfully simple, cordial, social old man. Friendliness and welcome beamed from his hearty face, when, with a friend who had long known him, I paid him a visit one cold afternoon. How cold it was I remember, as we drove along, and how chilly the fountain looked at the end of the bridge by which we crossed the Tiber in the pale, stifled gleam of the sun,—the icicles hanging around it! Think of this, dear reader, in sunny Italy! The long, open stairs of the convent were equally cheerless. Padre Carboni (I may call him) was not to be found at once. He was engaged in some of the frequent services of the establishment; but shortly he made his appearance with his keys dangling from his hand, and admitted us into his clean, comfortable rooms. All was plain, even to poverty, as became the vow of the Order; but there was nothing of the dirt or meanness which the persons and attire of many of the Franciscan monks, constantly to be met in Rome, present. We had come on no special business. My main wish was, to hear from such a man his view of his own Church, and the position in which he supposed it to stand to Protestantism, or rather, Protestantism to stand to it. Circumstances led me to believe that he would speak frankly and intelligently in these matters, and I was not disappointed. The prime difficulty was to establish a thoroughly available medium of communication between us; but at length we managed this by processes which it is unnecessary to explain to the reader.

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* Nothing seems more astonishing in its way than the vitality in Art of what may be called certain typical indecencies, mainly taken from the Classic Mythology, but at least in one notable instance, also suggested by a portion of the Biblical narrative. It is difficult for one who is no artist, certainly, to understand what advantage such subjects can present to the artistic mind. Yet there would seem to be something perennial in their attraction, if the walls of the Paris Exhibition this season may be held as evidence.

I had a long, earnest talk with the Padre, rising now and then into keen discussion, which we did not fail to mellow with a good bottle of wine. The Franciscan vow does not lay any ban on good wine, and the friend who accompanied me had a grateful recollection of some peculiar vintage which he had enjoyed in the same rooms on a former occasion. My friend's recollection is apt to be vivid in such matters: the eyes of the honest Father twinkled with intelligent response: and the familiar bottles made their appearance. And so we talked on in the winter afternoon, till the shades gathered around us, and the quaint lamp was lighted, and some meagre but not unpleasant fare provided. I certainly came to understand better than I had ever done, how a vigorous, candid, and well-informed mind could adhere with honest satisfaction to the Roman religion; and not only so, but vindicate it with a perfect good faith, although, as I never felt more strongly than then, by mistaken and rationally inadmissible arguments. There are Protestants who report that there is much bad faith among ecclesiastics in Rome; that there are many who do not believe what they profess; who, in fact, are infidels as to the divine verities of our holy religion altogether, while the supporters of a corrupt ecclesiastical system. There may be such: I do not know. I can only say I saw nothing of them. What impressed me most with such ecclesiastics as I did see —and I saw some in well-known and important public positions in Rome—was the apparently clear honesty with which they held to their system of faith as a whole. It was rare indeed that they could be got to enter into much conversation about it. I found no other who would enter upon the subject with the same frankness as our good Franciscan; but not even Dr. Manning could have a more implicit confidence than he had in his spiritual position, nor could he defend it by better arguments. It was, in fact, in the main, the same course of reasoning by which this subtle English intellect, now elevated to the head of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, works, that my friend the Franciscan Father employed. His great idea was (is it not necessarily the idea upon which all exclusive Church pretension rests?), that the supernatural order, with its attendant privileges, is alone in the possession of the Roman Church; the Church *is* the Roman hierarchy, with the Pope at its head. The Divine is not an inward spiritual grace circulating in all Churches, and blessing man with its presence everywhere, more than they are ready to receive it; but it is also an external order, fixed and definite,—which order the Church of Rome alone represents—alone is. All other Churches are outside this supernatural order. Protestantism is in its nature essentially rationalistic; its history proves this. To me personally, as he passed the well-flavoured wine, he extended a most kindly recognition, and in his heart I daresay he allowed me to be a Christian (I am sure he treated me as one); but that Protestantism in every form was beyond the pale of the true supernatural he maintained, quite as Dr. Manning does in that graceful Pastoral with which he has recently favoured the English public.

I asked him what he made of the Greek Church. The subject occurred naturally, as I had just returned from the Levant, with which he was familiar. I saw I had made a point—hit a weakness in the joints of his logical armour; and with what utterance I could, I pressed the point. He was at a loss how to fit the Greek Church into his argument. It was impossible to ignore its antiquity, and its spiritual lineage from the Apostles; he could not accuse it of rationalism; he was reluctant to accuse it of schism and apostasy in the face of facts which he knew, however little many of his brethren may know them. He fell back, therefore, in a somewhat hesitating voice, on the old commonplace about St. Peter as the special founder and governor of the Church. I was glad to notice hesitation in his voice. Hesitation is a hopeful, too rarely witnessed sign, in any ecclesiastical argument. I did not think it necessary to press the matter any farther. It was plain we could not come any nearer one another; and it was time to take our departure. No doubt the good man felt, that if I had at length started a difficulty, he had as a whole made a triumphant argument. There was humility and kindliness in his heart, a cheering hesitancy in his tone, whatever audacity there might be in his logic. We parted the best of friends, finally smoothing away all acerbities of the long discussion in the mild fragrance of a Roman cigar. He lighted us down the cold steps with his swinging lamp, casting its upward beams on his sombre robes; and as we parted beneath the frosty starlight, he was full of promises—if he could be of any service to us. We asked him afterwards for a letter of introduction to the head of the Franciscan Convent at Assisi, when we were about to set out on our journey thither. He complied at once with our request, and made us the bearer of his kind remembrances to some old friends there. And so it is that we have wandered into this digression, which our readers will pardon, if not for its own interest, yet for the fact that our good old Franciscan by the Tiber remains indeliby associated in our minds with his Franciscan friends at Assisi.

The journey from Rome to Assisi is full of interest and beauty; but all diligence-travelling becomes at length miserably wearisome from sheer fatigue of posture, change and relieve your attitude as you will in the miserable space in which you are cooped up. Darkness closed upon us as we left the long sad stretches of the Roman Campagna behind us, and the picturesque form of Soracte could no longer be seen, as we drew nearer to it; the dim, dirty-looking streets of Civita Castellana found us shivering with cold, and so we left our outside seat and took refuge inside of the diligence. One of our companions, of whom we had but a slight acquaintance before, was already ensconced there, and my main remembrance during the night was the tones of his voice, narrating some "scene of clerical life," of which I only half caught the import, and in which I had not a grain of interest. Yet I could not so far help attending to it. I gathered that my companion, a very worthy and good man, was of a well-known school of Church politics represented by a well-known organ of Christian virtue in these islands. I dreamily pondered this fact in my snatches of sleep. It was a sort of revelation to me. I do not know that I ever met a living representative of this school before or since.

As the day broke pale over the still snow-clad summits of the Apennines we were approaching Narni, where we halted for some time. Our time, however, was too uncertain to permit us to visit the ruined bridge of Augustus, which, about a mile from the town, still spans the turbid waters of the Nar, as they rush through a finely wooded gorge. It formed the passage of the old Flaminian Way, along the course of which we had been travelling for some stages. We started to walk in advance of the diligence down the spacious valley through which our route lay. The beauty of the morning, as its first clear paleness passed into golden sunlight—and there was still a crisp, fragrant, freshness in the air—was intoxicating. There is no joy of sense perhaps so purely elevating as such a morning; yet, like all sensitive stimulus, however pure, it was followed by reaction as the freshness faded from the light, and the nervous system which had bathed, soothed, and braced itself in the freshness began to relax from unwonted fatigue. What a delicate, subtle, mysterious organism this nervous system! How sensitive to unbidden impulses! What potencies of joy, what potencies of misery also, does it enfold!

The diligence fortunately overtook us before the advancing heat became oppressive, and then through dust and under a brilliant sun we rolled on our way, past Spoleto, with its magnificent aqueduct and picturesque environs; past La Vene, through the charming vale of the Clitumnus, where the great white Umbrian ox, celebrated in the Roman triumphs, may still be seen;[*] past a small temple of "delicate proportions," which some classical antiquaries have not hesitated to identify with the temple described by the younger Pliny as dedicated to the river god Clitumnus, and described as ancient even in his time. It occupies in all probability the same site, but there are many evidences that it cannot be the same temple.

About four in the afternoon we reached Foligno. Here we remained all night. Assisi was within easy reach, and after a good night's rest we proposed to devote the next day to its interesting churches and associations. But now a difficulty occurred. I was a young traveller in Italy, and had but a partial experience of the rogueries of Italian Vetturini. For all bargain-making I have, moreover, an instinctive aversion. Bargain-making, where the medium of communication does not permit a sufficiently ready outlet for the indulgence of your wounded feelings when fraudulent extortions are attempted upon you, is a mere hopeless pain. Better to be cheated at once, however painful this is, and have an end of it. It was an infinite relief to me, therefore, to have met a companion to whom this bargain-making seemed something of a genuine art. All the ingenious delays of the process, the delicate advances, the adroit retreats, apparently delighted him. He showed himself a perfect master of fence, even for Italian subtlety, and the complicated transaction was at length brought to a conclusion. We secured a vehicle at something like one-fourth of the sum originally asked—no doubt of it! But what sort of a vehicle, and what sort of a ride we made in it, I shall not venture to describe.

Still more serious opposition sprung up to the day's enjoyment. Who was this Francis of Assisi that I could be so interested in him? Was it worth interrupting our journey—for we proposed a somewhat extended tour—to go to Assisi at all. Was this great interest in a Romish saint a becoming, or even lawful, feeling in Protestants? I felt an unexpected shock. I had counted on a day's quiet imaginative brooding. I was not thinking then of Romanism *versus* Protestantism; I was not thinking of any *ism* under the sun; I was thinking of what seemed to me a saintly, childlike, beautiful character, and of the strange legendary incrustations which had grown around it, and what could be their right historical reading, or whether they admitted of any such reading; and suddenly the dream was dispelled, and the realities of Low Church Protestantism, with that singular power of provocation which they have for some minds, were obtruded upon me. It was far from pleasant. I believe I expressed myself freely on the subject; but I was not to be moved from my pilgrimage. Had I not for many a day looked forward to it? And did I not bear letters of commendation from my Franciscan friend by the Tiber?

So after a somewhat tedious journey, for the distance, we reached Assisi. It lies on the brow of a long declivity, and presents, with its ruined citadel, and the massive abutments of the convent, something of the appearance of a huge fortress at a distance. Dante[*] has celebrated its picturesque beauty, the glory which encircles it as the scene of St. Francis's pious labours, and the sanctuary of the early Italian art, which sought to immortalise these labours. We tarried but a short time in the town itself, taking merely a passing glimpse of the portico of the ancient temple of Minerva, still standing, attached to a church known as the *Sta. Maria della Minerva*. Goethe, in his Memoirs, relates that he ascended the incline on which Assisi stands to inspect this remnant of ancient art, and that, enchanted with his visit, he did not venture to disturb its associations by proceeding to the other end of the town to visit the convent of St. Francis. It was just the opposite inspiration which we obeyed. We had had enough in the meantime of the mutilated monuments of Pagan art. The fragments of the temple of Minerva, therefore, scarcely arrested us. We hastened onwards to the convent, gained without difficulty access to the Superior, or his representative, as it proved,—for the Superior had gone out. We delivered our letter, and were received very courteously. Before our departure the Superior returned, and heaped all possible attention upon us. Even our friend who had doubted of the propriety of the visit was softened, and acknowledged how agreeably we had been welcomed and shown everything. He would have been very hard-hearted indeed who would not have been touched by the gentle grace and condescending politeness of the Franciscan Superior. There was a pensive dignity in his manner very charming, and the pathos of a quiet dejection, with the visible signs of declining health, at once arrested our interest. He no doubt felt that, with the strength of his own days, the glory of his Order was fast passing away. The spirit of the new system of things was proving too strong; a new Italian kingdom, with some ideas of political economy as well as political liberty, had begun to lay legislative hands upon it. It was impossible not to see, even in the course of our brief visit, many traces of the rapidly advancing revolution. Not only the stillness of devotion, but of decay, brooded over the churches and the halls of the convent. The great refectory, which had once teemed with its busy thousands, was deserted; the cloisters stood bare and empty; the cherished monuments of the saint; the frescoes of Cimabue; the glorious allegories of Giotto, were no longer shown with a consciousness of pride and of joyful possession, but rather as reminiscences of a departing greatness. The very frescoes themselves, especially the grand series illustrating the life and supposed miracles of the saint, seemed to sympathise with the decay of the institution as they showed the marks of age, here and there obliterated, and dropping in fragments to the ground. Some were already so indistinct that their story could no longer be traced. The marks of that strong early genius who heralded the glorious line of Italian art, still cling to the walls, but their meaning can no longer be clearly read. I could not look at them without a feeling of regret that no applications of modern art can save these fine conceptions, everywhere instinct with an archaic dignity and spirituality of thought under all their dim-coloured formal outlines, and even here and there their apparent childishness of external design. The groups of the cardinal Christian virtues, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, with which Giotto surrounded the high altar of the second, or middle, church, are still comparatively living, richly coloured, and divinely expressive, if not so fresh as when they came from his hands.

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[*] Hinc alibi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa deûm duxêre triumphos.
Georg. ii., 146.

[*] Intra Tupino e l'acqua che discendo
Dal colle eletto dal beato Ubaldo
Fertile costa di alto monte pende,
Onde Perugia sante freddo e caldo
Da porte sole.
Di quella costa là dov'ella frange
Piu sua ratezza, nacque al monde un sole
Come fa questo tal volte di Gange
Però chi di reso loco fa parole

There are really three churches attached to the convent at Assisi, rising one above another, or at least three sanctuaries within the great edifice,—one of the rare specimens of Gothic in Italy. The upper sanctuary, or church, contains the frescoes of Cimabue, illustrative of the life of Christ, and of that of St. Francis, as his imitator. In the second, or middle, church, besides the masterpieces of Giotto around the high altars, there are various pictures of Giotto's pupils, especially a celebrated Crucifixion by Cavallini, said to have excited the admiration of Michael Angelo for its grandeur; and what struck me more than all the others, a St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, attributed to Puccio Campana, also a scholar of Giotto, although one would fain recognise the hand of the master himself in it. In the under church of all, hollowed in a rock, is the tomb of the saint. It is singular enough, that while it was the first successor of St. Francis in the government of his Order, by whom this magnificent edifice was reared, for the express purpose of enclosing the remains of the saint, it continued for ages to be a vehement controversy among the members of the Order, whether the remains were really deposited there. Great doubt prevailed on the subject, and it was only within the present century, after 500 years of controversy, often violently renewed, that all doubt has died down. It is stated that an investigation in 1818, conducted by the general of the Franciscans, and authorised by Pope Pius VII., led to the discovery of the skeleton of the saint in a stone coffin. A congregation of cardinals confirmed the genuineness of this discovery, which was announced by Pius VII. to the Church, and all sceptics on the subject were henceforth threatened with excommunication. The necessity of strengthening the alleged discovery by infallible sanction and

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Non dica Assesi che direbbe costo
Ma Oriente, se propico der vuole.
Par. XI.

Between Tupino and the wave that falls
From blest Ubaldo's chosen hill there hangs
Rich slope of mountain high, whence heat and cold
Are wafted through Perugia's eastern gate.
Upon that side
Where it doth break its steepness most, arose
A sun upon the world as duly this
From Ganges doth; therefore let none who speak
Of that place, say Assesi—or its name
Were lamely so delivered. But the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth styled.
Cary's Dante.

a decree of excommunication, is not a likely way of quieting doubts in some minds; but it must be allowed that the authenticity of the shrine of St. Francis is at any rate as well established as most shrines in Italy. The reverent Franciscan, as he approaches the dimly-lighted urn of travertine within the sacred enclosure at Assisi, may at least feel with confidence that the relics of the saint were native to the earth on which he kneels. Even the Protestant, as he stands silent beside the kneeling monk, is not here pained by any manifest lie inviting his regard. The dust of St. Francis may be there or not. This is to him a small matter; but it was here at any rate, in this town and near this place, that the humility, patience, gentleness, and unceasing self-denial of a devoted Christian life were exhibited and set before others as a light shining in a dark place.

In addition to the church and convent at Assisi, the traveller who has any thought of St. Francis in his mind, will not fail to visit, at the distance of about a mile and a-half, the fine church of the *Madonna degli Angeli.* This latter church, indeed, is nearer the ordinary route of travellers in passing from Perugia to Rome, or the reverse, than Assisi, which lies on the height above. The chief interest of this church consists—not in the frescoes of Overbeck, although these are very striking and fine, one especially, the Vision of St. Francis—but in the small, rude, Gothic chapel which it encloses. Within this chapel St. Francis laid the foundations of his Order upwards of six centuries ago. There is a quaint, antique simplicity about it; and as we entered its low archway, and surveyed its mean arrangements, and the original cell of the saint hard by, the life of St. Francis rose upon us more vividly perhaps than at any previous stage of our visit. Grand as were the impersonations of Cimabue, and divine the creations of Giotto, in the splendid edifice at Assisi, here, in the rude memorials now before us, was the true expression of the spirit of St. Francis. It was here that the words of the Gospel, as he read them one day, seized him with a literal earnestness that inspired his whole career. "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor yet staves." "Behold what I desire; this is what I have longed for!" he joyously cried; and, throwing away his sandals, and exchanging his girdle for a rope round his loins, he went forth without even the staff or scrip of the mendicant, to proclaim the Gospel of self-denial. It was in the year 1209 that this inspiration came to him. Slowly at first he made his way, preaching repentance in the streets of Assisi, and saluting all he met—"The Lord give you peace!" A perfect passion for abnegation possessed him. He stripped the clothes from his back, and gave them to the beggars. He disposed of the goods which he ought to have carried to the market to repair the dilapidated altar of God. When reproached by his father, entreated by his gentle mother, and carried before the Bishop of Assisi, that he might receive more enlightened notions of the value of property, he exclaimed, "I would gladly restore not only the money, but the very clothes I wear." And so he despoiled himself of all his clothes but his hair shirt. "Hearken to me," he continued, "I have hitherto called Peter Bernardone (for this was his patronymic) my father. Henceforth, I will serve God alone; henceforth I will say, 'My Father who is in Heaven,' and no more." Gradually he gathered around him a few disciples: a rich burgess of Assisi, to whom also the voice of the Gospel had come with an earnestness which admitted of no question as to its literal meaning. "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor; thou shalt then have treasure in Heaven." Others of the lower orders, to whom poverty was no strange thing. Around his cell at the chapel of Porziuncula they formed a little band, weak in apparent influence, but holding a wonderful destiny in their hands. "Fear not," he said to them, "because you are small, and seem foolish. I have confidence in the Lord, who has vanquished the world. His spirit will speak by you; you will find some good ones who will receive you joyously; many proud, who will resist you. Bear all with sweetness and patience. Soon the wise and noble will be with us. They will preach with us before princes and nations. The Lord has given me to see this. I hear in my ears the sounds of the languages of all the peoples who will come to us: French, Spaniards, Germans, English. The Lord will make of us a great people, even to the ends of the earth."

Then, while the number of his disciples was still only seven, himself the eighth, he formally instituted them, and set them apart to their work of self-denying Evangelisation. "Go," he said, "two and two, and preach to men peace and patience. It is for this we are called. Tend the wounded; relieve the oppressed; reclaim the erring; be patient in trial, and without disquietude, for the Lord will accomplish his promise. Answer humbly to those who ask you; bless those who persecute you; and give thanks to those who injure you, and the kingdom of God will be prepared for you." Then all threw themselves on the ground before him; and, embracing each, he dismissed them, saying, "Lay all your cares upon the Lord, and He will sustain you."

Such was the great Franciscan Order in its commencement, before the papal sanction had been yet extended to it. A few feeble folk, led by one who seemed half a maniac in his absorbing passion for self-mortification; ejected by his father, stoned by the populace, clothed only in a coarse robe bound by a leathern sling, the gift of some compassionate hand, living in a rude cell shaped by his own hands —St. Francis yet felt himself already a mighty power. The inspiration of a great idea was swaying him—the *consecration of poverty.* Whatever we may now think, in the midst of the nineteenth century, of this idea, in the literal form in which it was interpreted by St. Francis, it was an idea undoubtedly which the circumstances of his age made *great*. The wild and coarse worldliness of the time needed some powerful principle of reaction to hold it in check, or to set any intelligible ideal of a higher life before it. St. Francis found this principle in the consecration of poverty. The life of our Lord, not merely in its spiritual meekness, but in its external accessories of poverty, dependence, and humiliation, was the only true life of the Christian. To be like Christ in all things—"to put on the Lord Jesus" literally, in all His pain, and suffering, and passion, for the sins of the world, and in no sense "to make provision for the flesh:" this was the motto of the saint of Assisi—the grand, if exaggerated, idea on which he founded his Order.

And it may be briefly said, that, whether many others sought honestly to realise the idea or not, Francis himself never swerved from it. It was the inspiring passion of his whole life. It is the key that explains the strange mysteries which have gathered round it, particularly that singular inexpressible marvel which to all Romanists is an object of profound faith and reverence, the alleged impression of the *stigmata*, or marks of the Saviour's sufferings, on his body. I do not know that there is any legend of the Roman Church so strangely interesting as this one, so beautiful, so suggestive, while to many minds perhaps, also, crude and painful in its materialism. Yet St. Paul said, "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear on my body the marks (στίγματα) of the Lord Jesus." (Gal. vi. 17.) Whatever St. Paul may have more particularly meant by this expression, we have no doubt that the higher spiritual meaning which it bears was also in the main the meaning of St. Francis. It was the same divinely impassioned spirit of self-sacrifice, however encrusted by the superstitions of his time, which burned in the soul of the saint of Assisi. And there is something, it appears to me, very touching even in the materialistic form which the divine thought took in his mind, or at any rate in the minds of his followers. I could not help feeling this as I gazed upon the striking representation of it by Giotto's pupil. It was impossible to look at the awe-struck, half-kneeling form of the saint, thrown back in a deprecating yet solicitous agony of earnestness, while the mysterious influence gleamed upon him from heaven, without being deeply impressed. Nor did the impression vanish with the occasion. The powerful fascination of the mystery for the mediæval mind—how it grew up—what elements of truth it embodies or rests upon—the singular accumulation of evidence for it—and how this is to be explained without accepting the literal fact—all this continued to interest me greatly as an historical problem, the solution of which touches intimately many phenomena of mediæval biography and history. In another paper I may endeavour to give this solution, both for its own interest as a piece of historical analysis and for the light which it throws upon other mediæval legends. J. T.

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THAT arch conspirator Miss McQuarrie sat in Mortimer Street waiting news. She kept her own secret of course. Nor had she long to wait, for on Wednesday morning the following letter was received:

"GREYSLEY, *April* 20, 18—.

"MY DEAR MISS MCQUARRIE,—Agreeable to instructions, I waited on Wedderburn Brothers, and laid your proposal before them. They were taken a good deal aback at first, and seemed unwilling to accede; but by degrees they were brought to a more favourable state of mind. Yesterday morning they consented to accept Mr. Hagart as a partner on the conditions proposed. Although I know the house to be thoroughly stable and solvent, I would not conclude negotiations without an examination of their business books, which I found satisfactory. It was arranged that you should pay 2500*l.*; that Mr. Hagart should receive a sixth share of the profits; that the utmost secrecy should be observed as to your share in the transaction; and that the accession of Mr. Hagart to the partnership should be made as public as possible,—that it should be advertised in the Greysley newspaper, that circulars should be forwarded to their business friends and correspondents, and that the old dingy sign of 'Wedderburn Brothers' should be taken down, and a new one, with the words 'Wedderburn Brothers and Hagart' painted thereupon in gilded letters, should be placed in its stead. I laid a good deal of stress on the matter of publicity; as from our conversation the other day, I gathered that such publicity would be grateful to the feelings of your friend.

"When I obtain your approval of what I have done, the deed of partnership will be formally drawn out, signed and witnessed.

"You will be gratified to learn that Wedderburn Brothers speak in the highest terms of Mr. Hagart's steadiness, character, and talent, and that the partnership is to be offered him in virtue of these qualities.

"I remain, dear Miss McQuarrie,
"Your obedient servant to command,
"JOSIAH HOOK."

To Miss Kate the letter was entirely satisfactory, and Jack had no sooner gone—for she read it seated at the breakfast-table—than she got out her old-fashioned writing-desk, and scribbled a note to Mr. Hook, expressing her complete approval of his arrangements, and instructing him to have the matter concluded without delay. When the note was folded and sealed, she rang for Ann, and sent her with it to the post-office.

When the note was despatched, Miss Kate arose and began to pace up and down the room, with her under lip stuck out, and her hands folded behind her back, as was her habit when she was immersed in thought. All kinds of ideas were coursing through her shrewd, old, worldly-wise, yet thoroughly tender and affectionate brain. She was a cynic, and she fed her cynicism on herself, as well as on others. She loved money, and was unwilling to part with it; and now having parted with a considerable sum for Hagart's good, she—without in the least repenting the step she had taken—was inwardly railing on Hagart for having made her do so. "The fool! Central America, forsooth! Tormenting himself and others with his quicksilver brain." These, and sentences of similarly uncomplimentary import, she muttered as she marched up and down. And as up and down she paced, a beam of April light came into the room, and in the brightness the portrait of the Governor of Ceylon seemed singularly alert and vivacious, and watched the coming and going figure with an interested regard. Of this Miss Kate seemed to become conscious, for she paused in her walk and looked up. "Humph, *you* fought, and were parched by the hot sun, and lived and died among strangers, and the money you earned with your life goes after this fashion. You would have thrown it in the sea rather." Miss Kate still looked at the portrait; but in a moment or so, the April beam died out, and with it departed all speculation out of the countenance of the Governor. It became merely an ordinary picture in an ordinary gilded frame; and Miss Kate resumed her march, her hands behind her back, and her under lip stuck out.

My own impression is that in thus marching up and down, Miss Kate was not so much scourging Hagart as she was scourging herself. I rather fancy that some subtle sense of having been generous, of having performed an action worthy of commendation, was at the bottom of the whole commotion. She had never been much in love with her fellow-creatures, she had never believed in their nobility, their disinterestedness, their purity of motive; and, true to her cynical instincts, she would not willingly take that credit to herself which she was unwilling to render to others. When she thought of the large sum of money which she had given away, this idea of generosity arose, and to get rid of it she flew to the opposite extreme, and almost made herself angry with the thought that she had given her money to a fool, in order to preserve herself and her sister from that fool's vagaries. And so poor Hagart suffered vicariously. She chewed carefully-selected bitters, in order to put a strange sweet taste out of her mouth. Such a sweetness was suspicious in a half-embittered life.

But as she marched up and down, the old face grew tenderer, and at last a pleasant light broke all over it. She suddenly remembered, by what occult power of association I cannot tell, that Jack's birthday fell on the following Monday. Then she thought what a nice thing it would be to hold it; then she thought what a pleasant thing it would be for the boy, if his father and mother would be present; then she thought it would be delightful, knowing what she knew, to witness these good people wearing their good fortune in its newest gloss. These notions took entire possession of her, and made her perfectly happy. The fruit looked so tempting, and smelt so pleasantly, that she could not help eating it; the idea was so agreeable that she could not forbear putting it into execution at once. So she sat down to her writing-desk again, and requested the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Hagart's company to dinner on the following Monday, being their son's birthday; and Ann had no sooner returned from posting the letter to Mr. Hook, than she was sent out again to post the letter to Mrs. Hagart.

When Jack returned from school he was told about the birthday dinner, and the invitation which had been sent, which caused him vast delight.

"When father has once been here," said he, "and gets to know you better, he won't ask to meet me at the station-house any more. He will come here at once."

"I dare say he will," said his aunt, with mysterious emphasis and a curious smile; "I don't think you will have any more meetings on the canal banks."

Two or three mornings thereafter a couple of letters were brought in, one addressed in a male, the other in a feminine hand; and Miss Kate knew instinctively that they came from Hagart and her sister. She opened her sister's first, with just the slightest possible tremor in her hands.

"GREYSLEY, *April*, 18—.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—We shall have much pleasure in dining with you on Monday next, on the occasion of John's birthday. It is very very kind of you to remember us.

"When your letter came I had just sat down to write to you. I have such a piece of good news to tell,—*such* good news that I can scarcely believe it to be true yet. The other afternoon, Mr. Hagart was called into the counting-house of Wedderburn Brothers, and was told that, in consideration of his great services, they wished him to enter into partnership with them; and that in the event of his consenting, they were prepared to allow him a sixth of the profits. The announcement came on Alfred like a thunder-clap, as well it might. When he came home and told me, I was almost beside myself. The matter is now entirely settled: the deed of partnership has been drawn up, and signed in proper order. What do you think of *that?* It will astonish you, I dare say. We shall be quite rich now, after all our struggles and anxieties. I have not yet calmed down: the good news has gone to my brain, as I once remember a glass of champagne going when I was a child, and I hardly know what I am about.

"And yet the news has made me sadder than I have been for years. I think of the little one that has been taken from me, of her scanty wardrobe, of the little I could do for her while she was with me, of what I could do for her *now* had she been spared. O sister, sister! I have been crying half the morning; but I try to comfort myself with the thought that God can give her more in heaven, than I ever could give her on earth, although I had the wealth of a queen.

"I have had to leave my writing for a little, and am calmer now. The pleasantest thing to me in this stroke of prosperity is the thought that it will reconcile you to my husband. I know you considered I did wrong in marrying a poor man: I feel that something of the old grudge still lingers in your heart against him: but all that will be changed now. You never knew Alfred. You only knew his slender purse. I know his worth, his talent, his kind heart. He has waited long for his reward, but it has come at last. I am but a poor pen-woman, and cannot express all I think and feel. I would like to hold you in my arms, and tell you everything. Be sure and tell John. He will be so delighted, poor boy!

"And now I must stop, for my head is in a whirl. Excuse this scrawl, and believe me ever,

"Your affectionate sister,
"MARGARET HAGART."

When Miss Kate had finished the perusal of this epistle she made a hurried grasp at the other, as if seeking some sort of relief. When she opened it she found it written on business paper, with an engraved heading "Wedderburn Brothers and Hagart, Greysley," running along the top. As she divined, it was from Hagart himself, and ran thus,—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—My wife will tell you with what pleasure we accept your invitation to dinner on Monday, and how much that pleasure is increased by the event it celebrates.

"You will doubtless be surprised by the heading of this letter. I am now a partner in the house in which I was formerly a servant, and am proud to say that the partnership has been offered me as a reward for my services, and—as I suspect also—as a means of permanently securing these. When offered, I at once saw it my duty to accept it.

"The motive which may have induced Wedderburn Brothers to make the proposal, can of course have no interest for you. It gives me, however, the utmost pleasure to inform you that the partnership has been offered and accepted. I am perfectly aware of the feelings you entertained—and perhaps still entertain—towards me. The feeling on your part was perfectly natural; and it was quite as natural that the knowledge that that feeling existed should give me pain. I love my wife too much to be indifferent to the opinions of her relatives. Were I still in my former position, I should never have addressed you, and should never willingly have met you; although all the while I would have cherished for you the sincerest regard, and the deepest gratitude for the kindness you have shown my son. A respect for your feelings, and my own proper pride, would have prevented all communication between us. But the case is different now. Without an indecent boast, I may congratulate myself that I have, unaided, and by the exercise of my own talents, gained a position of comparative opulence; and while I rejoice in this for the sake of your sister and my son, I rejoice in it not the less sincerely that it may show you that the poor artist on whom your sister bestowed her hand is perhaps not so contemptible a person as you may have at one time imagined.

"I do not, madam, claim your friendship, nor your kindly regards. Had this not happened, I should not have intruded myself on your attention. I have never before proffered you my hand. I proffer it now, because I know that now it is more likely to be accepted. I did not seek you in misfortune, I seek you now in success: with you remains the issue, and by that issue I abide.

"I remain, dear Madam,
"Yours most respectfully,
"ALFRED HAGART."

The perusal of this epistle put Miss McQuarrie a good deal out at first. The whole drift and movement of it was unexpected. There breathed from it a certain pride, an air of condescension, a generous cancelling and throwing away of undeserved wrong, which made the reader's eyes open in astonishment. The writer reposed so undoubtingly on the sense of his own merits; he so fully believed that what had been gained, had been gained by his own right arm, that Miss Kate's first impulse was to be angry, and her second to laugh outright. "Deuce take the man!" she muttered to herself; "he condescends to me as if he were a king. He'll begin to patronise me next." The letter troubled her, and she still held it in her hand, as if it was something to which she had not got to the bottom. Then she read it over again, studying it sentence by sentence. The letter pleased her much better on a second perusal. When she finished it she got up, and began to march up and down the room, with a slight colour in her face. "There's something in the man, after all. I suspect I shall like him better when I come to know him better. Don Quixote was a fool, but he was a gentleman. Hagart is a fool, too, but there is an authentic touch of the gentleman in him. This letter, everything considered, with its queer mixture of pride, dignity, and humility, might have been written by the Don himself. If the poor man but knew what an ass he makes of himself by his vapouring and his fine forgiveness! He puts me in mind of that crack-brained, cross-gartered fool, Malvolio, whom I used to read about in the play-book when I was a girl. But there is something noble in his letter. He does not know what secret influences have been at work, and he naturally takes all the credit of his success to himself. I suppose any man, situated as he is, would have done the same. Hagart should always ruffle it in the sunshine. The shade does not become him. His fine sentiments and a thousand-a-year would make excellent companions. He certainly did not thrust himself on me while he was in adversity,—that's a vast deal in his favour. I like proper pride, and the standing-up for one's self. A fool is bad enough, but a sneak is ten thousand times worse. Hagart is not a sneak, at any rate. You may cure a fool of his folly, but never a sneak of his sneakishness. The hungry, greedy cowardice of the sneak is the lowest thing I have yet seen in man. Thank God, Hagart is not a sneak. I must write congratulatory notes to these people, I suppose, for of course I must be as much delighted and astonished as they are. What a singular coincidence," and here the queer smile broke out again, lighting up the wrinkled face, "that I should have asked them to dinner, and that they should have such good news to tell me! One would almost think that the dinner had been given in honour of the good news. I must point out that to Margaret. Heigho! what a hypocrite I am getting in my old age, when I have taken to do a little good. I suppose virtue is like gold, it is unworkable without an admixture of alloy." And so Miss Kate sat down again to her writing-desk, and wrote a congratulatory note to her sister, and a frank, honest, outspoken—almost affectionate—one to Hagart. It was that writing that finally and for ever closed the family breach.

The cunningly-smiling missives were duly despatched, and when Jack came home to dinner in the afternoon his aunt communicated to him the wonderful news which had that morning reached herself. The boy felt as if a patent of nobility had been conferred upon him. There was a sudden unknown brightness in the air, the cold mutton became paradisaical food, and was eaten off a golden plate. He had never felt so happy in his life before, and he had never seen his aunt look so happy.

"There will be no talking of going to Central America now," said Miss Kate, when she had finished.

"No. Father, when we walked together, always said he would come to something, and he has come to something now. He is very clever, you know."

"But now that your father has become a rich man he will despise me, will he not? He won't recognise a poor relation like me."

"I am sure he will never do that," said the boy, quickly. "He will like you very much when he knows you. And I am sure you will like him, aunt. You only require to meet to be friends. He is not proud; at least, not proud in that way."

"But isn't it lucky this thing should have happened just now? The partnership could not have come at a better time. It seems almost providential, does it not?" And so with her own happiness, and with the boy's, Miss Kate played. It was like a new trinket, to be toyed with and fingered, and to be set in the best light and admired.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the Monday following, at half-past five o'clock, Miss McQuarrie and Jack sat in the drawing-room in Mortimer Street, waiting their guests. They had not waited long when a fly drove up to the door, and the bell rang. Jack went to the window, and saw his father and mother step out of the vehicle; and he had hardly resumed his seat when Ann threw open the door, and announced Mrs. and Mr. Hagart. Mrs. Hagart entered, looking very happy. She kissed Jack, and wished him many returns of his birthday; she kissed her sister, and held her in her arms for a moment; and then, turning round, formally introduced her husband. Hagart took the heavily-ringed hand stretched out to him, muttered the usual commonplaces, and then walked up to the fireplace and stood in an easy manner on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, surveying the entire room. Miss Kate and Mrs. Hagart were seated together talking, and Jack could scan his father's movements at leisure. Hagart's advance to the fireplace, and the establishment of himself on the hearth-rug, almost took the boy's breath away. It seemed like an invasion of the sacredness of the quarter-deck. Never before in his life had he seen his father so cool, self-possessed, and regardless of dignities. The hearth-rug was appropriated as a mere matter of course. Jack was astonished, but his astonishment was increased when his father, leaning his back against the mantel-piece, called out—

"And so, John, you have completed the first year of your teens! Time is passing, my boy. Remember that Alexander conquered Asia, and that Pitt was a prime minister, when they were not many years older than you are now."

Before Jack had recovered himself sufficiently for a reply, Ann had opened the door and laid a parcel on the table.

The parcel had no sooner been laid upon the table than Hagart advanced, and, unclosing it, revealed a richly-woven shawl. He then stepped toward the ladies. "Miss McQuarrie," he said, gallantly, "accept an ear from the field of Wedderburn Brothers and Hagart;" and saying so, with a deft hand he whipped the rich covering around Miss McQuarrie's shoulders.

At the moment Mrs. Hagart's face was very pretty with smiles and blushes. "The very night, dear, that Alfred obtained the partnership, he told me that his first duty would be to look out for the nicest shawl he could find; and next day I went into Greysley, and, going over the whole stock, fixed on that one. Don't you think it pretty?"

"Beautiful," said Miss McQuarrie, glancing from one shoulder to the other; "and I am sure I am very much obliged."

"It is my very best design, I think, and I am twenty times more pleased than you can possibly be," said Hagart; and then Ann opened the door and announced that dinner was ready.

Hagart proffered his arm to Miss Kate, saying as he did so: "One other obligation I ask, that you will do my present the honour of dining in it." Miss Kate gave a smiling assent, placed her hand on Hagart's arm, and the pair marched out of the room and went down-stairs.

Hagart's ease, self-possession, and gallantry were new to his son, and his surprise had in it the slightest tincture of alarm. As his mother and he were now in the room alone, he gave a hurried expression to his feelings.

"You foolish boy! Your father and Miss McQuarrie are fast friends now: besides, long ago, when I knew him first, your father was familiar with fine houses—much finer houses than even this. He seems to-day ten years younger. He is at his ease, of course—why should he not? Would you have him stand awkwardly near the door, as if he wished to steal the hats; or to look as if he did not know what to do with his hands? Take my arm, John." And so, in the wake of Hagart and Miss Kate, Jack and his mother went down-stairs and entered the lighted dining-room.

The Governor of Ceylon by the time the company had seated themselves must have had the entire contents of the table by heart, and summed up the expense, so earnestly had he been surveying it since the lights had been brought in. Hagart sat down opposite, but was not yet conscious of the inquisitorial gaze. If his conduct was easy in the drawing-room, it was quite as easy in the dining-room. He seemed never to have sat at a table less richly furnished. He talked, carved, joked, and passed the wine. Jack was mute with wonder, Mrs. Hagart was in a flutter of pleasure at her husband's brilliancy—the plume which had been so long draggled in the winter rain, was now burning like a flame of fire in the sunshine. Miss Kate watched Hagart narrowly, as if making up her mind finally about him. It was evident she was pleased on the whole; but every now and again, as the talk flowed on, a curiously meaning smile would gather about her mouth, the cause of which may be divined. When dinner was over and dessert placed on the table, Miss Kate, lifting her glass, said: "I have a toast to propose. This is John's birthday, and it is only proper that we should drink his health. Your good health, John!" "Your good health, John," said his mother, looking across the table at him with happy-rainy eyes. "Your good health, my boy," said his father, stretching across his hand and shaking his son's affectionately, "and may prosperity attend you." And poor Jack, while bowing his thanks, was terribly conscious that three pairs of fond eyes were bent on him.

It may have been to hide a slight flutter of parental feeling that induced Hagart to fill out a glass of wine at this moment and raise it to his lips. Whatever might be the motive, he did pour out the wine, and it was while in the act of drinking it that he encountered the eye of the watchful portrait. Without withdrawing his gaze, he placed the empty glass on the table, and asked: "Miss McQuarrie, may I ask whose portrait that is on the wall opposite?"

"My uncle, General McQuarrie, for many years Governor of Ceylon."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hagart. He dimly remembered hearing something of that distinguished military gentleman from his wife, years ago. Somehow the general's pertinacious watchfulness, and something in Miss Kate's voice—for people who have the good fortune to count Generals in their family are perfectly conscious of the fact—troubled him. Something of his old suspiciousness of his hostess returned. He had been pluming himself on his recent good fortune; but to be a partner of the firm of Wedderburn Brothers and Hagart was nothing to having been a General and the Governor of an Oriental island. Was she thrusting in his face the family greatness? For the moment he thought so, and, struggling with this uncomfortable feeling, he trifled with his empty glass and remained silent.

Miss Kate was of course ignorant of what was passing in Hagart's mind, but although she had known, she could not have acted in a happier manner. The light tap of her glass on the table woke our friend from his gloomy reverie, and when he looked up he saw Miss Kate smiling upon him. "I have proposed one toast already," she said, "and I think, before we leave the table, it is my duty, as it is certainly my pleasure, to propose another. We will drink prosperity to the well-known and distinguished firm of Wedderburn Brothers and Hagart," and so saying she smiled on Hagart again, bowed, and put her glass to her lips, while Jack and his mother tinkled their glasses in acclamation.

A sudden tide of generous crimson rushed over Hagart's face when Miss Kate had ceased speaking. He was ashamed of his suspicions. He felt that Miss Kate could not help having a distinguished relative. He felt certain that she had no intention of hurting his feelings. For the moment he almost hated himself for suspecting that she had any such intention. And as he saw that the whole table had its eyes fixed upon him, awaiting a response, he hurriedly swallowed a glass of wine, and cleared his throat, while the glasses tinkled again delightedly.

"Miss McQuarrie," he began, "as the sole representative present of the firm of Wedderburn Brothers and Hagart, the pleasant task devolves upon me of returning thanks for the toast which you have so kindly proposed. In the name of the firm I thank you from the bottom of my heart. To-morrow, when I meet my respected partners, I shall inform them of the kind wish you have this evening expressed." Here there was another tinkle of applauding glasses, and when it was over the orator resumed.

"I have not the honour to be a General of the British army, like my friend in the gilt frame opposite; no one is likely to call me Governor, except my son"—here a smile dimpled itself round the table—"yet at the same time I may express the belief that, in the present posture of my affairs, I have some slight reason for self-congratulation. The partnership which I have gained may be a poor thing, but 'tis my own, as Touchstone says. If there be any honour in my present position, I have acquired it—as your relative acquired his military rank—by my sword." Here Miss Kate's face flew all into a beam, and she tinkled her glass tremendously, which stopped the flow of the sentences. The thread of discourse being utterly snapped, Hagart blindly possessed himself of one of the ends. "This partnership was offered to me, I may state now, most opportunely. For some time back I had been meditating a step which would have caused great changes"—here a blank came over Mrs. Hagart's face, and Jack flushed up to the roots of his hair. He knew what was the step alluded to, and having held the conversation with his father which we know about, he felt almost an accomplice —"which would have caused great changes, and made us the denizens of another hemisphere. That dream has gone like many another. I can speak freely of it now. The partnership was offered me, and I accepted it. In the name of the firm I again thank you." He had said his say, but he could not flatter himself that he had said it well.

After this speech the glasses tinkled only in a half-hearted way. The allusion to the great scheme which Hagart had been concocting, and of which till now she had been entirely ignorant, made Mrs. Hagart silent. Jack felt awkwardly conscious. Miss Kate thought it prudent to make no sign. Hagart filled out another glass of wine, and drank it, glancing up at the general's portrait as he did so, and when he had placed the glass on the table Ann opened the door and announced that tea was laid in the drawing-room.

After tea Mrs. Hagart sat down to the piano, and began to play slow pibrochs and wailing coronachs. To Hagart and Miss Kate that slow monotonous music brought back the past. Hagart remembered his early days of courtship when first he heard these melancholy airs; the happy days when Hope flew before him on brilliant unwavering wings; when he was about to make a name in art; when his wife's cheek was rounder, her hair glossier, her voice not a whit more soft, her heart not nearly so tender—the days when he would have despised the partnership of which he was now so proud. Miss Kate sat apart on a settee, and at the call of the mournful notes, from a remoter distance, there flowed over her a more sorrowful wave of reminiscence. The past bloomed for her again, but it bloomed with the flowers and herbs of sorrow—rue, the passion-flower, forget-me-not, and love-lies-bleeding. With wistful eyes she was looking back to the far-off brightness of girlhood, almost sunken now beneath the horizon of memory. Her whole life seemed filled with the sound of falling tears and the sighing of farewells. To the player, from every vibrating key there came, not so much a sound as a ghost of childhood—of her early home, her father, her sister, of the family breach which seemed so cruel, so irreparable, but which was now happily healed. She sat unconscious of everything around her, playing an autobiography. To the boy, too, seated on a low stool close at hand, the weeping music brought imaginative influences. It came to him with a pleasant prophetic sadness—a sadness which he could not translate into anything definite, but which he felt the years in their courses would translate for him clearly enough.

After Mrs. Hagart rose from the piano, the influence of the wailing music still remained on Miss Kate's party. Conversation proceeded, but only in a half-hearted way, and the appearance of Ann with the spirit-case and glasses was by all felt as a relief. They drew around the table, and Hagart brewed a tumbler of punch, and ladled out a glass to the ladies, and a quarter of a glass to his son. He then made a fresh supply for himself. Talk revived around the punch, and they became comparatively merry. Then Jack began to yawn, and his father to remember that he had next morning to proceed to Greysley by the early boat. In a short time Miss Kate rang for bed-room candles, and the party broke up. When Jack reached his own room, he hurriedly undressed, and his head had no sooner touched the pillow than he was sound asleep.

When they reached their bed-room, Mrs. Hagart wormed the secret of the great scheme out of her husband. Up till the period of the speech in the dining-room she had no idea that Alfred's thoughts had been running on Central America. Although, when he walked into Greysley after the interview with his son at the station-house, Hagart had resolved to ask Mr. Moorfields to dinner, and get him to broach the emigration scheme to his wife, and talk her over into acquiescence, he had never carried that resolution into effect. He had experienced a decided check in his son's opposition, and he was certain that his wife's opposition would be yet more decided. Unexpected difficulties rose in his way; and these difficulties he was afraid that even Mr. Moorfields' showy manners and fluent tongue would not be able to remove. Then Wedderburn Brothers' offer of partnership came, and the great idea was relinquished entirely. The emigration scheme was checked by Jack, just as Napoleon was checked at Quatre Bras; the emigration scheme was defeated by the Wedderburn

Brothers as completely as Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. The scheme became utterly disorganised, broken and routed, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

To his wife that night he talked about it frankly enough, and that good lady it kept long awake. She felt that, all unknown to herself, she had been toppling on the edge of a horrible precipice; and with her husband asleep at her side she lay awake, filled with the devoutest thankfulness that from her and hers this evil thing had been warded away. In the offer of the Wedderburn partnership she discerned the working of the Providence that numbers the hairs of human heads, and by whom the falling to the ground of even one of the sparrows of the air is not unregarded.

When Miss Kate reached her own room she sat down in a soft-cushioned chair near the fire; and if a spectator had been present, he would have seen her shoulders shaking with laughter beneath her rich shawl. "That poor dear innocent Hagart," she muttered to herself, "is better than a play. He marches about in his partnership, and is as proud of it as a red Indian of his war-paint and his buffalo robe, fringed with the scalps of his enemies; and his squaw looks on with admiration, and regards her lord as the greatest and the best. It's perfectly beautiful, and only needs a stage and a row of footlights. He and General McQuarrie! The partner of Wedderburn Brothers and the Governor of Ceylon!" Here the old shoulders were convulsed again. "If they but knew, the Babes in the Wood! What a stramash there would be; and how Hagart would come tumbling down like a shot eagle. He would be off to Central America at once. He never could look me in the face again after his vapouring, and his fine letters and speeches. And yet I like the man, although I can't help laughing at him. I suppose we have a kindly feeling towards the people we laugh at." Here Miss Kate got up and took her present from her shoulders, drew a chair towards the light, spread the shawl carefully on the back of the chair, so that she might have a full and fair inspection of the same. She looked at it for a considerable time, turning the chair now this way and now that. "It's very nice and pretty of the two fools to have bought me this. Very nice and pretty indeed. This is one of his designs, he says. It must have been a clever head out of which all these Indian pines and arabesques came. His talent ought to bring him to something." Miss Kate took the shawl from the chair, folded it up, and placed it in a drawer. She then came back beside the fire, and stared into it while it slowly crumbled away. The old, wailing tunes which she had heard up-stairs were in her memory again, and she was alone with dead faces and long-departed voices. Mrs. Hagart, awake in her bed up-stairs, was thankful to Providence—little suspecting that Providence was incarnated in the wrinkled woman sitting down-stairs beside the dying fire.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Hector McQuarrie had for some little time, as we heard from Mr. Hook, been meditating the sending of his daughters south to Hawkhead for a season, that they might enjoy the benefit of the schools. Hector had a large sheep-farm in Skye; he had been for many years a widower, and the education of his daughters had been confided to the care of a governess. The work of education went on smoothly enough at Uanvohr. Under the care of Miss Weston the girls acquired a bold sloping style of handwriting; some knowledge of music and French; a little history, out of which the dates were continually slipping, and then the entire historical fabric came to grief, as comes a pinned-up tapestry when the pins suddenly give way; an acquaintance with the simpler English classics, *Rasselas* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, for instance; and a thorough proficiency in needlework. This was all very well, and Hector would probably have been quite contented with the education which Miss Weston was able to bestow on his daughters, if Miss Weston had been in a position to continue her services. But Miss Weston had her love passages. Years before, her troth had been plighted to a Student of Divinity; and as this Student of Divinity—having passed his trials before the Presbytery with flying colours, and developing a very pretty gift of pulpit eloquence—had recently been presented to the parish of Crossmy-Loof by a powerful patron, the period had arrived when Miss Weston must leave Uanvohr, and, with a changed name, take her place at the head of the manse-table. Miss Weston cried a good deal when she parted from her pupils—carried away a tress of Miss Oona's dark hair which curled as if there was life in it, and a sleek tress of Miss Maggie's brown, which lay quiet and shining, as if waiting to be stroked and fondled. The girls, to do them justice, were as sorry to part with Miss Weston as Miss Weston was to part with them. There was a great to-do, an inordinate amount of embracing and kissing on the morning on which Miss Weston was to leave. The cart was at the door, in which her trunks were placed and in which she was to take her seat; the girls with breaking hearts came out to have one last kiss; and Miss Weston, smiling through her tears, promised to send them a bit of her marriage cake, which comforted them greatly.

It was when Hector was first made aware of Miss Weston's approaching marriage that he wrote to Mr. Hook about sending his daughters south. Miss Weston's marriage took place during the summer; and it was arranged that Oona and Maggy should depart in August, so that they might be in Hawkhead when the schools should re-open. It was the opinion of Mr. Hook and Miss Kate, that when the McQuarrie girls came south they would to a certainty place themselves under the wing of Mrs. Stavert at Cuchullin Lodge. Such, however, did not turn out to be the case. Hector McQuarrie hated to be under obligations to any one. He knew perfectly well that most fathers in his circumstances would have sent his girls, either to Mrs. Stavert at Cuchullin Lodge, or to his sister at Mortimer Street. He knew, too, that his girls would be made welcome at either place; but then neither at Mortimer Street nor at Cuchullin Lodge could he board his daughters. He was resolved that when his girls went south they should be obliged to no one—that every service or civility rendered them should be fairly and honourably paid for. No one should ever boast that they had patronised his girls, or taken them by the hand, or bestowed on them an unrequited kindness. Hector McQuarrie defended himself against the world by his purse. There was a cold glitter of silver coins around him that repelled all advances—quite as dreadful to affection as a cold glitter of steel bayonets. To him the whole material and spiritual world was like a draper's shop; every article had its price attached to it in plain figures—ready cash, and no abatement. When he wanted anything—a cow or a kindness—he paid his money for it and asked no discount. He was an essentially fair man: he would no more impose on his neighbour than he would allow his neighbour to impose on him. He was generous, too, after a fashion; but his generosity was one-sided: he had no idea that it is more generous frequently to take than to give. Actuated by these motives and views of things, he resolved that his girls should neither reside with his sister nor Mrs. Stavert; and he accordingly sought out a relative of his late wife's, resident in Hawkhead, and of somewhat straitened means—a widow lady, Mrs. Wilson by name—who would gladly take charge of his girls, and who would quite as gladly take remuneration for her trouble.

The house of Uanvohr sat on the sea edge, and the rolling ground behind was islanded with birchwoods, and interspersed with spaces of pasturage and arable ground. The only road which connected the farm with the outer world ran along a deep green glen which was invisible from the door. To the north-east, at the head of the narrow bay, were splintered peaks, and the huge bulk of Marsco, lined and wrinkled as the face of a crone of a hundred years, gashed right across with the darkness of a ravine. Near the shore, immediately below the house, were the huts of the cotters; and here and there among the clumps of birchwood rose thin wreaths of blue smoke from turfen dwellings, which one would almost fancy had been dropped in those sheltered places by accident. Just where the coarse herbage and the sea-sand mingled, was a boat-house; beside it boats lay sideways and keel uppermost; and right away from these, and stretching in front of the smoking huts, herring nets were hung out on poles to dry. These cotters were dependants of the farm: men and women, they had served Hector McQuarrie in one capacity or another, and much kindly feeling existed between them. The girls especially were immense favourites with these simple people. They were constantly going in and out of the smoky dwellings, bearing messages, carrying wine and cordials for the ailing child, or bed-rid man or woman stitched with rheumatism. Miss Oona, too—who had a taste for the wild and marvellous, and was fond of Gaelic songs and superstitions—delighted to escape of an evening to the cotters' huts; and, in the orange glow of the peat fire and the light of the smoky lamp, would listen for hours to the old legends of the isles. And when the stories were done, proud was young Lachlan or Donald to escort the young lady to the house, while the stars were keen above, and the sound of the making tide could be heard on the shingly shore. At set of sun, on the evening before their departure—when the bay was a golden pavement, when the splintered peaks wore fiery edges, when the upper half of Marsco was bronze, the lower half in shadow; and when the rosy light fell prettily on boat-house and waving herring nets, on the cotters' huts smoking peacefully, and the undulating retreating ground with its birchwood islands—at set of sun that evening the girls put on their hats and went down to the huts to say good-by. The brown-kilted children stood aloof, the boys pulling red forelocks, the girls curtsying, as the young ladies passed; the men at work at the doors touched their bonnets, and when they entered, the women would wipe their best chairs and bring them forward, and break out with a strange querulous whine or fond groan: "Oh, my *Cuillen*, my beauty, my bold black-eyed, that's going to leave us, blessings be with you! God keep you in his arms till you return! Oh, my darling, my lamb, my brown baby, with her mother's eyes—Oh, my pet, it's my arms that would be proud to be your cradle!"—and so on, would pour the torrent of fond ejaculation with many a tender pressure, and kiss on cheek and forehead, between whiles. "God go with you, I pray, and bring you back again, my darlings!" Miss Oona was the spokeswoman on these occasions, and her words and smiles these poor people treasured as carefully as if they had been golden pieces. On this present afternoon she had many people to see, many parting words to say. She had to visit her nurse; shake hands with the grey-headed shepherd who had carried her home in his arms years before, when she had sprained her ankle in crossing the stream up among the hills; to visit Ean, the cripple; to look in upon Duncan, who had served her father faithfully in fair weather and foul, and who was now paralysed on one side; and, generally, to make loosely-knit growing girls happy by the information that she had left one of her old dresses for them up at the house. It was dark before their visits were over, and certain of the women accompanied them to the house, invoking blessings all the way, and at the porch door there was a final bout of kissing and embracing. "Oh, my pet, my darling, my beauty, it was my breast that fed you, my *Cuillen*. God bless you, and bring you back prettier than ever." Never did girls start on a journey attended by kinder wishes than did Miss Oona and Miss Maggie McQuarrie.

Next morning Hector McQuarrie having some farm business to attend to, left the house early, promising, however, that he would ride across to the little village at which the southward-going steamer touched, in time to accompany the girls on board, and consign them to the care of the stewardess, and bid them farewell. After the master left, the house was in vast commotion. The girls' trunks and the trunks of the maid who was to attend them, properly corded and addressed, were laid on the gravel at the front of the porch door, and the cart which was to convey them and their luggage up the deep glen and over the hills was already passing the cluster of barns and coming up the road. The maid servant was standing on the gravel, and shouting something to the driver. The hour of parting had now come. The girls had been ready to start for some little time, and had kissed and been kissed by all the female servants half a dozen times in the course of the morning. But, although they had been prepared for it, the actual moment came upon them sharply. Maggie in her own room, was breaking her heart over a brown terrier pup, the sole survivor of a litter of six weeks ago, the life of which had been spared at her earnest intercession, and which she had adopted as her pet. This pup she kept in a warmly lined basket, and fed it regularly with milk from the dairy. In the keenness of her pain she had flown up-stairs, caught up the little creature from its basket, and now, while it licked her fingers, she was pressing it to her bosom, leaning her cheek against its soft side, muttering words of endearment curiously compounded of Gaelic and English, her tears falling plenteously on its moist nuzzling nose. Oona, seeking the same relief as her sister, ran out of the house, and climbed a little eminence behind, from which a view of the bay and the hills could be obtained. "Oh, Marsco!" she cried, gazing on the familiar objects through her falling tears, "Oh, Marsco! Oh, sea! Oh, birchwoods, smelling sweetly after the rain! Oh, shore and boats! I am going among strange faces; to live with people I never saw, and do not love: how can I live away from you? Will you remember me when I am gone, as I will remember you? Will you be glad to see me when I come back?" At the very moment she was speaking, great wreaths of shining vapour were lifting off the rocky front of the monstrous hill, and wet lines beginning to shine out on it like silver; but through the thick veil of her falling tears the girl could not take note of the radiant changes. "Miss Oona! Miss Oona! Where are you? We're waiting for you. The cart's going to start." And at the call of voices the girl checked her sobs, dried her face, and came running down to the porch door, where the cart was standing with the trunks, and in which the maid and Maggie were seated—the latter with eyes red with weeping, and turning constantly to the window of the room in which she had left her pet—who was by this time selfishly coiled up in his basket and fast asleep, as is the manner of all pets, human and other.

When the cart got into motion, it drew after it all the Uanvohr domestics. They were unwilling to part with the girls yet, and they walked behind and alongside, wiping their eyes with their aprons, and talking rapidly in Gaelic. So accompanied, the cart reached the end of the road running from the house, and began to dip down into the long green glen. Here the cotters were assembled, men and women, to bid their young mistresses farewell. The cart stopped for a little, and then there was another bout of kissing, embracing, and hand-shaking, the air the while undulating with ejaculatory blessings. When the vehicle proceeded, the people remained, and Oona and Maggie could see them waving their hands till the rising ground hid them from view. The cart was now in the green solitariness of the glen, the parting was entirely over, the tears were dried on the girls' cheeks, and right a-head the steep road could be seen climbing up through the clumps of birchwood. The steep road was reached, and Donald the driver came down and walked alongside. When the cart was half way up the ascent, Marsco, azure with distance, became visible, the great wreath of vapour risen entirely from his crest and floating above him. Oona knew that at this point she would see the last of her mountain friend. "See Marsco, Maggie!" she cried. "There's Marsco bidding us good-by; he is taking off his cap to us." The quick pang was over; there was room for the play of fancy, and she kissed her hand to the mountain as if it had been a lover. "Don't you think he will be very lonely without us?" Maggie made no reply. She did not care in the least for Marsco; to her the terrier pup was metal more attractive.

When they reached the white village the first thing they saw was their father's red pony, Roger, haltered to an iron ring beside the merchant's shop. In a moment after, Hector and the merchant came out from the shop and assisted them to alight. At the village the girls had dinner, and meanwhile their trunks were placed in the boat which would pull out to meet the steamer. Dinner was no sooner over than the red-funnelled steamer lay-to in the bay, waiting passengers. The boatmen were getting matters to rights at the shore, Hector hurried his daughters down, the boat was pushed off, the stalwart fellows bent to their oars, and in a short time they were alongside the big vessel, the passengers looking down on them from the bulwarks. When they got on deck, there was little time to spare. Hector took the girls down-stairs, procured a berth for themselves and maid, commended them to the best attentions of the stewardess, whom he privately tipped. He then carried the girls up to deck again, for the steamer bell was ringing departure, and the boatmen alongside were getting impatient. "Now, dears," he said, as he kissed them, "you will be very comfortable, I hope. Write me as soon as you arrive. Mrs. Wilson will be waiting for you, and will have everything nice. You will see your aunt Kate and Mrs. Stavert, and you will remember me kindly to both. Now, Oona, good-by; good-by, Maggie. Be sure you write;" and as he kissed them for the last time, a tear glistened in his grey eye, as a rain-drop glistens on a flint.

The boat was thrown off, the paddles of the steamer churned the water into pale green foam, two handkerchiefs fluttered from the bulwarks, to which Hector waved his hat, and in a short time steamer and boat were invisible to each other.

The McQuarrie girls reached Hawkhead safely and in due course. They were received by Mrs. Wilson on landing; they attended a fashionable and flourishing institution for the education of young ladies; they called at Cuchullin Lodge and at Mortimer Street; and it was on a Saturday afternoon at Mortimer Street—Miss Kate had asked Oona and Maggie to bring over their needlework, and to spend the evening with her—that Jack first saw his cousins. That meeting he can remember perfectly to this day, although so many years have since then come and gone. The meeting was interesting in itself; and, besides, it was the next great event in the boy's life since the memorable dinner at which his father and mother were present.

When Jack entered the drawing-room on that Saturday afternoon, he was formally introduced to his cousins. He went forward, and a tall girl with a pale face, and black hair and wonderful black eyes, rose from her chair and took his hand, and hoped he was well, in an accent in which there was a foreign something—like the smell of the sea in the air—which was not unpleasing. This tall girl, dark-eyed and dark-haired, Jack knew to be his cousin Miss Oona McQuarrie; but he felt that their cousinship would not bring them one whit nearer—at all events, *he* felt that he could not presume upon that relationship. If it was ever fated that they should like each other, their cousinship would not help them to it; would perhaps be rather a stumbling-block in the way. There was a curious something in Miss Oona's manner which struck the boy—curious to him, but perfectly natural in the circumstances. In the first place, the girl was Jack's senior by two or three years, which made a vast difference; then Miss Oona, having heard of Jack, was a little curious as to the sort of cousin he should turn out to be; and with her hand still in Jack's, and with the foreign silver of her accent in his ear, she was endeavouring to come to definite conclusions concerning him. And to all this there may be added a certain hauteur of bearing; the natural reserve of unfamiliarity; and the just as natural condescension of the elder girl to the younger boy—it was these things in Miss Oona's air and manner, and felt at once by the boy's quick instincts, which gave Jack the impression, as he stood with her hand in his, that between them there was a gulf which cousinship should never be able to bridge. But this sense of subtle distance between the two was productive of benefit in another quarter. When Jack entered the room, Maggie rose as well as Oona, and—her cousin and her sister shaking hands—being aware by some swift clairvoyance that there was a jar somehow, she was naturally impelled to give the strongest expression to her own feelings, not only to gain relief to herself, but to cancel for Jack the slight hitch which she knew had occurred. So, when Jack turned to her, standing with her white dress and brown hair a little farther back in the dusk of the room, she came forward frankly, with her face all in a smile, and placed both her hands in Jack's, who felt at once that although their acquaintanceship was barely a moment old, he had known his pretty cousin for years and years. In fact, this sense of intimacy seemed to run away back as far as consciousness extended; and it was impossible for Jack to conceive a time when he had not known her. He had not sat by her side for five minutes till she had flowed in, filling up all the gaps and interstices of his life.

Jack slipped into an empty chair beside Maggie, and Miss Oona, who seemed entirely unaware of his presence, resumed the discourse which his entrance had interrupted.

"I have told you about our dancing master, but M. Lessels, the old French teacher, is the funniest and dearest little old man. He is as thin and brown as an old fiddle, aunt, and wears the greyest beard. It is such fun to see him open the class-room door with a sliding step, to take a pair of white gloves out of his side pocket, to draw them on his withered fingers, to fold back his coat cuffs, and then to proceed to business with a bit of chalk on a black board. He is a polite and ceremonious fossil. And he has the keenest feelings, too; for if one of the girls makes a mistake, he smites himself on the forehead with his white-gloved hand. Many a time I have made him smite his poor forehead."

And here Miss Oona laughed a little liquid laugh.

"I was without my lesson one day, and he was nearly distracted. He smote his forehead in despair; 'Ah, Mees McQuarree, I do not know what to do with you, you will be my death. You will be one honner, two honner, *five* honner years at the verb *avoir*, and you will not have it at the end.'"

It was a fact, although Miss Oona did not choose to mention it, that on the evening preceding M. Lessels' outburst, when that young lady should have been busy with her French grammar, she had been crying her eyes out till long past midnight, over the pathetic pages of *Thaddeus of Warsaw.*

"But my dear——" began Miss Kate, somewhat reproachfully.

"Oh, I hate French," cried the young lady; "I can't get on with it at all. I am sure I would learn my lessons if I could. But, to go on with M. Lessels. The other morning I was a little late in entering the class-room. He did not notice me when I came in, and I heard him say, 'Mees McQuarree is not here—of course. It is her translation day, and she will not come.' 'Good morning, M. Lessels,' said I, handing him a small moss-rose for his button-hole as I passed, and taking my place. 'Ah,' cried he, skipping back a pace or two, 'here is Mees McQuarree, and on her translation day! Will she have her translation with her?' 'This is *not* my translation day, M. Lessels.' 'Then that is the way you have come. Ah, Mees McQuarree, you will be my death, you will be my death.' And yet I think M. Lessels likes me better than any one of the girls."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because he has asked me and Maggie to tea once or twice, and I don't think he has asked any of the other pupils. He has a sister who is as bony as himself, who snuffs, wears ringlets, puts her poor hands in black thread mittens, and is as sentimental as a novel. If you just saw him, with his grey hair frizzed, and his white waistcoat on, in honour of his guests. We drink tea. M. Lessels plays on the flute, Mam'selle warbles a little French song like a canary, and when that is done the old gentleman talks of the Emperor with tears in his eyes,—for he was a soldier in his youth, and fought at Wagram, and other great battles. He showed me a medallion of the Emperor the other evening. What a beautiful face it was, aunt; what a mouth and chin. To think that such a man spoke the language almost makes me in love with French."

"Buonaparte was a great rascal, and his father was an obscure Corsican attorney," said Miss Kate, with some spice of asperity. "It would be better if M. Lessels taught you more French, and talked to you less about the Emperor, as he calls him."

Miss Oona rose in a coaxing way. "Now, aunty, don't be cross, or think me careless. My tongue runs away with me at times, and I am more attentive to my lessons than I say. I am indeed. To show you that I am industrious I have brought you this," and Miss Oona opened a little bag, and laid a piece of ornamental needlework on Miss Kate's knee, the precise nature or use of which it may be excusable in a male chronicler to be in ignorance. "Miss Stevens told me that I have produced the best bit of work this session."

Miss Kate looked at the needlework for a moment in silence. She then, without saying a word, opened the door of a cabinet, and took out a roll wrapped up in paper. "Look here, girls," she said as she resumed her seat, and opening the roll revealed a sad-coloured sampler. "I worked that when I was younger than either of you. And I was placed at no fashionable school, and had no fashionable mistress either. That was done before M. Lessels' Buonaparte was heard of."

The work of art spread on the old lady's knee was of the most curious description. In the centre was a many-windowed mansion, with an avenue running up to it, and fringed with triangular bushes. In the corners, right above the mansion, were trees of the knowledge of good and evil,—an Adam with an apple standing beneath the one, an Eve with an apple beneath the other, the serpent's mouth at her ear. Beneath the mansion, and on either side of it, two flying stags were represented, with their horns laid back and hounds after them in full cry. Around these images was worked an ornamental border; and just within the border meandered a scroll with the legend, "Catherine McQuarrie, whom God preserve, 1777." "You could not do that," said the old lady, "with all your teaching."

The girls were loud in their admiration. "What patience you must have had," said Oona. "Your fingers must have been nimbler, and your needles finer than ours."

"How very dim it is, Aunt," said Maggie; "all the colour has gone out of it."

"As it will go out of your cheek some day, if you live long enough," said Miss Kate, rolling up the sampler hurriedly. "It has faded, like myself, dear. Now, John, if you ring the bell, I'll tell Ann to bring up tea."

When tea was over, Oona went to the piano, and as Jack and Maggie were thrown together again they had some little talk.

"I did not know that I had a cousin like you," said the girl, "and I am very glad."

"But I knew you were my cousin, for Miss McQuarrie told me," said Jack.

"You are away from home, just as we are away from home?"

"This is my home now—but I have another."

"Were you sorry to leave home? Had you a soft brown beautiful terrier pup in a basket, which you were sorry to leave? I had."

"No; but I was sorry to leave my mother and Martha."

"Who was Martha?"

"The maid servant at home: we had only one."

"Oh! papa has a dozen. But then some of them milk cows and churn butter. Were you ever in Skye?"

"No, never."

"Would you like to go?"

"Very much. I have heard my mother speak about it."

"Oh, you must come in summer some year, and I'll show you everything,—the pretty flowers that grow in the pools of sea-water among the rocks, and the grouse eggs amongst the heather. I like Skye far better than Hawkhead."

"Do you. Why?"

"Because I have so many pets there."

And so on. The pauses of Miss Oona's music the boy and girl filled up with such bald disjointed chat, and became very intimate and confidential in consequence. It was very pleasant to Jack and to Maggie. The latter part of the evening sped much more rapidly than the earlier. In a remarkably short period, Miss McQuarrie's drawing-room clock struck ten, and then there was a thundering ring at the door. The maid had arrived in a hackney coach to take the young ladies home to Mrs. Wilson's.

When they were gone, Miss Kate said, "Well, John, how do you like your Highland cousins?"

"I like Miss Maggie best."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I suppose because she speaks to me."

"Don't you think Miss Oona pretty?"

"I can't say. I couldn't see her face for her eyes."

"Why that's the greatest compliment you could pay her eyes. I must tell her the next time I see her."

OCTOBER.—THE GREEN HILL-SIDE.

A SONG for dun October,
That tints the woods wi' broon,
And fills wi' pensive rustling
The wooded dells aroun';
While lintie, merle, and mavis
Nae langer pipe wi' pride,
Nor larks wi' song salute us
On the green hill-side.
Auld nests are noo beginning
To peep frae woods fast thinning,
And wi' nae thocht o' sinning
Lairds death are scatterin' wide;
While some are grumblin' sairly
O' fields that yield but sparely:
But Nature yet looks rarely
On the green hill-side.

What though our posie borders
In waefu' plight are seen,
Though stocks and staring dahlias
Hae tint their summer sheen,
Thy hoary dawns, October,
They ne'er were meant to bide,—
Unlike the halesome clover
On the green hill-side.
Though Robin's town-notes swelling
O' summer's flight are telling,
A sober thought compelling
That nane would seek to hide,
Shall we at hame sit chaunnering,
O' frost and famine maundering,
While wiser folks are wandering
On the green hill-side?

We'll see the souchin' peesweeps
In gathered flocks prepared,
To leave the glen and meadows
Whare love's delights they shared;
Their cheerfu' cries we'll hear nae
As owre our heads they glide.
Poor birds! they part in silence
Wi' the green hill-side.
And though nae lambkin's gambols
May cheer us on our rambles,
O' hips, and haws, and brambles *
Ilk brake we'll reive wi' pride,
And pu' the lingering gowan'
Whare, late, the cluster'd rowan,
In scarlet grandeur glowin',
Graced the green hill-side.

When streams the gouden sunset
Frae 'tween the hills and cluds,
While hangs the double rainbow
Aboon the sparkling woods,
In the herald lull that tells us
The storm-king by will ride,
Oh! wha would haste in terror
Frae the green hill-side?
What though the cluds close o'er us,
And glens grow dark before us,
Some bush frae blustering Boreas
Will ample beil' provide;
While thoughts we lang shall treasure—
The bairns o' purest pleasure—
Shall leap in canty measure
In the green hill-side.

Oh ye wha life are wearin'
Amid the city's smeek—
It's no' in noisy taverns
Ye Pleasure's face should seek.
'Mang "social tankards foamin'"
She cares nae lang to bide;
But weel she loes the freshness
O' the green hill-side.
For summer's flight she cares nae,
And winter's frown she fears nae;
To slight poor Toil she dares nae,
Nor frae him seeks to hide;
By burnies murmuring sweetly,
At morn or e'en she'll meet ye,
And wi' a smile will greet ye
On the green hill-side.

DAVID WINGATE.

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* "Hips, and haws, and brambles"—wild berries.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

No. I.

I DID once chance in my dreams to meet one who had never seen the sea. He told me he thought it must be like a very great pond, wherein were always to be seen a crowd of ships with all their sails set, and whales and such like creatures swimming up and down among them. It has since appeared to me that some of those who have seen what he thus imagined, conceive of it no less unworthily—some indeed as unworthily, others only insufficiently. But who knows the sea aright? Its liberty, its variety, its joyousness, its magnificence, who can tell? John Bull's wont is, when the city grows too hot, to air himself on the sands, where he daily peers out for sails through a glass, and curiously wonders what he will do till dinner-time. It grows more and more his wont also to cross "the perilous narrow ocean," at its narrowest; but what a wonderful compound of unsavoury thoughts must the sea conjure up after such experience of it! "A very ancient and fish-like smell," to begin with; the shivering joy of a morning dip; bad novels and Marine Parade gossip; tar, shrimps, and certain queasy reminiscences of the mid-channel, not to be dwelt on:—surely the sea is "a joy for ever!" To speak seriously, coast associations are (*me ipso judice*) neither noble nor very delightful. It is better to have the cobwebs of city offices blown away after this manner than not at all, and children make perhaps cleaner dirt-pies of sea-sand than of anything else; but as to the romance or grandeur of the thing, why, one might as well read Dibdin's Songs. Sea-songs, like sea-novels, reflect nautical life fairly enough, its dash and roughness, its boyish pranks and dangers gallantly met; but nautical literature, whether in prose or verse, conveys an idea of the ocean just about as satisfactory as summer-lodgings at the coast do, or a four-hours' passage by steam. Yet out of these veracious sources, most people have to pick up what thoughts are in them of God's greatest earthly creature.

Some there are indeed, more familiar with it, in whose breasts "the rough rude sea" awakens far other thoughts. To timid dwellers on the coast, familiar with wrecks and breakers, with loss of life, and the dismal nights through which women keep signal-lights burning in their cottage-windows, it is a name of terror, a thing made to be the devourer of brave men,—hungry, insatiable, cruel. It is mournful to know how good reason the registers of shipping casualties afford for such a feeling in the coast population. This penalty we islanders must pay for our insular security and maritime wealth. Like

> 'The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
> To the sea-monster,"

our annual offerings go down to the ever-opening jaws of the monster which roars round our border. The Minotaur is never appeased. By what payment, or how costly, shall we buy one year's immunity? There is a track all down our history and literature of this sacrifice to the seas. King's children have been victims; Sir Patrick Spens never "came sailing to the land;" young Lycidas was musically mourned in immortal verse; first-rates have gone down, not always with the roar of battle doing them military honours, but even in silence and still water; whole families perish, and hecatombs of souls in "Royal Charters" and the like. Such things are written, sung, and told; but of the yearly dole of petty wreckage which the sea takes from our coasters and fishing craft, what memorial lives, save a prosaic line in some shipping chronicle, or the weeds which here and there a widow wears for the broken and obscure remainder of her days? The jewel of an English home is swallowed where no diver can reclaim it; the sea is never the richer for it, but alas, that home is poorer! Is there not good cause that the seafaring folk who fringe our land, should think a great deal more anxiously of weather signs and storm-drums than about the æsthetics of the sea?

Seamen as a rule view their own element through eyes too exclusively professional. What profession indeed is alive to either the philosophy or the poetry which is in it? All of us run so deep down into the groove which tradition and routine wall in on either hand, that we are unable to peer over the rim to scan the wider bearings of our work on the great world without, or even stand aside to view our own place in the commonwealth of men as outsiders view it. There is that about the daily business of the meanest which might stir thoughts in the wisest. Some humble callings converse with nature close at hand, or as it were in her private workshops; and others are brimful of unwrit heroics; yet, as the soldier does like a martinet what others sing in bounding verse, so the peasant or shepherd will stride with heedless whistle over unregarded glories of the field, and the sailor will hear with listless ears the mystic music which ocean dashes day and night around him. To minds even of most tender observation there is over everything a bloom which, like the down of peaches, use will dull. Things near, though small, fill up the eye; and in this life of action, that which must be done, often done, and done well, with thought and care, for needful ends of existence, may be forgiven if it shut out things great and lasting, which press less closely on us.

I found a hint to muse from after this manner in a speech made the other day by one of our ship-officers, as he and I leaned together on the bulwarks, and watched the blue water glide, flecked and eddying past. "Ah," said he, lapsing into a moralising humour, "it is wonderful, when one thinks of it, what one sees at sea! Here is the ship to begin with: I wonder often how her masts stand such pressure on them, and don't snap!"

"Very wonderful," I said; but thought it more so that the petty belongings of one's craft can so creep into a soul and choke it up that it shall see no greater thing beyond it. But who of us can boast himself here above his brother? We are all too straitly cribbed and cooped within the things we handle. God give only that what is seen and temporal do not quite intercept faith's sight of those things, invisible and eternal, in which our higher life rests! It will matter less if in our small, narrow-visioned way, we see to work true to God, and bear ourselves nobly; duty is noble, wrap it up never so meanly. To such there will come a day of the loosing of these bonds from the spirit and a sudden widening of the soul's horizon.

I believe it will be found on reflection, that to most people the sea calls up a train of grander ideas than can be accounted for by anything they have ever seen of it. My dream-born friend, of whom I spoke, did not appear to me satisfied that his description quite equalled his own idea, though he found no better words to express it. The reason I take to be, that of this, as of most objects in nature, the vulgar conceptions which float loosely through men's minds and colour ephemeral writings, may be traced less to personal observation than to the language of thinkers and poets. Persons even who could not cite a single passage from either poet or thinker, are yet unconscious heirs to that larger "public opinion," which, generated by a long line of great seers, is broadened from one century to another, and being through reading and converse adjusted as well as diffused, comes to hang like an atmosphere around every subject of permanent moment and be a common patrimony, which the thoughtless ignorantly accept, and the most thoughtful cannot, if they would, decline. To the poets, especially, we owe whatever images of dignity connect themselves at once with the naming of the ocean. We conceive of it as they have seen it for us. Its vastness, still more its fury or terror, the unsearched wealth it holds beyond recovery, the restlessness of its motions and the dolefulness of its voice, with the triumphs of discovery, colonisation, trade, and war, which have persuaded us to claim almost national property in it: these features outline the picture of ocean, vague indeed, but large, which our poets have traced. It is not a complete, nor in every point a correct picture. In respect of both correctness and completeness we suffer possibly from this, that nearly all our chief English poets have known the sea only from the shore. Numbers, like Milton and Wordsworth, travelled abroad and visited southern shores; but, unless we can except Lord Byron, I do not recall one who was much at sea. For more reasons than those already hinted at, this puts the poet at a disadvantage. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has said, and Sir Walter Scott confirms her saying, that that portion of any country where its highlands descend into the flat land affords the most romantic scenery. By parity, it may be supposed that the most picturesque, as it is the most perilous, part of the sea should be the coast line where it meets the land. Perhaps it is so; but it does not follow that it is the part where the characteristic peculiarities of ocean most appear. For example, the coast is certainly the best place to learn the terribleness of waves; for, as those passions which run deep, so long as they have clear way, conceal their force and keep a steadfast front, but, being crossed, will chafe against that which hinders with senseless and destructive fury, so the violence of water is best seen where it finds a solid obstacle to stay its rush and fling it back, spent and baffled, upon the next following waters at its back; where also its effects remain in jagged cliffs tunnelled by the untiring waves, and a strand strewn with the morsels they have gnawed from the rock. But, for this very cause, it fails to show the natural action of undulating water; in truth, waves far out in open sea, and those which break upon the shore, differ so widely that, as far as I have observed, their whole moral significance suffers a change. Give them sea-room, they rise before the breeze with an easy natural curve, and heave their crests in licensed sportiveness till the topmost particles of water leap from their place into the air; and, falling back, spot the now hollow and receding wave with crisp white foam. Their whole motion is free, unchecked, instinct with life. It suggests joyful exercise of strength, with more strength in reserve. I never yet looked on the agitated surface of open ocean without being aware of this gladsomeness in its waves. They seem to toss themselves on high in good-natured rivalry of each other; now and then one bigger than the rest outleaps his fellows, to sink again with a sibilant gush, which for a moment drowns competition. All the while there is a cool plash as of intermittent cascades, a sound, hoarse, not dissonant, which dies and swells with the brisk breeze like the laughter of sea-gods at play. It is true, large waves, like their playfellows the porpoises, gambol heavily, with a lazy, elephantine carelessness, which seems to say, "We could, an if we would." But there is no touch of malice in their mirth; theirs is the excellence "to have a giant's strength," but not (you think) the tyranny to "use it like a giant." No doubt when your Lilliputian hand-built barks adventure themselves in the play of giants, they may chance to come by shrewd blows. If athletes box or strip for a fall, though it be a holiday match, what mother will trust her boy in the mêlée? I have seen considerable waves, but, at their roughest, never lost the feeling that, however it might prove death to us, it was not the less their sport. Leap they ever so wildly, there is about their majestic and unhampered sweep of moving curves a certain fearful exhilaration, compounded of gleefulness and terror, such as I never elsewhere experienced. It contrasts curiously, by the way, with the effect of falling water. Standing before a cataract which falls dense and wide in a single volume, the mind is stricken, crushed, stunned; partly because the roar is without variety or pause, partly that the heavy mass by its own weight moves sheer down, for ever down, as if it would bury itself and us together in the pool beneath. Whereas, here at sea, the prevailing motion is upward; the water seems against its own weight to rise, not as compelled, but spontaneously, seeking the upper air with the fitfulnesss of life in lightsome and ever-varied and renewed leaps. Of course the arrested leaper must return upon himself. Even in open water, that line in "Locksley Hall" about

> "the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts"

recurs to remembrance. But Tennyson—who, though not what is called a descriptive poet, abounds in touches exact enough to soothe the soul of a pre-Raphaelite—meant these words to picture the surf which breaks on a low shelving sand-beach. And rightly, for the top of a billow whose bottom part has grounded must fall over on the shore with a dull cataract-like roar, unlike the living plunge with which, when their force is spent, the deep sea receives its waves back into its own bosom. Besides, whatever depression the mind perceives in this reaction or ebb of a wave, is checked by the fresh leap which succeeds even while the eye looks, not to name the myriad brother-waves which leap all round.

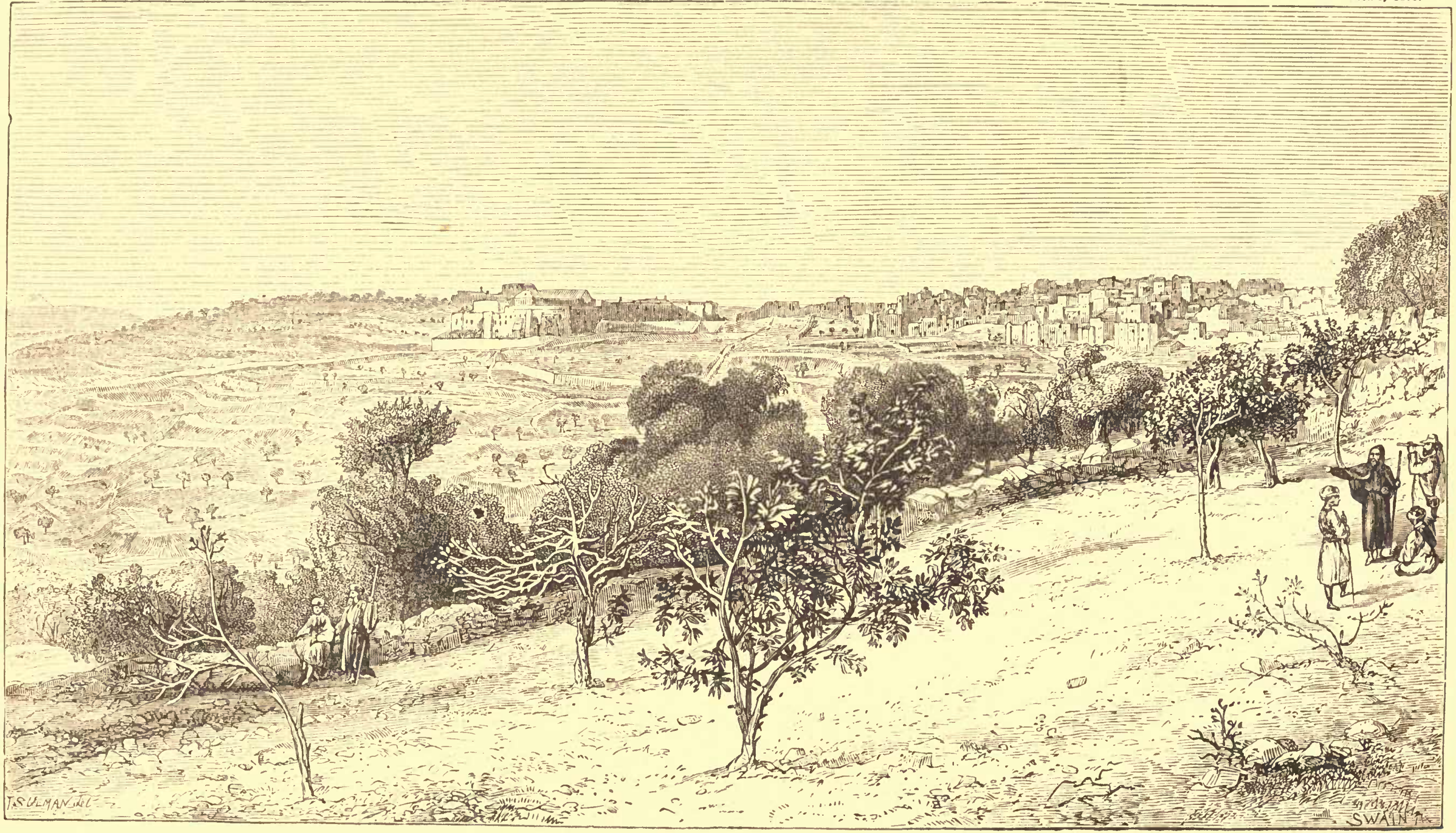
I have dwelt on this buoyancy of waves in mid-ocean the longer, that I recall scarcely a passage in any poet which does justice to it. Poets, like the rest of us, have been more familiar with their aspect from the shore. The good old stock-terms, too, by which people describe the sea in agitation, as when they call it "angry," or "raging," or "cruel," or "fierce," are coast-bred. At times, no doubt, they have been suggested in a storm by the terror of the voyager, whose imagination, roused through danger, sees wrath in that which would engulf him, and credits the waves with purposing in malice what they by simple accident effect. But this belongs to higher poetry, the epithets cited never could have become what they are, conventional stuffing for every declaimer's periods, but for our familiarity with waves which lash the coast. Still more is it so with such adjectives (dear to some modern "spasmodic" rhymers) as the "hungry," "greedy," "creeping," or "crawling" wave, and the like. No wave left to itself ever demeans itself, or could appear save to a morbid fancy to demean itself, by "crawling," for example, like a reptile. Yet on the shore even this basest word becomes descriptive; for see what admirable use Kingsley makes of it in the best of recent ballads, to mark the slow, deceptive, deadly advance of the tide over a dreary reach of wet slime at the mouth of a tidal river:—

> "They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
> The cruel crawling foam,
> The cruel hungry foam,
> To her grave beside the sea."

It is verily the last noble attitude one can catch old ocean in, this same landward creeping of the tide. It eats up morsel after morsel of the shore, yet hugs it close in its wily arms. It glides so softly one can hardly hear it, yet overlays the land with death as cold as fate. It grovels flat at one's feet along the oozy mud; and, since we must step back, who shall forbid us to give it hard names as we go? But I had rather see it rage than creep, better it should thunder proudly in upon the land before a stiff breeze, so it keeps a manly place. Each wave races up the firm white sand upon its feet till it can run no farther, then, falling prone, dashes its head forward, impatient to claim the higher strand. Its spray flies up, and the roar with which it rattles the pebbles is heard far inland. Better still and nobler is the wrath of breakers against a rock-bound coast, where dry land breasts the flood, not bows low to meet it; no man can then believe the sea to be in sport. Its remoter waves toss free enough; but this last one which, in the full height and middle of its course, smites upon black rock, whose foundation, deeper than its own bed, is fixed of God for ever, does visibly resent the shock, for you see it fling itself, white with rage, far over the outlying fragments at the cliff's base and up in spouting jets of foam towards the very summit of the headland, as if it scaled a rampart to take forbidden land by storm. Beat back with deafening uproar, it sucks in its strength, withdraws its foot, and coils its back once more for a fresh advance.

Thus the awfulness of sea-action on the coast is drawn from resistance offered successfully to the moving body by a fixed one. It is no longer power in free exercise, but power broken in conflict. Two forces meet: one active, with the momentum of motion; the other at rest in passive resistance: the one warring, the other warred upon. They necessarily become types; the land in its feeble yet impassable sand-belt or towers of "ragged" granite, of all that is inflexible, whether in divine decree or human purpose; the other of passion, which, though weak (being essentially an incoherent thing), draws wild strength for a time from its headlong rush, and is for ever dashing itself to pieces against eternal law and the will of the righteous. The moral limit imposed on irregular desire is as certain as the "bars and doors" which, in the birthday of ocean, God "set" to "stay" its "proud waves." Nay, more so; for "though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof," yet is "God a Refuge and Strength" to him whose firm purpose for the right is built trustfully on the Rock of Righteousness. Around the calm of Him who keeps silence, the violence of evil continually rages; against His strength of Justice it beats in vain.

J. OSWALD DYKES.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BETHLEHEM, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AND CONVENTS, FROM THE NORTH.

EASTWARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

IX.—BETHLEHEM TO SAMARIA.

Of all the places in Southern Palestine associated with Scripture History, Bethlehem is on the whole the most picturesque. The three convents attached to the Church of the Nativity, which crown the summit and the ridge on which the village is built, wear the massive and dignified look of an old mediæval fortress. The terraces, which, like gigantic stairs, descend to the lower valleys and the small alluvial plains and cornfields, have a fine bold sweep, and are rich in olives and fruit trees, the shade and verdure of which relieve the eye from the dazzling glare of the white limestone rocks and soil. The hills around are higher, and more varied than those which border the upper plateau, the cone of Jebel Fureidis breaking their otherwise tame outline, and the mountain ridge of Moab rising with its noble wall against the eastern horizon.

The "sacred localities" of Bethlehem are all seen under one roof. One can here pace along the oldest existing Christian church in the world. It was repaired by King Edward IV. of England; Baldwin was crowned in it; and it was built centuries before by the mother of the first Christian emperor. It is a noble structure, though it has but scanty ecclesiastical furnishings. In spite, therefore, of its roof, made from the cedars of Lebanon, and its grand rows of marble pillars, it looks cold, bare, and uncared for. It is possessed in common by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, whose chapels occupy the choir and transepts only, and whose respective convents, like competing places of business, are attached to its walls. The decayed state of its unoccupied nave tempts one to ask whether catholic love really calls forth the same amount of self-sacrifice for the building and repair of churches, not to speak of other "religious" works, as sectarian zeal does.

Beneath this old church, and reached by a number of steps cut out of the living rock, is the cave of the Nativity. Here, surrounded by the usual amount of tinsel and tawdry ornament, lamps, altars, and incense, is a hollow recess, in which it is alleged the Saviour was born. It is possible that this tradition, which can unquestionably be traced to a very early period, probably the second century, is authentic. The fact of cattle being kept in caves or grottoes, affording easy access and excellent shelter, is sufficiently common even now in Palestine, to warrant us in admitting that this cave may have been used as a stable.* But in spite of all probabilities in its favour, I could not associate the Incarnation with what the eye saw here. The spectacle did not help my faith, or even harmonise with it, as did those scenes in nature, associated with the life of Jesus, which the priest has not yet attempted to improve. Bethlehem itself—its lovely hills, its very air, with the blue sky over all, impressed me infinitely more.

Close to the sacred cave is an historical spot of unquestioned authenticity. It is the small cell where Jerome lived and died, fourteen centuries ago, and where he composed the Vulgate, and wrote treatises and letters enough to compete, in number, with those of John Calvin, or any other of those marvellous men who managed to attend to the affairs of Christendom, and at the same time to write whole libraries. The places in which such men lived give life to history. Their "local habitation" restores their personality, and gives substance to what might otherwise become a mere name. I know not what Jerome would think of many of our modern controversies, in which his authority is claimed by each of the contending parties; but it is a comfort to believe that when he lived he must have had fellowship with all who like himself delighted to realise the presence of Jesus, and to worship Him as God manifest in the flesh. And how much more must this be the case since he has gone to glory.

But it is not, of course, what one *sees* in Bethlehem which imparts to it such overwhelming interest. It is the one fact of all facts, the secret of the world's existence and of its whole history,—the Incarnation. Other events indeed are necessarily suggested while sitting under the shade of its old olives, gazing in silent meditation on the surrounding landscape. From these mountains of Moab came Ruth and Naomi. One of those fields stretching like a green landing-place at the foot of the broad stairs of cultivated terraces, was the scene of that exquisite idyll of Ruth gleaning "amidst the alien corn," which sanctifies common life, shedding a glory over every field of reapers, like that which rests over the lilies of the field, and is greater far than any which Solomon ever knew. To those far-off hills too, David sent his wives for safety, just as a Highland chief in similar circumstances would have sent his wife in the days of the clans, to relations, "far removed" it might be, yet strong in the ties of blood. David himself, first as the shepherd boy, and then as the brave chief, seemed again

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* A writer, in *The Christian Witness* of last year, adduces some plausible reasons against the almost universally received opinion that the visit of the Magi was made to Bethlehem; and in favour of its being to Nazareth. It appears from Luke's narrative, that the Holy Family went from Jerusalem to Nazareth *immediately* after the presentation in the temple, or forty days after the birth of the child (Luke ii. 22—39). And Matthew informs us that immediately after the visit of the Magi they went to Egypt (Matt. ii. 14). It is true that Herod directed the Magi to go to Bethlehem, and that they probably left Jerusalem with that intention, but whether the *house* which the star led them to was in Nazareth or Bethlehem is not specified. The time required by Herod to hear of the birth of the child; to call the council of learned doctors to consult as to the place of His birth; to enquire diligently of the Magi as to the star; and then to order and complete the massacre, would seem to demand more time than forty days. The slaying of children whose maximum age was two years, would strengthen the idea that some time had elapsed ere Herod made up his mind to perpetrate this horrible *coup d'état.*

> "To walk in glory and in joy,
> Following his *sheep* along the mountain side,"

himself guided by the Lord his Shepherd. And it must have been the water of that old well, which still sends forth its living stream, that David longed to drink of. But these and other memories are lost in the story of David's Son, born in Bethlehem, "the least of the thousands of Judah."

The imagination gets bewildered in attempting to realise the facts connected with the Nativity. They fill the heavens above and the earth below with their glory. We instinctively look up to the sky and then to the hills, and dream of the night when the Angel of the Lord announced the birth of Jesus to the humble shepherds somewhere hereabout. On that ridge? on those knolls? in that mountain recess? In vain we ask! What we do know is, that as the Aurora flashes across the midnight of the North, so there once gleamed a heavenly host athwart this quiet sky, and filled it with the "Gloria in excelsis" which gives the only true promise of the world's redemption from evil, and restoration to God's immortal kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy. We can never weary of the simple and sublime narrative:—"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

As we read of these things we ask with surprise, Did they actually happen here? Is this Bethlehem?

Such questionings lead me to notice a thought which constantly forced itself upon me in Palestine. It was as to the altered impression which I would receive from the landscape through my rejection of the supernatural facts associated with it in Scripture History. Palestine, as the reader knows, is full of historical memories, which are not confined to any one spot, as for example to the capital, nor to one or two well known or more favoured localities, but are scattered all over the land. Almost every town and village, every hill and stream, recall some Bible narrative of persons or events. And a great portion of these, to us the most momentous and important, belongs to the region of the supernatural, or the miraculous. For verily Heaven lay about the infancy of the church of God, which was cradled and nursed in this Holy Land. Angels ministered to its wants, guided its tottering steps, defended it from every foe, revealed to it visions of its future glory, and sang to it songs of praise. Everywhere its tutors and governors had power given them to do works of wonder in the cause of truth and mercy.

Take away this supernatural element from Palestine, reduce everything to the mere patent facts of ordinary life, and it seems to me like separating the glory of the illumined atmosphere and sky from the earth; or like eliminating from man all that belongs to him as an immortal being made after God's image, with all the manifold mysteries which that creation involves, and reducing him, by the aid of chemistry, into the carbon, silica, and other constituents which compose his material being, so that he may be seen and handled, and his existence reconciled to science.

When I was in Greece, and gazed on that bright and glorious land from the Acropolis of Athens, I felt there was no mingling of the natural with the supernatural. That land of philosophy and poesy had its myths, no doubt, and its beautiful romantic dreams. Its rivers, valleys, and mountains are resplendent with the creations of the mind. These, like clouds illumined by the sun, brood over spots made for ever famous by heroic deeds, or by the teaching of great thinkers. But there is no difficulty felt in separating the prose from the poetry. This can be done without violence to the religious convictions of the present, or to the traditions of the past. The great men of old who created the myths, or transferred them from the religious faith of the peasant into the poems or dramas which make them immortal, would be the first to smile at our credulity if we seriously received their creations as facts. And the severest historical criticism would only bring our convictions into harmony with theirs. But it is different with Palestine. Its history and the supernatural are indissolubly bound together. He who would separate them, and deny the one as an element of the other, would be himself denied by prophets, apostles, yea by Jesus Christ. Greece without the supernatural remains the same to every man of learning and taste. Palestine without the supernatural fades into the light of common day, and from being a holy land, becomes a body of death to the whole Christian Church.

Another thought which forced itself upon me is the remarkable frequency with which the attempt to separate the natural from the supernatural would have to be made in Palestine. It would have to be repeated by the traveller almost every hour, and in every spot. He would have, for example, to strip Bethlehem of the whole story of the angels with their message and song. In Bethany it would be the same. The raising of Lazarus and the ascension of Christ would have to vanish beneath the rational magic wand. And as for Jerusalem, he would have to construct anew its whole history, including all the events in the life of Jesus—a task requiring at least a strong imagination and much patience. And so it would be throughout the whole land until he reached Tiberias, where the process would have to be repeated on its waves, its shores, and in every ruined town which once rang with the praises of the great Healer and Restorer. Well, suppose all this done, and the supernatural wholly swept from off the landscape, is there nothing miraculous left behind? Is there no wonder in "a holy land" being so full of falsehoods, myths, and superstitions, albeit they are the creation of simple loving hearts who did not intend to deceive, but had not sufficient culture to see that they were false? Is there no wonder in the fact that the holiest love of truth, and the greatest horror of falsehood in every shape and form, have been the invariable characteristics of those who believed in the Bible, and in the Christ of the Gospels, with all He is recorded to have said and done? Is there no wonder in men from all lands—some of them occupying "the foremost ranks of time"—coming to worship in "this mountain," still believing those supernatural events, and blessing God for them? Is there no wonder in the fact that miraculous events ended with Christ and His Apostles, and that since their day a debased, untruthful, and superstitious people have given birth to no marvels of any kind?

It is Vinet, I think, who has somewhere remarked that Christianity has a marvellous resurrective life, for though often slain and buried by its enemies, it ever rises again to live in human hearts. A remarkable contrast is suggested at Bethlehem between the strength of man and "the weakness of God." The first attempt to destroy Christianity in the person of Christ was here made by King Herod, surnamed the Great. He was the type of irresistible human power, while the young child was the type of unresisting human weakness. But now Herod lies on the summit of Jebel Fureidis, or the Frank Mountain, which, like a huge monumental tumulus, towers above Bethlehem as if raised "in memoriam" of the massacre of the innocents; while the child!——but who can describe what He has since become on earth and in heaven! Thus will all the enemies of Christ be one day put under His feet.*

Before bidding farewell to Bethlehem and its sacred associations, I may describe a commonplace incident which befel us on our way from Hebron, as illustrative of the supposed danger to which travellers are subjected.

Mr. M——, one of Colonel M——'s party, was riding along with me. We were far in the rear of the cavalcade, which, by the way, included our brave guard. Having abundance of time, we were leisurely chatting, and our steeds as leisurely walking, when all at once we saw six Arab-looking horsemen galloping towards us. They suddenly dismounted, and forthwith began to load their long guns. "Hollo! what does this mean!" one of us exclaimed. Various suggestions were hazarded, the most unpleasant, but most probable, being that an attack was about to be made on our baggage, which was at this time behind us, and out of sight. At once the unknown horsemen charged right down upon us, we of course disdaining to show any signs of fear or flight, but gallantly preparing our pistols, notwithstanding our being minus both powder and shot. Two of the troopers dismounted and demanded *backsheesh* from me. I replied by shaking my head, and begging with a look of poverty, and an outstretched hand, the same favour from them. Their next demand was for powder—*barūd* I think was the word. In the meantime I had wound up my musical snuff-box, and invited the two highwaymen, as I understood them, to receive more peaceful ideas by permitting me to lay the box on their heads. The usual results followed. There were the delighted expressions of "tayēeb! tayēeb!"—with the invariable exhibition of beautiful ivory teeth, framed in a most pleasant smile. And so we were allowed to depart in peace. We afterwards learned that the fierce robbers who thus spared our purses and our lives were—a detachment of Turkish police! So much for the fears and hairbreadth escapes of travellers.

We returned from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Is not that one day's ride from Hebron to Jerusalem, *viâ* Bethlehem, enough to reward any traveller from England to Palestine, even though he should not take another? And yet it is quite possible to enjoy it, "wind and weather permitting," in a fortnight after leaving London!†

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* A friend has directed my attention to the following allusion by Macrobius (a writer of the early part of the fifth century) to Herod:—

"Cum audisset inter pueros quos in Syria Herodes Rex Judaeorum intra bimatum jussit interfeci filium quoque ejus occisum: ait melius est Herodis porcum esse quam filium."

"When Augustus had heard that among the children whom Herod king of the Jews ordered to be put to death in Syria, under two years old, his own son too had perished, he said, 'It is better to be Herod's pig than his son.'" —*Saturnalia*, lib. ii. chap. iv.

† That is by taking the Italian and Adriatic route, and finding a steamer for Jaffa, on arriving at Alexandria.

One other night in Jerusalem, and then we resumed our tent-life, journeying northward.

Leaving Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate, we soon reached the low ridge of Scopus, whence we turned our horses' heads to take a last view of "the city of the Great King." We gazed on the now familiar domes and minarets, the gentle swell of the Mount of Olives rising above them like the roll of a great sea wave. We felt as if taking our last look of a dead parent. It was difficult to tear ourselves away, feeling that we should, in all probability, see the beloved object no more. Yet there came undefined and impalpable thoughts of a resurrection—gleams of a light beyond the grave—dim visions of a new Jerusalem better than the old—thoughts, not shaped into beliefs, of our living to see the land and its city yet connected with some evolution in the future history of the Church. But we had to depart. So at last, with one intense gaze which I doubt not ended in the case of us all in heartfelt thanksgiving for having been permitted to see the city whose "very dust is dear," we resumed our journey, to visit other scenes linked with the holy men of old and the holy Son of God.

The road to the north has little interest for the eye, until we get into the mountains of Ephraim. It runs along the flat watershed of the country, the valleys descending from it towards the Jordan on the east, and the maritime plain on the west. We passed Neby Samwil on the left, and Gibeah of Saul (Tel-el-Ful) on the right. We ascended this latter hill, or rather huge mound, which has another mound so near that a conversation can be held between persons on their respective summits,—both hills no doubt having been included in the old city. We thought of the terrible story of the wayfarer who, journeying to Mount Ephraim, sought refuge here for the night—a story which reveals the night-side of social life during an anarchical period of Jewish history, and is one of those inarticulate cries out of the depths for a king and deliverer from evil. We thought of Samuel and Saul, of David and Jonathan, with the events which took place here and in the neighbouring valleys, including the battle of Michmash, three miles off, whose din reached the anxious watchers on this citadel.

We passed on to Bireh, or Beeroth, where, according to tradition, the parents of Jesus first missed their boy, as the small caravan gathered together for rest. They had up till then assumed that he was "among kinsfolk and acquaintance,"—a fact which reveals how his early social life was like our own. We also noticed a peaked hill with a village on its summit, towering above a low range. It is the Orphah, or Ephraim, to which Jesus retired after the raising of Lazarus.

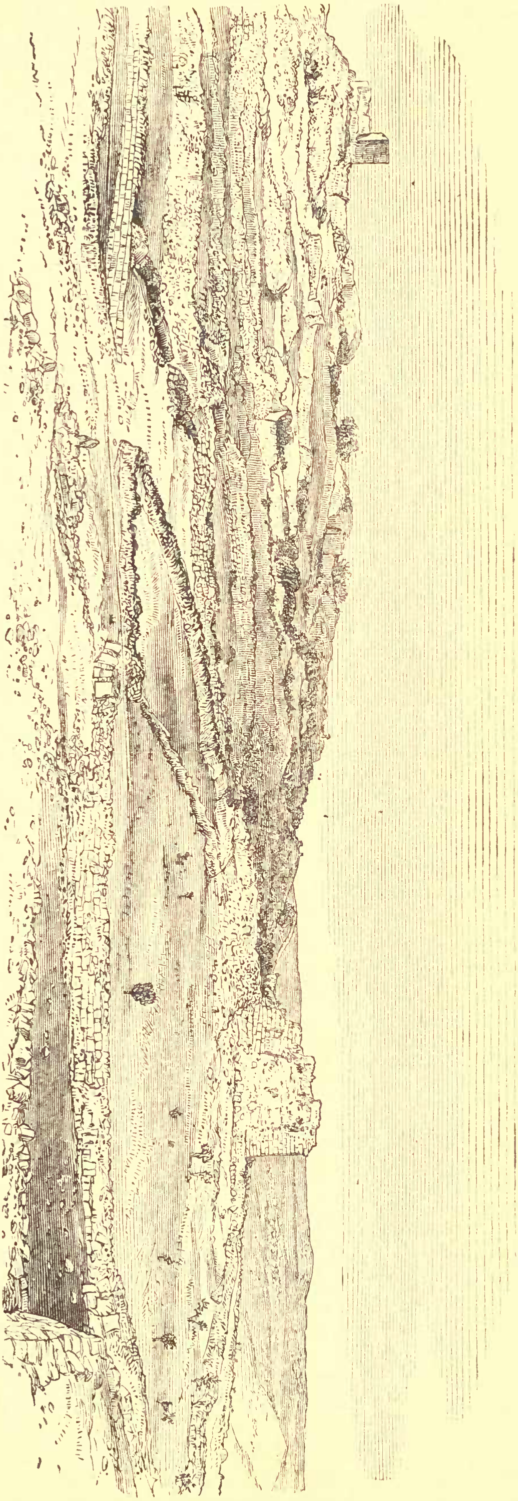
We reached Bethel, but in that illustrious spot saw nothing with the outer eye save stones of confusion and emptiness. Huge limestone blocks washed white with the rains, but with no verdure among them, cover the hill-tops. Yet here, probably where the wretched cluster of huts now stands, with the ruined tower rising among them, was once the Sanctuary of God. Here the Patriarchs erected the earliest altars dedicated to His worship. Here, too, was the seat of old idolatries, where the "golden calves" of Egypt were set up in opposition to the temple of Jerusalem, whose summit could have been seen from the spot, as the dome of the Mosque of Omar can be now. Here was that memorable vision afforded to Jacob, which has been realised by the union of earth and heaven, men and angels, in the person of the Son of Man and the Son of God. I felt in no way disappointed with the present commonplace look of the scene of these glorious spiritual revelations. To me it shed a light of hope and joy into the abodes of poverty, glorifying humanity in the commonest outward forms, and as existing in the commonest places. "The stones of Venice" never inspired me with such hope for man as the stones of Bethel, which had formed the pillow of Jacob.

Soon after passing Bethel we entered the mountains of Ephraim. The whole character of the landscape suddenly changed here. For the first time on our journey there was scenery worth looking at for its own sake. The hills assumed a bolder and more commanding form. There was more elbow room, so to speak, among them. There were high peaked hills, crowned with towers or ruins, and extensive groves of figs and olives; while a range of precipitous rocks with excavated tombs ran along a portion of our route. The road, however, was the worst we had yet seen, if indeed the bed of a torrent can be called a road. It was most difficult for our horses to keep their footing, as they cautiously felt their way through loose stones, and over muddy holes concealed by the stream. The pass through which we rode was one which few armies would attempt to force, if bravely defended. It terminated to the north in a green flat spot beneath a low wall of rocks, called, with great propriety, "the Robbers' Fountain," or Ain-el-Hamareyeh, and which all travellers avoid after sunset. One often wonders where the insolent, club-carrying, and backsheesh-asking rascals come from. For it is comparatively rare to see any villages along the road, which apparently leads for miles through solitude. But just as flies or vultures suddenly gather to any spot where food awaits them, so these Fellaheen, with dirty shirts, brown faces, keen eyes, white teeth, bare legs, and big shoes, creep from behind rocks, or descend hill paths, armed with club or gun, as if they lived in dens or caves of the earth. Needy scoundrels with bad consciences and good clubs or long guns can do much mischief during a single night, in districts innocent of both magistrates and detectives. So we left the Robbers' Fountain with that prudence which is at once moral and agreeable, and reached our tents on the high grounds of Sinjil, after an easy and pleasant ride of seven or eight hours. The traveller, provided his horse be good, and himself able and willing, can reach Nablous in one day from Jerusalem. But wishing to take things quietly, and not as if carrying the mail, we broke the journey by encamping here.

As usual after ablutions and dinner, we rejoiced in the stars, for the weather was splendid; and we put a stop for a time to the incessant jabber of the Arabs, who came in crowds from the neighbouring village, by indulging them with music from our inexhaustible box, instead of *backsheesh* from our far from inexhaustible purse.

Early next day, we sighted Shiloh to the east, but did not ride up to it, though it was only half an hour off our route. There is nothing to see at this famous spot, although one is glad to pause and gaze upon it from the distance. Its situation is well *pronounced* as seen from the path we travelled. It is a round low hill at the end of a plain, and leaning on a more elevated range above it. There are no remains at it of any importance. All around is grey, bare, and barren. But it is interesting to see the place where that man of highest and purest character, Samuel, ministered as a boy. His was a childhood which has been blessed to the comfort of many a parent, as revealing both God's fatherhood as a teacher of babes, and the meek obedience which even a simple-hearted child may possess and which (thank God) may be kept until old age! Here too ministered old Eli who, notwithstanding his piety and his possession of a high mood of mind which made him tremble for the ark of God, is an everlasting warning to parents, against the soft-hearted selfishness which will not restrain a self-indulgent family. During many a long year the tribes went up to the ark at Shiloh. But now all is silence, desolation, and barrenness, with nothing to be seen, yet much to be learned and remembered.

As we advanced on our journey, the valleys expanded into broader plains, and the paths became better; the whole country of Ephraim evidencing a fertility and agricultural richness which cannot be found in the rocky fastnesses of Palestine. One saw, from the nature of the country, how there must have been a strong



BETHEL, FROM THE SOUTH.

J. Graham, Photo.

temptation on the part of Ephraim to lean on his own arm of flesh, and to say, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing;" and also to seek to make himself the head of the nation, and to prefer Samaria to Jerusalem,—just as England would not brook to have Edinburgh for its capital.

The richest and most magnificent expanse of cultivated soil we saw on this journey was the plain of Mukhra, which extends for about seven miles. It suddenly burst on our view from the summit of a high ridge over which our road passed. The promontories of Gerizim and Ebal plunge their rocky headlands into it from the west, while a range of low hills separate it from the descent towards the Jordan on the east. We skirted this plain, until we sat down under the shadow of Gerizim, to read and to meditate, as pilgrims have done for centuries, at Jacob's Well.

There has never been a doubt entertained by the most sceptical or critical traveller regarding the authenticity of this well. Beyond all question it is the one at which our Saviour rested as he journeyed along the route which travellers generally follow from Jerusalem to Galilee. Every feature of the landscape starts into life as we read the narrative of His memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria:—the plain of cornfields which were then as now whitening to the harvest; the mountain rising above, on which the Samaritan temple was built; the neighbouring town of Shechem; the Samaritans worshipping, as they still do, towards "this mountain," and there only;—all are evidence of its truth, apart from the common and unbroken tradition.

The well is not what we understand by that name. It is not a spring of water bubbling up from the earth, nor is it reached by an excavation. It is a shaft cut in the living rock, about nine feet in diameter, and now upwards of seventy feet deep. As an immense quantity of rubbish has fallen into it, the original depth must have been much greater, probably twice what it is now. It was therefore intended by its first engineer as a reservoir, rather than as a means of reaching a spring. Then again, if any wall, as some suppose, once surrounded its mouth, on which the traveller could rest, it is now gone. The mouth is funnel shaped, and its sides are formed by the rubbish of old buildings, a church having once been erected over it. But we can descend this funnel, and enter a cave, as it were, a few feet below the surface, which is the remains of a small dome that once covered the mouth. Descending a few feet we perceive in the floor an aperture partly covered by a flat stone, and leaving sufficient space through which we can look into darkness. We sent a plumbline down into the water—with which the well certainly seemed to be abundantly supplied at the time of our visit.

Many have been puzzled to account for Jacob's having dug such a well here, when the whole valley of Shechem, only a quarter of an hour's walk off, is more musical with streams than any other in Palestine. But *some one* dug the well,—and who more likely than Jacob, not only to have on his own property what was in his time more valuable than a private coal mine would be to us; but also for the moral purpose of keeping his family and dependants as separate as possible from the depraved Shechemites?

Why the woman of Samaria should have come here to draw water, so far away from the valley and its many springs, is a question which may be more difficult to answer. I cannot think it could have been because of the superior quality of the water, for no cistern could afford a purer, cooler, or better quality than that which gushes everywhere along the Valley of Nablous. It seems to me that her motive was a superstitious one—a motive pertaining to her conscience. It was to her "a holy well," such as are frequented in Ireland as places of Roman Catholic devotion, or rather superstition. She was restless, dissatisfied, and unhappy; burdened with a sense of wrongdoing, and thirsting after what she had never found. Thus her whole state of mind in coming here to draw water, and her attempt to assuage the thirst of her spirit for peace, would be an unconscious preparation for her reception of the Saviour's teaching, which was so suited to reveal her plague, and also to heal her of it. It is evident that she was, considering her circumstances, well informed as to Scripture facts; that she was interested in the "Church" questions of her place and time, and had much of that kind of "religious" *feeling* (often possessed by persons of a susceptible and emotional temperament) which, where principle is wanting, gives birth at once to a sensuous superstition and a sensuous life. But before evil habits have "petrified the feelings," there is a stage at which such persons are more easily impressed than others with less heart though perhaps more "respectability."

How long will it be, we ask with eager longing, ere clergy and people shall truly possess the spirit expressed in these words?—"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."*

This well is indeed a holy spot. One is glad that the contending ecclesiastical parties in the land have built their churches on places which

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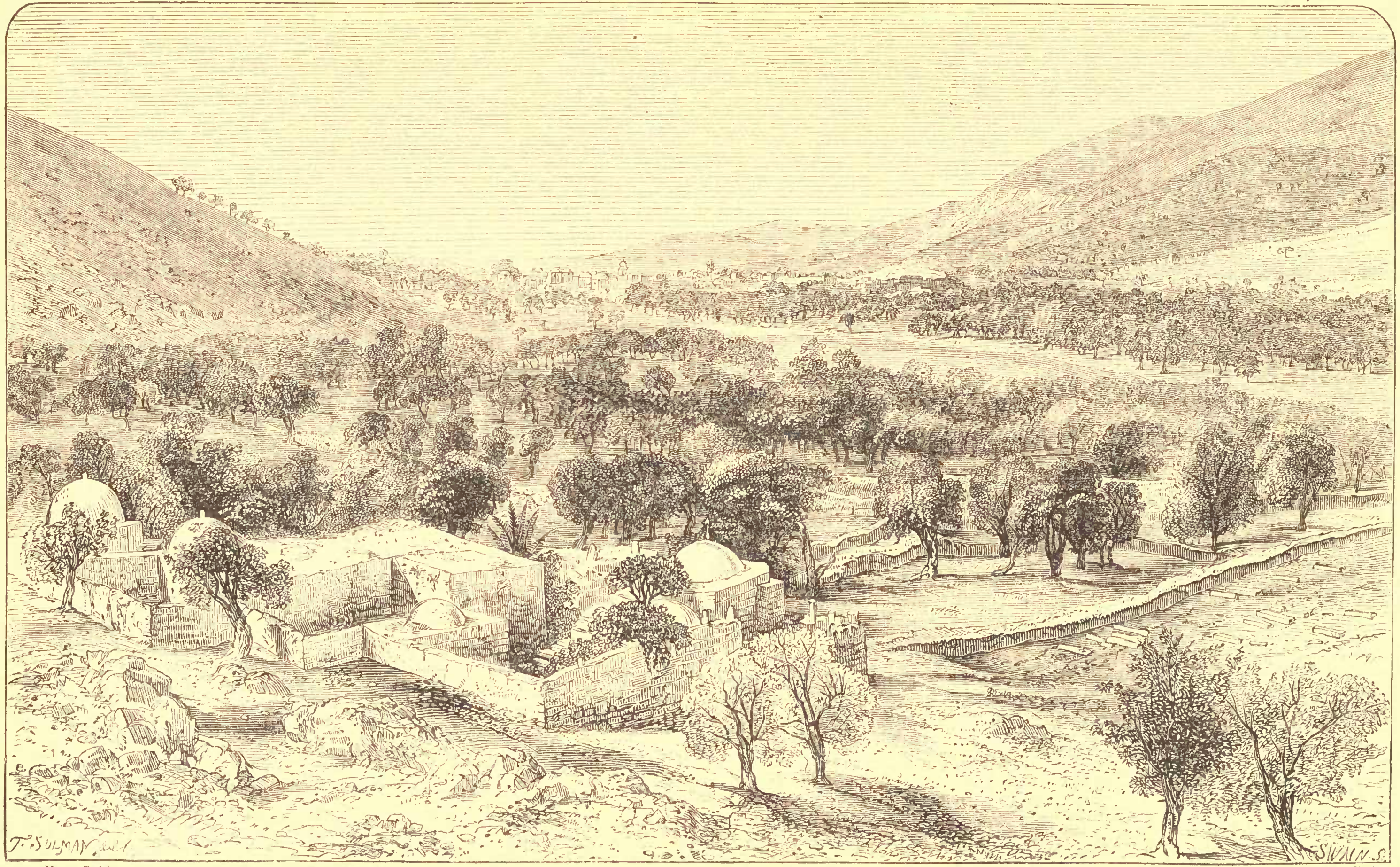
* Once when abroad I heard an eloquent sermon preached by a dignitary of the Christian Church, on this passage, in which he ridiculed "Sectaries," who, being but of yesterday, presumed to speak of "our fathers" as he and his brethren could do. He lamented their sin in daring to worship on any other mountain than "the true Jerusalem," his own church of course; where alone, by use of its appointed forms and rituals, God could be worshipped in spirit and in truth!

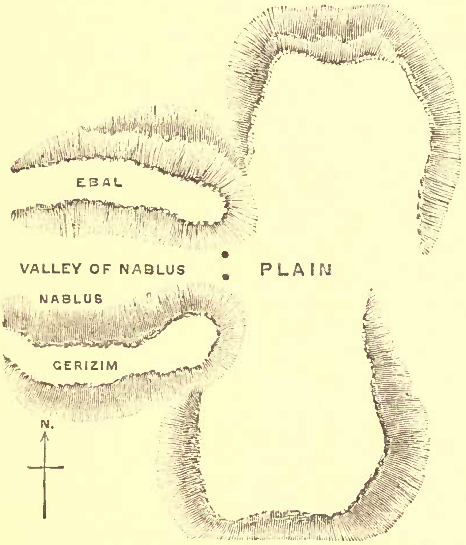

T. SULMAN del.
SWAIN Sc.
Mount Gerizim.
House of the Pillar.
Mount Ebal.

THE VALLEY AND TOWN OF NABLOUS (THE ANCIENT SHECHEM).

(From a Photograph by James Graham.)

have little historical value, and that a merciful Providence has preserved untouched, and open to the eye of heaven, such spots as that on the Mount of Olives "over against the Temple," and, above all, Jacob's Well. It is now said, however, that the Greek Church have purchased it, as the site of a church, for 70,000 piastres. Universal Christendom, to which it belongs, should protest against such "pious" profanation.

The two parallel ridges of Mount Gerizim and Ebal, as shown in the map, abruptly terminate with their rounded masses in the dead flat plain. The Valley of Nablous leads to the plain as a narrow strait to an inland sea. A mile and a half up this valley lies the town, nestled amidst an exuberance of foliage—vines, figs, pomegranates, oranges, and every fruitful tree, all growing beside inexhaustible streams of living water. Nothing in Palestine surpasses the picturesqueness of this spot when looked at from any of the surrounding heights. Travellers have no doubt seen places elsewhere of greater beauty. But here, in the midst of the white, bare, hot hills and plains, it stands alone in its glory of fruit and verdure, of running brooks and singing birds. Should any one penetrate these groves, however, he would find little of the art which helps Nature to produce that ideal of the beautiful after which she struggles. The grass grows wild, the ground is rough, while tangled shrubs and branches mingle with the trees as in a long-neglected garden.



Nablous, or Shechem, is to the Christian traveller a *standpoint* for meditation, just as Hebron, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Tiberias are.

It was the earliest seat of the worship of the living God of which we have received any authentic information. To this plain of Moreh, or "the oak," Abraham first came from Padanaram, crossing the Jordan to the east, and ascending directly from it. At the head of the wady up which he must have travelled, is a village now called Salem or Salim, about two miles from Jacob's Well. It has been conjectured, with a high degree of probability, that this, and not Jerusalem, (which until centuries afterwards, in David's time, had no importance attached to it, and is but once in Scripture called Salem) was the place where Melchizedek dwelt as the priest of the most high God, and where he met and blessed Abraham. If so, this would account for the mention of "the oak," as being already known as the place where the worship of the true God had been established. It has moreover been maintained, with to me convincing argument, by Dr. Stanley, supported by Mr. Mills, that Mount Gerizim (on which Melchizedek may also have worshipped) was the scene of Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac. It suits the geography of the country much better than Jerusalem. Abraham could hardly have taken three days in going from Beersheba to Jerusalem, as the whole distance is but thirty-six miles. Besides, there is no point in the journey, taking any ordinary route, from which he could have seen the present Temple area, or even the site of Jerusalem, "afar off." But if he came to Gerizim from the same starting-point, his journey would have been about 60 miles, which is nothing for an Arab traveller to accomplish in three days, on the most common ass, more especially if he rose "very early in the morning" of the first day. If, moreover, Abraham journeyed, as no doubt he did, along the maritime plain, Gerizim is so situated that it must have been seen "afar off" on the morning of the third day.*

If to these associations connected with Shechem we add another, that it was the residence of Jacob, who followed the steps of his grandfather,—bought a parcel of ground, and dug a well,—we at once see the reason why the place was known to Moses and the Israelites in Egypt as the only spot in Canaan solemnly consecrated from the earliest patriarchal times to the worship of God. It was for this reason, no doubt, that Moses commanded the children of Israel to assemble at Shechem. And we read accordingly that Joshua assembled them, when "all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger, as he that was born among them; half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel. And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them." It is not here said, as some imagine, that the summit of each mountain was occupied by the half of the great assembly. But they were "half of them set over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal." Nor is it the case that the words even if read from the summits of the mountains would have been inaudible; for the experiment was actually made by Mr. Mills and a friend, who occupied places on the opposite hills, and read aloud the blessings and the curses, each being distinctly heard by the other.*

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* The argument against this view, from the name "Moriah" being given to the site of the Temple, has no force, as it was evidently bestowed because of David's vision. "Solomon began to build the house of the Lord in the mount of *Moriah* (i.e. "the appearance of the Lord") where He *appeared* unto David his father."

Such an assembly as this of the united Church of God was never before witnessed, unless perhaps at Shiloh, when the tabernacle was set up; nor since then, unless when Christ's Church met on the day of Pentecost.

It was here, too, that another event took place full of sacred and dramatic interest—the burial of Joseph. Nearly five hundred years before the assembling of the people by Joshua, Joseph, as a young shepherd lad, passed through this plain in search of his brethren. What a life was his! But his influence did not end with his death. Though dead, he was yet a silent but most impressive witness to the people of faith in God and in His promises. How strange a sight was that body embalmed for centuries, carried through the wilderness for forty years with the ark of God, and finally buried by that vast assemblage, each one a blood relation, in the land of promise, and in the very field purchased by his father! What memories must have gathered round his grave! How undying is the influence of faith, hope, and love! This is what we are told of that remarkable funeral: "And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem for an hundred pieces of silver: and it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph."

There is no reason to doubt that the tomb shewn is really Joseph's. It remains, like that of his ancestors at Hebron, to witness again, it may be, to the truth of Bible history.

But we must not forget the modern Samaritans, whose existence invests Nablous with great interest. We pause and wonder as we realise the fact of a community, consisting of only about 150 souls, or forty families, living for nearly 3000 years separate from all other races on earth, with their own Pentateuch, ritual, sacrifices, and worship,† and surviving all the changes and revolutions of Palestine and of the world. Here they are still, worshipping towards Mount Gerizim, having no fellowship with the Jews, keeping all the great festivals prescribed by

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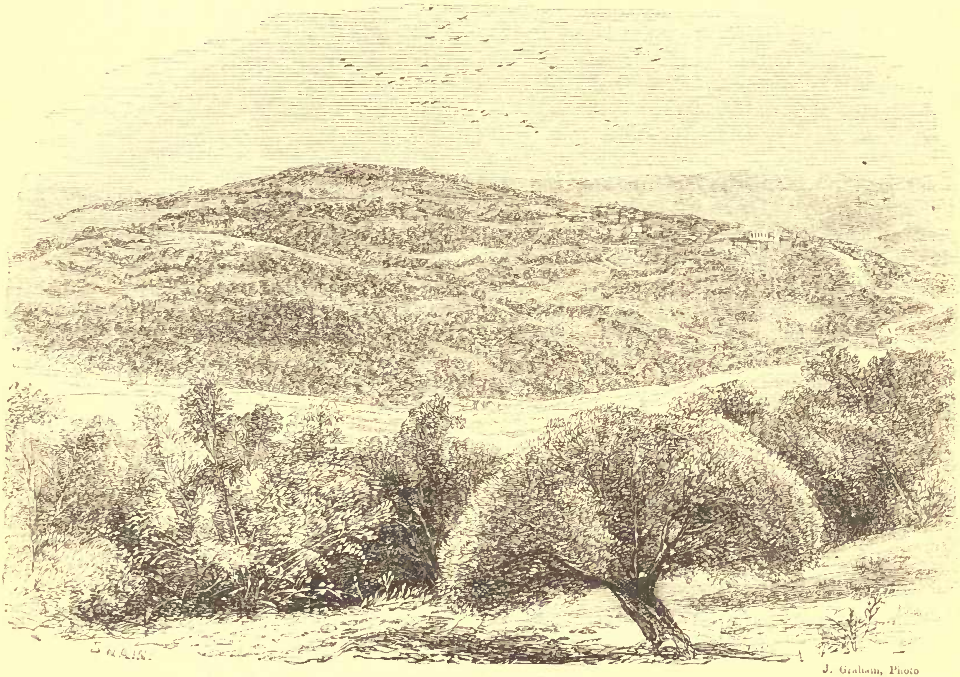
* Mills' "Modern Samaritans," p. 59.

† All the great feasts ordained by Moses are kept by the Samaritans. Dr. Stanley and Mr. Mills both witnessed the observance of the Passover, and have given minute accounts of it. I quote the following from Mr. Mills, who saw it latest—in 1860. I may here say that the best account I have seen of this singular people is to be found in Mr. Mills' book, "Nablous and the Modern Samaritans." Murray. 1864.

"On the tenth of the month the sacrificial lambs are bought. These may be either kids of goats or lambs; the latter being generally, if not at all times, chosen. They must be a year old, males, and 'without blemish.' The number must be according to the number of persons who are likely to be able to keep the feast. At present they are five or six, as the case may be. During the following days, which are days of preparation, these are carefully kept, and cleanly washed—a kind of purification to fit them for the paschal service; a rite, in all probability, always observed in connection with the temple service (John v. 1). Early on the morning of the fourteenth day, the whole community, with few exceptions, close their dwellings in the city, and clamber up Mount Gerizim; and on the top of this their most sacred mountain, pitch their tents in a circular form, there to celebrate the most national of all their solemnities. . . I and the friends who had joined me at Jerusalem, had pitched our tent in the valley, at the foot of Gerizim; and on the morning of the 4th of May we clambered up the mountain. On reaching the encampment friendly voices greeted us from several tents, and having visited those best known to us, we rested for awhile with our friend Amram. Presently we took a stroll up to the temple ruins, and from thence had a perfect view of the interesting scene. . . The tents, ten in number, were arranged in a kind of circle, to face the highest point of the mountain, where their ancient temple stood, but now lying in ruins. Within a radius of a few hundred yards from the place where I stood, clustered all the spots which make Gerizim to them the most sacred mountain, the house of God. . . About half-past ten, the officials went forth to kindle the fire to roast the lambs. For this purpose, a circular pit is sunk in the earth, about six feet deep and three feet in diameter, and built around with loose stones. In this a fire, made of dry heather, and briars, &c., was kindled, during which time Yacub stood upon a large stone, and offered up a prayer suited for the occasion. Another fire was then kindled in a kind of sunken trough, close by the platform where the service was to be performed. Over this, two caldrons full of water were placed, and a short prayer offered. . . There were forty-eight adults, besides women and children; the women and the little ones remaining in the tents. The congregation were in their ordinary dress, with the exception of the two officers and two or three of the elders, who were dressed in their white robes, as in the synagogue. A carpet was laid on the ground near the boiling caldrons, where Yacub stood to read the service, assisted by some of the elders—all turning their faces towards the site of the temple. Six lambs now made their appearance, in the custody of five young men who drove them. These young men were dressed in blue robes of unbleached calico, having their loins girded. Yacub, whilst repeating the service, stood on a large stone in front of the people, with his face towards them. . . . At mid-day, the service had reached the place where the account of the paschal sacrifice is introduced: 'And the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening' (Exod. xii. 6); when, in an instant, one of the lambs was thrown on its back by the blue-clad young men, and the *shochet*, one of their number, with his flashing knife, did the murderous work with rapidity. I stood close by on purpose to see whether he would conform to the rabbinical rules; but the work was done so quickly that I could observe nothing more than that he made two cuts. The other lambs were despatched in the same manner. Whilst the six were thus lying together, with their blood streaming from them, and in their last convulsive struggles, the young *shochetim* dipped their fingers in the blood, and marked a spot on the foreheads and noses of the children. The same was done to some of the females; but to none of the male adults. The

Moses, and eating their Passover "on this mountain," the oldest spot for the worship of Jehovah on the face of the earth! Such a fact stands alone. This undying dogmatism puzzles historians; this race, so noble looking, yet marrying only in their own small community, puzzles ethnographers, and creates in all feelings of wonder such as one might experience if in some distant land he came upon breeds of Mammoths, or Pterodactyles, which everywhere else were known only as fossils. To meet them here especially, at Jacob's Well, and under the same delusions as when Christ first preached to them and converted many of them, but adds to the wonder of a spectacle familiar to every traveller in Palestine.



J. Graham, Photo

The Hill Samaria, from the South-east.

We ascended Gerizim. It is a rather tough bit of climbing. I assigned this alpine occupation to my horse, and yet suffered sufficiently, after a day's ride, to sympathise with his patient but painful labours. There is much to interest one on the summit:—the scattered ruins; the massive remains of what some allege to have been the old Samaritan Temple, but what others say with I think greater probability, to have been a Roman fort. Then there is the unquestionable site of an old place of sacrifice; and the more questionable twelve stones

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whole male congregation now came up close to the reader; they embraced and kissed one another, in congratulation that the lambs of their redemption had been slain. Next came the fleecing of the lambs—the service still continuing. The young men now carefully poured the boiling water over them, and plucked off their fleeces. Each lamb was then lifted up, with its head downwards, to drain off the remaining blood. The right fore-legs, which belonged to the priest, were removed, and placed on the wood, already laid for the purpose, together with the entrails, and salt added, and then burnt; but the liver was carefully replaced. The inside being sprinkled with salt, and the hamstrings carefully removed, the next process was that of spitting. For this purpose, they had a long pole, which was thrust through from head to tail, near the bottom of which was a transverse peg, to prevent the body from slipping off. The lambs were now carried to the oven, which was by this time well heated. Into this they were carefully lowered, so that the sacrifices might not be defiled by coming into contact with the oven itself. This accomplished, a hurdle, prepared for the purpose, was placed over the mouth of the oven, well covered with moistened earth, to prevent any of the heat escaping. By this time, it was about two o'clock, and this part of the service was ended. At sunset, the service was recommenced. All the male population, with the lads, assembled around the oven. A large copper dish, filled with unleavened cakes and bitter herbs rolled up together, was held by Phineas Ben Isaac, nephew of the priest; when, presently, all being assembled, he distributed them among the congregation. The hurdle was then removed, and the lambs drawn up one by one; but, unfortunately, one fell off the spit, and was taken up with difficulty. Their appearance was anything but inviting, they being burnt as black as ebony. Carpets were spread ready to receive them; they were then removed to the platform where the service was read. Being strewn over with bitter herbs, the congregation stood in two files, the lambs being in a line between them. Most of the adults had now a kind of rope around the waist, and staves in their hands, and all had their shoes on. 'Thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand' (Exod. xii. 11). The service was now performed by Amram, which continued for about fifteen minutes; and when he had repeated the blessing, the congregation at which Joshua brought from the Jordan, but which it is now difficult even to number or to distinguish from the underlying strata. There is also the trough where the paschal lamb is roasted, some of whose burnt bones I gathered. And there is the magnificent view over the plain across the valley of the Jordan to the mountain beyond, and westward to the blue Mediterranean.

We of course visited the famous Samaritan synagogue. Our approach to it seemed to us at the time to be by an exceptional way, though it is possibly the ordinary road to this ancient sanctuary. I cannot recal each turn and winding; but I have a confused impression of an endless succession of narrow lanes, low vaulted passages, and almost pitch-dark cavernous tunnels, through which we were led, until we reached a steep narrow stair leading to the roof of a house, from which we passed along to a court with an orange tree growing in it, and thence into the small vaulted synagogue, the only place of worship of this ancient Church, in the whole world. In all this we recognised precautions against sudden attacks, such as we had noticed in entering our lodgings at Hebron.

The Samaritans professed to show us their old and famous copy of the Pentateuch. This we knew was a pious fraud, but we did not take the trouble to contradict them, as a sight of the real one can only be obtained with great difficulty, and would have simply gratified a vain curiosity in us. The old roll is of very high, but as yet unknown antiquity. Its possessors allege that it was written by the great-grandson of Aaron.

The morning was glorious when we rode out of Nablous. A luxurious atmosphere hung over the gardens, and subdued the sharp statuesque lines of the hills. A Turkish regiment, with strings of camels, was winding through the valley,—their band playing its wild music, and giving to the whole scene a true touch of Eastern life and barbaric power. We were told that they were going to keep some restless and tax-hating tribes in order, to the south of Hebron.

The ride from Nablous to Samaria, is along a good bridle-path, with pleasant scenery all the way, including a view of the upper part of the valley of Nablous, rich, as its lower portion, in abundance of water, and fruit and flower. We passed many picturesque village strongholds, like eagles' or rather vultures' nests, built on commanding summits, and having fertile valleys and groves of olives at their feet.

No old city in Palestine had a site so striking, so regal looking, as the "hill of Samaria." It is a shapely hill, rising at the end of a fine valley, and moulded into a fitting platform for a great temple. On all sides it is circled by noble terraces, which must have once borne splendid wreaths of vines and olives, furnishing wine and oil in abundance to its luxurious inhabitants. The summit of the hill is flat, and was evidently levelled for the site of the public buildings which occupied it from the days of Baal and Ahab, to those of Augustus and Herod. Fifteen columns rear their solitary heads on this flat, though it is uncertain to what building they belonged, or for what object they and their now fallen brethren were reared. It is when standing on this level that we can appreciate Omri's taste in making Samaria the site of his capital. The surrounding hills, plains, and valleys teem with every product of the soil. The Mediterranean is seen stretching its blue waters beyond the plain of Sharon; while its fresh breezes blow up the valleys and circulate all around. And one can see how easily besieging armies would have been visible on the amphitheatre of hills which surround Samaria on three sides, and from whence they could have looked down into the streets of the suffering city and witnessed its every movement.

Here there are very striking remains of a magnificent colonnade, composed of two ranges of pillars about 50 feet apart, and which it is conjectured—from the length of the terrace on which the sixty pillars yet stand—must have extended for about 3000 feet. It was probably the work of Herod, who adorned Sebaste.

There are also the ruins of a noble old church dedicated to St. John the Baptist. Few things are more sad than such ruins in Palestine, as they evidence a time when Christianity was so strong, and so hopeful of continued strength, that it built churches which shame most of those reared in later and richer times.

Close to the church is an old reservoir, which may have been the pool in which Ahab washed his bloody chariot. But all Samaria is ruins, nothing but ruins; and never were words more true than those which we read aloud here:—"Therefore I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard: and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof."

The associations connected with the capital of Ephraim are very different from those suggested by the capital of Judah. They are all of abominable idolatries, cruel sieges, horrible famines, full indeed of dramatic interest, but more full of lamentation and woe.* When God's prophets appear in Samaria, or speak about it, it is but to lament and denounce its impiety, vices, and crimes. It was a powerful

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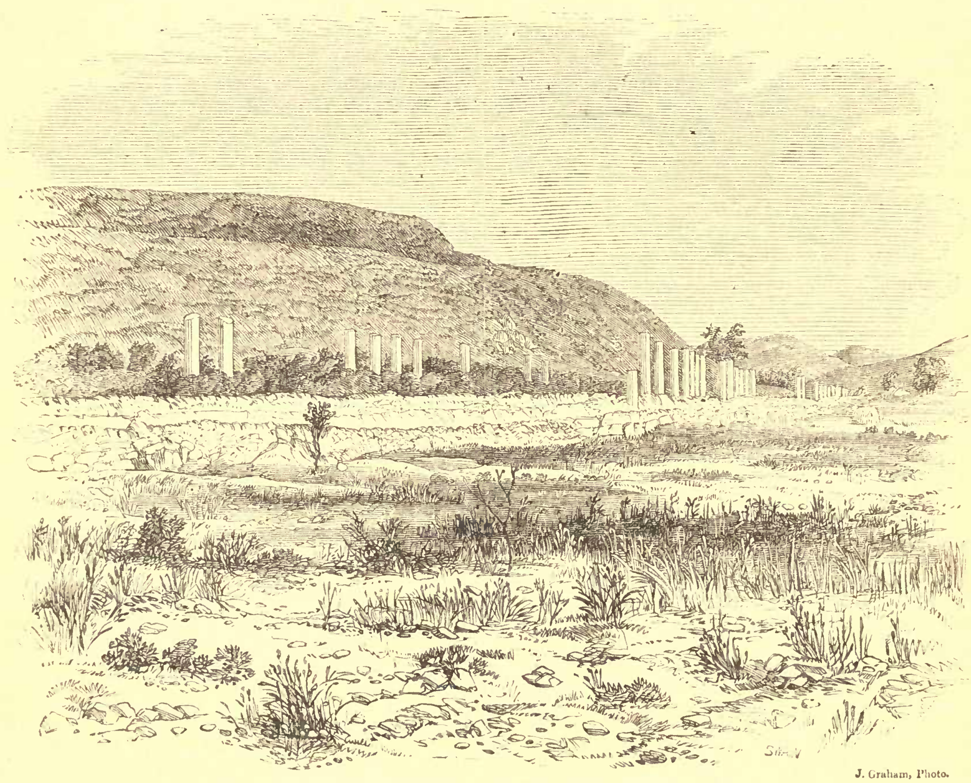
once stooped, and, as if in haste and hunger, tore away the blackened masses piecemeal with their fingers, carrying portions to the females and little ones in the tents. In less than ten minutes the whole, with the exception of a few fragments, had disappeared. These were gathered and placed on the hurdle, and the area carefully examined, every crumb picked up, together with the bones, and all burnt over a fire kindled for the purpose in a trough, where the water had been boiled. 'And ye shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; and that which remaineth of it until the morning ye shall burn with fire' (Exod. xii. 10). Whilst the flames were blazing and consuming the remnant of the paschal lambs, the people returned cheerfully to their tents."

* Read, for example, 1 Kings xx.; 2 Kings vi. 12—33.

city, but "sensual minded, earthly, devilish." Yet that light of mercy and love which is in Christ for the chief of sinners, shone in the latter days on Samaria. When St. John—whose Boanerges' feelings were like the heaving waters of the deep ocean — desired fire from heaven to consume the Samaritans, who refused to receive Jesus into one of their villages, the Lord rebuked him, and said that He had come, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; and simply turned aside to another village. "Thou art a Samaritan!" was one of the accusations hurled against Him. So indeed He was! —but in a deeper sense than Jew or Samaritan could understand. Verily as "a good Samaritan" He healed His brethren, sorely wounded by the enemy of soul and body; and by His example and teaching broke down the wall of hate which separated Samaritan from Jew, showing that if salvation was *of* the Jews, it was yet *for* the Samaritans, and for all men who would worship God in spirit and in truth. And so when giving commandment on the day of His ascension regarding the preaching of the Gospel, He remembered Samaria. And His disciples, too, remembered and obeyed His words, for Philip went down to preach there, as did also Peter and John, to strengthen the faith of the believers. So in spite of Omri and Ahab, and all the devil's work down to the days of Simon Magus, a church was formed, "and great joy was in that city"—a joy which no one has taken from its lowliest member, who passed in Christ from the old Samaria now in ruins, to the new Jerusalem eternal in the heavens!



J. Graham, Photo.

Samaria—Remains of Herod's Colonnade, from the South-west.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

FULL though the Book of Job is of sublimity, there is probably no part of it more sublime than the twenty-eighth chapter, in which the patriarch, after reciting some of the principal achievements of which the daring genius and cunning hand of man is capable, and the "precious, hidden treasures" which reward his enterprise, affirms that there is *one* discovery which lies beyond the uttermost limit of mere sense or intellect, and yet so important, that none of the acquisitions of man's unaided skill and toil can be put in comparison with it. This is expressed in that emphatic *refrain* of this sublime effusion of lyric song: "But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" In order to illustrate the great things which man's restless brain and courageous hand can do, he selects, by way of example, his *mining* operations, which were doubtless in that age, and perhaps may still be considered in our own, among the most remarkable proofs of his skill, sagacity, perseverance. His description of these, conceived in language of the most exalted poetry, shows that even in that remote age man had made no mean progress in the art of exploring the recesses of the earth, and dragging its treasures to the light of day; of smelting metals, and discovering the "diamond," the "onyx," and the "sapphire." "There is a path," (the patriarch says,) so secret, that the "eagle's" piercing eye has never spied it out, nor that of the "vulture" seen it; so wild and savage that the "lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed along it;" but which the keener eye of man, illumined by his lamp of artificial daylight, has descried, and his more daring footsteps explored. With persevering toil, not to be baffled in his insatiable search for the "treasures of darkness," he "putteth forth his hand upon the rock, and overturneth the mountains by the roots." Unappalled by the roar of subterranean waters, he "binds the floods from overflowing," or diverts them from their course by "cutting out rivers among the rocks." And so, compelling all his faculties to drudge in the service of his passion for material wealth, he triumphs over the most formidable obstacles, bends or breaks all the forces of nature that oppose his will, till at length his miner's lamp flashes on the unsunned "treasures of darkness," on the "place of sapphires, and of the golden ore." But still, though man can thus descend to the depths of the earth and fetch untold riches thence, these trophies of his intellect, enterprise, and dauntless courage, constitute not his *summum bonum*. And, therefore, "where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding? The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me."—Nor are the spoils thus gotten at the price of infinite pains, toil, and danger, worthy of being compared with it: "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; nor shall the exchange of it be for jewels of fine gold; no mention shall be made of" the less precious "coral or pearls," inasmuch as "the price of wisdom is above rubies." And once more the patriarch asks, "Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?" For answer, this time, comes one of the sublimest verses in the whole chapter: "Destruction and death say, We have heard the *fame* thereof with our ears." They can but indistinctly mutter hearsay rumours of what they cannot *know;* their desolate solitudes can but echo the voice of that supernal "Wisdom," in virtue of which, if she dwelt there, they would be "solitudes" and "desolate" no longer; for this true Wisdom has immortality for her dower, and whoso "findeth her, findeth *life*." And then comes the answer to the oft-repeated question. "Whence then cometh wisdom? God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof;" for He, who formed this whole vast system of things, and gave all things their laws and limits, who prescribed to the "winds" and "waters" their just "weight" and "measure," who "made a decree for the rain, and a path for the lightning of thunder," He "saw and declared it." He, who was the author of all physical nature, also prescribed to his rational creatures the laws and conditions of their moral nature, in virtue of which alone they can find life and felicity: "And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, *that* is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding!" It does not consist in mere knowledge; it cannot be attained by diving into the mysteries of the outward world, or attaining dominion over nature; by acquiring any of the forms of material good, or pushing physical science or civilisation to the uttermost; but by conforming to the great laws of our moral being. In proportion as these are complied with, man's true perfection and felicity, as essentially consisting in this conformity to the will of God, and consequent "departure from evil," will be secured. And not only so, but all other advantages will be most easily attained and most stably preserved by the same means,—meaner felicities being but part of the dower and retinue of virtue; while in proportion as the above moral conditions are violated, will such inferior good be lost or rendered insecure.

All the forms of this last are more naturally, indeed, the allies of Virtue; but they are capable of being sequestered from her, and cannot in their better forms even exist where she is wholly absent. But they are in *themselves* indifferent, being intrinsically void of moral significance; they are all capable of being used or abused, made subservient to moral good or moral evil. They may be, every one of them, simply the instrument of virtue or vice, just as gold may be used to reward or corrupt, or a sword to defend a man's life or take that of another. Even the electric telegraph, perhaps the sublimest trophy of man's skill, and so potent an implement of civilisation, is as ready to flash along its wires falsehood as truth; except as guarded by honesty at both ends, it becomes a huge serpentine coil of delusion and mischief; nothing better than a more diffusive and comprehensive lie, winged with lightning, and capable of compassing in an instant sea and land. Like every other appliance of civilisation, it is good or bad only as virtue or vice infuses into the subtle fluid it conveys, the still more potent moral element of truth or falsehood.

The Bible, in every part of it, is full of the same great lesson, and affirms that this Wisdom,—so mysterious and inaccessible, if it be sought in the wrong place or in the wrong way; which cannot be gained by plunging into the depths of the earth, or by soaring into the heavens,—is equally plain and obvious if we but look nearer home, and listen to the voice which speaks to us, not through external nature, but in the very laws of our moral constitution, especially as these are expounded and enforced in the volume of revelation: "To *man*, God saith, the fear of the Lord, *that* is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." The same lesson is inculcated in those impressive words of Moses: "For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the seas, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. See, I have set before thee this day Life and Good, and Death and Evil."

The principal, the *highest* proof that this is man's true Wisdom, is found in that *essential* felicity which the course it prescribes can *of itself* give; that felicity with which virtue, *as such*, (to use Butler's expression), fills the soul by its very presence and possession, quite apart from any secondary benefits; and which made even a heathen philosopher truly say that "Virtue is herself the soul's best recompence." But this Wisdom comes not undowered to those who embrace her. In all ways, it tends to the development and perfection of every principle and faculty of our nature: and hence we are told in the Proverbs that, "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour."

And as this conformity with the great moral laws of his nature must constitute the perfection and felicity of every individual man, so must it of any number of individuals; and as nations are but collections of units, so must it of communities also; and therefore the Book again tells us, that "righteousness only exalteth a nation."

It is true that God promised the ancient Israelites, by express donation, a blessing beyond the issues of his ordinary Providence, if they would but exactly "obey his laws, and walk in his ways;" that "He would raise them on high above the nations of the earth, and make their way prosperous." But it is not difficult to see, that if the demands of this true wisdom be complied with by any community, if the laws of man's moral constitution be obeyed, and in proportion as they are so, their natural *tendency* is to secure the elements of inferior, that is, of intellectual and material good. This, indeed, is (though not *always* realized) the obvious *tendency*, even in the case of individuals; but in communities it is a tendency which never fails. Virtue in the *individual*, does not necessarily involve outward well-being, though to be vicious in any marked degree does involve the loss of it; but so certain is the operation, as a general rule and on the great scale, of God's moral laws, that in proportion as they are obeyed, (other things being equal, nay, often when very unequal,) will communities be prosperous, and in proportion as virtue decays, will the foundations of that prosperity be sapped, and the fabric itself at last sink in ruin. Uncertain and precarious as we are apt to think the operation of the moral laws by which God governs the world, they are incomparably more stable and uniform than any others whatsoever into which the element we call "contingency" enters at all, or which have influence on human happiness. To employ an expression which I have used elsewhere:—Take a hundred *intelligent* men, or a hundred *rich* men, or even a hundred *free* men: while there is no one of any sense who would venture to say he had any sufficient data for calculating their success or happiness from these elements alone, there is no man who would not take any odds that of a hundred *honest*, *industrious*, *upright* men, the vast majority were certain to do well. That is true, for ever, which Milton so beautifully says, "Lordship and victory are but the pages of truth, justice, and honour."

While nothing can produce a deeply radicated and uniform virtue, but that regard to the Supreme Lawgiver which the patriarch makes correlative to "the departing from evil," and both of which conjointly constitute this "wisdom" *par excellence*; while it is true that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of it," and the *love* of Him, its consummation; yet it is also true, that even the inferior forms of virtue,—*i.e.*, virtuous actions and habits, performed under the influence of inferior motives, (such is the regard which God has for the moral laws on which He administers the world,) shall be sufficient to determine the social well-being of communities; and their opposites, their social ruin.

In an age like the present, and in a nation like ours, in which the various forms of intellectual and material good are more and more pursued and cherished; in which the advance of knowledge, the progress of science, the extension of commerce, the increase of wealth, are sometimes spoken of almost as if they could constitute collectively the *summum bonum* of mankind, and would ensure prosperity independently of the moral conditions to which reference has just been made; or at all events, as if those conditions were of less consequence than the Bible says they are; it is perhaps well to reflect upon the lesson in this chapter in Job: especially as there is a class of speculators (though happily a small one) disposed to follow in the wake of a great but exceedingly erratic genius, who suddenly appeared among us like a meteor a few years ago, and as suddenly passed away. This philosopher held that the progress of civilisation is principally dependent on the progress of "knowledge;" and that of the *two* elements of knowledge—the "moral" and the "intellectual"—on which human improvement hinges, the former is comparatively insignificant. He affirmed that it was a constant and invariable quantity, while the latter was capable of indefinite expansion; that all mankind had always been possessed of the same amount of *ethical* knowledge, (if the argument is to be worth a button, they must also be supposed to have equally *applied* it,) whereas the accumulations of scientific "knowledge" may be without limit.

It is hard to say which is the greatest of four almost equally transparent sophisms, involved in this singular argument; first, of supposing (so palpably contrary to fact,) that the ethical "knowledge" of men, their speculative codes of morals, may be regarded as a "constant or invariable quantity:" secondly, of overlooking the fact that even if it were so, the true question (as already hinted) as to the bearing of morality on human improvement is not, What has been the abstract *knowledge* of man on the subject? what his speculative theory? but, as in other practical sciences, (navigation, or medicine, for example,) What is the degree in which it has been practically applied and exhibited in action? Thirdly; of forgetting that if this be not made the real question, then, on the same condition, any other branch of *knowledge* in which the conclusions are universally admitted, might with equal reason be represented as a "constant quantity," of comparatively little importance to civilisation; for it is only as it is practically *applied*, that it is of value in relation to ulterior progress, or can become the stepping-stone to further discoveries: and fourthly, of representing moral enlightenment, which is an inseparable condition—a *sine quâ non*—both of the very existence of human communities, and of their progress, as a less important element in the problem than intellectual or scientific knowledge, simply because the knowledge in the one case is supposed to be complete, and in the other, not; forgetting that the difference in the *nature* of the two may more than compensate for the difference in volume.

That these fallacies are all involved in this speculation, may be evinced in a very few words, and more would be superfluous; for however mischievous the aspects of the theory to which I now refer, on morals and religion, there is little fear of its imposing on the sound common-sense of Englishmen. Of the more elaborate critiques which the brilliant but eccentric speculations now adverted to called forth, I scarcely recollect one which did not, as by an instinct, and without always fully going into the reasons, single out this paradox, amidst a crowd of others, for emphatic condemnation.

First, then, this strange theory affirms that morals have been known, nearly, if not quite as well, in all ages and countries: so that moral truth is an invariable or unfluctuating, and therefore comparatively uninfluential, element in the progress of civilisation! Surely it is impossible not to demur to this statement as a matter of *fact;* though (as already said) if it *were* a fact, the real point for consideration, in virtue of the practical character of morals, is not how far they have been theoretically known, but how far they have been applied. But it may well be denied that morals, even as a theory, have been equally well known, or nearly equally well known, by all mankind in all ages. Indeed, it is perfectly astounding that any one can survey either the moral theories or the moral phenomena of the world, and affirm any such paradox. What! Have there not been thousands of speculators who, from the very diversity of the maxims and conduct of mankind, have doubted whether man has any moral nature at all? And have there not been ethical theories unblushingly founded on that very supposition? *i.e.* on the supposition that any code of morals is just the result of man's education, association, and varying notions of interest and expediency, and that all intrinsical moral distinctions, and all immutable moral obligation, are a vain dream? Again; is it possible to suppose that the savage who commits murder and indulges in cannibalism without shame and without remorse, is really on much the same level with a Socrates or a Plato, as regards his *knowledge* of morals? Or is a code which consecrates revenge, and hands it down as an heirloom, which consecrates theft, which consecrates murder, which consecrates piracy, just as good as every other? Or if it be said that we must not go to the lowest conditions of barbarism,—though in truth the argument admits of no such evasion, because it is professedly and essentially without limitations,—can we imagine that the theories of Plato or Aristotle, the first of whom pleaded, in his Utopian "Republic," for the community of women, and occasional infanticide; and both of whom would perpetuate and legalise slavery as a perfectly justifiable institution, and spoke with lenience and indulgence of vices that cannot be even "named among Christians,"—can we imagine that their theories are on the same level with moral codes which condemn all these things? Is it possible to imagine that those who, without a blush, sanctioned and practised the vices which distinguished the palmy days of Greek civilisation, and disgraced it, or the last ages of Roman civilisation, which could not well be disgraced,—vices which Paul has denounced in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and which are so lightly referred to in the pages of such writers as Lucian and Athenæus,—were as enlightened even in the *theory* of morals as the devout reader of the New Testament? I suppose not. I fancy most men would be disposed to take a very different view of the matter, and say, that though it is *true* the moral conceptions of mankind in general approximate more nearly to equality than their measures of intellectual or scientific enlightenment, yet there are great differences in their moral illumination notwithstanding; and that though men have generally been worse than their *theories* of morals, yet it is to be hoped, even in the interest of charity, that the worst classes of men have not been *quite* as plenarily enlightened as the best! This author was so anxious to prove the contrary, and to show that the New Testament is nothing, after all, in an ethical point of view, but a repetition of what the world was perfectly familiar with, that he did not hesitate to say,—"The system of morals propounded there contains no maxim which had not been previously enunciated: and that some of the most beautiful passages in the Apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors, is well known to every scholar." It must be confessed he gives but an indifferent specimen of his own scholarship in this ludicrous assertion; since, as has been well said in reply, the obligations of the Apostles to the Pagan writers are confined to the three short sayings—"For we are also his offspring"—"Evil communications corrupt good manners"—and "The Cretans are always liars!"

But, *secondly*, another fallacy in this representation of the inferior relative importance of moral truth to the progress of man and the advance of civilisation, consists in this;—that it utterly ignores the fact that morals, being a *practical* science,—the *value* of which does not consist in theoretic knowledge at all,—must, if we would estimate what it can or cannot do, view it in its *applications* and its *tendencies*. The question here is not how much men know, but how far they use their knowledge. It is here, as with medical science; *that* also, being practical, is of no value, except as it is applied; and may safely be represented not only as of little but of no influence on human welfare, if men be resolved to disregard its principles and refuse its prescriptions. The only way in which the objection to this author's theory, drawn from the *practical* character of Morality, can be obviated, so as to show that it is still a "constant" and unvarying, and therefore comparatively "inferior" element in human progress, is to double the original paradox, and affirm not only that men have an equal *knowledge* of morality, but have always practised it, and will always practise it, in the same invariable degree! that there has always been, and will always be, the same amount of virtue and vice, good and evil action, in the world! But though the patron of this speculation seems sometimes to express himself as though he thought so, it is to be presumed that one who auspicates such magnificent things of the progress of his species, could not seriously mean it; for if he did, it is difficult to see why he should have written his book at all, since on this theory the world in the most essential points would remain incapable of amelioration.

But, *thirdly*, if we represent morality as a stationary and constant element, obstinately looking at it merely as knowledge, and refusing to consider it as capable of indefinite practical applications, then (as already intimated by more than one critic) any *other* science, as well as morals, would come under similar condemnation, as a *sterile and profitless* province of human knowledge. It is so necessarily, unless we suppose it constantly applied in practice, and thus constantly facilitating the further development and application of other branches of knowledge, in virtue of that "common bond" which (as Cicero long ago observed) connects together the whole family of the sciences. Take, for example, the elements of Geometry. So far as discovered and recorded, they would be, except as practically applied, a stationary, constant element of our knowledge, like the theory of morals; which, according to our author, is comparatively powerless, because nothing or little is added to it from age to age. Take, again, the science of Mechanics; it has long since investigated, and reduced to mathematical formulæ, the conditions of equilibrium and motion; the endless new books that treat of it give us only in somewhat varied form, with more or less clearness, the same principles and demonstrations of the same science. If it be said that though the whole body of truths in Euclid's "Elements" or Newton's "Principia" does not vary, yet that these truths are continually facilitating the more successful development and application of man's general powers,—in subserviency to the practical arts, or as stepping-stones to the advancement of other branches of science, or even to the formation of new sciences,—this is all quite true; but it is much the same with morality considered as an *applied* science; only that this last has, in proportion as it is applied to life, incomparably greater, more diffusive, and more uniform influence over the whole powers of man.

And this leads me to the *fourth* fallacy; namely, that of concluding that a constant and invariable "element" in a result,—even though it be an absolute *sine quâ non*, without which the result cannot exist at all,—is necessarily of inferior importance to another element, merely because the latter may admit of indefinite enlargement. For if, as is the case with morals, the things thus represented as invariable are the essential condition of all advancement, and if in proportion as they are practically applied they will and must promote it, they may well be of more moment to the result than any special contributions to the sum of our knowledge. In fact, it might just as well be argued that our intellectual *faculties*, all of which have very narrow limits compared with the knowledge they are the instruments of accumulating for us; or that the "five senses," which are possessed by the generality of the race in far more unvarying perfection than a knowledge of morals, and applied with far greater practical diligence; which are always a constant quantity,—no art or skill enabling us to make them *six;* it might, I say, just as well be argued that all these are of less importance to human advancement than the *facts* of which they inform us, simply because to the number of these last we cannot set limits! A man who so argued would forget that the very accumulation of such facts would be impossible,—that the whole pile would vanish,—without these essential, though unvarying *organa* of knowledge.—And in like manner it may be shown that even if it were true as it is false, that the knowledge of morality was a constant quantity, men without it would be incapable of any steady progress. Concurrent action, mutual confidence, the conscientious use of our faculties, the tranquil pursuit of knowledge, security of property, and the stability of society itself, could be no longer hoped for.

Viewed in this light, we may, on purely logical grounds, claim for morals a more important because more essential place, in determining the conditions of man's progress and civilisation, than for intellect itself. It is granted, indeed, that the progress of knowledge must be supposed constant, as well as a constant practical advance in morals, if man is really to make solid, permanent, perpetual progress. But this I think may further be said;—that the moral element is not only just as *essential* to *any* degree of civilisation, but is more expansive in its effects in proportion to its influence, equally augments man's general power in proportion to that influence, and, *cæteris paribus*, would always insure the certain superiority of any community possessing it in a high degree, over one possessed of *equal*, and in time even over one possessed of *greater*, intellectual powers, endowed with inferior virtue.

1. It is just as *essential* an element to *any* civilisation. This is obvious; for if men were universally destitute of moral virtue, and of the mutual confidence, and power of conjoint action, that it alone can secure, there could be no more progress than is found in a prison of felons, or a den of lions. Even the champion of this singular speculation admits that men must have had more virtue than vice, for if it were *not* so, all progress would have been impossible; the race would have been destroyed, and not a soul left to mourn over man's degeneracy. Although, taking "virtue" in the most comprehensive sense, as embracing the entire scope of man's duties towards God, as well as towards his fellows, the Christian would deny the theory that man has more virtue than vice, yet in that restricted sense in which alone our author seems to recognise virtue as possible, it will be cheerfully acknowledged that there are more deeds performed daily (from whatsoever motives), which comply with at at least the *letter* of the laws of virtue, than the contrary; more truths spoken than lies—more acts of honesty than dishonesty—more people that pay their debts than cheat their creditors; and so on. If it were not so, the world must soon come to an end. This element is, therefore, just as *essential* to all civilisation, as knowledge and intellect; and more so in one respect, inasmuch as man, favoured with the culture of his moral nature, might, even if possessed of feebler intellectual powers than he has, make an indefinite, though it might be slower, progress in knowledge and civilisation; whereas, without the culture of his moral nature, even the highest intellectual powers would be but explosive and disorganizing forces, and prevent any stable progress in civilisation altogether.

2. But this is but a small part of the case. Not only is morality an equally essential condition of all civilisation: it is as capable of indefinite applications as a *practical* science,—the true light, as already said, in which to consider it. It is capable of giving, in proportion to its advance, in proportion to its influence over human life and character, not a uniform and unfluctuating, but a constantly accelerating impulse to man's progress, a constantly increasing force to the sum of his intellectual efforts. Unhappily the world has never yet seen what a rapid, solid, general advance in a thorough and consistent virtue could effect; but it is not a matter of theory, nor left to conjecture. All we have to do is to recur to our consciousness, and the experience of life, in order to see how much is lost by vice, or by an imperfect virtue, and to form an adequate conception of what would be, if all such moral obstacles to man's progress were taken out of the way. And perhaps the best way of forming a lively notion of the dependence of intellectual progress on morals, and of the constantly increasing momentum successive advances in virtue would give to the sum of the powers lodged in the human intellect, is to suppose its abstract tendencies all realized in some favoured community. Let us imagine, then, a society in which no man defrauds his neighbour, idles away his time, or impairs his health or his faculties by vice; no man who makes his neighbours lose their time or waste their ingenuity or property, in guarding against his proving a knave, or squanders his own time and ingenuity, in guarding against the villany of his neighbours; a community in which each man, in the exercise of perfect trust and confidence in others, and of inflexible rectitude of purpose in himself, is left in unmo-

lested liberty, safe from outward fears and from internal distractions, to devote his undivided energies to whatever can adorn, elevate, enlarge, and exalt humanity. Who can estimate the effect of thus setting free the entire energies of man in the pursuit of a higher civilisation? How incalculable the gain, even in means and time, for the further prosecution of knowledge; in the mere freedom from the necessity of guarding against our reciprocal wickedness! We should see a community in which no prisons need to be built or governed; in which no criminal law need be devised or administered; in which no criminal courts need be held; in which no armies need be levied nor paid for, nor (which is worst of all) consumed in war: in which none of the tremendous burdens incurred by war, would be felt or dreaded; burdens which absorb half the revenues of nations, occupy half the time of their senates, and in no inconsiderable degree destroy their population. If it be said that the energies thus exerted do in some degree promote civilisation by quickening the human mind, it may be granted; but I am afraid it must be called the devil's civilisation; and, at any rate, such a result is but a poor one compared with what might be attained by equal resources more legitimately employed; by as much thought, time, money, energy, tranquilly exerted on worthy objects under the direction of a perfect virtue.

Now if these abstract tendencies of virtue would, when *perfectly* realised, thus immeasurably enhance man's power, so will they in *proportion* as they are realised. And who can say with truth, that it is a less expansive element of progressive civilisation than knowledge?

3. It may be said that it is not only an *equally* expansive element, but that it is more than *co-ordinate* with knowledge in the result. Virtue is so potent that not only will it secure the superior progress to that one of two communities which possesses most of it, where intellect is equal; but it will and must insure in time the superior progress to that same community, even though intellect be inferior, unless that inferiority be enormous.

And here the reasoning of Butler in reference to the issues of any contest between mere force and reason, which he employs as an illustration of a somewhat similar proposition, (namely, the tendency of virtue to triumph over all power opposed to it, if time be given it,) may be applied. As to the contest between brute force and intelligence, he says that, let there be time enough and field enough, and anything like a *proportion* between the forces engaged, and the victory will infallibly remain with Reason. It *might* happen, he says, that a few men, landing on a desert island, might be surprised and overcome by lions, or other wild animals; and even if they were not disproportioned in *numbers*, yet unless time and opportunity were allowed to concert measures and give effect to that intrinsic superiority which Reason must ever possess over brute force, the same result might ensue. Yet in the end, he says, every one can see that Reason must (the above-named conditions of the contest being fulfilled) ultimately prevail.

Something like this may be said of the contest between virtue and intellect in a race of civilisation. Supposing time enough allowed for the experiment, and no monstrous disproportion between the intellectual power of two communities, and yet considerable disparity in virtue, that society in which most virtue resides, would in the end (though it might work onwards more slowly) secure a more solid and permanent civilisation than its antagonist; and if possessed of *perfect* virtue must, even with considerable inferiority in the sum total of intellectual force, outstrip its competitor;—not perhaps in the brilliancy of particular discoveries, but in the steady, solid, and durable advance in all that can really insure the elevation of man. For *such* civilisation would be attended with no drawbacks, be liable to no suspension, be exposed to no shipwreck,—as civilisation (no matter what the intellect which has produced it, or which may adorn it to the last), has more than once been when virtue has decayed. None of the time, talents, energies of the community would be wasted or lost. Whatever was once gained would be gained for ever; progress would know no retrogression; it would be a steady unbroken march "through the ages,"—even as we may conceive it will be in that world where the conflicting claims of all the elements of our nature are fully adjusted, but adjusted by each of them knowing its due sphere and office; a world in which what the Apostle says of Faith, Hope, and Charity, here, will be said of Power, Intellect, and Virtue: "And now abide Power, Intellect, Virtue—these three; but the greatest of these is Virtue."

One other paradoxical consequence of the speculation now referred to, involved in the application of a mathematical conception to a subject which does not admit of it, may just be mentioned. According to this theory, morality is but a constant and unvarying element of civilisation, while knowledge increases *without limit;*—the logical consequence, therefore, arguing on these mathematical principles, must be, that the ratio of the moral to the intellectual element must ultimately be a vanishing quantity! On the contrary, it may be safely maintained that whatever the vigour of man's intellect or the accumulation of his knowledge, morality must still be the predominant force if human progress is to be stable and continuous.

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OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

X.—SIR CHARLES METCALFE.

In the summer of the year 1805, in the neighbourhood of the city of Muttra, in the Upper Provinces of India, where a division of Lord Lake's army was posted, two European gentlemen were conversing eagerly together in a tent. In the papers which lay upon the table, and the frequent references which were made to them, there were manifest signs that the intercourse between the two was not merely of a personal character. Except in respect of a common earnestness of manner, there was no sort of resemblance between them. The one was a tall, handsome, soldierly man in the very meridian of his life. The other was younger by many years; much shorter and much plainer. The elder of the two men was Colonel John Malcolm; the younger was Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe—a civilian upon the establishment—who had accompanied Lord Lake's army into the field, in the capacity of Political Assistant to the Commander-in-Chief.

In the diplomatic service to which the young civilian was attached, there was, at that time, perhaps, no greater name than that of John Malcolm. It was the great harvest-time of fame. Reputations ripened a-pace in those days, and men seemed to rise, almost by a single bound, from a state of obscure subalternship into the full meridian blaze of historical renown. This had been Malcolm's lot within the six or seven years preceding this meeting with Charles Metcalfe in the camp at Muttra. To the latter, therefore, it was a great event. It stimulated his energies and rekindled his ambition. What the train of thought suggested, and what effect it had upon his actions, may best be told in young Metcalfe's own words. Writing to a cherished friend in Calcutta, he said:—"On the day after his arrival in camp, Colonel Malcolm, to my surprise (for I could scarcely call myself acquainted with him), entered in a full, friendly and flattering manner into the question of my intentions—with full confidence, he laid open to me the various plans which were in contemplation, gave me admission to all his papers, and by appearing to interest himself in my welfare, prepared me to listen to him with great attention. He expatiated on the great field of political employment now open in Hindostan, the necessity of many appointments and missions, the superiority, as he seems to think, of my claims, and the great risk, if not certain injury, of my quitting the scene of action. By holding out the offer of distinction, he gained the important outwork of desire, and the citadel of resolve was in danger of falling. It did not immediately yield, however, and notwithstanding all he said, I clung fondly to my rooted and long-indulged intention of returning to Calcutta and of paying my last respects to Lord Wellesley. There was, however, sufficient in what Malcolm said to induce me to reflect seriously on the step I should take. I did not converse with Malcolm again for five days, and in that period, the subject was ever in my mind, and I never experienced such irresolution on any occasion in which I had the power of self-decision. Exclusive of the reasons suggested by Malcolm for my remaining, others occurred to me which he could not mention. I have long, as you know, looked upon the political as my line of service, and although I have seen what people call native courts, and have passed over many countries, I have had the misfortune of being under men, whose talents, knowledge, and character, or rather want of these, I could not admire; who gave no encouragement to my desire to learn; who on the contrary rather made me sick of my pursuit of knowledge. I have felt myself degraded by my situation, and instead of studying acquaintance with the natives, I have shrunk from notice as much as possible. My knowledge, therefore, is only that which I acquired in the Governor-General's office, and which, though highly useful, does not in itself qualify a man to be a political agent. The opportunity of acting under a man of Malcolm's talents and reputation, established knowledge, inquisitive genius and communicative disposition, promises advantages of the most solid and certain nature and of real importance. I could not, however, give up my desire to visit Calcutta, and my second conversation with Malcolm ended in our agreeing that I should run down to Calcutta and return quickly. On the same evening, however, he strongly advised me not to go; and the next day we had a long conversation, which ended in my being very uncertain what to do. I think, however, clearly that I shall stay; but I never did anything with more reluctance. I long to see our glorious Wellesley before he quits us. Malcolm tells me that I cannot better show my gratitude to Lord Wellesley than by assisting in scenes in which he will always have great interest."

So after some further doubts and self-questionings he resolved to remain with the army and to take his leave of the "glorious Wellesley" by letter. "Malcolm," he wrote on the 11th of June, "who will manage all political concerns at head-quarters, has expressed a wish that I should remain on his account, expecting to derive more assistance from me than I fear he will. This subject fills my mind, and it is with very great difficulty that I can reconcile myself to the overthrow of my plans—plans which I have so long ruminated over with anticipated delight. I rest my chief consolation on Malcolm's character, and the useful knowledge that I shall obtain whilst with him. It is my intention to cultivate his intimacy zealously. His advances to me have been very flattering. I foresee one thing; he is a likely man to give my mind a turn towards literary pursuits, which have scarcely ever entered my imagination—nay, he already has. He himself is an enthusiast." And, because he was an enthusiast, he had succeeded nobly in life. Because he was an enthusiast, he had discerned the fine qualities of the young civilian, in whom also there was a pure and generous enthusiasm, waiting only for opportunity to display itself in great and good deeds. There was something thorough about him that especially pleased Malcolm. Young as he was, he expounded his views, in favour of the prosecution of the "great game," with all the resolution of a veteran politician. Steeped as he was in admiration of Lord Wellesley, he was still more ardent in his attachment to the political faith which he cherished, and he could perceive and discuss the shortcomings of the "glorious little man," which were then becoming apparent to the war-party in camp. No man knew better than Malcolm the real state of things at Government House, for he was in close and confidential correspondence with Colonel Arthur Wellesley, and the letters which he then received plainly indicated that much toil and trouble and sore vexation had weakened the gallant resolute spirit of the Governor-General, and that he was not now what he had been in the earlier years of his reign. Malcolm and Metcalfe, in close confidential talk, bewailed the change; and still more bitterly lamented that Lord Cornwallis was coming out to India, to undo, as they said, the great work of his predecessor. Greatly as they differed in age, in experience, and in many important points of character, they were bound together by ties of strong political sympathy, and it was a mutual pleasure to them to discuss unreservedly the past, the present, and the future, of a conjuncture of events unexampled in the history of our Indian Empire.

Charles Theophilus Metcalfe was then in his twenty-first year. Born in Calcutta on the 30th of January, 1785, he was the second son of Major Metcalfe, an officer of the Company's army, who had amassed a considerable fortune, as fortunes were amassed, rapidly, in the days of Warren Hastings, when a lucrative contract was a sure road to sudden wealth. Having made his fortune, he did as others did, carried it away to spend in England, and took his place among the "nabobs" of the eighteenth century. He bought an estate; canvassed, and with success, for the East India direction; and obtained for himself a seat in Parliament, in the good old days of Toryism and Pitt. As he always voted with the Minister, and had money enough to support a respectable position as a country gentleman, with a house in Portland Place, a baronetcy was not an unattainable object of ambition. So Major Metcalfe had not been many years in England before he rose up "Sir Thomas Metcalfe, Bart.;"* and what he owed in the first instance to the accidents of fortune, he afterwards dignified by his own native worth. He was a man of high integrity of conduct, endowed with a solid understanding rather than with any brilliant parts, and if he could not command the admiration of the world, he always enjoyed its respect.

In their early boyhood, his two sons, Thomas and Charles, were sent to a private school in one of the eastern suburbs of London—Bromley, beyond Bow, not far from the frontier-line of Middlesex and Essex; but after they had received, in worthy Mr. Tait's academy, the rudiments of their education, they were transplanted to Eton, where they boarded at the house of Dr. Goodall, afterwards head-master and provost of the college. There young Charles, or, *Academicè*, Metcalfe Minor, applied himself assiduously to his books rather than to cricket, to boating, or to fives. Over and above the Latin and Greek, which in those days were the be-all and end-all of public school education, Metcalfe Minor read, in his own room, a number of books, English and French, and improved himself by translating the latter. From the study of French he proceeded to that of Italian, and day after day, as his boyish journal declares, "read Ariosto." Of more robust and athletic pursuits we have no record under his own hand. But many years afterwards, worthy Dr. Goodall recorded that he "heard the boys shouting one day, and went out and saw young Metcalfe riding on a camel." "So," he added, rather pleasantly than logically, "you see he was always Orientally inclined."

That an East India Director should determine to provide for his sons in the East was only in the common order of things. Major Metcalfe had made a fortune in India with no great trouble, and his boys might easily do the same. The best thing of all in those days was "a China writership." The next was a writership in Bengal. So Thomas was set down for the former, and Charles for the latter. Thomas was a high-spirited, rather precocious boy; and having, at a very early age, been allowed to taste the delights of English society, was reluctant in the extreme to be banished to Canton. Charles was not much more eager to go Eastward; but his unwillingness was of a different kind. He loved Eton; he was warmly attached to some of his schoolfellows; he loved his parents and his kindred, and he loved his country. But he could plainly see that there were the best possible reasons for his going to India; and so he submitted, with a good grace, to the painful decree. At the age of fifteen he was taken from Eton, and sent out to Calcutta. He went, doubtless, because his father had gone there before him; because Major Metcalfe, being an East India Director, was very properly of opinion that Patronage, like Charity, should "begin at home." But if the whole Court of Directors had ransacked England, Scotland, and Ireland, in search of the likeliest boy in the three kingdoms to grow into a serviceable Indian statesman, they could not have found one with more of the right stuff in him than in Charles Metcalfe.

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* These facts are stated without regard to strict chronological arrangement. Major Metcalfe was not created a Baronet until his son Charles had been some years in India.

On the 1st day of the year 1801, Charles Metcalfe set foot on Indian soil, and was soon in the full enjoyment of the strenuous idleness of the cold season in Calcutta. The novelty for a time was pleasing to him; so also was the independence of his new life; and all the chief people of the Presidency, the Governor-General, Lord Wellesley, included, opened their houses to him. But with the hot weather came weariness and exhaustion. The young civilian's spirits failed him; and before the month of June had been gasped out, he had written to his father, telling him that he hated India, and that all his happiness in life depended upon his being permitted to return home and obtain "a small place in Lord Grenville's office." Now, if Charles Metcalfe had been the son of a weak-minded mother, it is possible that her entreaties might have prevailed against the paternal judgment; but she was fortunately a lady in whom there was as much sound sense as good feeling; she saw at once that her son had written under a temporary depression of spirits, or in the language of the day, "vapours," which would soon pass away; and her expressive answer was—a box of pills. "You may laugh at my sending them," she wrote, "but I think you are bilious, and they will be of great service. . . . You study too much. You should dissipate a little. On account of your health you should relax. Ride on horseback. When intense thinking is joined with the want of exercise, the consequences must be bad." The answer of Major Metcalfe was drawn from his own book of experience. "I remember well," he wrote, "my own feelings, when I was an Ensign, and had been in the country about three months. I one morning (in a fit of bile) waited on the commanding officer with an intention to resign the service and return to England. Fortunately for me, the conversation at breakfast took a pleasant turn, in which I bore an active part, and a hearty fit of laughter got the better of my blue devils. I returned to my quarters with a determination to persevere." Indeed, it was a very old story. There is no incident with which Biography is more familiar, than this early fainting at the outset of the great march to Fame.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Charles Metcalfe that in those days there were no overland mails. Many months elapsed before he could receive an answer to his appeal; and before the parental replies reached Calcutta, the young civilian had begun to take a more cheerful view of life, and to think that he might do something to distinguish himself in India, though he still clung to the belief that there were better prospects before him in England. Even then his young ambition had been fired. Whilst yet only in his seventeenth year, he wrote in his journal, "No one possesses more ambition than I do; and am I destined to be great? If I quit this country, I may be; and it is one of the reasons for my desiring it so ardently. I cannot help thinking, should I hereafter be great, of the fervour with which my biographer will seize upon these slight memorandums, and record them to an eager public as a proof of my indulging, in youth and in distant climes, the idea of becoming a great character on the theatre of the world." This was written in October; but before the end of the year delivery came in the shape of active employment. Lord Wellesley, who perceived that the youngster had good stuff in him, emancipated him from the control of the College of Fort William, and appointed him an Assistant to the Resident at Scindiah's Court.

On his way to join his appointment, Charles Metcalfe fell in with the camp of the Governor-General, and obtained Lord Wellesley's permission to accompany him to Lucknow. There he caught his first glimpse of the traditional splendour of the East, and found that the reality even exceeded the romance. "Everything," he said, "recalled to my memory the 'Arabian Nights,' for every description of any such procession which I ever met with in history, even the celebrated triumph of Aurelian when he led Zenobia and Tiridates (Tetricus) captives, of which Gibbon gives an account, was completely beggared by it." From Lucknow, he proceeded to join the camp of the Resident at Scindiah's Court. This high political office was then held by Colonel Collins—an early associate of Metcalfe's father, who spoke of him affectionately as his "old friend Jack Collins." But he had another name with the general community, who called him "King Collins," for he was a man of an imperious nature and an overbearing temper. Charles Metcalfe did not want temper, but he wanted tact; and he soon quarrelled with his chief. The old soldier resented the clever self-sufficiency of the young civilian, who argued and dogmatised, and was continually running himself against the angularities of King Collins. So there was a rupture. Metcalfe asked permission to resign his appointment, and then returned to Calcutta.

It was well that he did so; for soon after his return to the Presidency, a seat was given to him in what was called "Lord Wellesley's office." A little cluster of the most promising young civilians were gathered together in Government House, and did much important confidential work under the superintendence of the Chief Secretaries, or sometimes of the Governor-General himself. It was the best possible nursery for infant statesmen, and there were few who did not profit by the culture. Great events were then taking shape in the womb of

Time. We were on the eve of a great conflict, which was destined to change the whole aspect of our Eastern Empire, and to make the administration of Lord Wellesley the most momentous in the whole range of our Indian history. It was a great thing for young Charles Metcalfe to take even a humble ministerial part in these great transactions under the eye of the Governor-General. Lord Wellesley was one to encourage well those who served him well. To the men who did not grudge their work, he did not grudge his praise. A minister, in high place, who is slow to recognise the good services of his subordinates, may be a very clever man, but he is not a great statesman. What this noviciate in Lord Wellesley's office did for Charles Metcalfe, at the turning-point of his career, it is almost impossible to rate too highly. After a year and a half of this good training, he was thoroughly fit for active service. The "great game" had commenced. General Lake's army had taken the field; and in the spring of 1804, Charles Metcalfe was appointed Political Assistant to the Commander-in-Chief, and despatched to join the army at headquarters.

The General was a fine old soldier; but he had his weaknesses, and among them an habitual contempt for civilians; and indeed for much penmanship of any kind. He had an emphatic formula by which he expressed to those beneath him his desire that they should mind their fighting and not their writing. The presence in his camp of a boy-civilian, fresh from Government House, rather irritated him; and, perhaps, the members of his staff humoured the old soldier by sneering at the non-combatant clerk, who shared the pleasant excitements but not the dangers of the campaign. Young Metcalfe got some inkling of this, and quietly bided his time. An opportunity soon came. The army was before the strong fortress of Deeg. The storming-party was told off, and the non-combatant clerk volunteered to accompany it. He was one of the first to enter the breach. This excited the admiration of the old General, who made most honourable mention of him in his despatch; and, ever afterwards, throughout the campaign, spoke of him as his "little stormer."

It was soon after this that Colonel Malcolm joined the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and took young Metcalfe into his councils. The war was then nearly over, for the treasury was well nigh empty, and the Company were on the verge of bankruptcy. There was, however, one last blow to be struck. Holkar was still in an attitude of hostility; but when the British troops drove him, as before narrated, across the Sutlej, and he was at last compelled to accept the terms offered to him by our Government, the "little stormer" was sent to convey to the Mahratta chief the assurances of our friendship and good will. He spoke modestly of this mission, and said that his task was an easy one; but it required both temper and tact, especially as the celebrated Pathan leader, Ameer Khan, was present at the meeting, and inclined to be insolent to the boyish English diplomatist, who had not by any means an imposing personal presence, and whose countenance could scarcely by any effort be made to discard its habitual expression of cheerfulness and benignity.

On the restoration of peace, Sir Charles Metcalfe was appointed an Assistant to the Resident at Delhi, where the Mogul Emperor, Shah Allum, old, blind and infirm, still maintained the shadowy pageantry of a Court. The Resident was Mr. Seton, a civilian of the old school, whose chief characteristic was an overflowing courtesy and politeness, which sometimes wholly swept away all the barriers of sound sense and discretion, and exposed him to not unmerited derision. In any other man, the strong expressions of admiration, with which he spoke of young Metcalfe's genius, might have been regarded as indications of discernment and prescience. But on the lips of Seton the language of flattery was habitual, and Metcalfe attached but little value to the praise of a superior who had been represented in a caricature of the day as saluting Satan with a compliment, and wishing "long life and prosperity to His Majesty." This weakness had unfortunately free scope for exercise at Delhi, where exaggerated respect was shown by Seton to the Mogul. Metcalfe often remonstrated against this, and by his remonstrances greatly perplexed the Resident, who could not show all the deference he wished both to his young friend and the old king. Metcalfe was soon sick of the ungenial work, which was even less profitable than it was pleasant. "I am, with respect to health," he wrote in June, 1807, "as well as usual, and that, I thank God, is very well; in spirits, too, pretty well; and, though the place is very dull, and I myself am no great enlivener of society, never fail to be merry on a favourable opportunity. I am tired of business, and long to have less to do—the nearest to nothing the better. . . . And now comes the dreadful tale. My finances are quite ruined, exhausted beyond any reasonable hope of repair. You know that I am very prudent: prudence is a prominent feature in my character; yet, ever since I came to this Imperial station, I have gradually been losing the ground which I had gained in the world, and at length I find myself considerably lower than the neutral situation of having nothing, and without some unlooked-for and surprising declaration of the fates in my favour, I see nothing but debt, debt, debt, debt after debt before me." But deliverance soon came. Certain new duties were imposed upon him, and his allowances were consequently increased. As these duties were of an administrative rather than a diplomatic character, the arrangement did not much please him; but he found consolation in the means it afforded him of extricating himself from debt. He determined to convert this addition to his salary into a sinking-fund for the payment of the claims against him; and resolutely adhering to the design, he paid off his debts to the last sixpence without any foreign aid.

And he was on the high-road to the realisation of a fortune. He was not one to remain long in a subordinate position, under such a man as Mr. Seton. There was, or there was supposed to be, a conjuncture which demanded the best services of all the best men in the country. The apprehensions which, as I have before written, sent Malcolm to Persia, and Elphinstone to Caubul, suggested the expediency of a mission to Lahore, and Metcalfe was selected to conduct it. In these days, it is no greater feat to go from Delhi to Lahore than to go from London to Scarborough. But in 1808 the Punjab was almost a *terra incognita* to us. We knew little or nothing of the "strange sect of people called the Sikhs." Some tidings had reached us of the rising power of a chief named Runjit Singh, who was rapidly consolidating by not the most scrupulous means an empire on the banks of the Hyphasis and the Hydaspes. In pursuance of the comprehensive scheme of defensive policy, which the designs of the French and Russian Emperors compelled us to initiate, Lord Minto determined to secure the good offices of the ruler of the Punjab and to bind him to us by treaty-obligations. For this work he selected Mr. Metcalfe; and seldom or never before had a mission of so much delicacy and difficulty been entrusted to so young a man.

Charles Metcalfe was only twenty-three years of age—an age at which at the present day many civilians of the new school first set their faces towards the East—when he went forth on this mission to the Court of Runjit Singh. On the 1st of September, 1808, the mission crossed the Sutlej. On the 12th, Runjit Singh, who had been flitting about in a somewhat erratic fashion, as though he could hardly make up his mind how to act, received the English officers at Kussoor. It is not the custom in these cases to go to business. The first visits of Oriental diplomacy are visits of courtesy and congratulation. "The Rajah," wrote Metcalfe, "met us on the outside of a large inclosure, and having embraced all the gentlemen of the mission, conducted us within, where tents had been prepared for our reception. As a compliment to us, the Rajah, from his own choice, used chairs at this meeting, partly collected from our camp and partly from his own, upon which he and the principal Sirdars present, and the gentlemen of the British mission, were seated. This interview was prolonged by the Rajah beyond the usual time of visits of ceremony; but nothing of consequence passed at it. The Rajah did not enter much into conversation, and made only two observations worthy of remark. One was an expression of regret for the lamented death of Lord Lake, of whom he observed that it would be difficult to find his equal, for that he was as much distinguished by his gentleness, mildness, humanity and affability as by his greatness as a military character. The other observation was in reply to one of his courtiers, who was remarking that the British Government was celebrated for good faith; upon which Runjit Singh said that he knew well that the word of the British Government included everything." Great words—and a great fact in those days. *Oh! si sic omnia!*

On the 16th, Runjit Singh returned the visit of the young English diplomatist; and three days afterwards, at another meeting, they proceeded to discuss the business of the mission. It would be a work of time to narrate all the details of the protracted negociations which then ensued. The Sikh ruler was full of jealousy and suspicion; and, therefore, he was very wary in his practice. He fenced and evaded with the greatest skill; and was continually watching for opportunities, which the young English officer never allowed him, of coming down upon him unawares or striking him at a disadvantage. The fact is that he thought Metcalfe had entered his country in the character of a spy, and that the negociation of a friendly alliance was intended only to mask some ulterior proceedings of a hostile character. His conduct was distinguished by an amount of inquietude and restlessness, which every now and then verged upon discourtesy, if not upon overt insolence to the British mission, and it is not improbable that many a man in Metcalfe's place would have resented the strange bearing of the Sikh chief, and have broken up his camp to return to the British frontier. But, even at that early age, the beautiful patience, which at a later time so perfected in him the true heroic character, displayed itself, to his own honour and to his country's good. He had been sent to perform a certain work, and he was resolute to do it in spite of all temptations to turn aside; and, therefore, he was slow to take offence: feeling that he might attribute to the barbaric ignorance and to the rude impulses of one who had never known restraint, much which in an European prince would have been wholly unaccountable and not to be forgiven. When, in all courtesy and respect, Runjit ought to have been pursuing to a close the negociation with the representative of the British Government, he was giving himself up to strong drink and to the unseemly exhibitions of dancing girls, and giving no sort of heed to the important business before him. There was method, perhaps, in madness of this kind. He was evidently anxious to gain time, that he might see what would be written down in the great chapter of accidents, and be guided to that which would best serve his individual interests. He was especially anxious to learn what was the real military strength of the British Government—most of all, what were the qualities of the trained native soldiers who constituted our Sepoy army. An unexpected incident gave him a glimpse of the knowledge which he sought. The negociations had been protracted, without any positive results, to the month of February, when one day Metcalfe's escort of British Sepoys came into collision with a party of Akalis, or Sikh fanatics—half soldiers and half saints. There was a sharp conflict between them; but, after a little while, the steady discipline of the little band of trained soldiers prevailed, and the Sikhs broke and fled. This appears to have made a great impression on Runjit's mind. He saw clearly that the English, who could make such good soldiers of men not naturally warlike, were a people not to be despised. There were ulterior results of even more importance to history, but that which immediately followed was the conclusion of the treaty, which had been so long in course of negociation. It was a treaty of general friendship and alliance between the British and the Sikh powers—a plain, straightforward, sensible treaty, unencumbered with details; and it lasted out the lives both of the Indian chief and the English statesman.

The manner in which Charles Metcalfe had conducted these difficult negociations placed him at once, notwithstanding the fewness of his years, in the foremost rank of the public servants of the Indian Government. From that time his fortune was made. On Metcalfe's return to India, Lord Minto invited him to the Residency; and not very long afterwards offered him the Delhi Residency, in succession to Mr. Seton, who had been appointed Governor of Prince of Wales' Island. "I shall," wrote the Governor-General to him, "with (or without) your consent, name you to the Residency of Delhi. I know your martial genius and your love of camps; but besides that inclination must yield to duty, this change will appear to fall in, not inopportunely, with some information and some sentiments conveyed to me in your letter of the 3rd instant." And then he added, in a strain of kindly jocoseness, "If you ask my reasons for so extraordinary a choice, I can only say that, notwithstanding your entire ignorance of everything connected with the business of Delhi—a city which, I believe, you never saw; and with Cis- and Trans-Sutlej affairs, of which you can only have read; and notwithstanding your equal deficiency in all other more general qualifications, I cannot find a better name in the list of Company's servants; and hope, therefore, for your indulgence on the occasion." I have read a great number of letters from Governors-General, offering high appointments to the officers of Government, but never one so pleasant as this—never one that so clearly indicated the personal affection of the writer for the man to whom it was addressed.

So, at the age of twenty-six, Charles Metcalfe found himself in possession of the high dignity and the large emoluments of an office coveted by men of twice his age and four times the length of his service. Yet he was by no means elated by his good fortune. It is hard, perhaps, to form a just estimate of the habitual feelings of a resident in India, so much is a man's cheerfulness affected by the climate; so great are the vicissitudes from a state of high animal spirits to one of feebleness and depression. The biographer should always consult the date of a letter written in India; but it will be no unfailing guide. The truth is that, by men who have much official work to do, private letters to friends in England are commonly written in a state of weariness and exhaustion; and, moreover, there is always something saddening in this communion with the old home; it suggests so many tender regrets and painful yearnings after unattainable bliss. It was not strange, therefore, that Charles Metcalfe should have written to England, from the Delhi Residency, to discourage one of his aunts from sending out her son to India. "Do not suppose," he added, "that I am unhappy or discontented. I have long since reconciled myself to my fate, and am as contented and happy as one far from his friends can be. I do not allow unpleasant thoughts to enter my mind, and if I do not enjoy what is beyond my reach—the inexpressible pleasure of family society—I at least am always cheerful and never unhappy. My father did what he thought best for me; and it is satisfactory to me to reflect that my career in India, except as to fortune, must have answered his expectations. It has been successful beyond any merits that I am aware of in myself." As he says, in the next paragraph, that he hopes to save 3000*l.* a year from his salary, I can hardly think that even Sir Thomas Metcalfe could have been much disappointed that his son could not do more financially at the age of six-and-twenty.

When Lord Minto returned to England he left Charles Metcalfe still at the Delhi Residency, and Lord Hastings found him there. There were stirring times then before the Government of India—the necessary after-growth of the sudden winding-up of the great game of Lord Wellesley's time. Few men were better acquainted with the politics of Upper India than the Delhi Resident, and the statesmen by whom Lord Hastings was surrounded were eager to obtain an expression of his views. They were strongly in favour of a "settlement." He knew that until vigorous measures had been taken to crush the Pindarrees, and to place upon a more satisfactory footing our relations with the substantive Mahratta States, there could be only a cry of "Peace, Peace!" where there was no peace. He drew up, therefore, some important state papers for the use of Lord Hastings, and, whether the Governor-General were or were not moved by them, it is very certain that the course pursued was in accordance with the views and recommendations of Charles Metcalfe.

And it is certain that such was the clearness and comprehensiveness of Metcalfe's views, and such the precision with which he expressed them, that the Governor-General saw plainly that it would be to his advantage to have such a statesman at his elbow. But there was some active diplomatic business yet to be done by the Delhi Resident. In the great political and military transactions which distinguished the administration of Lord Hastings, Metcalfe played an important part. The task which was set him did not in the sequel involve the rough work which fell to the share of Elphinstone and Malcolm; but it demanded the exercise of no little address. It was his to bring the great Pathan chief, Ameer Khan, to terms; to induce him to disband his levies and restore the tracts of country which he had taken from the Rajpoots. It was his also to bring all the great Rajpoot chiefs into friendly alliance with us; and though the conduct of one or two of them was of a slippery and evasive character, they were all finally persuaded that it was really to their interest that they should be brought under British protection. This done, and the war concluded, Charles Metcalfe accepted the offer of a place in the Executive Government, which had been made to him by Lord Hastings, and prepared, in the cold weather of 1818-19, to assume the office of Political Secretary, in succession to Mr. John Adam, who had been elevated to a seat in Council.

He turned his back upon Delhi with a sigh. He left behind him many dear friends. He loved the work that had been entrusted to him, because there was great scope for beneficent action, and he felt that he had not exerted himself in vain. In after years, he looked back with pardonable pride at the results of his administration. "Capital punishment," he said, "was almost wholly abstained from, and without any bad effect. Corporal punishment was discouraged, and finally abolished. Swords and other implements of intestine warfare, to which the people were prone, were turned into ploughshares, not figuratively alone, but literally also; villagers being made to give up their arms, which were returned to them in the shape of implements of agriculture. Suttees were prohibited. The rights of Government were better maintained than in other provinces, by not being subjected to the irreversible decisions of its judicial servants, with no certain laws for their guidance and control. The rights of the people were better preserved, by the maintenance of the village constitutions, and by avoiding those pernicious sales of lands for arrears of revenue, which in other provinces have tended so much to destroy the hereditary rights of the mass of the agricultural community."

The Political Secretaryship of the Indian Government is a high and important office; one that had been, and has since been, held by men second to none in the public service. Barlow, Edmonstone, and John Adam had been Metcalfe's predecessors, and had each in turn passed on from the Secretaryship to a seat in the Supreme Council. But those who knew him best, doubted whether the place would suit him; and he soon came to doubt it himself. Among others, Sir John Malcolm wrote to him, saying, "Had I been near you, the King of Delhi should have been dissuaded from becoming an executive officer, and resigning power to jostle for influence. But you acted with high motives, and should not be dissatisfied with yourself." But this was not all that Malcolm wrote to him at the time. "I recognise in all your letters," he said, "the unaltered Charles Metcalfe with whom I used to pace the tent at Muttra and build castles; our expenditure on which was subject neither to the laws of estimate nor the rules of audit." And now, though at a distance from each other, they began castle-building again. Malcolm was meditating a return to England, and he was eager to make over the administration of Central India to his friend. Another high civil officer, who had the charge of a contiguous tract of country, was also about to retire from his post; and it was considered whether these two great administrative fields might not be conjoined and placed together in Metcalfe's hands. "The union of Malcolm's charge and Marjoribanks'," he wrote in a rough pencil note on the face of a letter from Mr. Adam, "would be grand indeed, and make me King of the East and the West." But this Kingship was not in store for him. His services were required on another field of action. He was appointed Resident at Hyderabad in the Deccan.

Towards the end of the year 1820, accompanied by a few young friends who had been appointed his assistants, Charles Metcalfe set out for Hyderabad. As Political Secretary, he had been in constant correspondence with his predecessor, Mr. Henry Russell; and he had good substantial information, therefore, relating to the state of the country. But he found, upon the spot, that the disorders of which he had heard were more deeply seated than he had imagined. The Nizam had borrowed from an extensive banking-house at Hyderabad large sums of money at high interest, for the payment of his troops and other current expenses of his Government. The result was that his ministers were compelled to resort to many acts of oppression and injustice to wring money from the people to keep the machinery of the state from altogether suspending its action. It was plain that the interference of the British Government had long been imperatively demanded. Something had already been done; but something also remained to be done. "The more I see of the Nizam's country," wrote Metcalfe, after some six months' experience, "the more I am convinced that without our interposition, it must have gone to utter ruin, and that the measures which have been adopted were indispensably necessary for its continued existence as an inhabited territory. As it is, the deterioration has been excessive; and the richest and most easily cultivated soil in the world has been nearly depopulated, chiefly by the oppressions of Government. It will require tender nursing."

But all the nursing in the world could do nothing, so long as there remained the great cancer of the debt to eat into the very life of the State. The English money-lenders had got hold of the Nizam and his ministers. They were friends of the Resident and friends of the Governor-General; but the former determined to rescue the country from their grasp. He knew that it could not be done without sore travail; he knew that he would lose many friends and make many enemies; and that the cordial support of the Government was little likely to be obtained. Sir John Malcolm had written to him, saying, "Every step that you take to ameliorate the condition of the country will be misrepresented by fellows who have objects as incompatible with public virtue and good government as darkness is with light. . . . You have to fight the good fight, and to stand with the resolute but calm feelings such a cause must inspire against all species of attacks that artful and sordid men can make or that weak and prejudiced men can support. . . . I am quite confident in your ultimate triumph, though I expect that you will have great vexation and annoyance."

And truly he had; but, much as it cost him, he was resolute to go through it to the end. It was the sorest task that he ever set himself, for he was a man of warm affections, and it cut him to the heart to array himself against the personal interests of his friends. But he felt that the very life of the Hyderabad State hung upon his independent action, in the emergency that had then arisen. He was determined to inquire, where inquiry must of necessity have been exposure, and to cut off the stream from which so much had been poured into the coffers of his friends. It is a long story. The great banking-house of William Palmer and Company suffered greatly by Metcalfe's sturdy uncompromising conduct; and for awhile he fell under the displeasure of the Governor-General. But Lord Hastings had too many good qualities of head and heart not at last to do justice to a public servant who had striven only for the public good.

In 1825, Lord Amherst, who had succeeded Lord Hastings as Governor-General, invited Metcalfe to leave Hyderabad and to resume his old office at Delhi. He was then Sir Charles Metcalfe, Baronet; for his father and elder brother had passed away, and the title and estates of the family had descended to him. It was a conjuncture of great importance in Upper India; for the state of affairs of Bhurtpore had compelled British interference, and the army, under Lord Combermere, was marching against that celebrated fortress. To no man could the conduct of the political business of the campaign be entrusted with so much confidence as to Sir Charles Metcalfe. The events of the siege belong to history. Metcalfe, whose old martial instincts were again roused, watched the operations of the storm with the deepest interest, and had a narrow escape from injury, if not death, from the bursting of a mine.

He had now fairly earned a seat in the Supreme Council, and in 1827 it was conferred upon him. He then took up his residence in Calcutta; and was the most hospitable and the most popular of men. Of his public services no better account can be given than that which has been recorded in the words of Lord William Bentinck, with whom he worked, in perfect amity, for many years. "My connection," said the Governor-General, "with Sir Charles Metcalfe in Council, during more than six years, ought to make me the best of witnesses, unless, indeed, friendship should have blinded me and conquered my detestation of flattery, which, I trust, is not the case. I, therefore, unhesitatingly declare that whether in public or private life, I never met with the individual, whose integrity, liberality of sentiment and delicacy of mind excited in a greater degree my respect and admiration. The State never had a more able or upright councillor nor any Governor-General a more valuable and independent assistant and friend: and during the same period, of any merit that can be claimed for the principles by which the Indian Government has been guided, to Sir Charles must the full share be assigned. Neither has the access which my situation has given me to the public records and to past transactions led me to form a less favourable opinion of his preceding career. I need not enter into particulars. Suffice it to express my sincere impression that among all the statesmen, who since my first connection with India have best served their country and have most exalted its reputation and interests in the East, Webb, Close, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Elphinstone, Munro and Malcolm, equal rank and equal honour ought to be given to Sir Charles Metcalfe."

At this time (1835) Sir Charles Metcalfe had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Agra; but he left Calcutta, only to return to it. He had scarcely reached Allahabad, when news was received of the intended departure of Lord William Bentinck for England. As "Provisional Governor-General," therefore, in the absence of any substantive appointment to the high office, it was now Metcalfe's privilege to receive from him the reins of Government. He hastened, therefore, back to the Presidency, and arrived in time to shake the departing ruler by the hand, and to bid God-speed to him, and to that pearl of gentlewomen, his admirable wife. The dreams of the Eton Cloisters, the air-built castles of the Muttra tent, had now become substantial realities. He had said that he would some day be Governor-General of India—and now the great official crown was upon his head. It might not remain there long, but it was something to be Governor-General even for a day. Some believed that the substantive appointment would be, and all hoped that it might be, conferred upon him. Metcalfe, however, had no expectation of such a result. In the first place he knew that the influence of the Court and the Cabinet would assuredly prevail against the "old Indian" party at home; and, in the second, he felt assured that in the eyes of a large section of that party he had irremediably damaged himself by his conduct at Hyderabad. He was right. But the interregnum was one of unexpected duration. The appointment of Lord Heytesbury, made by the Tories, having been cancelled by the Whigs, there followed much discussion, involving much delay, with respect to the choice of a successor. The Court of Directors desired to appoint Sir Charles Metcalfe; but the Queen's Government prevailed, and finally nominated Lord Auckland to the post of Governor-General of India.

But not before the interregnum of the Indian civilian had been rendered famous by an act, which has, perhaps, been more discussed, and with greater variance of opinion, than any single measure of any Governor-General of India. He liberated the Indian press. Under the Government of his predecessor, freedom of speech had been habitually allowed, but the sword of the law still remained in the hand of the civil Government, and at any time it might have been stretched forth to destroy the liberty which was thus exercised. But Metcalfe was not content with this state of things. He desired that the free expression of thought should be the right of all classes of the community. He took his stand boldly upon the broad principle, that to deny this right is to contend "that the essence of good government is to cover the land with darkness." "If their argument," he added, "be that the spread of knowledge may eventually be fatal to our rule in India, I close with them on that point, and maintain that, whatever may be the consequence, it is our duty to communicate the benefits of knowledge. If India could be preserved as a part of the British Empire, only by keeping its inhabitants in a state of ignorance, our domination would be a curse to the country, and ought to cease. But I see more ground for just apprehension in ignorance itself. I look to the increase of knowledge with a hope that it may strengthen our empire; that it may remove prejudices, soften asperities, and substitute a rational conviction of the benefits of our Government; that it may unite the people and their rulers in sympathy, and that the differences which separate them may be gradually lessened, and ultimately annihilated. Whatever, however, be the will of Almighty Providence respecting the future government of India, it is clearly our duty, as long as the charge be confided to our hands, to execute the trust to the best of our ability for the good of the people." It would be difficult to gainsay this: but the Court of Directors of the East India Company had not such sympathy with these "high flown notions." The intelligence of what he had done reached them whilst the question of the Governor-Generalship was still an open one; it may have in some measure influenced the decision, but I scarcely think that it did. At all events, Metcalfe soon heard from England that he had lost the confidence of the Company. Lord Auckland had by this time arrived in India; and Sir Charles Metcalfe had returned to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Agra. From that place he addressed a letter to the official organ of the Company, in which he requested that if he had really lost the confidence of the Court, his provisional appointment of Governor-General might be withdrawn, and that he might resign his office and retire from the service of the Company. The answer to this was outwardly cold and formal. It expressed the regret of the Court that Sir Charles Metcalfe should have thought it necessary to make such a communication, and added that the continuance in him personally of the highest office which the Court had it in its power to confer ought to have satisfied him that their confidence had not been withdrawn.

But Metcalfe was not satisfied; so he forthwith sent in his resignation, and prepared to return to England. No man ever left India, carrying with him so many lively regrets and so many cordial good-wishes from all classes of the community. I can well remember the season of his departure from Calcutta. The Presidency was unwontedly enlivened by Metcalfe balls and Metcalfe dinners, and addresses continually pouring in and deputations both from English and Native Societies. It would take much of time and much of space to speak of all these; and I must refrain from the attempt to record them. But it may be mentioned that, on one of these farewell festal occasions, after Metcalfe's health had been drunk in the ordinary way, as a statesman who had conferred great benefits upon the country and a member of society beloved by all who had come within the circle of his genial influence, another toast was given in the words "Charles Metcalfe, the soldier of Deeg." The story of the "little stormer," then but rarely known, was told, and well told; and the military enthusiasm of the many officers there present was roused to the highest pitch. I shall never forget the applause of the assembly which greeted this unexpected tribute to the completeness of Sir Charles Metcalfe's character. All that gay assemblage in the Town Hall of Calcutta rose to him, with a common movement, as though there had been but one heart among them all, and many an eye glistened as women waved their handkerchiefs and men clapped their hands—and every one present thought how much he was loved.

So Metcalfe returned to England, in the early part of 1838, after an absence of thirty-eight years. He had no thought of any further employment in the public service, except that which might be entailed upon him by the necessities of a seat in Parliament. He had an abundance of the world's wealth; he was unmarried; and he had done so much work that he might well content himself to be idle at the close of his life. Moreover, there was another, and an all-sufficient reason why he should seek this autumnal repose. He had in India enjoyed better health than the majority of his countrymen, although he had taken no especial pains to preserve it. He had worked hard; he had lived well; and he had not resorted very freely to the great prophylactic agencies of air and exercise: still a naturally robust constitution had carried him through nearly forty years of unbroken work beneath an Indian sun. But the seeds of a painful and a fatal disease had been sown—at what precise time cannot be declared; but the first apparent symptoms manifested themselves at Calcutta, when a friend one day called his attention to a drop of blood on his cheek. It was the first discernible sign of a malignant cancer, which was to eat into his life and make existence a protracted agony. From that day there was perceptible an angry appearance of the skin. But the progress of the malady was so gradual, and it was attended with so little uneasiness, that neither did Metcalfe consult a medical practitioner, nor did the ailment attract the notice of the professional adviser who attended him. But, at the latter end of 1837, the malady had increased so much that he thought it necessary to take advice; the treatment was not effective, and soon afterwards Metcalfe returned to England. There he consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie, who prescribed for him, but without effect. There was, however, little pain, although the disease had assumed the shape of a decided ulcerous affection of the cheek; and so Metcalfe allowed time to pass, and neglected the complaint until no human agency could arrest it.

If he had thought more of himself at this time, he would have retired into private life, and not suffered any allurements to tempt him from his retirement. But he had not been much more than a year in England, when the Queen's Ministers invited him to accept the office of Governor of Jamaica. He believed it to be his duty to go; and he went. In August, 1839, he embarked, and on the 21st of September he assumed charge of the Government. There were many difficult problems to solve, for the emancipation of the blacks had produced a great social and industrial revolution; and the transition-state which had arisen required very careful and adroit management. I do not purpose to write here, in detail, of the events of Sir Charles Metcalfe's administration of the West Indian colony; nor, indeed, of the troubled politics of Canada, to which country he afterwards proceeded as Governor-General. He had been appointed to the former by the Government of Lord Melbourne; and now the Government of Sir Robert Peel invited him (1843), in a most difficult conjuncture, to proceed to the North American colony. It devolved upon the present Lord Derby, as Colonial Secretary, to make the offer of the appointment to him. The letter, proposing the arrangement, was playfully, but only too truly, described as Lord Stanley's "fatal missive." He went to Canada as he went to Jamaica, because he believed that it was his duty to go; but the arms of death were around him as he embarked.

There is nothing sadder, and there is nothing grander, in all history, than the last years of Metcalfe's life. The dreadful malady, which had for years so grievously afflicted him, now made life little more than an unceasing agony. But his stout heart and his clear head—his resolute devotion to the public service, and his high political courage in the face of a powerful antagonism—never failed him for a moment. Long after he was unable to write, for the consuming disease which preyed upon him had destroyed one of his eyes and threatened the sight of the other, he sate, in a darkened room, with his poor face bandaged up, and dictated to another weighty public despatches, and private letters *so* touching in their patience. In the midst of this life, rendered endurable only by a feeling that he was still doing some good to his fellows, and that it was God's will thus to afflict him, an intimation came to him from the Colonial Secretary, that Her Majesty had been pleased to raise him to the Peerage. But it was too late. The malady had been making fearful progress. With all his bravery of heart he could not struggle longer against his agony, and do his duty to the sovereign and the nation that he served. So he tendered his resignation; and on the 16th of December, 1845, he again found himself in England. He knew that he had been carried home only to die. No man had ever a larger circle of friends, and now their sympathy and affection solaced him in his dying days; but nothing could arrest the hand of death that had been laid upon him. He lingered in extreme pain until the 5th of September, 1846, and then, in an assured belief of the redeeming efficacy of Christ's blood, he rendered up his gentle spirit to his Maker.

He died at Malshanger, in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, where his sister, Mrs. Smythe, had watched over him with tenderest solicitude to the last. But his remains were moved, in accordance with his own wish, to the family vault of the Metcalfes, in the little parish church of Winkfield, near his estate of Fern-hill. There may be seen a tablet to his memory on which are engraven words, written by the hand of Macaulay, who had served with him in India—words that summarise his public character as that of "a statesman tried in many high posts and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all," and tell how "the three greatest dependencies of the British crown were successively entrusted to his care." "Public esteem," it is added, "was the just reward of his public virtue, but those only who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship could appreciate the whole worth of his gentle and noble nature." And this, indeed, is known to many—for he was very accessible, at all times; he had a larger circle of friends, perhaps, than any one of his cotemporaries; and to know him was to love him. He was very gentle and very genial, and there was a large-hearted unselfishness about him, such as has seldom been equalled. His kindness and charity towards others were as beautiful as the patience which clothed him as a garment; and in the extremity of his own sufferings, he had ever a heart to feel for the sufferings of others, and a healing hand to be stretched out to their relief.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW ALFTRUDA WROTE TO HEREWARD.

THE weary months ran on, from summer into winter, and winter into summer again, for two years and more, and neither Torfrida nor Hereward was the better for them. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; and a sick heart is but too apt to be a peevish one. So there were fits of despondency, jars, mutual recriminations. "If I had not taken your advice, I should not have been here." "If I had not loved you so well, I might have been very differently off." And so forth. The words were wiped away the next hour, perhaps the next minute, by sacred kisses: but they had been said, and would be recollected, and perhaps said again.

Then, again, the "merry greenwood" was merry enough in the summer tide, when shaughs were green, and

"The woodwele sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud, it wakened Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay."

But it was a sad place enough, when the autumn fog crawled round the gorse, and dripped off the hollies, and choked alike the breath and the eyesight; when the air sickened with the graveyard smell of rotting leaves, and the rain-water stood in the clay holes over the poached and sloppy lawns.

It was merry enough, too, when they were in winter quarters in friendly farm-houses, as long as the bright sharp frosts lasted, and they tracked the hares and deer merrily over the frozen snows: but it was doleful enough in those same farm-houses in the howling wet weather, when wind and rain lashed in through unglazed window, and ill-made roof, and there were coughs and colds and rheumatisms, and Torfrida ached from head to foot, and once could not stand upright for a whole month together, and every cranny was stuffed up with bits of board and rags, keeping out light and air as well as wind and water; and there was little difference between the short day and the long night; and the men gambled and wrangled amid clouds of peat reek, over draught-boards and chessmen which they had carved for themselves, and Torfrida sat stitching and sewing, making and mending, her eyes bleared with peat smoke, her hands sore and coarse from continued labour, her cheek bronzed, her face thin and hollow, and all her beauty worn away for very trouble. Then sometimes there was not enough to eat, and every one grumbled at her; or some one's clothes were not mended, and she was grumbled at again. And sometimes a foraging party brought home liquor, and all who could, got drunk to drive dull care away; and Hereward, forgetful of all her warnings, got more than was good for him likewise; and at night she coiled herself up in her furs, cold and contemptuous; and Hereward coiled himself up, guilty and defiant, and woke her again and again with startings and wild words in his sleep. And she felt that her beauty was gone, and that he saw it; and she fancied him (perhaps it was only fancy) less tender than of yore; and then in very pride disdained to take any care of her person, and said to herself, though she dare not say it to him, that if he only loved her for her face, he did not love her at all. And because she fancied him cold at times, she was cold likewise, and grew less and less caressing, when for his sake, as well as her own, she should have grown more so day by day.

Alas! for them. There are many excuses. Sorrow may be a softening medicine at last, but at first it is apt to be a hardening one; and that savage outlaw life which they were leading can never have been a wholesome one for any soul of man, and its graces must have existed only in the brains of harpers and gleemen. Away from law, from self-restraint, from refinement, from elegance, from the very sound of a church-going bell, they were sinking gradually down to the level of the coarse men and women whom they saw; the worse and not the better parts of both their characters were getting the upper hand; and it was but too possible that after a while the hero might sink into the ruffian, the lady into a slattern and a shrew.

But in justice to them be it said, that neither of them had complained of the other to any living soul. Their love had been as yet too perfect, too sacred, for them to confess to another (and thereby confess to themselves) that it could in any wise fail. They had each idolised the other, and been too proud of their idolatry to allow that their idol could crumble or decay.

And yet at last that point too was reached. One day they were wrangling about somewhat, as they too often wrangled, and Hereward in his temper let fall the words, "As I said to Winter the other day, you grow harder and harder upon me."

Torfrida started and fixed on him wide terrible scornful eyes. "So you complain of me to your boon companions?"

And she turned and went away without a word. A gulf had opened between them. They hardly spoke to each other for a week.

Hereward complained of Torfrida? What if Torfrida should complain of Hereward? But to whom? Not to the coarse women round her: her pride revolted from that thought;—and yet she longed for counsel, for sympathy,—to open her heart but to one fellow-woman. She would go to the Lady

Godiva at Crowland, and take counsel of her, whether there was any method (for so she put it to herself) of saving Hereward; for she saw but too clearly that he was fast forgetting all her teaching, and falling back to a point lower than that even from which she had raised him up.

To go to Crowland was not difficult. It was mid-winter. The dykes were all frozen. Hereward was out foraging in the Lincolnshire wolds. So Torfrida, taking advantage of his absence, proposed another foraging party to Crowland itself. She wanted stuff for clothes, needles, thread, what not. A dozen stout fellows volunteered at once to take her. The friendly monks of Crowland would feast them royally, and send them home heaped with all manner of good things; while as for meeting Ivo Taillebois' men, if they had but three to one against them, there was a fair chance of killing a few, and carrying off their clothes and weapons, which would be useful. So they made a sledge, tied beef bones underneath it, put Torfrida thereon, well wrapped in deer and fox and badger skin, and then putting on their skates, swept her over the fen to Crowland, singing like larks along the dykes.

And Torfrida went in to Godiva, and wept upon her knees; and Godiva wept likewise, and gave her such counsel as she could,—how if the woman will keep the men heroic, she must keep herself not heroic only but devout likewise; how she herself, by that one deed which had rendered her name famous then, and famous (though she never dreamt thereof) now and it may be to the end of time—had once for all, tamed, chained, and as it were, converted the heart of her fierce young lord; and enabled her to train him in good time into the most wise, most just, most pious, of all King Edward's Earls.

And Torfrida said yes, and yes, and yes, and felt in her heart that she knew all that already. Had not she too taught, entreated, softened, civilised? Had not she too spent her life upon a man, and that man a wolf's head and a landless outlaw, more utterly than Godiva could ever have spent hers on one who lived lapped in luxury, and wealth, and power? Torfrida had done her best, and she had failed, or at least fancied in her haste that she had failed.

What she wanted was not counsel, but love. And she clung round the Lady Godiva, till the broken and ruined widow opened all her heart to her, and took her in her arms, and fondled her as if she had been a babe. And the two women spoke few words after that, for indeed there was nothing to be said. Only at last, "My child, my child," cried Godiva, "better for thee, body and soul, to be here with me in the house of God, than there amid evil spirits and deeds of darkness in the wild woods."

"Not a cloister, not a cloister," cried Torfrida, shuddering, and half struggling to get away.

"It is the only place, poor wilful child, the only place this side the grave, in which we wretched creatures, who for our sins are women born, can find aught of rest or peace. By us sin came into the world, and Eve's curse lies heavy on us to this day, and our desire is to our lords, and they rule over us; and when the slave can work for her master no more, what better than to crawl into the house of God, and lay down our crosses at the foot of His cross, and die? You too will come here, Torfrida, some day, I know it well. You too will come here to rest."

"Never, never," shrieked Torfrida, "never to these horrid vaults. I will die in the fresh air! I will be buried under the green hollies; and the nightingales, as they wander up from my own Provence, shall build and sing over my grave. Never, never!" murmured she to herself all the more eagerly, because something within her said that it would come to pass.

The two women went into the church to Matins, and prayed long and fervently. And at the early day-break, the party went back laden with good things and hearty blessings, and caught one of Ivo Taillebois' men by the way, and slew him, and got off him a new suit of clothes in which the poor fellow was going courting; and so they got home safe into the Bruneswald.

But Torfrida had not found rest unto her soul. For the first time in her life since she became the bride of Hereward, she had had a confidence concerning him and unknown to him. It was to his own mother—true. And yet she felt as if she had betrayed him: but then had he not betrayed her? And to Winter of all men?

It might have been two months afterwards that Martin Lightfoot put a letter into Torfrida's hand.

The letter was addressed to Hereward: but there was nothing strange in Martin's bringing it to his mistress. Ever since their marriage, she had opened and generally answered the very few epistles with which her husband was troubled.

She was going to open this one as a matter of course, when glancing at the superscription she saw, or fancied she saw, that it was in a woman's hand. She looked at it again. It was sealed plainly with a woman's seal; and she looked up at Martin Lightfoot. She had remarked as he gave her the letter a sly significant look in his face.

"What dost thou know of this letter?" she enquired sharply.

"That it is from the Countess Alftruda, whomsoever she may be."

A chill struck through her heart. True, Alftruda had written before, only to warn Hereward of danger to his life,—and hers. She might be writing again, only for the same purpose. But still, she did not wish that either Hereward, or she, should owe Alftruda their lives, or anything. They had struggled on through weal and woe without her, for many a year. Let them do so without her still. That Alftruda had once loved Hereward she knew well. Why should she not? The wonder was to her that every woman did not love him. But she had long since gauged Alftruda's character, and seen in it a persistence like her own, yet as she proudly hoped, of a lower temper; the persistence of the base weasel, not of the noble hound: yet the creeping weasel might endure, and win, when the hound was tired out by his own gallant pace. And there was a something in the tone of Alftruda's last letter, which seemed to tell her that the weasel was still upon the scent of its game. But she was too proud to mistrust Hereward, or rather, to seem to mistrust him. And yet—how dangerous Alftruda might be as a rival, if rival she chose to be. She was up in the world now, free, rich, gay, beautiful, a favourite at Queen Matilda's court, while she——

"How came this letter into thy hands?" asked she as carelessly as she could.

"I was in Peterborough last night," said Martin, "concerning little matters of my own, and there came to me in the street a bonny young page with smart jacket on his back, smart cap on his head, and smiles and bows, and 'You are one of Hereward's men,' quoth he. 'Say that again, young jackanapes,' said I, 'and I'll cut your tongue out,' whereat he took fright and all but cried. He was very sorry, and meant no harm, but he had a letter for my master, and he heard I was one of his men. 'Who told him that?' Well, one of the monks, he could not justly say which, or wouldn't, and I, thinking the letter of more importance than my own neck, ask him quietly into my friend's house. There he pulls out this and five silver pennies, and I shall have five more if I bring an answer back: but to none than Hereward must I give it. With that I, calling my friend, who is an honest woman, and nigh as strong in the arms as I am, ask her to clap her back against the door, and pull out my axe. 'Now,' said I, 'I must know a little more about this letter. Tell me, knave, who gave it thee, or I'll split thy skull.' The young man cries and blubbers; and says that it is the Countess Alftruda, who is staying in the monastery, and that he is her serving man, and that it is as much as my life is worth to touch a hair of his head, and so forth,—so far so good. Then I asked him again, who told him I was my master's man?—and he confessed that it was Herluin the prior,—he that was Lady Godiva's chaplain of old, whom my master robbed of his money when he had the cell of Bourne years agone. Very well, quoth I to myself, that's one more count on our score against Master Herluin. Then I asked him how Herluin and the Lady Alftruda came to know aught of each other? and he said that she had been questioning all about the monastery without Abbot Thorold's knowledge, for one that knew Hereward and favoured him well. That was all I could get from the knave, he cried so for fright. So I took his money and his letter, warning him that if he betrayed me, there were those would roast him alive before he was done with me. And so away over the town wall, and ran here five-and-twenty miles before breakfast, and thought it better as you see to give the letter to my lady first."

"You have been officious," said Torfrida coldly. "'Tis addressed to your master. Take it to him. Go."

Martin Lightfoot whistled and obeyed, while Torfrida walked away proudly and silently with a beating heart.

Again Godiva's words came over her. Should she end in the convent of Crowland? And suspecting, fearing, imagining all sorts of baseless phantoms, she hardened her heart into a great hardness.

Martin had gone with the letter, and Torfrida never heard any more of it.

So Hereward had secrets which he would not tell to her. At last!

That, at least, was a misery which she would not confide to Lady Godiva, or to any soul on earth.

But a misery it was. Such a misery as none can delineate, save those who have endured it themselves, or had it confided to them by another. And happy are they, to whom neither has befallen.

She wandered on and into the wild wood, and sat down by a spring. She looked in it—her only mirror—at her wan coarse face, with wild black elf-locks hanging round it, and wondered whether Alftruda, in her luxury and prosperity, was still so very beautiful. Ah, that that fountain were the fountain of Jouvence, the spring of perpetual youth, which all believed in those days to exist somewhere,—how would she plunge into it, and be young and fair once more!

No! she would not! She had lived her life, and lived it well, gallantly, lovingly, heroically. She had given that man her youth, her beauty, her wealth, her wit. He should not have them a second time. He had had his will of her. If he chose to throw her away when he had done with her, to prove himself base at last, unworthy of all her care, her counsels, her training,—dreadful thought! To have lived to keep that man for her own, and just when her work seemed done, to lose him! No, there was worse than that. To have lived that she might make that man a perfect knight, and just when her work seemed done, to see him lose himself!

And she wept till she could weep no more. Then she washed away her tears in that well. Had it been in Greece of old, that well would have become a sacred well thenceforth, and Torfrida's tears have changed into forget-me-nots, and fringed its marge with azure evermore.

Then she went back, calm, all but cold: but determined not to betray herself, let him do what he would. Perhaps it was all a mistake, a fancy. At least she would not degrade him, and herself, by shewing suspicion. It would be dreadful, shameful to herself, wickedly unjust to him, to accuse him, were he innocent after all.

Hereward, she remarked, was more kind to her now. But it was a kindness which she did not like. It was shy, faltering, as of a man guilty and ashamed; and she repelled it as much as she dared, and then, once or twice, returned it passionately, madly, in hopes——

But he never spoke a word of that letter.

After a dreadful month, Martin came mysteriously to her again. She trembled, for she had remarked in him lately a strange change. He had lost his usual loquacity, and quaint humour; and had fallen back into that sullen taciturnity, which, so she heard, he had kept up in his youth. He, too, must know evil which he dared not tell.

"There is another letter come. It came last night," said he.

"What is that to thee or me? My lord has his state secrets. Is it for us to pry into them? Go!"

"I thought—I thought——"

"Go, I say!"

"That your ladyship might wish for a guide to Crowland."

"Crowland?" almost shrieked Torfrida, for the thought of Crowland had risen in her own wretched mind instantly and involuntarily. "Go, madman!"

Martin went. Torfrida paced madly up and down the farm-house. Then she settled herself into fierce despair.

There was a noise of trampling horses outside. The men were arming and saddling, seemingly for a raid.

Hereward hurried in for his armour. When he saw Torfrida, he blushed scarlet.

"You want your arms," said she quietly; "let me fetch them."

"No, never mind. I can harness myself; I am going south-west, to pay Taillebois a visit. I am in a great hurry. I shall be back in three days. Then—good-bye."

He snatched his arms off a perch, and hurried out again, dragging them on. As he passed her, he offered to kiss her; she put him back, and helped him on with his armour, while he thanked her confusedly.

"He was as glad not to kiss me, after all!"

She looked after him as he stood, his hand on his horse's withers. How noble he looked! And a great yearning came over her. To throw her arms round his neck once, and then to stab herself, and set him free, dying, as she had lived, for him.

Two bonny boys were wrestling on the lawn, young outlaws who had grown up in the forest with ruddy cheeks and iron limbs.

"Ah, Winter!" she heard him say, "had I had such a boy as that!——"

She heard no more. She turned away, her heart dead within her. She knew all that these words implied, in days when the possession of land was everything to the free man; and the possession of a son necessary, to pass that land on in the ancestral line. Only to have a son; only to prevent the old estate passing, with an heiress, into the hands of strangers, what crimes did not men commit in those days, and find themselves excused for them by public opinion. And now,—her other children (if she ever had any), had died in childhood; the little Torfrida, named after herself, was all that she had brought to Hereward; and he was the last of his house. In him the race of Leofric, of Godiva, of Earl Oslac, would become extinct; and that girl would marry—whom? Whom but some French conqueror,—or at best some English outlaw. In either case Hereward would have no descendants for whom it was worth his while to labour or to fight. What wonder if he longed for a son,—and not a son of hers, the barren tree,—to pass his name down to future generations? It might be worth while, for that, to come in to the king, to recover his lands, to——. She saw it all now, and her heart was dead within her.

She spent that evening neither eating nor drinking, but sitting over the log embers, her head upon her hands, and thinking over all her past life and love, since she saw him, from the gable window, ride the first time into St. Omer. She went through it all, with a certain stern delight in the self-torture, deliberately day by day, year by year, —all its lofty aspirations, all its blissful passages, all its deep disappointments, and found in it,—so she chose to fancy in the wilfulness of her misery, nothing but cause for remorse. Self in all, vanity, and vexation of spirit; for herself she had loved him; for herself she had tried to raise him; for herself she had set her heart on man, and not on God. She had sown the wind: and behold, she had reaped the whirlwind. She could not repent; she could not pray. But oh! that she could die.

She was unjust to herself, in her great nobleness. It was not true, not half, not a tenth part true.

But perhaps it was good for her that it should seem true, for that moment; that she should be emptied of all earthly things for once, if so she might be filled from above. At last she went into the inner room to lie down and try to sleep. At her feet, under the perch where Hereward's armour had hung, lay an open letter.

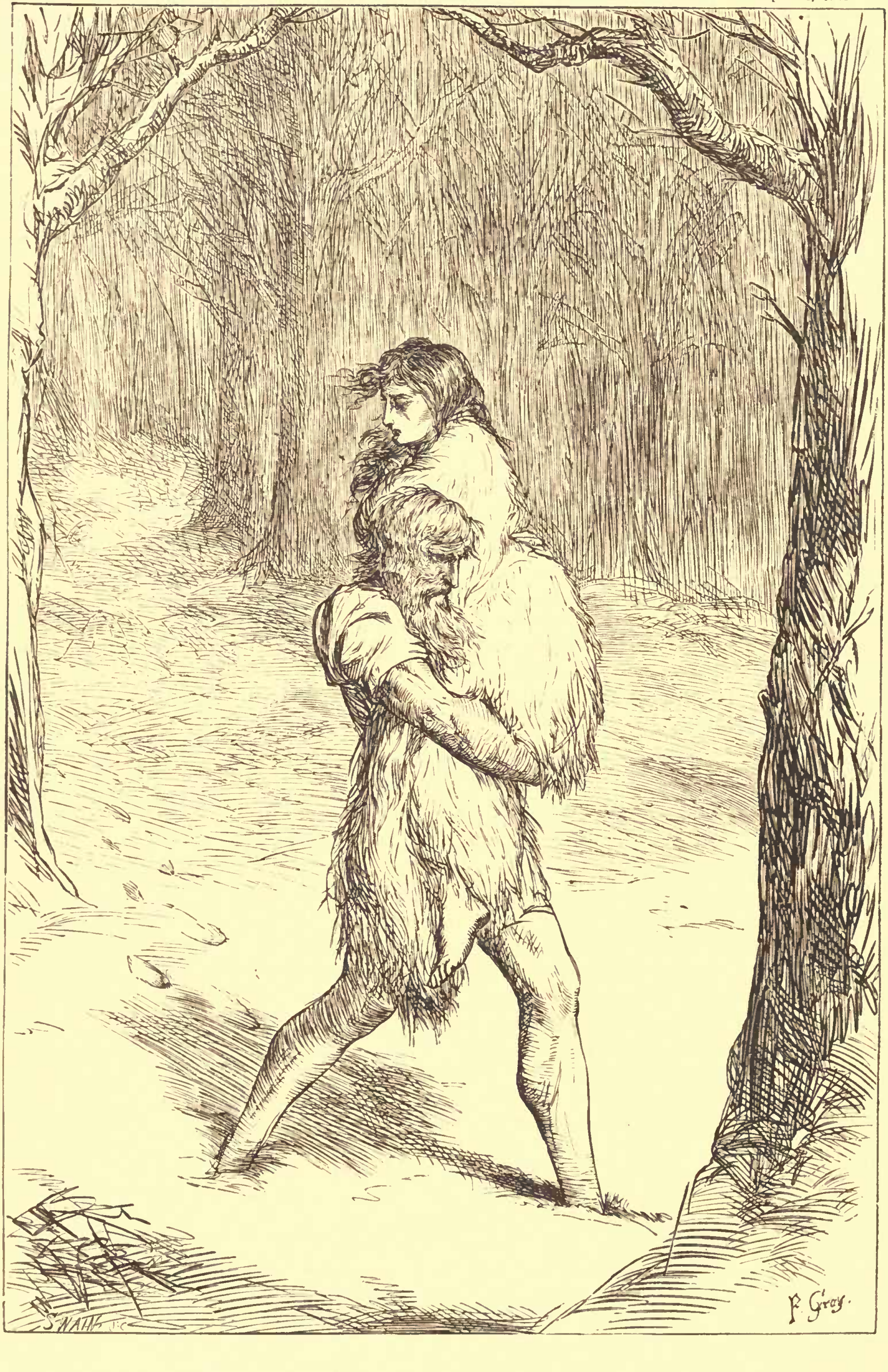
She picked it up, surprised at seeing such a thing there, and kneeling down, held it eagerly to the wax candle which was on a spike at the bed's head.

She knew the handwriting in a moment. It was Alftruda's.

This, then, was why Hereward had been so strangely hurried. He must have had that letter, and dropped it.

Her eye and mind took it all in, in one instant, as the lightning flash reveals a whole landscape. And then her mind became as dark as that landscape, when the flash is past.

It congratulated Hereward on having shaken himself free from the fascination of that sorceress. It said that all was settled with King William. Hereward was to come to Winchester. She had the King's writ for his safety ready to send to him. The King would receive him as his liegeman. Alftruda would receive him as her husband. Archbishop Lanfranc had made difficulties about the dissolution of the marriage with Torfrida: but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"MARTIN HURRIED ON, IN THE STRENGTH OF MADNESS."

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gold would do all things at Rome; and Lanfranc was her very good friend, and a reasonable man—and so forth.

Men, and beasts likewise, when stricken with a mortal wound, will run, and run on, blindly, aimless, impelled by the mere instinct of escape from intolerable agony. And so did Torfrida. Half undrest as she was, she fled forth into the forest, she knew not whither, running as one does wrapt in fire: but the fire was not without her, but within.

She cast a passing glance at the girl who lay by her, sleeping a pure and gentle sleep——

"Oh, that thou hadst but been a boy!" Then she thought no more of her, not even of Hereward: but all of which she was conscious was a breast and brain bursting; an intolerable choking, from which she must escape.

She ran, and ran on, for miles. She knew not whether the night was light or dark, warm or cold. Her tender feet might have been ancle deep in snow. The branches over her head might have been howling in the tempest, or dripping with rain. She knew not, and heeded not. The owls hooted to each other under the staring moon, but she heard them not. The wolves glared at her from the brakes, and slunk off appalled at the white ghostly figure: but she saw them not. The deer stood at gaze in the glades till she was close upon them, and then bounded into the wood. She ran right at them, past them, heedless. She had but one thought. To flee from the agony of a soul alone in the universe with its own misery.

At last she was aware of a man close beside her. He had been following her a long way, she recollected now: but she had not feared him, even heeded him. But when he laid his hand upon her arm, she turned fiercely: but without dread.

She looked to see if it was Hereward. To meet him would be death. If it were not he, she cared not who it was. It was not Hereward; and she cried angrily, "Off! Off!" and hurried on.

"But you are going the wrong way! The wrong way!" said the voice of Martin Lightfoot.

"The wrong way! Fool, which is the right way for me, save the path which leads to a land where all is forgotten?"

"To Crowland! To Crowland! To the minster! To the monks! That is the only right way for poor wretches in a world like this. The Lady Godiva told you you must go to Crowland. And now you are going. I too, I ran away from a monastery when I was young; and now I am going back. Come along!"

"You are right! Crowland, Crowland; and a nun's cell till death. Which is the way, Martin?"

"Oh, a wise lady! A reasonable lady! But you will be cold before you get thither. There will be a frost ere morn. So, when I saw you run out, I caught up something to put over you."

Torfrida shuddered, as Martin wrapt her in the white bear-skin.

"No! Not that! Anything but that!" and she struggled to shake it off.

"Then you will be dead ere dawn. Folks that run wild in the forest thus, for but one night, die!"

"Would God I could die!"

"That shall be as He wills: you do not die while Martin can keep you alive. Why, you are staggering already."

Martin caught her up in his arms, threw her over his shoulder as if she had been a child, and hurried on, in the strength of madness.

At last he stopped at a cottage door, set her down upon the turf, and knocked loudly.

"Grimkel Tolison! Grimkel, I say!"

And Martin burst the door open with his foot.

"Give me a horse, on your life," said he to the man inside. "I am Martin, Hereward's man, upon my master's business."

"What is mine, is Hereward's, God bless him," said the man, struggling into a garment, and hurrying out to the shed.

"There is a ghost against the gate!" cried he, recoiling.

"That is my matter, not yours. Get me a horse to put the ghost upon."

Torfrida lay against the gate-post, exhausted now: but quite unable to think. Martin lifted her on to the beast, and led her onward, holding her up again and again.

"You are tired. You had run four miles before I could make you hear me."

"Would I had run four thousand!" And she relapsed into stupor.

They passed out of the forest, across open wolds, and at last down to the river. Martin knew of a boat there. He lifted her from the horse, turned him loose, put Torfrida into the boat, and took the oars.

She looked up, and saw the roofs of Bourne shining white in the moonlight.

And then she lifted up her voice, and shrieked three times,

"Lost! Lost! Lost!"

with such a dreadful cry, that the starlings whirred up from the reeds, and the wild fowl rose clanging off the meres, and the watch-dogs in Bourne and Mainthorpe barked and howled, and folk told fearfully next morning, how a white ghost had gone down from the forest to the fen, and wakened them with its unearthly cry.

The sun was high when they came to Crowland minster. Torfrida had neither spoken nor stirred; and Martin, who in the midst of his madness kept a strange courtesy and delicacy, had never disturbed her, save to wrap the bear-skin more closely over her.

When they came to the bank, she rose, stepped out without his help, and drawing the bear-skin closely round her, and over her head, walked straight up to the gate of the house of nuns.

All men wondered at the white ghost: but Martin walked behind her, his left finger on his lips, his right hand grasping his little axe, with such a stern and serious face, and so fierce an eye, that all drew back in silence, and let her pass.

The portress looked through the wicket.

"I am Torfrida," said a voice of terrible calm. "I am come to see the Lady Godiva. Let me in."

The portress opened, utterly astounded.

"Madam?" said Martin eagerly, as Torfrida entered.

"What? What?" she seemed to waken from a dream. "God bless thee, thou good and faithful servant;" and she turned again.

"Madam? Say!"

"What?"

"Shall I go back, and kill him?" And he held out the little axe.

Torfrida snatched it from his grasp with a shriek, and cast it inside the convent door.

"Mother Mary and all saints!" cried the portress, "your garments are in rags, madam!"

"Never mind. Bring me garments of yours. I shall need none other till I die!" and she walked in and on.

"She is come to be a nun!" whispered the portress to the next sister, and she again to the next; and they all gabbled, and lifted up their hands and eyes, and thanked all the saints of the calendar, over the blessed and miraculous conversion of the Lady Torfrida, and the wealth which she would probably bring to the convent.

Torfrida went straight on, speaking to no one, not even to the prioress; and into Lady Godiva's chamber.

There she dropped at the countess's feet, and laid her head upon her knees.

"I am come, as you always told me I should do. But it has been a long way hither, and I am very tired."

"My child! What is this? What brings you here?"

"I am doing penance for my sins."

"And your feet all cut and bleeding."

"Are they?" said Torfrida vacantly. "I will tell you all about it when I wake."

And she fell fast asleep, with her head in Godiva's lap.

The countess did not speak or stir. She beckoned the good prioress, who had followed Torfrida in, to go away. She saw that something dreadful had happened; and prayed as she awaited the news.

Torfrida slept for a full hour. Then she woke with a start.

"Where am I? Hereward!"

Then followed a dreadful shriek, which made every nun in that quiet house shudder, and thank God that she knew nothing of those agonies of soul, which were the lot of the foolish virgins who married and were given in marriage themselves, instead of waiting with oil in their lamps for the true Bridegroom.

"I recollect all now," said Torfrida. "Listen!" And she told the countess all, with speech so calm and clear, that Godiva was awed by the power and spirit of that marvellous woman.

But she groaned in bitterness of soul. "Anything but this. Rather death from him than treachery. This last, worst woe had God kept in his quiver for me most miserable of women. And now his bolt has fallen! Hereward! Hereward! That thy mother should wish her last child laid in his grave!"

"Not so," said Torfrida, "it is well as it is. How better? It is his only chance for comfort, for honour, for life itself. He would have grown a—— I was growing bad and foul myself in that ugly wilderness. Now he will be a knight once more among knights, and win himself fresh honour in fresh fields. Let him marry her. Why not? He can get a dispensation from the Pope, and then there will be no sin in it, you know. If the Holy Father cannot make wrong right, who can? Yes. It is very well as it is. And I am very well where I am. Women! bring me scissors, and one of your nun's dresses. I am come to be a nun like you."

Godiva would have stopped her. But Torfrida rose upon her knees, and calmly made a solemn vow, which, though canonically void without her husband's consent, would, she well knew, never be disputed by any there: and as for him,—"He hast lost me; and for ever. Torfrida never gives herself away twice."

"There's carnal pride in those words, my poor child," said Godiva.

"Cruel!" said she proudly. "When I am sacrificing myself utterly for him."

"And thy poor girl?"

"He will let her come hither," said Torfrida, with forced calm. "He will see that it is not fit that she should grow up with—yes, he will send her to me—to us. And I shall live for her—and for you. If you will let me be your bower woman, dress you, serve you, read to you. You know that I am a pretty scholar. You will let me, mother? I may call you mother, may I not?" And Torfrida fondled the old woman's thin hands. "For I do want so much something to love."

"Love thy heavenly Bridegroom, the only love worthy of woman!" said Godiva, as her tears fell fast on Torfrida's head.

She gave a half-impatient toss.

"That may come, in good time. As yet it is enough to do, if I can keep down this devil here in my throat. Women, bring me the scissors."

And Torfrida cut off her raven locks, now streaked with grey; and put on the nun's dress, and became a nun thenceforth.

On the second day there came to Crowland Leofric the priest, and with him the poor child.

She had woke in the morning and found no mother. Leofric and the other men searched the woods round, far and wide. The girl mounted her horse, and would go with them. Then they took a bloodhound, and he led them to Grimkel's hut. There they heard of Martin. The ghost must have been Torfrida. Then the hound brought them to the river. And they divined at once that she was gone to Crowland, to Godiva: but why, they could not guess.

Then the girl insisted, prayed, at last commanded them to take her to Crowland. And to Crowland they came.

Leofric left the girl at the nuns' house door, and went into the monastery, where he had friends enow, runaway and renegade as he was. As he came into the great court, whom should he meet but Martin Lightfoot, in a lay brother's frock.

"Aha? And are you come home likewise? Have you renounced the devil and this last work of his?"

"What work? What devil?" asked Leofric, who saw method in Martin's madness. "And what do you here, in a long frock?"

"Devil? Hereward the devil. I would have killed him with my axe: but she got it from me, and threw it in among the holy sisters, and I had work to get it again. Shame on her, to spoil my chance of heaven. For I should have surely won heaven, you know, if I had killed the devil."

After much beating about, Leofric got from Martin the whole tragedy.

And when he heard it, he burst out weeping.

"Oh, Hereward, Hereward! Oh, knightly honour! Oh, faith and troth, and gratitude, and love in return for such love as might have tamed lions, and made tyrants mild! Are they all carnal vanities, works of the weak flesh, bruised reeds which break when they are leaned upon? If so, you are right, Martin, and there is nought left, but to flee from a world in which all men are liars."

And Leofric, in the midst of Crowland Yard, tore off his belt and trusty sword, his hauberk and helm also, and letting down his monk's frock, which he wore trussed to the mid-knee, he went to the abbot's lodgings, and asked to see old Ulfketyl.

"Bring him up," said the good abbot, "for he is a valiant man and true, in spite of all his vanities; and may be, he brings news of Hereward, whom God forgive."

And when Leofric came in, he fell upon his knees, bewailing and confessing his sinful life; and begged the abbot to take him back again into Crowland minster, and lay upon him what penance he thought fit, and put him in the lowest office, because he was a man of blood; if only he might stay there, and have a sight at times of his dear Lady Torfrida, without whom he should surely die.

So Leofric was received back, in full chapter, by abbot, and prior, and all the monks. But when he asked them to lay a penance upon him, Ulfketyl arose from his high chair, and spoke.

"Shall we, who have sat here at ease, lay a penance on this man, who has shed his blood in fifty valiant fights for us, and for St. Guthlac, and for this English land? Look at yon scars upon his head and arms. He has had sharper discipline from cold steel than we could give him here with rod; and has fasted in the wilderness more sorely, many a time, than we have fasted here."

And all the monks agreed, that no penance should be laid on Leofric. Only that he should abstain from singing vain and carnal ballads, which turned the heads of the young brothers, and made them dream of nought but battles, and giants, and enchanters, and ladies' love.

Hereward came back on the third day, and found his wife and daughter gone. His guilty conscience told him in the first instant why. For he went into the chamber, and there, upon the floor, lay the letter which he had looked for in vain.

No one had touched it where it lay. Perhaps no one had dared to enter the chamber. If they had, they would not have dared to meddle with writing, which they could not read, and which might contain some magic spell. Letters were very safe in those old days.

There are moods of man which no one will dare to describe, unless like Shakspeare, he is Shakspeare, and like Shakspeare knows it not.

Therefore what Hereward thought and felt will not be told. What he did, was this.

He raged and blustered. He must hide his shame. He must justify himself to his knights; and much more to himself: or if not justify himself, must shift some of the blame over to the opposite side. So he raged and blustered. He had been robbed of his wife and daughter. They had been cajoled away by the monks of Crowland. What villains were those, to rob an honest man of his family while he was fighting for his country?

So he rode down to the river, and there took two great barges, and rowed away to Crowland, with forty men-at-arms.

And all the while he thought of Alftruda, as he had seen her at Peterborough.

And of no one else?

Not so. For all the while he felt that he loved Torfrida's little finger better than Alftruda's whole body, and soul into the bargain.

What a long way it was to Crowland. How wearying were the hours through mere and sea. How wearying the monotonous pulse of the oars. If tobacco had been known then, Hereward would have smoked all the way, and been none the wiser, though the happier, for it; for the herb that drives away the evil spirits of anxiety, drives away also the good, though stern, spirits of remorse.

But in those days a man could only escape facts by drinking; and Hereward was too much afraid of what he should meet in Crowland, to go thither drunk.

Sometimes he hoped that Torfrida might hold her purpose, and set him free to follow his wicked will. All the lower nature in him, so long crushed under, leapt up chuckling and grinning and tumbling head over heels, and cried—Now I shall have a holiday!

Sometimes he hoped that Torfrida might come out to the shore, and settle the matter in one moment, by a glance of her great hawk's eyes. If she would but quell him by one look; leap on board, seize the helm, and assume without a word the command of his men and him; steer them back to Bourne, and sit down beside him with a kiss, as if nothing had happened. If she would but do that, and ignore the past, would he not ignore it? Would he not forget Alftruda, and King William, and all the world, and go up with her into Sherwood, and then north to Scotland and Gospatric, and be a man once more?

No. He would go with her to the Baltic or the Mediterranean. Constantinople and the Varangers would be the place and the men. Ay, there to escape out of that charmed ring into a new life!

No. He did not deserve such luck; and he would not get it. She would talk it all out. She must, for she was a woman. She would blame, argue, say dreadful words—dreadful, because true and deserved. Then she would grow angry, as women do when they are most in the right, and say too much—dreadful words, which would be untrue and undeserved. Then he should resist, recriminate. He would not stand it. He could not stand it. No. He could never face her again.

And yet if he had seen a man insult her—if he had seen her at that moment in peril of the slightest danger, the slightest bruise, he would have rushed forward like a madman, and died, saving her from that bruise. And he knew that: and with the strange self-contradiction of human nature, he soothed his own conscience by the thought that he loved her still; and that, therefore—somehow or other, he cared not to make out how—he had done her no wrong. Then he blustered again, for the benefit of his men. He would teach these monks of Crowland a lesson. He would burn the minster over their heads.

"That would be pity, seeing they are the only Englishmen left in England," said Siward the White, his nephew, very simply.

"What is that to thee? Thou hast helped to burn Peterborough at my bidding; and thou shalt help to burn Crowland."

"I am a free gentleman of England; and what I choose, I do. I and my brother are going to Constantinople to join the Varanger guard, and shall not burn Crowland, or let any man burn it."

"Shall not let?"

"No," said the young man, so quietly, that Hereward was cowed.

"I—I only meant—if they did not do right by me."

"Do right thyself," said Siward.

Hereward swore awfully, and laid his hand on his sword-hilt. But he did not draw it; for he thought he saw overhead a cloud which was very like the figure of St. Guthlac in Crowland window, and an awe fell upon him from above.

So they came to Crowland; and Hereward landed and beat upon the gates, and spoke high words. But the monks did not open the gates for awhile. At last the gates creaked, and opened; and in the gateway stood Abbot Ulfketyl in his robes of state, and behind him the Prior, and all the officers, and all the monks of the house.

"Comes Hereward in peace or in war?"

"In war!" said Hereward.

Then that true and trusty old man, who sealed his patriotism, if not with his blood—for the very Normans had not the heart to take that—still with long and bitter sorrows, lifted up his head, and said, like a valiant Dane, as his name bespoke him, "Against the traitor and the adulterer——"

"I am neither," roared Hereward.

"Thou wouldst be, if thou couldst. Who so looketh upon a woman to——"

"Preach me no sermons, man! Let me in to seek my wife."

"Over my body," said Ulfketyl, and laid himself down across the threshold.

Hereward recoiled. If he had dared to step over that sacred body, there was not a blood-stained ruffian in his crew who dared to follow him.

"Rise, rise! for God's sake, Lord Abbot," said he. "Whatever I am, I need not that you should disgrace me thus. Only let me see her—reason with her."

"She has vowed herself to God, and is none of thine henceforth."

"It is against the canons. A wrong and a robbery."

Ulfketyl rose, grand as ever.

"Hereward Leofricsson, our joy and our glory once. Hearken to the old man who will soon go whither thine Uncle Brand is gone, and be free of Frenchmen, and of all this wicked world. When the walls of Crowland dare not shelter the wronged woman, fleeing from man's treason to God's faithfulness, then let the roofs of Crowland burn till the flame reaches heaven, for a sign that the children of God are as false as the children of this world, and break their faith like any belted knight."

Hereward was silenced. His men shrunk back from him. He felt as if God, and the mother of God, and St. Guthlac, and all the host of heaven, were shrinking back from him likewise. He turned to supplications, compromises—what else was left.

"At least you will let me have speech of her, or of my mother?"

"They must answer that, not I."

Hereward sent in, entreating to see one, or both.

"Tell him," said Lady Godiva, "who calls himself my son, that my sons were men of honour, and that he must have been changed at nurse."

"Tell him," said Torfrida, "that I have lived my life, and am dead. Dead. If he would see me, he will only see my corpse."

"You would not slay yourself?"

"What is there that I dare not do? You do not know Torfrida. He does."

And Hereward did; and went back again like a man stunned.

After awhile there came by boat to Crowland all

Torfrida's wealth: clothes, jewels: not a shred had Hereward kept. The magic armour came with them.

Torfrida gave all to the abbey, there and then. Only the armour she wrapped up in the white bear's skin, and sent it back to Hereward, with her blessing, and entreaty not to refuse that, her last bequest.

Hereward did not refuse, for very shame. But for very shame he never wore that armour more. For very shame he never slept again upon the white bear's skin, on which he and his true love had lain so many a year.

And Torfrida turned herself utterly to serve the Lady Godiva, and to teach and train her child as she had never done before, while she had to love Hereward, and to work day and night, with her own fingers, for all his men. All pride, all fierceness, all care of self, had passed away from her. In penitence, humility, obedience, and gentleness, she went on: never smiling: but never weeping. Her heart was broken; and she felt it good for herself to let it break.

And Leofric the priest, and mad Martin Lightfoot, watched like two dogs for her going out and coming in; and when she went among the poor corrodiers, and nursed the sick, and taught the children, and went to and fro upon her holy errands, blessing and blessed, the two wild men had a word from her mouth, or a kiss of her hand, and were happy all the day after. For they loved her with a love mightier than ever Hereward had heaped upon her; for she had given him all; but she had given those two wild men nought but the beatific vision of a noble woman.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW HEREWARD LOST SWORD BRAINBITER.

"On account of which," says the chronicler, "many troubles came to Hereward: because Torfrida was most wise, and of great counsel in need. For afterwards, as he himself confessed, things went not so well with him as they did in her time."

And the first thing that went ill was this. He was riding through the Bruneswald, and behind him Geri, Wenoch, and Matelgar, these three. And there met him in an open glade a knight, the biggest man he had ever seen, on the biggest horse, and five knights behind him. He was an Englishman, and not a Frenchman, by his dress; and Hereward spoke courteously enough to him. But who he was, and what his business was in the Bruneswald, Hereward thought that he had a right to ask.

"Tell me who thou art who askest, before I tell thee who I am who am asked, riding here on common land," quoth the knight, surlily enough.

"I am Hereward, without whose leave no man has ridden the Bruneswald for many a day."

"And I am Letwold the Englishman, who rides whither he will in merry England, without care for any Frenchman upon earth."

"Frenchman? Why callest thou me Frenchman, man? I am Hereward."

"Then thou art, if tales be true, as French as Ivo Taillebois. I hear that thou hast left thy true lady, like a fool and a churl, and goest to London, or Winchester, or the nether pit—I care not which—to make thy peace with the Mamzer."

The man was a surly brute: but what he said was so true, that Hereward's wrath arose. He had promised Torfrida many a time, never to quarrel with an Englishman, but to endure all things. Now, out of very spite to Torfrida's counsel, because it was Torfrida's, and he had promised to obey it, he took up the quarrel.

"If I am a fool and a churl, thou art a greater fool, to provoke thine own death; and a greater——"

"Spare your breath," said the big man, "and let me try Hereward, as I have many another."

Whereon they dropped their lance-points, and rode at each other like two mad bulls. And, by the contagion of folly common in the middle age, at each other rode Hereward's three knights and Letwold's five. The two leaders found themselves both rolling on the ground; jumped up, drew their swords, and hewed away at each other. Geri unhorsed his man at the first charge, and left him stunned. Then he turned on another, and did the same by him. Wenoch and Matelgar each upset their man. The fifth of Letwold's knights threw up his lance-point, not liking his new company. Geri and the other two rode in on the two chiefs, who were fighting hard, each under shield.

"Stand back!" roared Hereward, "and give the knight fair play! When did any one of us want a man to help him? Kill or die single, has been our rule, and shall be."

They threw up their lance-points, and stood round to see that great fight. Letwold's knight rode in among them, and stood likewise; and friend and foe looked on, as they might at a pair of game cocks.

Hereward had, to his own surprise and that of his fellows, met his match. The sparks flew, the iron clanged: but so heavy were the stranger's strokes, that Hereward reeled again and again. So sure was the guard of his shield, that Hereward could not wound him, hit where he would. At last he dealt a furious blow on the stranger's head.

"If that does not bring your master down!" quoth Geri. "By ——, Brainbiter is gone!"

It was too true. Sword Brainbiter's end was come. The Ogre's magic blade had snapt off short by the handle.

"Your master is a true Englishman, by the hardness of his brains," quoth Wenoch, as the stranger, reeling for a moment, lifted up his head, and stared at Hereward in the face, doubtful what to do.

"Will you yield, or fight on?" cried he.

"Yield?" shouted Hereward, rushing upon him, as a mastiff might on a lion, and striking at his helm, though shorter than him by a head and shoulders, such swift and terrible blows with the broken hilt, as staggered the tall stranger.

"What are you at, forgetting what you have at your side?" roared Geri.

Hereward sprang back. He had, as was his custom, a second sword on his right thigh.

"I forget everything now," said he to himself angrily.

And that was too true. But he drew the second sword, and sprang at his man once more.

The stranger tried, according to the chronicler, who probably had it from one of the three bystanders, a blow which has cost many a brave man his life. He struck right down on Hereward's head. Hereward raised his shield, warding the stroke, and threw in that *coup de jarret*, which there is no guarding, after the downright blow has been given. The stranger dropped upon his wounded knee.

"Yield," cried Hereward in his turn.

"That is not my fashion." And the stranger fought on, upon his stumps, like Witherington in Chevy Chase.

Hereward, mad with the sight of blood, struck at him four or five times. The stranger's shield was so quick that he could not hit him, even on his knee. He held his hand, and drew back, looking at his new rival.

"What the murrain are we two fighting about?" said he, at last.

"I know not; neither care," said the other, with a grim chuckle. "But if any man will fight me, him I fight, ever since I had beard to my chin."

"Thou art the best man that ever I faced."

"That is like enough."

"What wilt thou take, if I give thee thy life?"

"My way on which I was going. For I turn back for no man alive on land."

"Then thou hast not had enough of me?"

"Not by another hour."

"Thou must be born of fiend, and not of man."

"Very like. It is a wise son knows his own father."

Hereward burst out laughing.

"Would to heaven I had had thee for my man this three years since."

"Perhaps I would not have been thy man."

"Why not?"

"Because I have been my own man ever since I was born, and am well content with myself for my master."

"Shall I bind up thy leg?" asked Hereward, having no more to say, and not wishing to kill the man.

"No. It will grow again, like a crab's claw."

"Thou art a fiend." And Hereward turned away, sulky, and half afraid.

"Very like. No man knows what a devil he is, till he tries."

"What dost mean?" and Hereward turned angrily back.

"Fiends we are all, till God's grace comes."

"Little grace has come to thee yet, by thy ungracious tongue."

"Rough to men, may be gracious to women."

"What hast thou to do with women?" asked Hereward fiercely.

"I have a wife, and I love her."

"Thou art not like to get back to her to-day."

"I fear not, with this paltry scratch. I had looked for a cut from thee, would have saved me all fighting henceforth.

"What dost mean?" asked Hereward with an oath.

"That my wife is in heaven, and I would needs follow her."

Hereward got on his horse, and rode away. Never could he find out who that Sir Letwold was, or how he came into the Bruneswald. All he knew was, that he never had had such a fight since he wore beard; and that he had lost Sword Brainbiter: from which his evil conscience augured that his luck had turned, and that he should lose many things beside.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW HEREWARD CAME IN TO THE KING.

After these things Hereward summoned all his men, and set before them the hopelessness of any further resistance, and the promises of amnesty, lands, and honours which William had offered him, and persuaded them—and indeed he had good arguments enough and to spare—that they should go and make their peace with the king.

They were so accustomed to look up to his determination, that when it gave way theirs gave way likewise. They were so accustomed to trust his wisdom, that most of them yielded at once to his arguments.

That the band should break up, all agreed. A few of the more suspicious, or more desperate, said that they could never trust the Norman; that Hereward himself had warned them again and again of his treachery. That he was now going to do himself what he had laughed at Gospatric and the rest for doing; what had brought ruin on Edwin and Morcar; what he had again and again prophesied would bring ruin on Waltheof himself ere all was over.

But Hereward was deaf to their arguments. He had said as little to them as he could about Alftruda, for very shame: but he was utterly besotted on her. For her sake, he had determined to run his head blindly into the very snare of which he had warned others. And he had seared—so he fancied—his conscience. It was Torfrida's fault now, not his. If she left him—if she herself freed him of her own will—why, he was free, and there was no more to be said about it.

And Hereward (says the chronicler) took Gwenoch, Geri, and Matelgar, and rode south to the king.

Where were the two young Siwards? It is not said. Probably they, and a few desperadoes, followed the fashion of so many English in those sad days—when, as sings the Norse scald,

> "Cold heart and bloody hand
> Now rule English land"—

and took ship for Constantinople, and enlisted in the Varanger-guard, and died full of years and honours, leaving fair-haired children behind them, to become Varangers in their turn.

Be that as it may, Hereward rode south. But when he had gotten a long way upon the road, a fancy (says the chronicler) came over him. He was not going in pomp and glory enough. It seemed mean for the once great Hereward to sneak into Winchester with three knights. Perhaps it seemed not over safe for the once great Hereward to travel with only three knights. So he went back all the way to camp, and took (says the chronicler) "forty most famous knights, all big and tall of stature, and splendid—if from nothing else, from their looks and their harness alone."

So Hereward and those forty knights rode down from Peterborough, along the Roman road. For the Roman roads were then, and for centuries after, the only roads in this land; and our forefathers looked on them as the work of gods and giants, and called them after the names of their old gods and heroes—Irmen Street, Watling Street, and so forth.

And then, like true Englishmen, our own forefathers showed their respect for the said divine works, not by copying them, but by picking them to pieces to pave every man his own court-yard. Be it so. The neglect of new roads, the destruction of the old ones, was a natural evil consequence of local self-government. A cheap price perhaps, after all, to pay for that power of local self-government which has kept England free unto this day.

Be that as it may, down the Roman road Hereward went; past Alconbury Hill, of the old posting days; past Wimpole Park, then deep forest; past Hatfield, then deep forest likewise; and so to St. Alban's. And there they lodged in the minster; for the monks thereof were good English, and sang masses daily for King Harold's soul. And the next day they went south, by ways which are not so clear.

Just outside St. Alban's—Verulamium of the Romans (the ruins whereof were believed to be full of ghosts, demons, and magic treasures)—they turned, at St. Stephen's, to the left, off the Roman road to London; and by another Roman road struck into the vast forest which ringed London round from north-east to south-west. Following the upper waters of the Colne, which ran through the woods on their left, they came to Watford, and then turned probably to Rickmansworth. No longer on the Roman paved ways, they followed horse-tracks, between the forest and the rich marsh-meadows of the Colne, as far as Denham, and then struck into a Roman road again at the north end of Langley Park. From thence, over heathy commons—for that western part of Buckinghamshire, its soil being light and some gravel, was little cultivated then, and hardly all cultivated now—they held on straight by Langley town into the Vale of Thames.

Little they dreamed, as they rode down by Ditton Green, off the heathy commons, past the poor, scattered farms, on to the vast rushy meadows, while upon them was the dull weight of disappointment, shame, all but despair; their race enslaved, their country a prey to strangers, and all its future, like their own, a lurid blank—little they dreamed of what that vale would be within eight hundred years—the eye of England, and it may be of the world; a spot which owns more wealth and peace, more art and civilisation, more beauty and more virtue, it may be, than any of the God's-gardens which make fair this earth. Windsor, on its crowned steep, was to them but a new hunting palace of the old miracle-monger Edward, who had just ruined England.

Runnymede, a mile below them down the broad stream, was but a horse-fen fringed with water-lilies, where the men of Wessex had met of old to counsel, and to bring the country to this pass. And as they crossed, by ford or ferry-boat, the shallows of old Windsor, whither they had been tending all along, and struck into the moorlands of Wessex itself, they were as men going into an unknown wilderness: behind them ruin, and before them, unknown danger.

On through Windsor Forest, Edward the Saint's old hunting-ground; its bottoms choked with beech and oak, and birch and alder scrub; its upper lands vast flats of level heath; along the great trackway which runs along the lower side of Chobham Camp, some quarter of a mile broad, every rut and trackway as fresh at this day as when the ancient Briton, finding that his neighbour's essedum—chariot, or rather cart—had worn the ruts too deep, struck out a fresh wandering line for himself across the dreary heath.

Over the Blackwater by Sandhurst, and along the flats of Hartford Bridge, where the old furze-grown ruts show the trackway to this day. Down into the clayland forests of the Andredsweald, and up out of them again at Basing, on to the clean crisp chalk turf; to strike at Popham Lane the Roman road from Silchester, and hold it over the high downs, till they saw far below them the royal city of Winchester.

Itchen, silver as they looked on her from above, but when they came down to her, so clear that none could see where water ended and where air began, hurried through the city in many a stream. Beyond it rose the "White Camp," the "Venta Belgarum," the circular earthwork of white chalk on the high down. Within the city rose the ancient minster church, built by Ethelwold—ancient even then—where slept the ancient kings; Kenulf, Egbert, and Ethelwulf the Saxons; and by them the Danes, Canute the Great, and

Hardacanute his son, and Norman Emma his wife, and Ethelred's before him; and the great Earl Godwin, who seemed to Hereward to have died, not twenty, but two hundred years ago;—and it may be an old Saxon hall upon the little isle whither Edgar had bidden bring the heads of all the wolves in Wessex, where afterwards the bishops built Wolvesey Palace. But nearer to them, on the down which sloped up to the west, stood an uglier thing, which they saw with curses deep and loud,—the keep of the new Norman castle by the west gate.

Hereward halted his knights upon the down outside the northern gate. Then he rode forward himself. The gate was open wide: but he did not care to go in.

So he rode into the gateway, and smote upon that gate with his lance-butt. But the porter saw the knights upon the down, and was afraid to come out; for he feared treason.

Then Hereward smote a second time: but the porter did not come out.

Then he took the lance by the shaft, and smote a third time. And he smote so hard, that the lance-butt flew to flinders against Winchester Gate.

And at that started out two knights, who had come down from the castle, seeing the meinie on the down; and asked:

"Who art thou, who knockest here so bold?"

"Who I am, any man can see by those splinters, if he knows what men are left in England this day."

The knights looked at the broken wood, and then at each other. Who could the man be, who could beat an ash stave to flinders at a single blow?

"You are young, and do not know me; and no shame to you. Go and tell William the king, that Hereward is come to put his hands between the king's, and be the king's man henceforth."

"You are Hereward?" asked one, half awed, half disbelieving at Hereward's short stature.

"You are—I know not who. Pick up those splinters, and take them to King William; and say, 'The man who broke that lance against the gate is here to make his peace with thee,' and he will know who I am."

And so cowed were these two knights with Hereward's royal voice, and royal eye, and royal strength, that they went simply, and did what he bade them.

And when King William saw the splinters, he was as joyful as man could be, and said:

"Send him to me, and tell him, Bright shines the sun to me that lights Hereward into Winchester."

"But, Lord King, he has with him a meinie of full forty knights.

"So much the better. I shall have the more valiant Englishmen to help my valiant French."

So Hereward rode round, outside the walls, to William's new entrenched palace, outside the west gate, by the castle.

And then Hereward went in, and knelt before the Norman, and put his hands between William's hands, and swore to be his man.

"I have kept my word," said he, "which I sent to thee at Rouen seven years agone. Thou art king of all England; and I am the last man to say so."

"And since thou hast said it, I am king indeed. Come with me, and dine; and to-morrow I will see thy knights."

And William walked out of the hall leaning on Hereward's shoulder, at which all the Normans gnashed their teeth with envy.

"And for my knights, Lord King? Thine and mine will mix, for a while yet, like oil and water; and I fear lest there be murder done between them."

"Likely enough."

So the knights were bestowed in a "vill" near by; "and the next day the venerable king himself went forth to see those knights, and caused them to stand, and march before him, both with arms, and without. With whom being much delighted, he praised them, congratulating them on their beauty and stature, and saying that they must all be knights of fame in war." After which Hereward sent them all home except two; and waited till he should marry Alftruda, and get back his heritage.

"And when that happens," said William, "why should we not have two weddings, beausire, as well as one? I hear that you have in Crowland a fair daughter, and marriageable."

Hereward bowed.

"And I have found a husband for her suitable to her years, and who may conduce to your peace and serenity."

Hereward bit his lip. To refuse was impossible in those days. But——

"I trust that your Grace has found a knight of higher lineage than him, whom, after so many honours, you honoured with the hand of my niece."

William laughed. It was not his interest to quarrel with Hereward. "Aha! Ivo, the woodcutter's son. I ask your pardon for that, Sir Hereward. Had you been my man then, as you are now, it might have been different."

"If a king ask my pardon, I can only ask his in return."

"You must be friends with Taillebois. He is a brave knight, and a wise warrior."

"None ever doubted that."

"And to cover any little blots in his scutcheon, I have made him an earl, as I may make you some day."

"Your Majesty, like a true king, knows how to reward. Who is this knight whom you have chosen for my lass?"

"Sir Hugh of Evermue, a neighbour of yours, and a man of blood and breeding."

"I know him, and his lineage; and it is very well. I humbly thank your Majesty."

"Can I be the same man?" said Hereward to himself, bitterly.

And he was not the same man. He was besotted on Alftruda, and humbled himself accordingly.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

No. II.

To get clear out to sea, not in paltry channel crossings or a coasting voyage, but in open water, where you lose sight of land and feel the long swell of ocean, is to be made free of a larger world than landsmen inhabit. For there is a unity about this mass of water which covers about three-fifths of the globe, that does not obtain in respect of its remaining solid parts. On land, we live in a territory. Nature, first, by the sea itself or by mountain ranges or by rivers hard to cross or such other troublesome obstruction, has shut us all in and circumscribed us. Ethnical barriers come next; diverse tongues and types of character make those beyond the hill or river alien and bid each dwell among his own people. Lastly, political restraint, citizenship, and the undefined but most potent bond of social consuetude, are wrapped about a man; and he is a prisoner,—at home only in one realm or country or dale. Earth is partitioned off and mapped and owned; her many chambers, how convenient soever to dwell in, have each its own class of tenants, and the doors between are strait and few. But once at sea, we change all this. We are in a territory unconfined and unpossessed, which runs round the globe, embracing it. Liquidity, mobility, equality of substance and unbrokenness of surface, give to the ocean as a whole a certain character of oneness which the land wants. Huge as it is, it is to the mind, a single thing, simple, without parts; and all this one huge thing is mine to dwell on or to roam over, equally mine to all its limits, once I ride free upon the free and open face of it. Men cannot map the ocean. They may pretend indeed to write a name upon some chosen portion of it and find it not inconvenient in use; but the so-called "Sea" wants boundaries in fact. No man knows when he sails out of it or into it. Who can erect any dominion or constitute property in it? Nature, which has set up none of her own, suffers no barriers of our planting. She vindicates rather to every creature a right of unhindered passage from one sea to another by the very passage of the Seas themselves, as into one another and through each other they for ever pour their kindred waters. For each spot of ocean seems to me to stretch out its hands to every other. I suppose it is true enough scientifically, that the very water on which our ship floats to-day may, for any cause known to the contrary, pass by successive currents, upper or under, and through gradual intermixture, to the furthest North or South the ice will suffer it, may enter any river's mouth, wash any harbour bar, and pass unchallenged through any strait in East or West. The sea is open to its own waters. It is homogeneous, uniform, and in unbroken interaction throughout all its parts. Or, if not in strict science, it is so very eminently to the spectator's fancy. Should there be hidden laws which forbid the waters of the Atlantic from ever doubling the Horn to mix with South Pacific waves, or some mysterious wall to make the China Seas as impervious as the land they wash, I for one cannot here believe it. To me the paths of ocean stretch in glorious freedom from beneath my feet to every quarter, and I will not have their march arrested. No, let the glad waves sweep as they list. The channels of the great deep are theirs, and whithersoever they will they go: whithersoever they and the winds please; and we go with them.

The unity of the ocean, filling the mind with so vast an idea, and widening the circle of water which the voyager can see around his ship till in his imagination it embraces the whole globe, must be one material element in that sense of the sublime which every one acknowledges at sea. Instead of finding itself limited by a horizon which suggests enclosure, as some petty rising ground or at most a range of distant hills, the eye sweeps round a line as far off as the curvature of the globe. While it dwells upon the more remote water, too, it becomes aware of a filling in of distance, finer aërial gradations develope themselves, wavelets are seen to flash fainter and fainter at each other's back; and what looked, at a careless glance, a near and sharp line recedes indefinitely as the eye gazes and grows confused with sky-tints beyond, till the mind feels actually beckoned on and allured into invisible reaches of water, where, far out of sight, similarly receding waves are repeating themselves without end. The soul swells with the amplitude of space spread before it, and, from the vastness of this creation of His, conceives larger conceptions of God's greater greatness. Like the sky for height, is the sea for width: He "measures it in the hollow of his hand."

But the impressiveness of a prospect at sea, even in its most ordinary state, is not due to one cause, but to an assemblage of all the recognised elements of sublimity. Indefinite vastness and mystery, simplicity of form with endless vicissitudes of motion and sound, a slumbering strength which casts all other measures of strength out of reckoning, fitfulness that looks capricious, and a terrible destructiveness which fear interprets as cruelty, above all, man's helpless solitariness in the midst of it;—where else shall we find in nature so many or such powerful factors to stimulate at once and exhaust the imagination? Of course these all reach their height, some of them indeed only appear, in a storm, when the strength of the waters is awakened and their voice uttered aloud, and in their hands the staggering ship is as a plaything to a child. But in quieter hours we feel as it were the suspicion of this majesty: it is there, and we know it. Like a low ground-swell after winds have passed is the soul's under-tone of awe in presence of the sea in calm. We clothe it, however placid, with attributes borrowed from its fury. Memories of the storm make its smile deceitful. And in the low plash of sunlit waves we hear the same voice disguised which boomed artillery-like through the night-time of fear. Nay, this very uncertainty and changefulness form a fresh, and, I think, peculiar element of awe. Men watch ocean at play with such feelings as one would the gambols of a wild beast:—feelings which surely do not enter, or only feebly enter, into any land scene. Perhaps, of all natural spectacles, that which might be best compared with the sea in a gale for a combination of grand and especially of terrible associations, would be a thunder-storm by night in the heart of huge and savage mountains. Let Byron's well-known lines on such a storm among the Alps stand for an example:—

"Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night!—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth." *

Here are solitude and feebleness in the spectator with the mystery of darkness about him, the vague vastness of enormous masses stretching to an unknown distance around, and sounds which stun the ear, carrying to the mind the sense of natural forces whose unmeasured strength is aroused to action; in short, the same factors are here which make a sea-storm terrible, and some of them at least in nearly equal degree: yet all their terribleness passes with the storm. Visit the Alpine pass in tranquil sunshine; no shade of fear, arising from an apprehension of possible storm, lingers over it; for aught you feel, its peace might have been as deep ever since creation. Now, I for one do not find it so with the sea. To me it never seems quite to forget its savage fits. Be it that its repose is too easily exchanged for violent disturbance, or that we are too familiar with the risks which attend its disturbance, the sense of insecurity may always be detected haunting the back parts of the soul and lending a certain seriousness to the gayest sea. For one thing, the sea is never to be seen completely still. Its very rest is restless.† English poetry has no picture of absolute calm more highly wrought than that in "In Memoriam," where the mourner, standing on a dewy morning upon downs which overlook the sea, watches for the ship that brings its "dark freight" home. Morning, the furze upon the wold, the plain, the air, each adds its separate touch to repeat and deepen the impression of soundless, motionless calm; so does the sea: only here in the last stanza, the stillness is broken. No sound indeed can be heard so far away, but there is motion; and the artist's skill is tasked to use this one moving thing so that it shall not mar but make more pathetic that "dead calm" towards which the whole picture leads us, even the last great stillness which hath fallen upon the dead:—

"Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep." *

Here as I write, becalmed off the Canaries, there is not a sound upon the water. Pearly blue beneath a soft blue sky, it heaves but makes no noise; slow lazy heaves which, sunward, twinkle into tiny sparks of gold, but elsewhere dimple only into shifting streaks that stain with duller blue the pearly surface. There is not breeze enough to lift the shred of bunting which ought to tell how the wind sits. Yet I know not how it is, these monotonous pulsations of water, these quiverings of light, these ripples succeeding each other in an everlasting unrest, touch in me, as I sit, a chord of uneasiness. I cannot feel as I have felt on land, in lonely places, in the hush of noon, when the knolls were hazy with heat, and the leaves made no stir, and the earth beneath breathed as mutely as the sky above it. For this always-heaving sea seems by its very motion to suggest change. I cannot trust it. I know that it is instinct with terrible might. Can I forget how soon, beneath a fuller-breathing air, these soft undulations may become the tossing of big waves? Am I not at the mercy of an inconstant treacherous thing, whose lightest movement betrays its own uneasiness, whose uneasiness a breath will agitate into fury?

A passing word in one of the Prophets puts a moral meaning into this surface restlessness of the ocean. The wicked, Isaiah said, are like it. To one who knows anything of the evil power which sin has to vex and perturb the spirit of a man, it appears marvellous when for long periods in the life of one upon whose heart passions work and in whose memory old misdeeds dwell, his demeanour exhibits nothing but unbroken placidity. That the wicked should be, not safe only from disaster without, but to all seeming free from inward trouble, crosses our ideas of moral fitness. When was it known that ease of mind sprang from a root of crime? Yet no one who speaks from observation will deny that

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* "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," canto iii. 92, 93.

† "Undulates in sleepy rest."—Moore.

* Compare this with Byron's very powerful sketch of the floating corpse in the "Bride of Abydos" (ii. 26):—

"As shaken on his restless pillow
His head heaves with the heaving billow."

many bad men enjoy real and not merely affected gaiety of spirits, and bear their secret burden with a face serene from thoughtlessness, not from art. To him, however, who ponders it justly, this aspect of peace will appear more terrible in its deceptive uncertainty than a summer sea. Beneath the smiling surface lies a sensitiveness to the lightest touch, a liability to be discomposed, which, if you look narrowly, discovers itself even at its quietest, by tremulous unrest. For, like the sea-surface, unreconciled human nature trembles in the act of smiling. A breath from God can stir it; or, if no breath stir, it seems to have a source of motion within itself, and cannot but sway and pulse to and fro in virtue of its own discontent. Just as, on the very calmest day, tiny wavelets will tap the beach and hiss among its pebbles, and the boat rocks idly on the water which idly babbles against its sides; so at best the evil heart stirs uneasily within itself, it knows not why. By a force without or a force within, may it, like the sea, be at any moment urged into violence. By a force within: for if passion, in steadier tidal flow or currents that shift and contend, once begin to rise, the soul doth straightway beat impatiently against the barrier of circumstance wherewith (as the sand confines the sea) God hath set a term to the strivings of his creature, and, retreating with a moan, leaves its broken tangle and wreck behind it. Far more, however, by the force from without. There is a Wind, in the dread of which this evil heart lives always; for the Wind hath power over it from God to tear up its deep places and toss its quiet into uproar.

The wicked heart knows, or, if it does not choose to know, yet by God's mercy it cannot choose but fear, that the Breath of the indignation of the Most High shall one day sweep down upon it, darkening all heaven with storm and opening up its secrets by the lash with which He lashes it into open, rebellious complaint. For in that day of apprehended tempest, this present discontent underlying sunny ease shall give place to loud voices of self-upbraiding, passion, and pain. These voices shall not be laid to rest any more for ever. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

J. OSWALD DYKES.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

XI.—CHRIST THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

"A friend of publicans and sinners."—Matt. xi. 19.

THE words were spoken in reproach. It was an enemy who said this.

But, like many other words meant as reproach—like the inscription upon the Cross itself, meant in mockery, but hereafter (God grant it) to be verified in glory—this designation has come to be an honour: and we all count it a privilege and a happiness to be able to gaze upon this title, as one of the brightest jewels of our Saviour's crown.

CHRIST THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Who is a sinner? and what is it to be the friend of a sinner? and how is Christ shown and proved to be such? these are some of the questions which we must seek to answer, if we would speak aright or meditate profitably on this inspiring theme.

"All have sinned."

Yes, the infection of sin is in all, and the working of sin is in all, and the manifestation of sin has been in all, and the guilt and condemnation of sin is upon all. There is no one of us who is not a sinner—or who, as being such, does not need a friend.

But some are worse sinners than others. There is a difference in heinousness between one kind or form of sin and another. No code, divine or human—save, perhaps, one of which a half-fabulous tradition tells—ever professed to make all sins or all sinners equal.

One man sins against light, against education, against conviction, against warnings and mercies and renewed trials innumerable; sins, and sins again, and will sin—persists in his sin, and loves his sin—till at last he drags down upon himself ruin, almost no one pitying. And another man sins more than half in ignorance: has been so reared and so nurtured in the very haunts and homes of vice, that it would indeed have been a prodigy and a miracle if he had not fallen: and when he is brought to account for crimes which he cannot gainsay, every thoughtful man, and every humane man, and every Christian man, not only laments the issue, but exculpates the poor transgressor from more than half the criminality of his sin. And a third man is not, in these senses, a transgressor at all: he has been kept all his life from gross stains of sin: early instruction, a good disposition, a careful training, excellent examples, a Christian home, have had their due, their natural influence: he has learned to bridle appetite, to say No to inclination, to rouse himself to duty, to struggle (not unsuccessfully) after usefulness and honour: and though the Adam leaven is in him, and though he has his faults, and though in the sight of God he is a sinner still, and though when he stands before God in judgment he will want a better plea than his respectability or his innocence, yet it would be false and therefore mischievous doctrine, to confound him in one sweeping charge with the former, or to overlook the clear line of visible demarcation which severs him from even the better of the two classes earlier spoken of.

All have sinned: but there are degrees, and there are kinds, and there are complexions and characteristics, of sin.

Then of which kind of sinner do we now speak?

Of each kind, and of all kinds, Christian readers, which can value a Saviour.

We leave out none, when we call Christ the sinner's Friend.

And yet, alas! some will leave themselves out.

I mean, that there are some who do not enough feel their own sinfulness, to care for a Divine, an Almighty, and an All-merciful Friend.

They will see what they are—what they are at the best—some day: they will see it in some cloudy and dark hour of distress and sorrow: they will see it in some moment of humiliation which they look not for and reckon not: they will see it probably in the hour of death: they will see it, if not sooner, in the great day of judgment:—but at present they see it not. In a general way they are willing to call themselves sinners even now; but sin has not found them out: they know not as yet "the plague of their own heart."

And therefore, practically, the subject of this reading will have no charm for them. They are sinners, and Christ is the sinner's Friend; but at present they will let Him be so for others, and they will not come themselves to ask that that sacred, that saving relationship, may be established and cemented and realized for them. "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

Man excludes them not: and certainly God excludes them not. O, let them not ignorantly or wilfully exclude themselves!

Now, what is it to be a sinner's friend? It is not difficult for a sinner to find a friend (so called) who will sin with him; who will show him new ways of sinning; who will encourage him in forgetting duty; or even (though this be less common) who will pity him and stand by him when sin has brought forth sorrow.

And it is not difficult, on the other hand, for a sinner to find a friend (so called) who will give him good advice; look down upon him with commiseration from a pinnacle of self-righteous virtue; or even point him with cold direction towards the gate of self-denial and the opening path of virtue.

But neither the one nor the other of these is the friend of whom we are in quest.

The one loves the sin, and the other loves not the sinner.

Now, therefore, instead of pursuing the question in a dry abstract way, let us bring in at once the main part of our subject, and show, God helping us, what sort of friend Christ is to sinners; how Christ showed and proved Himself to be, in deed and in truth, the sinner's Friend.

1. He showed it, first of all, by the very object and purpose of His coming.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

I separate this from the effect of His coming. The endeavour is the first thing.

If a man throws himself into the cold river at mid-winter to rescue a drowning woman, we honour the attempt: we say, whether he succeeds or fails, That man has a feeling heart: and if he fails, if he gives his life in vain, if both sink, we say, He did what he could—he gave his all. We separate easily and justly between the endeavour and the result.

Now therefore I say first of all that, when Jesus Christ came into the world in the hope and for the purpose of saving sinners, He showed Himself the sinner's Friend. If He even failed in saving—if He even mistook the way—the heart of friendship and of love was in the effort, and you should love Him for having tried to save. That was why He left Heaven. That was why He consented to forego for three-and-thirty comfortless and suffering years His original glory. That was why He came to be born of a woman, and to taste all the privations, and all the lonelinesses, and all the desertions, and all the pains, which make up the total sum of earth's sufferings and of sin's penalties.

2. He showed Himself the Friend of sinners by the words which He spoke below.

The most impressive and the most memorable of His Parables are of this special character: they were addressed to sinners, and they breathed a spirit of tenderness, a spirit of encouragement, and a spirit of love, towards those whom common men look down upon as sunk below redemption.

There is one Gospel which treasures up a multitude of these sayings.

The 15th and 18th chapters of St. Luke are a storehouse of such comfort.

The parable of the Lost Sheep—the parable of the Lost Piece of Money—the parable of the Prodigal Son—the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican—are all examples of the way in which Jesus Christ dealt with sinners.

And what do these say?

(1) A man has an hundred sheep. One strays from the flock. Over pathless wilds, along bleak mountain sides, the ignorant straggler pursues his wandering: frightened, disconsolate, wretched, yet powerless to find or to retrace its way.

How does the owner argue?

Does he say, I have ninety and nine left to me—let this foolish wanderer go? I will not waste time and strength, I will not endanger those that remain, in the endeavour to catch and to bring home just this one?

Not so.

He leaves the ninety and nine; leaves them anywhere—"in the wilderness," our Lord says; and for the time lives only in the one lost; tracks it by skilful thought, follows it with long patience; and if he succeeds—if he overtakes, if he recovers it—he thinks more of it, for the time, than of all the rest together; calls his friends to rejoice with him, and regards it with the twofold joy, of one who receives a gift, and of one who gains a prize.

So is it in Heaven, Christ adds in the moral of the parable, when one sinner comes to repentance. There is joy there, more jubilant and more transporting, over the one sinner repenting, than over the ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance.

(2) A woman has ten pieces of silver: the careful savings, perhaps, of forethought and self-denial, for the payment of a half-year's rent, or the purchase of a year's clothing. One of these ten is missing. All the care and all the economy of months are thus defeated and disappointed. The rent will be short of its amount by one-tenth part: the purchase contemplated will be maimed and spoilt by this unexpected misfortune. What can be done? Does she comfort herself by thinking that it is but one out of ten—that nine pieces remain? Does she resign herself to the loss, and beseech her landlord to accept the nine for the ten? Nay, she refuses to acquiesce in aught less than the recovery of the missing coin: she waits not even for the dawn, but by night lights her candle, and sweeps the house, and seeks diligently till she find it: and then, in the joy of that success, she calls together her friends and neighbours, and bids them to rejoice with her, because she has found the piece which she had lost.

O what a parable for sinful men! How meet an utterance for the sinner's Friend! How apt a correction of that common and most natural feeling, God cannot care for the loss of such a one as I am—a mere insignificant atom in His vast universe—a being spoilt by sin, and unworthy of the least of His regard, who is the Lord of sinless Angels and righteous men!

(3) An undutiful and unloving son asks of his father the present possession of that which shall be his own. He would escape from home: he would find for himself more congenial company, and enjoy a licence of irregular living which cannot be his under a father's eye. The request is granted. He takes with him the gifts of his father's bounty, and goes to squander them in sin and riot in a far country. Presently comes a famine—a famine without—a famine too within. He feels in his heart and in his soul the griping hand of want. He sinks to the lowest and vilest offices; to feed swine, to share the swine's husks: this is now the ambition of him who once lived in a house of plenty, and knew not, but by name, the very existence of poverty. At last he bethinks himself of a return. In his father's house the hirelings have abundance: he will go, and petition for a place amongst them: lost as a son, he will return a servant. How is he greeted? Needs it long supplication, many entreaties, and bitter tears, to move his father's heart to softness? Nay, before he speaks, he is answered: "While he was yet a great way off, his father met him," and the announcement of the prodigal's return is the signal for merriment and dancing.

When was this Parable, like the two former Parables, spoken? Was it not on the very occasion of a murmuring against Christ, on the part of the Pharisees and Scribes, that He was the sinner's Friend? "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them!" Yes,—then this young man is the sinner, and God is the Father: and the young man has taken his Father's gifts, and treated them as if they were twice his own—his own to use, his own to abuse—and he has escaped from the Father's home, and thought to live happily by himself, without God in the world—and he has tried the experiment, and found that there is, after all, something in man's heart which wants and cries out for and will not be satisfied without God—he has found that the pleasures of sin are always bitter in the retrospect, and at last become torments in the very using—and so he has bethought himself, in the land of his misery and of his exile, of a love never-failing and unexhausted—he has risen and returned, and re-sought his spurned and outraged home—and God, his Father, instead of reproaching him, has met him half way, and interrupted his confessions by the voice of fatherly forgiveness—has taken him in, and made him a feast, and counts that a day of joy and gladness which has brought back, however soiled and scarred, a living soul from the grasp of hell and death.

It is, again, the very utterance of the sinner's Friend!

(4) Two men have gone up at the hour of prayer into the Temple courts. And one presses forward, and stands forth for all to see, and speaks aloud, and makes supplication—and what is it? It is a thanksgiving, not a confession: a thanksgiving for his own virtues: a boastful self-vaunting, and comparison of his good with others' evil!

Afar off, as unworthy to draw near where God is, there stands a sinner—one whom men point at as an outcast and an alien from Israel—and he dares not to lift so much as his eyes toward Heaven, but can only smite upon his breast, and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The pent-up sins of years are gathered, as it were, into one single utterance, and he plunges in, as all-defiled and all-guilty, into the fountain opened in the blood of Jesus for sin and for uncleanness.

And it is he—it is the poor sinner—who goes down to his house justified! The other came, and the other returns, self-complacent, self-satisfied, self-admiring: but this one, the altogether sinner, has upon him the hand of blessing, has within him the answer of the Divine forgiveness.

It is the Gospel of the sinner. He who thus spake is of right the sinner's Friend.

3. Again, Christ claimed for Himself this title by His conduct to sinners during His life below.

(1) The common reproach against Him was well-founded. He did eat and drink with publicans and sinners. No door was ever closed where He sate and rested: no rude repulse ever met, where He was, the application of the needy or the access of the sinful. If the Pharisee would have Jesus, he must have sinners with Him at his table; and if he complained, he drew down upon himself the only severity of the Saviour—that which exposed self-deception and rebuked hypocrisy.

So was it when, into the house of Simon the Pharisee, there came in after Him, unbidden and unregarded, a woman who was a sinner. Her presence, no doubt, was an affront to the sleek, self-satisfied host: she was a sinner—known for such, no doubt, by common rumour—she was not a fit associate for the decorous and religious world—why was she there? What brought, what detained her? She is weeping there behind the feet of Jesus—washing His feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hair of her head. The Pharisee draws from His tolerance of her an unfavourable inference. "If He were a Prophet, He would have known" her character, and treated her with the abhorrence which she deserved. But the sinner's Friend "had something to say" to the man who thus argued. Two persons owe money to the same creditor—one a large, the other a trifling sum: neither can pay—both are excused: which will love him most? The Pharisee himself has to say that he supposes the one whose debt was the larger. True—then this woman will naturally love more than Simon? This poor, despised, guilty outcast, having been forgiven a heavier debt of sin, will be more thankful, and more devoted in her love, than he who in his own idea owed God nothing? Yes, the Saviour might come into that house of the Pharisee, and no signs of peculiar honour shall greet or repay His presence—no water for the feet—no anointing oil—no reverent kiss of welcome: this is natural, for Simon feels himself no sinner, nor counts it, therefore, any great thing if he be privileged to entertain the sinner's Friend. And natural, too, was it, on the same principle, that this poor sinful woman should honour Him; that she who had been much forgiven should love much that Lord who was to buy her pardon with His most precious blood. She is the forgiven one—she the saint.

(2) Sometimes the person in question is not only a general but a particular sinner. There was a person brought to Jesus in the Temple courts by the Scribes and Pharisees to see what He would say to her. She was a person guilty of a most heinous sin, and they, her enemies and His, would fain draw from Him, by His treatment of her case, something which they might make merchandise of, as an expression of dissatisfaction or variance with the Mosaic Law. "The Law commands that such should be stoned: but what sayest Thou?" He must either sign the warrant of execution, or else set Himself up as a rival legislator to Moses. The wisdom of God is not thus limited. There is a third course. "He that is without sin among you," such is His answer, late but timely, to the accusers' question, "let him first cast a stone at her." She is guilty, she deserves the penalty—but who shall be the executioner? Whose hand shall be first upon her to put her to death? Surely the hand of the sinless; the hand of him whose conscience bears against himself no accusing witness: if there be one among you—perhaps there is one—whose soul is clear in this matter—whose life is free and his heart pure from the sin of uncleanness—he is the proper person to execute vengeance upon her, who unquestionably deserves to die! And, strange to say, among all those Scribes and all those Pharisees—teachers of the Divine law, and "simular men of virtue" as they were—there was not one who could accept the challenge; not one who could say, "My life is clear, and my heart pure—I will throw the first stone." They went out, convicted by their own consciences, beginning at the eldest even unto the last, till Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. Then at last, face to face with that guilty one whom He had delivered from the human vengeance, He brought her into that truer and higher court, for which they, the human accusers, had cared nothing, and in the very act of absolving, added also the highest of all motives for reformation, when He said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." Yes, He who thus dealt with guilt was in deed and in truth the sinner's Friend.

(3) And surely not for nothing was one of the latest acts of that Divine life an act of tenderness towards a sinner. On the Cross itself Jesus claimed, and proved his claim to, this title. Beside Him there hung a dying malefactor: placed there, no doubt, to add to the shame of the sinner's Friend; and that the Scripture might be fulfilled which said, "And He was numbered with the transgressors." This man was dying uncheered by one ray of comfort: he was not innocent—he was not a martyr—he was not witnessing to a truth, nor confessing a Saviour—he was simply being executed—executed for a great crime, and dying for it by slow degrees, through long-protracted hours. But in him, at the eleventh, yea, at the twelfth hour, grace wrought, and wrought wonders. When his comrade, the third sufferer, railed on Jesus—bidding Him, half in mockery, put forth His Divine power, if He possessed it, in saving Himself and them—this man rebuked him: this man spoke of the fear of God: acknowledged the justice of his sentence: confessed, too, the innocence of Jesus, and even turned to Him, a dying man, spoke of His kingdom, and craved his remembrance in the day of His glory. Sinner as he was, and dying for his sin—hardened through long years of iniquity, yet now suddenly (as it should seem) brought to a sense of sin, and to a genuine heart-deep repentance—Jesus saw in him one of those for whom he was pouring out His

precious blood; saw in him (as it is written) of the travail of His soul, and was satisfied; and left for ever on record a proof of the omnipotence of His grace, in the words, as of a Prince, an Arbiter, and a Judge, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." To-day shalt thou be my companion in those realms of the blessed dead, from whence there shall be also, in due season, a resurrection of light and life and immortality.

4. And now can we carry yet one step further the revelation of this character of the sinner's Friend? Can we show that death certainly had no effect upon it? that the risen Jesus, yea, that the ascended Jesus, was, and is still, the sinner's Friend?

Blessed be God, the Gospel Book closes not with even that latest manifestation, in death itself, of the Saviour's spirit, but goes on to show that it abode with Him through death and the grave; awoke with Him in resurrection, and with Him ascended into the heavens.

(1) To whom did He first appear after His resurrection? Was it not, St. Mark being the witness, to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils?

(2) And to whom did He vouchsafe one of the most remarkable of all the evidences that it was indeed, in all the fulness and reality of His Person, He Himself alive from the dead? Was it not to the Apostle who doubted? to him who had said, in the workings of a self-will surely not without blame, Except I see this and this—see it for myself, and touch also, and handle—I will not believe? Was not this a mark of His consideration still for human weakness, of His mercy still upon human sin?

(3) And at all events what can we say of the special grace vouchsafed to the Apostle Peter, when after his threefold fall, so full of pain and grief to his Master in the last hours of His earthly strife, he was specially sought out by his Master's presence after the Resurrection, and called thrice to confess his love for Him whom in His latest sorrow he had thrice denied?

These three records make the risen Saviour especially the sinner's Friend.

(4) And what shall we say of one yet later? of one which reveals Him to us in Heaven, at the right hand of God, and tells us of His merciful dealing with a man who had "compassed sea and land" to destroy and make havoc of the faith of a crucified Lord? Well may that man say, in one of his last communications to the Churches, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting."

And "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

(5) What is His work, what His office, now? Is it not that of a Priest? that of One charged with the whole burden of human sin, perverseness, and misery, that He may both make intercession for it perpetually with God, and also strive with it by constant influences of grace and good within? What is the office of the Intercessor, and what is the office of the Minister of the Holy Ghost to man, save the undying ministry of the sinner's Friend?

There are certain things necessary to this office: and with the brief mention of them we will conclude.

(1) The sinner's Friend must Himself be free from all spot and stain of sin.

It is a mistake, though a common one, to imagine that sympathy with the sinner can only be gained by intermixture with his sin.

Just in proportion as there is sin, there is no sympathy. Sin is selfishness: and he who has tasted himself of the forbidden fruit, always desires to give of it to others also. It was so in the first sin: it is so still, and always. Sympathy is not increased, it is destroyed, by participation in the sin.

"Such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sin." If He were not Himself holy and sinless, He could not in reality be the Friend of the sinful. There would be in Him a taint and bias of sinful privity and sinful concurrence, which would not strengthen but destroy the reality of the Divine sympathy.

(2) Nevertheless, in the second place, the sinner's Friend must be able to feel for, and to feel with, the sinner.

He must partake of the nature, or He could not feel for the fallen. He must Himself have been "tempted in all points," or He could not be "a merciful and faithful High Priest to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." "We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

(3) The sinner's Friend must be Almighty to save.

What is a sinner?

i. He is one who has a load upon him: the load of unforgiven iniquity; the burden of good things which he has left undone, and cannot do—the burden of evil things which he has done, and cannot by tears or pains or efforts make undone.

The sinner's Friend must be able to take this load off from him; to say, I have borne thy transgressions—I have carried thy sorrows—I have done, and I have undone—I have wrought for thee a perfect righteousness—I have cancelled for thee the accusing debt of sin.

This is what Jesus Christ has done, once for all, for us, on the cross of atonement and of expiation.

ii. Again, a sinner is one who has an infirmity: an inability to please God; a fatal weakness towards that which is good, and a fatal predisposition towards that which is evil; insomuch that, if forgiven, he cannot walk uprightly; if ransomed from the hand of the enemy, he will again fall into it, and be a second and a third and a thousandth time captive.

The sinner's Friend must be able to undertake for him in the future; to say, I am thy Life—I will live in thee—I will communicate to thee day by day a new spirit—I will work in thee both to will and to do—I will make my strength perfect in thy weakness—I will make thee more than conqueror through Him who loved thee.

This is what Jesus Christ does for all who come to Him; by virtue of His constant intercession, His prevailing grace, His in-dwelling Spirit.

(4) Finally—and I place this by itself—the sinner's Friend must be always accessible.

The emergencies of life, of the spiritual life not least, are unforeseen and sudden. If we could only approach the mercy-seat on one day in the year, or at one hour in the day, we might perish between times, no one regarding. We want an ear ever open, a heart ever listening and ever prompt to feel. The sinner's Friend must be as constantly accessible as the sinner himself is ever weak and ever tempted. He must say, At whatever hour, of the day or of the night, the enemy draws nigh, come to me instantly, and fear not. Whether it be "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," or whether it be "the sickness that destroyeth at noonday"—in either case, and in every case, I am thy refuge—"I am thy shield, and thine exceeding great reward." The name of Christ is a strong tower: the sinner runneth into it, and is safe.

We may be reluctant, but Christ is gracious. We may be unbelieving, but He abideth faithful. The sinner's Friend is Himself all-holy: the sinner's Friend is touched with our infirmities: the sinner's Friend is Almighty to save: the sinner's Friend is ever accessible, ever near, ever present.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the present chapter the chronicler must don a pair of seven-league boots, and traverse rapidly a series of years. This story, whose progress has been as slow as an English river meandering through flat plains, has now to enter on an interval of rapids; and when the unwonted acceleration is over, its future will be as slow and humdrum as has been its past. The chapter will not be a long one, but before it is finished the McQuarrie girls will have become women; Jack will have finished his university career, will have had a seat for long in the office of Messrs. Hook and Crook, and become versant in all the outs and ins of their extensive business; Miss McQuarrie's form will be more bent, her face more puckered, but her eye will have retained its keenness, and her brain its nimbleness; in Mrs. Hagart's glossy hair, time will have put not a few silver threads; and around Hagart's head—now slightly bald by the way—there will be shining the nimbus of a permanent prosperity. Having shod himself with the shoes of swiftness, let the chronicler now proceed!

While resident in Hawkhead the McQuarrie girls were frequently at Mortimer Street of an evening, and just as frequently were they at Cuchullin Lodge. By the Staverts they were made welcome; and Jack, who occasionally accompanied them, was made welcome also. Jack admired the Cuchullin gardens and the Cuchullin knick-knacks—the old swords, the old cabinets, the old Bohemian glasses with the cracks across them which were the vouchers of age, and the old pictures representing snuffy saints and martyrs. In a sort of distant way he liked Miss Flora, who was a showy girl, a few years older than himself, and who patronised him; much better he liked Miss Kate Stavert, who was one or two years his junior, and whom he could patronise. After a general and somewhat indefinable manner he liked the Stavert lads—Torquil, Norman, and the rest of them—bearing grand Highland names. Stavert also, whom he had before met on a memorable occasion, had a place in his favourable regards. But Mrs. Stavert he did not like; and he was conscious, by a swift instinct, that precisely to the same extent that lady did not like him. She was a tall, blonde, smooth woman, cheeked like a faded peach, with eyes of no particular colour, which dilated and contracted in a peculiar sort of way. Her manner was soft, her step was soft; her light hair was softly and smoothly braided; her voice was soft and ingratiating. When in company she was continually whispering to her neighbour in confidential asides. She smiled frequently, but somehow her mouth and eyes had cut acquaintance, and never could be brought to smile in concert. Her smile was as artificial as her rouge—that is if she rouged, of which I am not in the least aware. I have taken Mrs. Stavert down to dinner twice or thrice, and while she abused my best friends to my face, she was careful to tell me how much she admired my talents and my person and my manners; and I felt very much as if, preparatory to being swallowed, I was undergoing the process of lubrication. I confess I was scared by the soft voice and the politely-malign eyes contracting and dilating on me like a cat's. In truth, there was something feline about Mrs. Stavert altogether. Her pleasant manners were like a cat's paw—velvety, yet with talons concealed in the velvet. She was vain, and delighted to lie coiled up in the fire-light of approbation. When pleased, the pupils of her eye contracted, the lids came sleepily down, and you almost thought you could hear her purr. So long as you stroked her with the pile it was agreeable enough; if you stroked her against the pile, up shot the electric spark, and out of the soft-stepping velvet came the claws. On all Jack's visits to Cuchullin Lodge, Mrs. Stavert was studiously polite, but to the boy's simple, unvitiated sense that politeness never seemed sincere. He did not like her. If left alone in a room with her, he would have felt uneasy; and without knowing why, he was certain that she did not like him. It is hardly worth while being a hypocrite in this world. People are not so easily deceived as people suppose. The great art in social tactics is to conceal art; and the man who is known to be cunning, is never cunning enough. False colours are only of use to the privateer or the blockade runner so long as they are believed not to be false. Test the spurious coin of regard on the counter of instinct, and you know it in a moment by its ring.

The wintry stars shone keen above Cuchullin Lodge, and save a speck of light from one chamber the entire mansion was dark. Within that chamber lay Mr. Stavert and his wife, careful even in the night watches of their own and their children's interests. Above the matrimonial couch Sleep hovered on downy wings, preparing silently to descend. Jack and the McQuarrie girls had visited them that night, and there had been a little family dance, and thereafter a little family supper. The guests had gone, the youthful members of the family were deep in dreams in rooms beneath; but in the upper chamber, with its speck of light, the fond parent pair were yet awake and plotting. Just before I shall play eaves-dropper, Mrs. Stavert had shot after Jack one of the arrows of her spite. Stavert turned uneasily on his pillow.

"Now, Eliza, look here," he said, "I dislike that boy as much as you possibly can, and it is just because I dislike him that I don't wish to hear you give expression to your feelings. I dislike him, but I don't wish to show him that I dislike him—which I am sometimes tempted to do. You are in no such danger. You are too much a woman of the world to be betrayed into the expression of your true feelings. We have our daughter Kate, Eliza"—and at this oracular statement, even in the dimness of the bedchamber, Mr. Stavert's eyes went into the corners that were next his wife.

"Well?" said the lady.

"She must marry young Hagart. I have made up my mind about that. They are about the same age, and every way suitable. We have some years to come and go upon, and we can easily throw them together and get them to take a liking for each other. It is important that Hagart should take a liking for Kate, because, if needful, we can force her into a marriage against her inclination, while we cannot force him. He will have all his aunt's money, and if Kate marries him, it will come into the family. We should have got it in the first place, of course; but then, if we cannot catch the rain with one dish, we can catch it with another."

"If we get it through marriage," responded his spouse, "it will be just as good as if we got it under Miss Kate's will. As the dear girl's mother, I shall of course be her closest counsellor, and we shall make the young man do as we please. Unlike furniture, money is as valuable at first as at second hand."

"As we arranged, darling," Stavert went on, the marriage of Jack and Miss Kate being finally decided upon, the opinions of neither of these young people being consulted, "I spoke to Torquil to-day about Miss Oona McQuarrie, and urged him to get into her good graces as far and as speedily as possible. I merely dropped the hint, and in a moment the lad snuffed Miss Oona's fortune afar off. Hector married late in life, and has been a cautious, saving man all his days, and by this time he must have lined his purse extremely well. Didn't you think that Torquil was very attentive to her when she was his partner in the quadrille, and at the supper-table to-night, and that she was rather pleased with his attentions? I did. The smile never left her black eyes all the time."

"And that smile I rather fear. Miss Oona will be much more difficult to manage than John Hagart. But by care and attention both may be managed. Just leave them in my hand. We have plenty of time to work in, and if one mode of action fails, we can try another. Good night."

And Sleep, with downy wings outspread above the matrimonial couch, slowly settled down.

In due time Jack left the Hawkhead High School, and was entered a student of the Hawkhead University. This university—famous to all the ends of the earth—with its smoke-blackened, long-extended, and quaintly-carved and windowed frontage; its flagged and antique courts, with well-worn and griffin-surmounted staircases springing therefrom; its low-roofed and indifferently lighted class-rooms; its green behind, in whose shady and sequestered alleys studious students walked arm-in-arm, and in whose centre the game of football was being constantly contested—the university, old and weather worn, stood in one of the dingier portions of the city, and lent thereto a dignity and a sacredness which were much needed. We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be; and it pains me to think that in a little while the famous university will be a famous university no longer. Learning is about to take its flight westward to a spick and span new building on a sunny hill; and the old halls, which have heard so many eloquent voices, are about to be transformed into a central railway station. And yet, in such a change, there is a certain fitness and propriety. The old building has brought its fate upon itself. It was the cradle of the infant steam-engine; and it is perhaps right that, when it has done its work, and fulfilled its original purpose, it should become the main home and haunt of the Locomotive. Like Frankenstein, it will be slain by the monster it has created.

When the early winter days are closing in, the streets surrounding the Hawkhead University bristle with "lodgings to let;" and then all of a sudden a troop of flamingoes seem to have alighted on the Hawkhead pavements. During the entire day the streets surrounding and leading to the university are dotted with scarlet specks. At Hawkhead the students attending the classes in the faculty of arts wear scarlet cloaks; and when Jack's new one was sent home to Mortimer Street the evening before matriculation, he was forced by Miss Kate to equip himself in the glowing toga and to endure her private inspection. The old lady, while regretting that the soldierly scarlet should ever be degraded to a scholar's use, was on the whole sufficiently complimentary. Next day in his gaudy habiliment Jack sallied forth, and while walking along felt painfully conscious that every one was taking private note and cognisance of him. The veteran students whom he passed wore cloaks torn and frayed, and smeared with ink; but his was virgin scarlet unsoiled by work or combat, and to every one it was dreadfully apparent that he was a green-horn and a freshman. The Hawkhead students are exposed to the rude chaff of the streets; but for that chaff the older men care no more than a weather-beaten mariner cares for a splash of spray. This ordeal of the morning in question Jack had to pass, and his gown being hatefully glaring and new, and his feelings sensitive, he endured on his march to the university much real affliction. He had hardly turned the corner of Mortimer Street when a small baker's boy, carrying a basket of rolls on his head, transfixed him with his eye. Jack walked past with as much dignity as he could assume; but he had not proceeded ten paces, when the wicked baker's boy deliberately took the basket of rolls from his head, placed it on the pavement, and then, curving both hands around his mouth, howled out, "Oh the puppy, oh the puppy" (Anglicè *poppy*, but a play on the word was evidently intended by the wretch). And this salutation, which went through Jack's soul like a bolt of ice, was caught up by another small boy at the next corner of the street, whose way lay in the same direction as Jack's, and who beguiled the tedium of that way by howling out the above opprobrious epithet, and observations still more irreverent at intervals. Our young friend ran the gauntlet of jeering and mockery with considerable fortitude, till nearing the university he was by a troop of children assailed with a round chorus sung in rude cadence:—

"Collie dowg,
Lift up yer lug,
An' let the gentry by ye."

At this greeting all the scarlet in Jack's mantle rushed into his face, and he fervently resolved that he should obliterate that pestilent brightness of tint which attracted so much public observation and irreverent comment, and of which but yester-night he was so proud—that he should shred it up with knives, that he should spill a bottle of ink upon it, that he should bribe the maids at home to clean their blacking brushes upon it, that he should throw it in the gutter and dance upon it—that, in fact, he should do everything in his power to make the garment as dingy and as like an old soldier's tattered uniform as possible.

The scarlet mantle got dingy enough in a short time, however, and Jack became careless of popular jeer or remark. A new life lay around him in the university, and he tasted all its novel sweetness. He made many friends, he attended the debating societies, he read and talked—in every way his mind opened and he obtained new visions of the wondrous world. He has often told me of his Humanity professor—a true scholar and gentleman now gone to his rest; of his haughty features, his proud blood, his grey eye that froze ignorance or stupidity into a statue. "Do you mean to tell me, sir," he would say rising on an unhappy culprit in the white wrath of scorn, "do you mean to tell me, sir, in cold blood, that so and so is so and so?" And when he did rise after that fashion the class felt that the professor was not in a humour to be trifled with. Another university anecdote John is fond of repeating, and at which he laughs consumedly yet, as if it were a joint of fun which never grows less, at which you can cut and come again for ever. "Will you please define Instinct, Mr. ——," quoth the bland professor on class examination day to a country student whose face was composed of mouth and eyes. "The Thirst for Blood," responded the rustic in a sepulchral voice, eyeing his professor hungrily the while. Into all that was stirring or picturesque in his new life the young fellow entered heartily. He was a capital hand at football on the college green. He liked the debating societies and the wordy strife; and at the time he gained considerable applause by his advocacy of the claims of Napoleon to the title of a man of genius as against those of the Duke of Wellington. When the angry scarlet mantles streamed down the street—a sufficient walking-stick firmly clenched in each scarlet mantle's fist—blue policemen in flight or pursuit—Jack was sure to be one of the crowd—in the van if advancing, in the rear if in retreat. While a body of students were retiring once through the snowy streets, policemen hanging persistently on its skirts and making a capture now and then, a wild charge was made—scarlet-mantled student clashing desperately against blue-clad policeman, the walking-stick pitted against the official truncheon—and this wild charge, with cap gone and bleeding forehead, Jack valorously led. So led, the wedge of streaming scarlet mantles scattered for the time their blue adversaries; but the victory was not obtained for nothing. Hard blows were given and received, and just in the moment of success Jack was smitten down. Him, therefore, his companions assisted home; and with a broken pate and discoloured optics delivered over to the tender charges of Miss Kate. Did that lady grieve over her nephew's disfigured countenance, and upbraid him for his riotous and ungentlemanly conduct? Not a whit. On the contrary, Miss Kate, who came of a fighting race, and who had a lot of the old blood about her heart, was prouder of her nephew's broken head than if he had brought home an armful of college prizes; and the discoloured eyes, slowly passing through rainbow changes of blue, green and yellow to their original condition, were dearer to her than any professor's certificate of proficiency and irreproachable conduct. For, rightly or wrongly, to the old lady's thinking, college prizes and certificates of proficiency gave evidence of cleverness only, whereas the broken pate and the bruised face showed courage, and that moral quality she placed at the head of all manly virtues. I am inclined to believe that Miss Kate, while in attendance for a fortnight on John's sofa, felt more tenderly towards that young gentleman, had in reality a deeper respect for him, than she ever had before. She regarded him as in some sort a gallant soldier borne bleeding from the field of honour. While Jack was so attended, a policeman in another quarter of the town, who had no sofa to lie upon, was suffering from a dislocated shoulder and a couple of broken ribs, and of these injuries my young friend was in main part the author. Miss Kate did not know the condition of the poor Irishman; and even if she had known, I much fear she would not have expended much sympathy upon him.

Nor were occasional snowball riots and combats with policemen the only striking scenes to which the university introduced Jack. At Hawkhead, in common with the other Scottish universities, a Lord Rector fell to be elected every three years; and it was when my young friend had finished his course in arts, and was addressing himself to the study of law, that the election to this high and responsible office came round. The Hawkhead students were divided into two camps, Liberal and Conservative; and of the latter body—much moved thereto by the influence of Miss Kate—Jack became a zealous adherent. In the hands of these two parties the election lay, and both sought earnestly for a befitting and talented representative. Committees were held in various places during the day, midnight conclaves sat in the old class rooms, to the disgust of the worthy janitor, whose duty it was to turn off the gas and lock the door, after the heated young men had departed; and at last the camps had chosen their men: the Conservatives put forward William Wordsworth, the venerable poet; the choice of the Liberals fell on Lord Turniptop, a local nobleman of considerable wealth and influence. These candidates had no sooner been fixed upon, than the university corridors became alive with squib and satirical poem. The Conservatives grew witty on his lordship's agricultural tastes, and wished to know if the ancient university of Hawkhead had become a market-garden, and if guano had at last taken the place of the classics. The Liberals bespattered Wordsworth in the most handsome way, and reprinted certain well-known passages from the *Edinburgh Review*, and from Lord Byron's *Don Juan* and *Vision of Judgment*. As the day of election drew near, the rival committees held nightly meetings in the university, and listened to, and cheered to the echo, the most eloquent and inflammatory addresses. On one of these occasions, Jack appeared before the Conservative committee, with an elaborate essay on the genius of William Wordsworth, and the moral and political tendency of his writings, in his pocket, the reading of which, it was fondly hoped, would kindle the Conservatives to yet more fiery zeal in the good cause, and convert at once from the error of their ways what benighted Liberals might be present. Accompanied by the members of the Conservative club, Jack marched into the crowded class-room, and side by side with the chairman took his seat on the tribune, beneath the solitary gas lustre. The benches away into the gloom of distance were crowded with eager faces; and the entrance of the orator of the evening and his party was welcomed with a burst of welcoming Conservative cheers, through which ran a hollow bass of Liberal groans, portending tempest. In a few words the chairman opened the meeting, and then announced that Mr. John Hagart would favour them with an address. Amid a tremendous uproar, Jack got up, placed his MS. on the reading table before him, and began. The Liberal enemy, who were present in great numbers, were anxious to hear what my friend had to say, and so with but moderate interruption, he went on to pass a high eulogium on the immortal poet, "Who yet," I quote verbatim, "gilds the hills that gird Rydal Water, as by the solemn radiance of a setting star." Here uprose enthusiastic Conservative cheers, answered by satirical Liberal cachinnations. Put on his mettle by cheer and counter cheer, Jack proceeded to state that Wordsworth was in the highest and best sense a Conservative, "that he was Conservative not only through his judgment, but through his imagination and his reverential eye. To him," he went on, "the scar of ancient earthquake on Helvellyn, the ivies on Brougham Castle, the torn battle flags that hang in the chapel of the seventh Henry, are the sacredest things. In our present parliament he sees the Saxon Witenagemote—in the Speaker of the House, Alfred the Great." This flight being on the whole pretty well received, Jack proceeded to hold up to contempt "that ridiculously bedizened magpie of poetry, Lord Byron, who stole from Wordsworth, and at the same time abused him; who wrote heartless libels on the man whose shoe latchets he was unworthy to unloose, libels which, to the disgrace of a so-called Liberal committee, have been raked from their noisome resting-places, and been allowed to disgrace the walls of our venerable university." This arrow went home, and through the Conservative cheer was heard the Liberal yell of rage, while certain aggrieved individuals got upon benches and gesticulated unheard. Jack had by this time lashed himself into a noble indignation; with a flushed face he confronted his excited auditory, and in a voice which was heard clearly across the tumult, he shouted, "Libels, I repeat, which by their presence have disgraced the walls of this university! conduct more atrocious, more infamous——" Here a dissonant bray, as if a troup of wild asses had stationed itself in one of the corners of the room, drowned all lesser noise; and Jack's eloquence was brought to a stop. The tumult became tremendous, the braying continued, cat-calls and whistlings arose on all sides, and the floor was vigorously thumped by boot-heel and walking-stick. After a while some sort of quasi order was resumed, and Jack proceeded with his discourse. He was about to point out some of the more nice and recondite beauties of the poet he so much revered, when again, from out the distant corner, came the hideous bray. This noise was the noise of the Liberal enemy, and of course could not be endured. The chairman arose, and made imploring dumb show, but was for a while unsuccessful. By the time a lull came he had lost his temper, and taking advantage of it he called out, "Gentlemen, certain donkeys from the Liberal common [interruption], where they have been browsing on congenial food—Thistles and Turniptop, [hideous uproar] have found their way here. As on the placard calling this meeting, and affixed to the college walls, it was intimated that the presence of gentlemen was requested, the donkeys alluded to are palpably intruders; if these animals do not desist from the noises, which however natural to themselves, are just as naturally distasteful to us, it shall be my duty to have them forcibly extruded. And I call upon every gentleman present to support the chair." On the delivery of this speech, from the dark corner came a mightier chorus of braying than ever. The angry chairman glanced inquiringly around his committee; he read eager assent in their eyes; and at once they left the tribune, and clambering over and along the crowded benches, made their way to the distant corner, where sat the disturbers of the peace. In a short time from the dark corner proceeded the sound of personal conflict. Every one was now standing on desks and benches, to behold the tug of war, when all at once the gas was turned off, and confusion was worse confounded. In the darkness, Liberal was ignorant of Conservative, and Conservative could no longer vex Liberal; and in a quarter of an hour the excited young men were cooling themselves in the wintry moonlight as they dispersed through the college courts; and when they were all gone the janitor locked the class-room door, much pleased with the success of his *ruse*. Three days after it was announced in the Hawkhead newspapers that Lord Turniptop had been elected Lord Rector, by a large majority.

"Our institutions are in danger," the chairman of the Conservative club—who was the son of a respectable tallow-chandler—remarked to Jack, as on the day after the announcement of the election of Lord Turniptop, the young men walked towards the office of Messrs. Hook and Crook, where Jack had for some little time back been in possession of a desk. "Our institutions are in danger. The democratic tide is encroaching on all our ancient landmarks. The existence of church and state is imperilled; in a short time England will be no place for a gentleman to live in. *I'll* emigrate, for one." And disgusted by the election of the Liberal and agricultural Lord Turniptop, Jack also heaved a sigh over the departing greatness of his country.

During the years over which this chapter extends, the most eminent success attended the firm of Wedderburn Brothers and Hagart. Their business had increased wonderfully, the house was noted for the elegance of its designs, and in the best markets its shawls competed successfully with the choice productions of Norwich or Paris. Alfred still held a sixth share in the profits, but that sixth share had during recent years quadrupled in value. It was astonishing in how short a time he became familiar with prosperity: equally astonishing how that prosperity steadied him, how within the limits of severest common sense, it compressed the fluctuations of what Miss Kate called his "quicksilver brain." Hagart was a much more amusing person in evil fortune than in good—less amusing to an uninterested spectator, but more agreeable to live with, his wife thought with an occasional sigh for the old times. All the ancient, half-absurd, half-poetic vivacities—which sprang like wallflowers from the chinks of ruins—became curbed; the ancient perilous flightiness and eager vagaries of hope and desire, disappeared; and by comparison with his former self, he became staid, prudent, self-possessed, self-reliant. I have in my time read and heard certain praises of poverty, how in its chill air the hardier virtues bloom, but have always suspected those praises to be hollow and insincere. One noticeable fact is, that they are never written or spoken by poverty-stricken men, but always by men in tolerably comfortable circumstances. Men praise poverty, as the African worships Mumbo-Jumbo, from terror of the Malign Power, and a desire to propitiate it. To bring the best human qualities to anything like perfection, to fill them with the sweet juices of courtesy and charity, prosperity, or at all events a moderate amount of it, is required—just as sunshine is needed for the ripening of peaches and apricots. There are some natures that will take hurt from any condition of life; and the man that prosperity ripens into a spendthrift, is precisely the man that poverty would have soured into a churl. Resignation to the will of Heaven, say under the conditions of fell disease, is of all human virtues the most graceful: and, although he has many more pleasant things to leave, it is a virtue much more easily practised by the rich man than by the poor one. The rich consumptive patient has gone to Madeira; for the alleviation of his disease, he has procured the best medical skill, and transported himself to the balmiest of climates, but, in spite of all, he is told that his hour is rapidly approaching; and so, with the scent of oranges at his open window, and the long drowsy roll of the tropic surf in his ear, without a murmur he resigns himself to the decree, and awaits the end. Take the poor city clerk. He is told his lungs are deeply affected, and that his sole chance of life is a voyage to Madeira, and residence there; but on account of a scant purse, that voyage and that residence are sheer impossibilities; and so in a dim chamber, and with but a muslin screen slung across the window to save him from the insolent pertinacious curiosity of the houses across the way, his ear pierced with the cry of the passing costermonger, he lies unmurmuring, resigned, ready to live or die as the Lord will. Both are equally resigned; but which of the resignations is the more pleasant sight in the eyes of angels? Not that of the rich sufferer, with the scent of oranges at his open window, we may be sure. He is resigned after exhausting every chance of life; the other is resigned with one chance not yet exhausted, with one die not yet thrown, a chance which poverty prevents him from taking advantage of, a die which poverty prevents him from throwing. I know that rich men die perfectly resigned at Madeira and elsewhere: I know that poor city clerks die resignedly at home, with no finer element to respire than smoky London air. I know it is hard for the rich man to die, but how much harder for the clerk? especially how harder for *him* to die without a murmur—without a sigh for the unattainable! Let us all pray to be preserved from poverty.

Miss Kate McQuarrie was correct when she remarked that Alfred Hagart and a thousand a-year would accord admirably well. In the golden smile of guineas our friend became curiously sedate; prosperity did not in the least turn his head, for the reason perhaps that he was always expecting prosperity, that he regarded it as an estate of which he was the lawful heir, and on which sooner or later he would enter on possession. He exhibited nothing of the vulgar pride and self-glorification of the upstart; at the bottom of which lie surprise, wonderment, and unfamiliarity. All his life he was conscious that he deserved success; success had been long looked for, and when it came he was not in the slightest degree astonished. He came into it as a king comes into a throne from which he was long exiled, but which was his by right all the while. And of Hagart's prosperity the world soon had palpable evidence. A white marble monument in due time marked Katy's resting-place in the Greysleyan cemetery. He removed from his suburban residence to one of the best houses in the western outskirts of the little town, and in the new house Martha was not the only servant. Nay, more, about the time that Jack entered the office of Messrs. Hook and Crook, Hagart on one of the western Greysleyan hills was rearing a new and elegant villa, with spacious dining-room and drawing-room; a lot of sleeping apartments, a library, with a deeply recessed window filled with stained glass, so that on Sunday afternoons when he read Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial*, or Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, the coloured light would suffuse the page; a far-out looking tower, which gave a noble view of Greysley in its smoke below, the Hawkhead river journeying to the sea, and occasionally, when a sunbeam came out, a glimpse of Hawkhead itself, with dwindled spires and chimney stalks against the ashy distance. Hagart had a taste. If Duke of Devonshire he would have created Chatsworth. And before the door there were sloping terraces; out from one wing of the house projected an airy conservatory filled with flowers, in the hues of which he took immense delight; and behind were gardens, with southern-looking walls, against which fruit-trees were trained. In all these things Hagart took much delight,—most of all, I think, in reading Sir Thomas Browne in the recessed window of the library while the glass hued his page. "Sir Thomas Browne, Lord Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, and those old stately-sentenced writers," he said to me as we sat over our wine in the new dining-room after dinner, "should always be read with some little ceremony. One should dress before reading them, just as one dresses for dinner. That's the reason I like to read them when the sun is shining on the stained glass in the library. To my mind the richly-solemn colour suits the richly-solemn thought. The peal of the organ should accompany the rolling periods." Prosperity, as I have said, improved Hagart much. He became a changed man, to a great extent. In the early days he was like a bare tapestry: in the days of which I write he was like a tapestry covered all over with brave devices. Prosperity brought out his latent tastes, just as fire brings out writings in sympathetic ink. So far as my observation went, Mrs. Hagart did not develope much in the burst of sunshine. She was then, as I had ever known her, affectionate, gentle, tender, true, mistress of the kindliest eye, mistress of the softest voice. She liked to talk to me about the old time, the old hardships, the old house; she would laugh pleasantly over her husband's brilliant schemes; could even poke a little fun at the Central America notion; but in her heart, I rather suspect, there was a constant ache and void. The little child which had gone out from her on the wintry day had never been forgotten, and I fancy now never will. One thing occasionally struck me as curious, and that was, that these good people expressed at no time any desire to have Jack back again from Aunt Kate. They saw him frequently, of course; once a month or so he spent a night with them, and turned the windows in the far-out looking tower into a smoking room; and then they occasionally in return visited him at Mortimer Street. That Mrs. Hagart should have been content to allow her son to remain with Miss McQuarrie was perhaps not to be wondered at;—but Hagart? He objected to the project when as a poor man it was first mooted to him; and now, when he had become a rich man comparatively, he was content to let things remain as they were. The truth is, that although he did not know, and perhaps never would know, how deep was his debt, he had come to like Miss Kate and to feel grateful to her. The boy was contented in Hawkhead, and why should he interfere with that contentment? Besides, as I suspect is always the case with natures fine at the core, success had made Hagart humble. He had drunk the champagne of prosperity, and on him it had a sedative influence. He was no longer flighty and self-assertive, and he no longer indulged in curious outflamings of personal dignity. What was the use now? When you have won your battle you naturally lay down your arms. When you have presented your little bill to Fate, and she has paid you to the uttermost farthing, you are not in the least inclined to repine. When the world takes a man at his own valuation, the man does not grumble.

CHAPTER XXIV.

During the year over which the last chapter extended, the McQuarrie girls were frequently in Hawkhead; for three or four winters they were in attendance on the fashionable educational institutions, and subsequently they made flying visits to the city, either resident at Cuchullin Lodge or Mortimer Street for the time being; so that at the period of this present writing, John Hagart was on terms of entire intimacy with his cousins, more particularly with Miss Maggie. So far had this cousinly intimacy extended, that when Miss Maggie was at Hawkhead, John was as often in her company as he could possibly contrive; and when in summer the girls returned to Uanvohr, with Miss Maggie, John carried on a somewhat voluminous correspondence. John's letters were filled with satirical descriptions of the evening parties he attended, of Hawkhead belles and beaux, of Miss Kate, of the office of Messrs. Hook and Crook, and the like. Miss Maggie's—for that young lady gave him letter for letter with the most methodical punctuality—expressed the deepest interest in these matters, echoed and reflected them; and were full, besides, of the unexciting incidents of rural life, and always brought with them—to John's sense, at least—the smell of the Uanvohr birches. This correspondence had opened accidentally—that is to say, when the young people parted they had come under no covenant to correspond—but one letter had drawn on another, till at last, on both sides, the habit had been fairly formed, and could not be broken now without positive pain and regret. In John's writing-desk there had accumulated two or three packets of Miss Maggie's letters, full of pleasant trifling; and to the post night which would bring him another he always looked forward with interest. Was John in love with his pretty cousin? If he had asked that question of himself, he would have answered by a decided negative. He would have pled guilty to liking: not guilty to love. But liking is love in bud. He was in love; but he was unconscious of it—as most quiet equable natures are for a while. You have walked out at early morning before the sun has visibly risen, and in the cool beamless light seen every object preternaturally clear, passionlessly distinct; and you have fancied in the strange distinctness of objects and in the perfection of coolness and silence that the world is waiting for something,—that the guard of honour has assembled, but that the king has not entered an appearance,—and before this conceit has had time to form itself in your brain, like one red-faced with haste, up bounces the sun, and the far-off hills, so coldly distinct a moment before, lose outline in a flush of heavenly roses, and the stream is covered with patines of fine gold, and the white cloud reddens passionately like a cheek, and beneath it the lark sings in rapture; and the cool emotionless atmosphere is all at once pierced with the arrows of sun-fire, and the dumb colourless dawn has passed into a vocal morn, glittering with all the hues of the humming-bird. There is the progress of the passion in image. John Hagart was in the dawn state when he was writing and receiving the letters: he was passively in love: but the time was coming when that love would become active; when he would become *conscious* that he was in love, and when that consciousness would transfigure the ideal world for him, just as the rising of the sun transfigures the material one. We can all remember such immortal moments. If we do not, we have not drunk the wine of life with the foam on.

With the contents of the majority of the letters accumulating in John Hagart's writing-desk we have no concern, and so let them lie in their own sweetness; but with *one* of Miss Maggie's epistles, received about this time, we have such intimate concern that I shall print it at length. It was received on a Wednesday night; and before he went to bed, John perused it and reperused it at least a dozen times. Here it is:

"Uanvohr, *Thursday.*

"My dear Cousin,—I received your letter at three o'clock this morning and read it in bed. The boy who was sent to —— with the post-bag lost his way coming home across the hills, and so was several hours late. I was very disconsolate at the non-arrival of the messenger, and went to bed as one goes on a wet night, perfectly certain that when one awakes the morning will be sunny. I knew that I would have your letter in the morning at any rate. When the boy came, Mary, who knew what I was expecting, brought it up to my room at once.

I was very glad to get it, although I was wakened out of my sleep, and had to read it by my bed-room candle.

"And so you thought Miss Kate Stavert looked very well when you met her at the Flower Show! She must have improved since I saw her last. I admit she has a nice figure, but she has not a regular feature in her whole face. She is a pleasant good-tempered girl enough, but not one of my beauties. Didn't you think her pink parasol rather showy? But that is the fault of the Hawkhead ladies; they all dress like dahlias, hollyhocks, and tiger-lilies.

"However, I shall soon see Miss Kate Stavert, and be able to judge for myself. And this brings me to the first part of my news. Papa had a letter from Mr. Stavert the other day, to the effect that we—that is Oona and I—must be very dull at Uanvohr just now, and closing with an invitation to us to spend a month at Cuchullin Lodge. Wasn't it very nice and kind of him to remember us in our desolate estate? Papa will, I expect, allow us to go south in a week or two. I shall be very glad for one. I shall be glad to have another old-fashioned tea at Mortimer Street with dear old aunt. I hope her cold is better. Has she finished her sampler yet? When I come I shall see whether you have improved in your dancing since last winter. Can you accomplish a galop yet without stumbling, or go through a waltz without getting giddy? When I come I'll put you through your dancing paces.

"And now for my second bit of news, which is serious. I wrote you, I think, two or three letters back, that we had heard some strange reports about Mr. Willoughby's extravagances and wild conduct before he came to live near us at the foot of Marsco. Oona would not listen to these reports, and declared that she could instinctively pick out what nobleness there was in a man; and that she was satisfied that whatever might have been Mr. Willoughby's early follies, he was good and honourable at the core. Papa, however, was not so entirely satisfied, and rode over to Marsco House. Mr. Willoughby at once admitted that the reports which had been circulated about him were quite true; he confessed that he had been very foolish; that he had gambled a little, and dissipated a good deal; but that he was now entirely reformed, and that, by God's blessing, he would continue so to the end. Papa came home, had a long conference with Oona, and in a day or two thereafter the engagement was formally concluded,—only it was arranged that the marriage will not take place for a year, Henry to be on his good behaviour during that time.

"A week or two ago he came over to Uanvohr, and I saw a lover for the first time in my life. What a handsome one he was!—tall (a good head and shoulders higher than you), light-haired, blue-eyed, and with a step which makes you think that he had always walked on ground he could call his own. He was extremely gallant, and devoted himself entirely to us—actually helping us to pluck gooseberries and to plant saplings. He was of course especially attentive to Oona—every look was a declaration of love, every word homage; and of course she was very proud to lead about such a lion in a silken leash. But with all his quiet tones and manners, I suspect there is a hidden fierceness in him. There is a smouldering fire in his eye, which the slightest affront would poke into flame. If you had just seen him the day Oona's horse bolted! It is this sheathed fierceness which is the great attraction to Miss Oona, for she has not a little of it herself. I believe he would fear no man, and would be tender to any child or woman.

"Just a week ago to-night I had gone to bed, feeling tired, leaving Oona busy with a book downstairs. I do not know how long I had slept, when I was roused by the shutting of the door of my room. I started up, and there was Oona standing in the middle of the floor with a bed-room candle in her hand, her hair loose about her shoulders, and her face like a ghost's. She laid down the light on the table, and flung herself face downwards on the bed-clothes. I was nearly frightened out of my wits, and called out, 'What is the matter? what has happened, Oona?' She then got up, threw her arms around me, and began to cry. 'Oh, Maggie, my heart is broken! Henry was drinking at the Narrowkyle market to-day, and has been fighting with a drover—as if he were no better than a drover himself. He promised me on his honour as a gentleman that he would be wild and reckless no more. I am degraded, Maggie; he holds me in little esteem. He does not love me; he never could have loved me.' 'Who told you, Oona?' 'The men have just come home from the market, and Effie heard them talking about it'—(Effie is Oona's foster-mother, you must know, and loves her as her own child)—'the fight between the drover and the gentleman was in everybody's mouth. Effie could not rest after she had heard the news, and so she came wandering about the house; and seeing by the light in the window that I had not yet gone to bed, she tapped on the pane, and then I got up quietly and let her in. Effie told me all about it.' 'But perhaps, Oona, the story may not be true; or it may be grossly exaggerated.' 'It *is* true, it must be true,' cried she, withdrawing her arms, rising up to her full height, and stamping her foot. 'I'll pluck him out of my heart, although I should pluck out my life with him. False, cruel, cowardly. He has dragged my name through the mire. People will point the finger at me, and—and will pity me, pity *me*.' And then she burst into crying again, and began marching up and down the room like a wild thing, and wringing her hands. I cried, too; and not knowing what to say or do, just watched her marching up and down, when she suddenly stopped and came towards me with a perfectly calm face with a smile upon it. 'Don't cry, dear; it's not worth crying about. I am sorry I have vexed you. It's all over.' Then she kissed me just as she used to do, bade me good-night, and, taking up the candle, was gone in a moment. When she left me my brain was in a terrible whirl, and I did not sleep a wink all night.

"Next morning Oona went to papa and told him her story, and insisted that the engagement should be broken off at once. Papa—who did not think knocking down a drover at a fair such a mighty crime, particularly if the drover was insolent—demurred, but Oona was peremptory; and so, after a good deal of argumentation, a letter bearing Oona's decision was despatched to Mr. Willoughby at Marsco House. I suspect when he received it the poor young man was a good deal surprised, because next morning, a little after breakfast, he came across the loch in his boat to make explanations. He was closeted with papa and Oona for a long time. What was said I don't know, but when he was going away—it happened that I was crossing the landing on the stair above at the time—I heard him say, 'I must accept your decision, of course, Miss McQuarrie; but if you had ever loved me, you would not be so cruel.' 'Pardon me, Mr. Willoughby; if I had *not* loved you, I would not have been so cruel, as you call it. It is my love which has placed the barrier between us.' That was all I heard, and it was a peep of light into the interior of Oona's heart. I could not love a man so intensely as she, and I suppose for that very reason I would be more soft-hearted towards him.

"Oona told me in the course of the day that the engagement was entirely broken off, although Henry had not been drinking at the market as she had been told, and had received provocation before he struck. And she requested that the subject should never more be mentioned between us. Of course I shall obey. But I think that Oona likes to talk about it all the same, and that she goes down to Effie's hut to talk.

"So now my long letter is brought to a close. I dont know whether it was worth my while to write with so much particularity, as the affair is making a great noise in the country, and some rumour of it will be sure to reach Hawkhead before we arrive there. But I have told you the truth.

"Believe me,
"Your affectionate Cousin,
"MAGGIE."

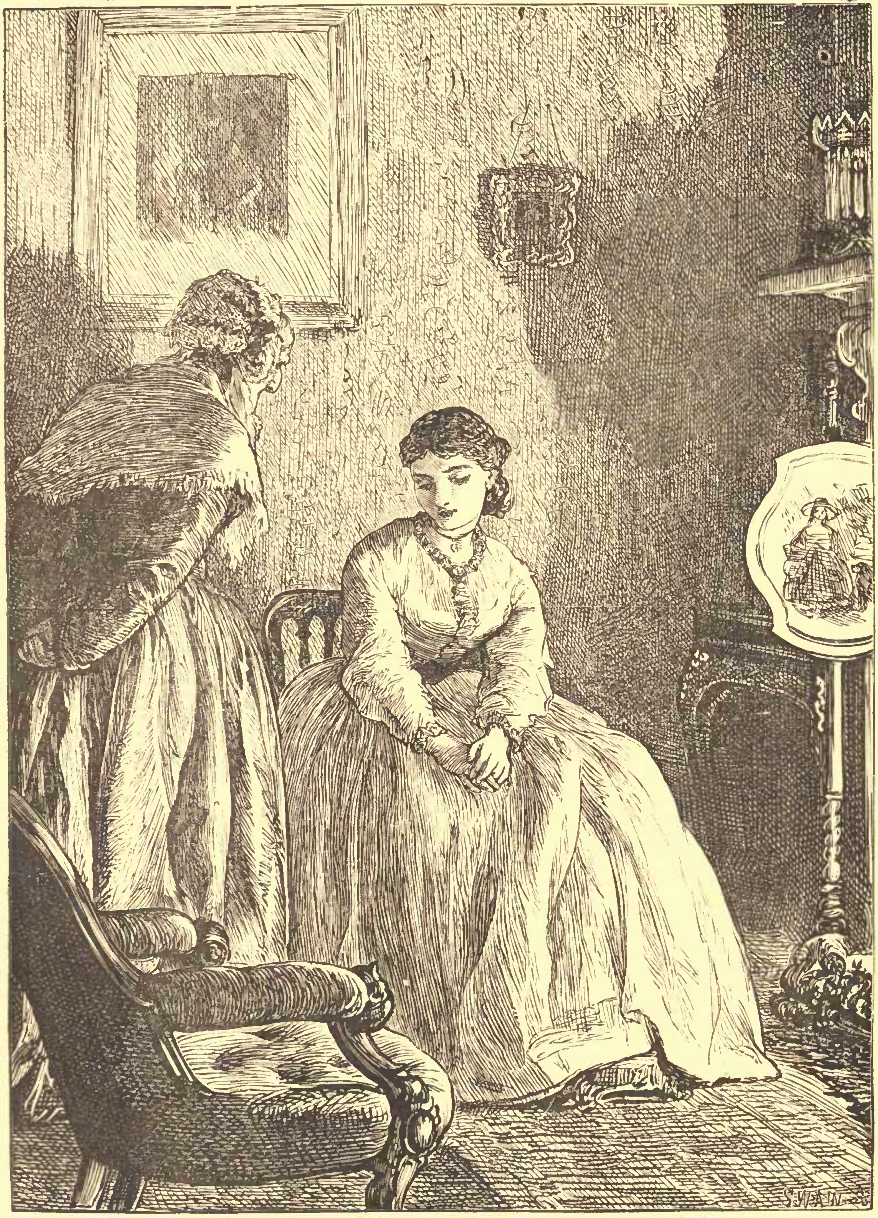
This was an unwonted epistolary effort on the part of Miss Maggie, and John Hagart perused and reperused it with no inconsiderable puzzlement. The reader will have noticed the abrupt manner in which Mr. Willoughby's name is introduced, and that abruptness was felt by John as well. And the odd thing was that it should be so, because incidental mention of that gentleman had been made in certain of Maggie's foregoing epistles; but then his name had always been mentioned in connection with Oona, and in the affairs of Oona John had only a secondary interest. What interested him in Maggie's letters was Maggie herself. Now however that Mr. Willoughby had become interesting to Maggie on her sister's account, he had become of interest to John also; and so, to make himself aware of the entire state of the case, he went to his writing desk, took out a roll of the Uanvohr Correspondence, and doubled back upon it, seeking information concerning Miss Oona's discarded lover. The information thus obtained gathered from sentences scattered here and there, may be briefly summarised. Henry Willoughby was descended of a good old English stock, and rich withal. He was born in India, where both his parents died when he was nine years of age. He was then sent to England and placed under guardians; at the university he was regarded as clever, but could never betake himself to regular work: then he boated, wined, and hunted. Coming up to London with some vague idea of reading law, he made ducks and drakes of a considerable portion of his money. This was the worst part of his career. He pulled up; went down to the Western Islands in company with a friend to slaughter grouse; came to Skye, became interested in sheep-farming, found Marsco House and Farm for sale, purchased it, and established himself. At the house of a neighbour who had assembled Christmas guests he met Miss Oona McQuarrie and fell in love with her. Of course exaggerated rumours of his London career followed him to his Hebridean retreat; and having gathered all this from the letters before him, John could see at a glance why, as a prudent father, Hector McQuarrie, before he would consent to his daughter's marriage, stipulated that Henry Willoughby should undergo a year's probation; and equally clearly could he understand how a proud girl like Oona should revolt at her engaged lover brawling at a cattle market, and how she should wince at such brawling becoming the talk of the country. Henry had been reckless before he had seen and loved her; must not that recklessness be deeply seated when it had broken out in such a flagrant manner after he had done both, and when its suppression was the condition under which happiness was alone possible? Before he went to bed, John had the whole circumstances of the case before him, and had he been asked, could have given a lawyerly opinion thereupon.

As Maggie surmised, rumours of the breaking off of the engagement, and of the circumstances which led thereto, were not long in reaching Hawkhead. One day at dinner John was somewhat startled by Miss Kate suddenly saying to him,

"And so Miss Oona's engagement with Mr. Willoughby is broken off!"

"Yes, so I hear," said her nephew, cautiously—not liking to venture far on the perilous topic.

"I am very glad the girls are coming shortly, I must have a little talk with Oona. She must beware of pride. It's a cruel deity, and to propitiate it, we often sacrifice our dearest and best."



"DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. THE SUBJECT IS VERY PAINFUL."

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE McQuarrie girls arrived at Cuchullin Lodge in due course; and one evening they came to Mortimer Street, bearing to John Hagart an invitation from Mrs. Stavert to assist at a little dance on Tuesday evening of the following week. John was delighted with the invitation, and accepted it gladly. He was still more delighted with the bearers of the invitation. Over his cousins the years had passed, making changes. Oona was not a whit taller than when John saw her first at Mortimer Street on the evening she made so much fun of M. Lessels, her French teacher—in truth, she did not seem so tall as when on that often-remembered evening she rose upon him with her dark eyes; but she was woman grown now, and beautiful, although of no common type. There was still the same strange foreign kind of ring in the silver of her speech; her eyes, which all along John had supposed to be black, were deep blue and lashed with darkness; her cheeks had that serious roundness and fulness that we see on antique casts and gems; and down on a broad, low forehead came the black-blue hair in natural ripples. Her face was open candour and truthfulness itself. The greatest liar looking into her eyes could not help being veracious for once. And she had a fine figure, whose graceful, unconstrained, unsolicited undulations while walking or dancing were akin to the wavings of the breeze-bent birches of Marsco. By a natural instinct of taste she preferred white dresses, the pallor of the garment bringing out in keenest relief of contrast the darkness of eyes and hair. In appearance Maggie was as different from Oona as it was possible for a sister to be. She was several years younger, to begin with, and was not nearly so tall. Her hair was brown, her eyes were dove-like; she had the prettiest little rosebud of a mouth, around which smiles were continually hovering like bees; and above all, she had the pleasantest, most heart-felt, most musical cackle of a laugh, which reminded you irresistibly of the flickering of sunshine on the surface of a stony brook. Maggie laughed often, and had she been a coquette it might have been suspected that she used her laugh as other beauties use their eyes. She was a general favourite, for in her manner there was a clinging, appealing, deferential something which flattered you and made you like her at once. She clung around you, and climbed into your favour, convolvulus-like—with beauty of blossom and touch of fairy tendril. The girls were to remain at Mortimer Street that night; John could see Oona, could hear Maggie laugh—and laughter came as natural to her as fragrance came to a flower—and was consequently as happy as a king.

In the course of the evening, while John was initiating Maggie into the mysteries of chess, Miss Kate, who all the time had been watching her opportunity, approached Oona. "Come into my own room, my dear; I have something very special to say to you." And with that she led the way.

They had no sooner got into the room, in which a comfortable fire was burning, than Miss Kate turned suddenly round. "I wish you to tell me, my dear, about your engagement with Mr. Willoughby, and the reason it has been broken off."

In a moment the serious pale face became all one pained rose. "Oh, don't ask me, aunt," cried the young lady. "I did not expect you would have known anything about it, else I would not have come. Don't ask any questions. The subject is very painful."

"I *have* heard about it, and you may be certain that other people have heard as well. I know the subject is painful, but the pain I inflict to-night may prevent a greater pain years hence. You love this man, Henry Willoughby?"

After a little pause Miss Oona said "I did."

"Which with a girl like you means 'I do.' Very well. And is this man whom you say you 'did love,' and whom I think you do love, a gentleman? You know what I mean by the term—something more than a handsome face, something deeper than a well-filled purse. Is he?"

Miss Oona, who had so much to say against her lover, was extremely glad to have the opportunity of saying something in his favour, and so she answered with pleased emphasis, "He is. As true a gentleman, I believe, as ever breathed; only— " and here the voice broke a little.

"Only what?" asked Miss Kate, coming down upon her niece at once.

"He deceived me." faltered Miss Oona.

"And did this 'as true a gentleman as ever breathed' deceive the girl whom he professed to love?" was the quick rejoinder. "There seems a screw loose there. Something like a contradiction in terms."

"But you don't understand me quite. That's not what I mean."

"Then what *do* you mean?"

Miss Oona, thus driven to the wall, was forced to make the statement which all the while she had been striving to avoid. "I knew, papa knew," she proceeded, "that Mr. Willoughby before he came to reside in our neighbourhood, and before I knew him, had led an irregular life—nothing dishonourable, perhaps, to be laid to his charge, but at the same time a life erratic, fruitless, wild. All this he promised to reform; and papa would not allow the marriage to take place till the expiry of a year, so that the sincerity of his reformation might be tested. To these terms he consented, and the next thing I heard, aunt,"—here the young lady spoke quick and flushed all over with indignation,—"was that Mr. Willoughby had gone to the market at Narrowkyle, had sat drinking in the booths there with men of low birth and no education, and that finally he got into a disgraceful brawl with an insolent drover and knocked him down; all this while he knew the terms of our engagement and the reason why such terms had been imposed,—and in a public place, too, where people knew the relation in which we stood to each other. I at once insisted on the engagement being cancelled. Mr. Willoughby had flagrantly broken his part of the compact, and I was no longer bound to stand to mine. Look to what he has exposed me! The people are talking about me. My name is as familiar in their mouths as their tobacco."

It was all out now. The whole case was laid before Miss Kate.

That old lady listened with much patience. "Now, Oona," she said, "I wish to ask you one or two questions. Was Mr. Willoughby really drinking in the booths at Narrowkyle?—was he to any appreciable extent the worse of liquor?"

"He says he was not."

"And do you believe him?"

"I do. But he had no right to be in the drinking booth at all. That was not the place for him."

"Perhaps he was engaged in the study of character, my dear," said the old lady, with a slight smile. "The charge of intoxication, if ever made, must be given up. And now about the drover. He was insolent, I think you said?"

"Brutally insolent, I am told, and insolent because a man of immense power, and who thought he could take what liberty he pleased. He insulted Henry, and Henry knocked him down."

"And upon my word I honour Henry, as you call him, for it," said the old lady, as she rose and marched up and down the room. "Do you mean to tell me, girl," she went on, turning suddenly to her niece, "that you would wish the man you love to have acted differently under the circumstances? Would you vow to love, honour, and obey a man who fears another, whether that other be drover or king? If you do, the blood that flows in your veins is not mine."

"But then, aunt, you must admit that it was an unfortunate occurrence. If Mr. Willoughby's life had been blameless previously it would not have been so bad; as it is, it seems as if bad habits had taken such possession of him, that even for my sake he cannot forego them."

"I don't think it a bad habit to knock down the man who insults you," said the old lady.

"If Henry had been prudent he would not have allowed himself to be involved in any brawl, he should have taken care to have preserved my name from the mouths of the common people."

"Then it seems to me, that you would have been better pleased if instead of Henry knocking down the drover, the drover had knocked down Henry. *That* piece of news would have come to you like a bouquet, I suppose. *That* would have been a nice thing in the mouths of the common people. But who cares about the people? If you marry Mr. Willoughby, you will marry him to please yourself, not to please them. The common people have a great deal too much to say now-a-days."

Notwithstanding her bold front, Miss Oona was not fighting for victory. Her heart was all the while on the side of the enemy, and she was secretly pleased with Miss Kate's vigorous onslaughts. It would not do, however, to show any signs of yielding, and so she said:

"You are a skilful advocate, aunt, and have driven me from several of my positions, but I don't admit I am beaten. I can't argue with you, and I don't think that this is a case that can be decided by argument. I feel *here* that Mr. Willoughby has acted wrongly, imprudently, selfishly"—and as she spoke, the young lady placed her hand upon her heart.

"If you fall back on your heart I have nothing further to say. Over that slippery ground I can't follow you. I dare say, in all matters of this kind, instinct is your best guide. I will admit, if it pleases you, that Mr. Willoughby has acted foolishly, but because he has done so, is it necessary that you should act in a manner yet more foolish? Don't peril the happiness of a lifetime on a pique. Pride's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear,—they eat up everything, and are always lean when brought to market. On such a matter I can speak with authority. A man who has been fifty years in his grave I loved once, and I quarrelled with him as you are about to quarrel with Mr. Willoughby. He is dust long ago, which the winds have blown hither and thither. Look at me! Don't cry, Oona. I shan't say another word. I shall leave the matter in your own hands. I wished to speak with you, and I have done it. And now, when you have wiped your eyes, we will join Maggie and John in the other room."

And so the interview was brought to a close.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE little dance at Cuchullin Lodge came off on the Tuesday evening specified, and to ensure its success, the entire resources of the Cuchullin household were laid under contribution. In the drawing-room, sundry frowning carved cabinets of oak were removed, and a hundred knick-knacks stowed away beyond the whisk of tempestuous dresses. The door of the apartment was taken off and the entrance looped up with white curtains, the floor was waxed, forms covered with red cloth were ranged along the walls, and a seat near the door was reserved for the use of the musicians. Mrs. Stavert, with her best smile on, and glowing in purple silk, received her guests beneath the temporary canopy of white curtains, while her two youngest daughters from fancy baskets handed each on entrance a programme of the proceedings, at the top of which was emblazoned in silver the battle-axe of the Staverts, and to which was attached a tiny pencil by a bit of blue ribbon. Behind the lady of the house, stood Mr. Stavert and his sons, clad in full highland costume; and still further back, just beneath the lights, in a loving sisterly group, stood the McQuarrie girls, and Miss Flora and Miss Kate Stavert. Mrs. Stavert had stood beneath her canopy for a considerable time, and still carriage wheels were heard on the gravel outside, and still, with their names shouted before them, her friends came flowing in. About ten o'clock, there was a cessation in the number of arrivals, the musicians seized their instruments, and a quadrille was formed. Gallantly to the head of the room Sir Peter McCalico led Mrs. Stavert, gallantly to the foot of the room Mr. Stavert led Lady McCalico, and the dancing began. The first dance was ceremonious, and composed to a considerable extent of the elder people. When it was over, the elders retired from active duty. Mr. Stavert retired with a friend into the depth of one of the windows. Mrs. Stavert sat at the foot of the room near the door while the dance proceeded, and when it was done she fluttered about, providing partners for unappreciated damsels and solitary young men. The obese knight, his unwonted exertions over, leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, talked of the variations of stock, and began to marvel at what hour supper would be served, and if it would be his fate to carve the turkey.

Dancing had continued for some little time before John Hagart reached Cuchullin Lodge. Making his way across the floor of waltzers—in the whirling maze he noticed the waving tartans of Torquil and Norman—he reached the side of Mrs. Stavert, and was pleasantly rallied by that lady for his dilatoriness. "Young men are so different since I remember. When I was a girl, a young man would have looked forward to an evening like this for a whole fortnight, and would have been punctual to a moment—just as if the party had been a dinner one. I can't guess what can be the reason. I am sure the girls are as pretty and as sweet-tempered as those your father used to dance with."

"I suppose they are," said John, "but I could not help being late. The truth is, we have been busy in the office lately, and I had an important paper to draw up, and got it finished only an hour ago. I came as soon as ever I could, you may be sure."

"Business of course must be attended to before everything, and I am glad you are so devoted to it. 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich,' you know. Kate, my love, you have not seen Mr. Hagart!"

Miss Kate to all appearance had not seen John, but at the maternal voice she came forward with a smile. At the moment she was without a partner, and she and John were whirling amongst the waltzers immediately—a course of conduct on John's part which Mrs. Stavert witnessed with much satisfaction and inward approval.

When the dance was concluded, and Miss Kate conducted to a seat, John Hagart, amid the general buzz of conversation and laughter, sought out his friends. From the arm of a rising young Hawkhead doctor, Miss Flora Stavert bowed as he passed and graciously extended her hand. He noticed Miss Oona in a distant corner of the room in close conversation with Torquil. He was lucky enough to catch Miss Maggie's eye; and that young lady, bowing to a young gentleman who wore an eye-glass, withdrew her hand from his arm, and came forward with the frankest greeting:

"Dear me, John, what has kept you? I have been looking for you all the evening."

"I had a tiresome paper to write at the office, and had to finish it before I left. I was engaged besides with some private business, which may turn out a good thing for me after a little. Mr. Crook, one of our partners, has become infirm of late years, and it has been arranged to-day that I shall take over all his work, and become his successor in the firm. So you see I have been busy, and in luck to boot. I hope you have been enjoying yourself?"

"But indifferently. Mrs. Stavert paired me off with a dreadfully tall young man with an eye-glass, who dances, as he says, from a sense of duty. I hate eye-glasses in general, and that young gentleman's in particular. It looked down upon me like the open mouth of a cannon from a castle parapet." And here Miss Maggie shook her head, and wrinkled her forehead into a pretty look of comic horror.

"Well then, seeing you have now secured a partner to your liking, may I have the pleasure of the next dance with you? What is it to be?" And John began to consult the card which hung at his button-hole.

Miss Maggie held up hers. "The next four dances are round ones, and you see I have written myself down as engaged to you for them all. I wish to see what improvement you have made. You danced very nicely with Kate Stavert a little ago."

"I am glad to hear it. I trust I shan't forfeit your good opinion. Now then." And to the music Miss Maggie and John spun away among the whirling figures.

Although not at all a dancing man, John enjoyed himself extremely that evening. The music was good, the floor was good, and Miss Maggie was charming. He danced better than he ever danced before in his life, and his partner was profuse in her compliments. He was almost tempted to consider himself a man of wit, for at his gay remarks Miss Maggie broke into low musical laughter—very delightful to his ear and to his vanity.

Three of the four dances had been danced, and while the pair were waiting for the music to strike up for the fourth, Mrs. Stavert came sailing up to them with a gentleman of no particular age in her wake. "Mr. Wardour desires the pleasure of dancing the next dance with you, Maggie," she said with her blandest smile.

"But I am engaged to Mr. Hagart for the next dance," said Maggie, in a slight tone of alarm.

"But you can't dance with Mr. Hagart all night, my dear. Dancing engagements are not binding between near relations. Mr. Hagart and you are cousins, and you can dance with him any time you choose. You must sacrifice your own private inclinations to the general benefit. Miss Maggie McQuarrie, Mr. Wardour!"

Miss Maggie curtsied, Mr. Wardour bowed and muttered an inaudible something, then he extended his arm, and Miss Maggie, placing her hand on it, was led away.

"Kate, my darling," cried Mrs. Stavert, "you must really take pity on Mr. Hagart. He is without a partner and looks so solitary and woe-begone. You must really take pity on him." And John putting the best face he could on the matter, marched off with Miss Kate Stavert. And I am certain that, during the dance that followed, Miss Kate thought John Hagart the stupidest young man in the room, and the gentleman of uncertain age Miss Maggie the most chilling and inaccessible of young ladies.

When supper time came Stavert emerged from the shadow of the window, gave his arm to Lady McCalico, and carried her downstairs, the company pairing off as inclination or the exigencies of dancing directed, and the rear being brought up by Mrs. Stavert and Sir Peter McCalico. When the last gentleman was seated, he found himself in the immediate proximity of the turkey, and as there was considerable demand for that noble fowl, it irked him that he had to send away all the more favourite and succulent slices. Greatness has its drawbacks. It is a pleasant thing to be the first man in a company,—not so pleasant to have an appetite and to be carver in general for the company. Sir Peter McCalico had to carve the turkey not for himself but for others. Such had been his hard fate at almost every supper table during that winter and spring. Over this bitter destiny the obese knight sighed. It was the fly in the ointment of his social greatness.

At the supper table the elders tarried, and the younger people went up-stairs to resume dancing, and the dancing was conducted with so much spirit that the room soon became hot, and the second drawing-room was thrown open in which tired dancers might promenade. Torquil had devoted himself in the most unmistakeable manner to Miss Oona McQuarrie during the whole of the evening, and in this withdrawing-room, watching a favourable opportunity, he made formal proffer of his hand and heart. This interesting event was preconcerted. The Staverts, like the Czars of Russia, had a family policy, and this policy Torquil was carrying out. Some hint of the misunderstanding between Miss Oona and Mr. Willoughby had reached the ears of the dwellers in Cuchullin Lodge, and it was resolved by the family that a blow should be struck at once. And in accordance with family arrangements Torquil struck the blow, but he struck it in all sincerity too, and with the most anxious desire that it should succeed.

Although Miss Oona was thunderstricken for a moment, she was disposed to treat the matter lightly. "You foolish boy," she said, "you must go and dance with some one else. There are plenty of pretty girls in the room, and one face will obliterate the other. You know I am three years older than you, and I look upon you as a very young man indeed. Had I not done so, I would not have accepted your constant attentions to-night."

"But no new face will ever make me forget yours, Miss Oona"—

"Nonsense. The love that is born in an hour will not outlive the hour. Choose another partner, and the love you have danced yourself into, you can easily dance yourself out of."

"But my love for you has not been born in an hour"—Torquil would have said more, but the rustle and talk of the elder people coming up-stairs was distinctly heard, and Oona was more than ever anxious to have the interview brought to a close.

"Now, Torquil, this must be brought to an end, and I daresay to-morrow you will think yourself very foolish. Take me into the drawing room, and don't make a goose of yourself and of me. The people have come up-stairs, and may be here immediately."

The pain that passed into the lad's face gave him a look of dignity. "Let us go," he said, "I would rather die than compromise you in the least."

Oona turned round on him at once, and placed both her hands on his arm: "Torquil, are you in earnest? Am I to understand that—that you are sincere in what you have said?"

A flame of hope rose in Torquil's countenance, not so much at the words as at the concerned tone in which the words were spoken. "I am perfectly sincere, Oona, and it pains me much that you doubt my sincerity. I have loved you for long, ever since you came from Uanvohr almost, but I never loved you so much as I do to-night. Do you believe me?"

"I am very, very sorry, Torquil, and I heartily beg your pardon if I have said anything that may have hurt you. But I must deal honestly with you. I cannot return this affection: it is utterly beyond my power. This answer is final, and you must accept it as final. I am sorry for the pain I cause you, but the pain will soon be got over, I hope; and if it cannot be got over, it must just be borne. We must all do that. I trust you understand me, and that you believe the words I say are as painful to me as they can be to you. Shall we go, now?"

A loud clapping of hands came from the dancing-room, but Torquil did not hear. He bowed silently to his fate; and when they passed through the curtains to the dancing-room, Miss Oona felt that the eye of Mrs. Stavert was fixed upon the pair.

The faces of both told tales; and the scrutinising eye lingered on them, and made its own silent comments. Happily, however, they could not have entered at a better time for avoiding general observation. As they came in they became witnesses of a great sight, and one which fully explained the burst of hand-clapping which Oona had heard a minute or two previously. A couple of broadswords lay crossed on the waxed floor, and around them, to appropriate music, with one hand gracefully reposing on his haunch, the other high in air, Mr. Stavert, slightly excited by supper, was performing Gillie Callum to the delight of the whole room, with the one or two exceptions that may be imagined. Stavert was devoted to the customs and garb of the Gael; he had a shapely limb, and on his performance of the sword-dance he especially prided himself. Nimbly he footed it around the glittering blade-points and the basket-handles. Now he penetrated for a moment into the perilous spaces described by the weapons, and then he backed out and danced round and round in a solemn manner. Then the music quickened; and with body slightly curved, one hand still on his haunch, the other still in air, he advanced boldly on the sword-blades; now his shoe-buckles flashed in front of them, now behind, now on the right side, now on the left, and never for an instant were the blades displaced. As the deft feet twinkled now here, now there, there were encouraging shouts and much clapping of hands, which made the deft feet all the defter. People stood up on forms that they might the better behold the wonderful sight; and between the shoulders of well-dressed guests might have been seen peering the delighted faces of the female domestics of the house. It was but seldom that the master contributed to their amusement. At the triumphant close he bowed to the company, lifted the swords, sheathed them, and then walked with them away into the shadow of the window.

After this exhibition the dancing became more vigorous than ever, but to a certain extent it had changed its character. It became much less formal. The decorous quadrille and the giddying waltz were forsworn, and reels and country-dances took their places. The elder people, too, were drawn into the vortex. Stavert was mighty in the Reel of Hulichan; and Sir Peter McCalico—his sufferings in the matter of the turkey entirely forgotten—led Mrs. Stavert down the room in a country-dance. At the merry climax of the evening, John, despite the watchful eyes of Mrs. Stavert, secured Maggie for a reel, which materially sweetened his departure. With the warmth of her frank hand still in his, he quietly stole from the room and went home in his cab, which had been waiting outside for a considerable time. The bonfire of the dance was at its brightest an hour after midnight; thereafter it began to decay, but its last embers did not expire till far in the morning.

Mrs. Stavert's little dance was over, but it cannot be said that that lady looked back upon it with any considerable satisfaction. Several of her schemes had been more or less frustrated. She was seriously annoyed at John Hagart and Miss Maggie: she was downright angry with Miss Oona. She had drawn her own conclusions from the faces of the young people as they entered the room, and these conclusions had been verified in every particular in a hurried conversation with her son towards the close of the evening. Torquil told his mother that, in conformity with the family policy, he had proposed to Oona, and that his proposal had been quietly but firmly rejected. To do the young man justice, he uttered no complaint. He frankly owned that he was unworthy of Oona—that he felt he was unworthy of her all along; and that his rejection, although absolute, had been couched in the most considerate terms. He declared that he never admired and loved so much as now, when that love and admiration was hopeless. These statements made Mrs. Stavert yet more angry. That her son had been rejected was bad enough—it was worse that he should feel disposed to kiss so devotedly the hand that rejected him. Where was his pride, his manhood, his self-respect? She had never been able to forgive any one who had wronged or slighted her; and it was her opinion that Oona had both wronged and slighted her son. She could not for the life of her understand Torquil's humbleness and tenderness of spirit; and had it been possible, she would have been angry with him also. Looking back on the dance, Miss Kate Stavert was not better pleased than was her mother. She had meant to captivate John Hagart, whom she had been all along taught to regard as her own private property; and John Hagart, in the seeing of the entire room, had allowed himself to be enslaved by that light-headed fool Maggie McQuarrie, with—as the young lady phrased it herself—her look of stupid innocence, and her laughter when she has nothing to say for herself. Of all the denizens of Cuchullin Lodge, the one who looked back on the dance with the greatest pleasure was Miss Flora. Her plans had in no way been crossed, her vanity had not been wounded. She liked the rising young Hawkhead doctor, and the doctor had attached himself to her the entire evening, and been vastly agreeable.

Stavert and his sons had gone into Hawkhead, and an hour before noon the ladies were sitting at a late breakfast and discussing the events of the previous evening. Mrs. Stavert was desperately sulky, and while pouring out tea had indulged in the luxury of rating the maid. This produced an awkward pause, and, to break the silence mainly, Flora inquired of the company generally:

"When did John Hagart leave? I don't remember seeing him for the last hour or so?"

"I really can't say," said Miss Kate. "I didn't see much of him during the evening."

"If you wish to know anything about Mr. Hagart you had better ask Miss Maggie," said Mrs. Stavert, playing with her spoon. "Mr. Hagart had not the politeness even to bid me good night. Miss Maggie will know when he went, because she danced with him the entire evening."

"Me! Mrs. Stavert," cried poor Maggie, her face all in a crimson flush.

"Yes, you. The whole room remarked it. I should be sorry if one of my daughters had conducted herself so imprudently."

Maggie's eyes filled at once, and a slight colour came into Oona's face as her grave voice came to the rescue:

"I think, my dear Mrs. Stavert, you are too hard on Maggie. If she did dance two or three dances with John Hagart last night, I don't see any harm in it. You know that John is her cousin, that she has known him for many years, ever since she came to school here first; and besides, she was a stranger to all the other gentlemen in the room. I think her dancing with John Hagart was both natural and right."

"I was not aware that you were an authority on the proprieties," sneered the elder lady.

"Mamma!" put in Flora, in an alarmed, deprecating tone. Kate was silent; the little passage of arms, so far as it had yet gone, was not altogether unpleasing.

"I am totally unable to comprehend your meaning," said Oona, her dark eyes looking directly into Mrs. Stavert's grey green ones.

Mrs. Stavert winced a little, but spleen would have its way. "May I ask you," she said, her thin mouth drawn by an uneasy smile, "why you refused my son's offer last night?"

It was Oona's turn now to colour and tremble. "Did Torquil tell you that I had refused him? It was very wrong of him to tell you, at least in a way to make you angry. But I can't believe it. He is too noble not to have done me justice. The interview was as painful to me as it could possibly be to him; and I refused his offer for the most sufficient of all reasons."

"You refused him," said Mrs. Stavert, speaking deliberately so that every spiteful accent might go home and rankle, "you refused him because you are still hankering after Mr. Willoughby."

"Mr. Willoughby!" cried Miss Oona, half rising.

"Yes, Mr. Willoughby—the adventurer, the waster of his substance in riotous living, the lover of low company, the brawler in drinking booths and cattle markets, the man whom your father has forbidden his house; it was for his sake you refused Torquil—I know it."

Henry Willoughby had never so useful an ally as Mrs. Stavert, and had he been present he ought to have kissed her out of sheer gratitude. Oona rose up to her full angry height, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing. "You are saying what you know is not the truth, Mrs. Stavert. Mr. Willoughby is no adventurer, no waster of his substance in riotous living. He is an honourable man and a gentleman. You know, you know—" here the tears washed away the sentence. "Let us leave this at once, Maggie. This is no place either for you or for me. I am sorry I cannot say good-by to Mr. Stavert or to Torquil. They would not have permitted this. Good-by, Kate; good-by, Flora."

Mrs. Stavert felt she had gone too far, and was willing to smooth matters, to apologise even, but Oona rejected all pacific overtures with the queenliest scorn. In half-an-hour the McQuarrie girls were proceeding from Cuchullin Lodge in a cab towards Hawkhead with their luggage strapped on the roof. Mrs. Stavert was sitting at home brooding gloomily over the *fracas*, and inwardly marvelling what her husband and Torquil would say when they returned and heard the news.

John Hagart was busy in his room at the office of Messrs. Hook and Crook when two young ladies were announced. To his consternation Miss Oona and Miss Maggie entered. He saw by their faces that something disagreeable had occurred, and jumping up he closed the door and enquired what was the matter. Maggie began to cry, and Oona related the scene at Cuchullin Lodge, laying as little stress on Torquil's proposal, and on Mrs. Stavert's accusations with regard to Henry Willoughby, as she could. John's indignation was unbounded, and he gave free vent to it. "What are you going to do now?" he said. "You must come home with me to Mortimer Street. Miss Kate will be glad to see you, I am sure. Come along; your cab is still at the door, and I shall go with you myself. My work must just wait for a little." And so he put away his papers, closed his desk, conveyed the ladies to the cab, and told the man to drive to Mortimer Street.

When John got home he told the man to wait, and entered in rather an excited state of mind. He got hold of his aunt and told her all that had occurred, with many an interjection and passionate parenthesis. When he had placed the girls fairly under the wing of Miss Kate, he went down to the cab and told the man to drive to the office. The drive, which did not occupy a quarter of an hour, was a memorable one to the young man. For, thinking, as he drove along, of Mrs. Stavert's cruel conduct, of Maggie's beauty and distress, he made the discovery that he loved her. Into the cold clear dawn of liking the sun of conscious love had arisen, and everything became vocal and many-coloured. He was almost frightened at the strange happiness that flowed in upon him. "It's very lucky," he thought to himself, "that I am to succeed Mr. Crook. I'll shelter the poor darling then from every rude glance and every rude word." From that day forth Mrs. Stavert stood in John Hagart's black book.

The girls remained at Mortimer Street for a fortnight, and when they were leaving for home John succeeded in whispering in Maggie's ear, "Keep up your heart, and I'll come to see you in summer," and had for reward a tender pressure of the hand.

* * *

ON LIGHT.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.

PART III.

DOUBLE REFRACTION.—POLARIZATION.

IN that most wonderful work, the Optics of Sir I. Newton, among the queries annexed at the end, occurs this very singular one: "Have not the rays of light several sides, endued with several original properties?"[*] The conception intended to be conveyed, as further illustrated by Newton himself, embodies that abstract notion of polarity which Dr. Whewell in his "Philosophy of Inductive Science," expresses by "opposite qualities in opposite directions," or, as we should prefer to say, for this purpose, "different qualities in different directions," with reference (that is) to surrounding space and the objects therein situated. The same form of the general conception, as regards light, which Newton employed to designate the very same peculiarity in its habitudes, was adopted by Malus in his first announcement of the remarkable discovery which introduced the term POLARIZATION into optical language. "We find," says he, "that light acquires properties which are relative only to the sides of the ray—which are the same for the north and south sides of the ray" (*i.e.*, of a *vertical* ray), "using the points of the compass for description's sake only, and which are different when we go from the north and south to the east and west sides of the ray." The polarization of light has in fact been an integral part of the science of optics (wanting only a name to designate it) ever since this suggestion of Newton, who derived it from the contemplation of one of what Bacon calls "instantiæ luciferæ," *luminiferous instances*, exhibiting the property or "nature searched after" "in an eminent manner," or in its clearest or most manifest form; and who described with the utmost clearness and precision the phenomenon in which its manifestation consisted in the special case before him.[†] We shall, therefore, approach the subject from Newton's point of view, choosing for our illustration the very phænomenon which led him to the singular conclusion embodied in his query.

As we have already stated when speaking of refraction generally, a ray of light incident on any transparent crystal (certain specified classes of crystals excepted) is subdivided by refraction into two distinct rays, pursuing different paths within the crystal, and of course emerging from it at different points, and so, of necessity, reappearing, not as a single, but as two distinct and separate rays, each pursuing its subsequent course independent of the other through space. Of these, when traced, one is found to have been refracted in the plane of its incidence on the transmitting surface, and according to the ordinary simple "law of the sines" already explained. It is therefore said to be *ordinarily* refracted, and is called the *ordinary ray*. The other, except in special cases, deviates after refraction from the plane of its incidence, more or less according to the situation of that plane with *respect to the faces of the crystal:* and, moreover, in respect of the amount of its flexure, does not conform to the simple law of the sines, but to a rule much more complex in its expression, called the *law of extraordinary refraction;* this ray being designated as the *extraordinary ray*. Such is the case if the original, incident ray be one directly emitted from the sun, a candle, or any *self-luminous* body. But if in place of such a ray, we employ either of the two rays so separated as above described, for transmission through a second crystal of the same kind, the result will be very different. If it fall upon such second crystal in the same manner, according to the same angles and with the same relative situation as to its plane of incidence with the sides of the crystal, as in the case of the original incident ray, it will *not* be further subdivided, but refracted *singly; if an ordinary ray, ordinarily*, and *if extraordinary, extraordinarily.* Its refraction will also be single, if the second crystal be turned round *on the ray as an axis* exactly through a right angle; but in this case the second refraction, if an ordinary ray have been used, will be *extraordinary*, and *vice versâ.* In every intermediate situation of the second crystal, it will be subdivided into two, the one ordinarily, the other extraordinarily refracted, *but the two fractions will be found to differ in relative intensity:* generally speaking, the more according as the conversion of the second crystal has been through a less angle from its first position, and they are equal when the angle of conversion is 45°, 135°, 225°, or 315°, *i.e.*, exactly halfway between the rectangular positions of the crystal.

All these particulars are easily and elegantly exhibited by means of two crystals of the mineral called Iceland spar (crystallized carbonate of lime), a mineral of perfect and colourless transparency, which, if fractured, will always separate itself along its three "planes of cleavage" (which in this mineral are singularly distinct and palpable) into forms whose type is the obtuse rhomboid (whose six faces, all equal and similar rhombs of 101° 32′ and 78° 28′, are united three and three, by their obtuse angles, at the opposite extremities of a line called the axis of the rhomboid, the shortest that can be drawn across it, and to which it is symmetrical, as shown in the annexed figure).

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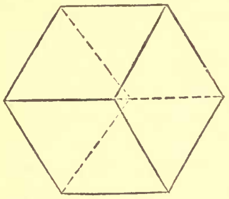
[*] "Optics," Book iii., Quæry 26. 4th Edition.

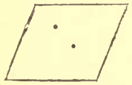
[†] The same phænomenon is described, and with no less clearness and precision, by Huyghens, in his admirable work, "Traité de la lumière," published in 1690, fourteen years before the Optics of Newton—and from that epoch, or from 1678, when that treatise was communicated to the French Academy, must date the *discovery* of the polarization of light *as a fact.* Huyghens, moreover, *correctly* attributed it to a peculiarity impressed on the vibrations of the ethereal medium. But the picturesque phrase of Newton embodies the idea in a form easily apprehended, while it seems to have floated rather vaguely before the mind of his great predecessor, not so much as a general attribute, but as a specialtv limited to the case in question.

FIG. 10.



If such a rhomboid be laid down on an ink-spot on white paper, or, still better, on a small pinhole in a plate of metal and held up to the light, the ink-spot, or the dot of light will appear through it doubled: the two images being separated, in the direction of the shorter diagonal of the face through which they are seen, by an interval of about one-ninth part of the thickness seen through. Thus, if over the first rhomboid another of equal thickness be laid *conformably* (*i.e.*, so that all the faces of the second shall be parallel to the corresponding ones of the first), the only effect will be that the apparent separation of the two images will be doubled, just as if a single crystal of double thickness had been used. But if from this position the upper crystal be turned slowly round in its own plane upon the lower, kept firm; two other images will make their appearance between the former, at first very faint and almost close together, but, as the rotation of the upper crystal continues, gaining strength (while the others grow fainter) and opening out from each other in a direction transverse to the line of junction of the first. When the angle of rotation attains 45°, four images are seen of equal intensity, after which the two first grow fainter, and at 90° vanish,—the whole of their light having passed into the other two—and so on alternately. When the upper rhomboid has made an exact semi-revolution on the other, the image is single, and contains the whole of the incident light. In this case, the ordinary ray has been refracted ordinarily, and preserves its situation; the extraordinary extraordinarily, but its displacement by the second refraction being exactly equal and opposite (in consequence of the now reversed position of the refracting rhomb) to that by the first, it is brought to coincidence with the other, and the two united form one image.

FIG. 11.



The opposite sides of a rhomboid being parallel, both the ordinary and extraordinary rays after transmission emerge parallel to the incident ray, by a necessary consequence of that general law of retro-version, in virtue of which a ray of light, whatever path it may have pursued from one point to another, can always retrace that path; the opposite faces being symmetrically situated with respect to the axis. And the same is true for a parallel plate of this or any other crystallized substance artificially cut and polished, whatever be the position which such plate may have held in the interior of the crystal from which it is cut. Now it is found, by cutting from rhombs of Iceland spar parallel plates in various directions, that there is one through which a ray of ordinary light can be transmitted perpendicularly without being divided into two. This is the case when the faces of the plate are at right angles to the line above designated as the *axis* of the rhomboid. And generally that a ray which within the crystal pursues a path parallel to this axis, will emerge from it single, whatever be the situation of the surface of emergence. The axis, then, is *a line of no double refraction*, and in the case of the substance in question (or of any crystallized body whose *primitive* form is the acute or obtuse rhomboid, the regular hexagonal prism, and some others, comprising all those primitive forms which can be described *as symmetrical to one line and to one only*) it is the only direction endued with this property. And on the other hand, the amount of the double refraction or the angular separation of the two rays into which the incident ray is divided, is greatest when they lie in a plane perpendicular to this axis. On account of these properties, the line in question is sometimes called the *optic axis* of the crystal.

If a crystal of Iceland spar, or any similar body, be cut into the form of a prism, in such a manner as to have its refracting edge parallel to its optic axis, neither of the two refracted rays will emerge parallel to the incident one, or to each other. They will diverge, including an angle between them, greater as the refracting angle of the prism is greater, exactly as if the medium had two different refractive indices. And in this particular case both refractions follow the ordinary "law of the sines," and there is no deviation of either ray from the plane of incidence. And what is extremely remarkable, not only the refractive indices, but the dispersive powers of the two refractions differ, in some cases widely, so as to give two spectra (when a sunbeam is refracted) of very different lengths. In the case of Iceland spar, the respective refractive indices for the ordinary and extraordinary ray are 1·654 and 1·483. It is in consequence of this great difference that the two images of a point, seen through a rhomboid of the mineral, appear unequally raised above their natural level; that seen by the ordinarily refracted rays, appearing nearer the eye than the other.

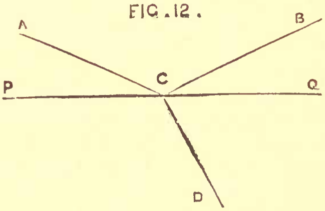
By the employment of such a prism as here described, it is easy to insulate either the ordinary or extraordinary refracted ray, and examine it separately. Suppose, for instance, the latter to be stopped by a screen, and the former only allowed to reach the eye. If before doing so it be made to pass through a second such prism, whose refracting edge is parallel to that of the first, it will be refracted *singly* and *ordinarily*: if the edge be held perpendicularly to that of the other, then, *singly* but *extraordinarily*. In every intermediate position the image will be doubled, more of the light passing into the extraordinary image, and less into the ordinary, according as the angle at which the edges cross is increased from 0° to 90°; and at 45° of inclination the light is equally divided between the two. This, it is obvious, could not be, if the ray were indifferently disposed with respect to surrounding space. There subsists in it a difference of properties depending on situation—a difference *analogous to* that between a square rod and a round one. It has acquired *sides* in its passage through the crystal, which it preserves in its subsequent course through space till it meets some body whose action on it may bring their existence into ocular evidence. It would seem almost as if light consisted of particles having polarity, like magnets; and that in its passage through a doubly refracting substance these came to be arranged, half with their poles in one direction (as regards the sides of the crystal), and half in a direction at right angles to the former. And this is the way in which Newton conceived it, as he himself distinctly states (Opt. Quæry, 21); and as it necessarily must be conceived if the corpuscular theory were to be adopted. How it is explained on the undulatory hypothesis, we shall presently see.

It was while gazing one evening in 1808, through such a prism of Iceland spar as we have just described, from his study in the Rue d'Enfer at the windows of the Luxembourg Palace in Paris, that M. Malus, at that time engaged in studying the law of extraordinary refraction in this body, happened to notice that the reflexion of the sun on a window of the palace disappeared from one of its images, in a certain position of the prism, and from the other when held at right angles to that position; while in the intermediate situations, the glare was visible in both images, unequally divided, however, between them, except when held in a situation exactly intermediate, or at 45° from its first position:—in a word, that the light reflected from the window had acquired precisely the peculiarity which would have been impressed on it by previous transmission through a similar prism. To this peculiarity he gave the name of POLARIZATION, and light so affected has ever since been said to be POLARIZED.

Total and partial polarization of light by reflexion.—The angle at which a ray of light must be incident on glass that the reflected ray may acquire this property is 56° 45′ from the perpendicular, or at an inclination of 33° 15′ to the surface, and in this case the polarization is *complete*, or the whole of the reflected light has acquired the property in question.* If at any other obliquity, it is only *partially* polarized, or a portion only of the reflected light has acquired it; how this portion is to be distinguished and separated from the *unpolarized* portion, we shall presently explain. Suffice it here to observe that this latter portion bears a greater proportion to the whole reflected beam, as the angle of incidence deviates more from that above specified (which is called the *polarizing angle*). The plane in which reflexion has been made is called the plane of polarization; and two rays which have undergone reflexion at the polarizing angle in planes perpendicular to each other, are said to be *oppositely polarized.*

The angle of incidence 56° 45′ has this peculiarity—that if we consider the directions subsequently pursued by the two portions into which a ray so incident on glass is divided, the one pursuing its course by reflexion in the air, the other by refraction within the glass, these two directions include a right angle as in the annexed figure, where A C is the incident, C B the reflected, and C D the refracted rays, at the surface of a glass P Q. Where the angle A C P or B C Q is 33° 15′, Q C D is 56° 45′, and D C B is a right angle. The law of polarization *so announced*, as Sir David Brewster has shown, is general, and extends to all media, whatever their refractive powers. Thus, for water, the polarizing angle is 53° 11′, and for diamond 68° 6′—numbers concluded from this simple rule (equivalent to the geometrical property above stated) that *the index of refraction is in all cases the tangent of the polarizing angle.*

FIG. 12.



If a ray of light so polarized by reflexion be received on such a prism as is above described, held with its refracting edge (*i. e.*, the optic axis of the crystal) at right angles to the plane of reflexion, or parallel to the reflecting surface, it will entirely pass into the ordinary, or most refracted image; *vice versâ*—if the prism be turned round 90°, so as to have its edge parallel to the plane of reflexion (*i.e.*, of polarization), wholly into the extraordinary. The same interchange will of course take place if the prism be held immoveable and the reflecting glass turned round, so as to change the plane of reflexion, and thus we perceive that rays *oppositely polarized* are distinguished by the character of passing *entirely* into the one or entirely into the other of the two images when so refracted. A beam of light partially polarized may be regarded as a mixture of two portions, the one wholly polarized, the other wholly unpolarized; and a beam of *unpolarized* light may, conversely, always be regarded as a mixture of two equal rays oppositely polarized, in *any* two planes at right angles to each other.

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* In point of fact the differently coloured rays are not all polarized at exactly the same angle, so that this is rigorously exact only for homogeneous light. But the difference is so trifling that it is purposely here kept out of view.

If a ray reflected from any medium at the polarizing angle (and therefore wholly polarized) be received on a second surface of the same medium at the same angle of incidence, *and in a plane coincident with* that of the first reflexion, it undergoes partial reflexion just as an unpolarized ray would do, and both the reflected and refracted portions retain their polarization. But if the plane of the second incidence be at right angles to that of the first, *no portion of the light is reflected*, but the whole passes into the refracted ray, retaining its polarization,—just in the same manner as, had it been incident on our doubly refracting prism held with its edge at right angles to its plane of polarization, it would have wholly passed into the extraordinary ray. *Vice versâ*, if the ray extraordinarily refracted by such a prism be received on a glass plate at the polarizing angle of incidence, no reflexion will take place if the edge of the prism be parallel to the plate. Hence we are entitled to conclude that it is the very same property which is impressed on light in both cases, and that a ray polarized by reflexion differs in no respect from one which has received this property by passing through a doubly refracting crystal.

A ray partially polarized by reflexion at a greater or less incidence than that at which it would have been completely so, may be wholly polarized, or nearly so, by repeated reflexions at the same angle. This, which might be concluded *à priori* by considering that the unpolarized portion differs in no respect from ordinary light, and is therefore susceptible of so receiving partial polarization, while the polarized portion retains its polarization unchanged by reflexion, is verified by experiment.

If a ray partially polarized in any plane be received on the doubly refracting prism already mentioned, with its edge perpendicular to the plane of polarization, the polarized portion will pass wholly into the ordinary image, while the unpolarized will be equally divided between the two. Thus the two images will be unequally bright. By turning round such a prism, then, till a position is found at which the contrast between the two images is most striking, this plane will be discovered, and the difference of their illumination is the measure of the quantity of polarized light in the beam.

Polarization of light by refraction.—When light is incident on glass or any uncrystallized transparent body *at the polarizing angle*, the reflected portion (a small percentage, not more than one-twelfth of the whole light) is wholly polarized in the plane of incidence, as already stated. The refracted beam (by far the larger portion), when examined in the mode just described, is found to be *partially polarized in a plane at right angles* to that of incidence, and the amount of polarized light which it contains to be precisely equal to that in the reflected beam. Thus we see that when light falls upon such a surface, the greater portion passes unchanged, while the other is divided into two equal portions *oppositely polarized*, the one being reflected, the other transmitted, and intermingled with the unpolarized part.

If a parallel plate of glass be used for this experiment, the same process is repeated at the hinder surface. An equal percentage of the unpolarized portion is similarly divided between the reflected and transmitted rays, oppositely polarized, and as the transmitted polarized portion is, *ipso facto*, guaranteed from subsequent reflection at the polarizing angle, the total amount of polarized light in each of the two beams is nearly doubled. If behind this a second parallel glass plate be applied, the same process is again repeated on the remaining unpolarized portion, and so, by multiplying the plates, the whole incident beam is ultimately divided equally into a reflected and a refracted beam completely polarized in opposite planes. Such at least would be the case were the plates perfectly transparent and infinite in number; but as these conditions cannot be fully realized, the transmitted beam is never completely polarized, though enough so to afford a very convenient mode of viewing many optical phenomena. On the other hand, if the plates be truly plane and their surfaces exactly parallel, the reflected beam is wholly polarized, and as its intensity is nearly half that of the incident light, this affords an excellent mode of procuring a polarized beam available for purposes of experiment. A frame containing six or eight squares of good window glass laid one on the other, and backed by a sheet of black velvet, is one of the most convenient and useful of optical instruments, and will be frequently referred to in what follows as a "polarizing frame," a similar series set transparently being termed a "polarizing pile."

Other modes of polarization.—There are certain doubly refractive crystals, more or less coloured, which possess the singular property of absorbing or stifling in their passage through them, *unequally*, the two oppositely polarized rays into which they divide the incident light. Two bodies especially have been noticed in an eminent degree with this property—the one a mineral occurring more or less frequently among the rocks of igneous origin, called the tourmaline, the other an artificial chemical compound, the iodo-sulphate of quinine. The former crystallizes for the most part in long prisms of many sides, terminated by faces, three of which belong to the primitive form, an obtuse rhomboid, when it is that of the prism itself. In consequence, like all crystals of this class, it is doubly refractive, and if artificially cut and polished into a doubly refracting prism, having its refracting edge parallel to that of the rhomboid, an object viewed transversely through it will appear double, provided the eye be held quite close to the refracting edge, but if ever so little removed, so as to look through a greater thickness of the substance, one of the images will be observed to diminish rapidly in intensity, and at a certain, usually very moderate, thickness to disappear altogether, as if extinguished by a deeper colour or a higher degree of opacity in the medium, the other remaining undiminished. The unextinguished ray is, of course, completely polarized, and *that* in the plane of the section of the prism at right angles to the edge. If, instead of cutting the crystal into such a prism, it be formed into a flat plate, with its faces parallel to the axis of the rhomboid, such plate will in like manner extinguish one of the pencils into which a ray incident perpendicularly on it is divided, allowing the other to pass, and the pencil so transmitted is completely polarized in a plane perpendicular to the axis of the plate. This property of a tourmaline plate renders it invaluable as an optical instrument, affording the readiest and most convenient means of procuring a polarized beam of light for the examination of crystals and other purposes. Its only drawback is, that this mineral is most commonly coloured with a strong tint of blue or green, which affects the colour of the transmitted light. Some specimens, however, while equally effective in destroying one of the refracted pencils, are yet but slightly tinged with colour as respects the other, which is therefore transmitted fully polarized, but with only a slight tinge of brownish yellow. The other substance, of late much resorted to for the same purpose, the iodo-sulphate of quinine, crystallizes in very thin scales like mica, of a purplish brown hue, which in like manner polarize completely one half the incident light, which passes freely through them, the other half being extinguished. This curious property was discovered by Mr. Herapath, who first formed the compound in question.

When two parallel plates of tourmaline cut from the same crystal in the mode above described, or two laminæ of Mr. Herapath's quinine salt, are laid one on the other conformably (or with their axes parallel), the light polarized by one passes freely through the other; but if the one be turned round on its own plane on the other, the intensity of the transmitted beam gradually diminishes, until the axes cross at right angles, in which position the combination is quite opaque. A similar gradual diminution of light, up to complete extinction, takes place when a ray polarized by reflexion from glass, or in any other manner, is received on such a plate, made to rotate in its own plane. The effects are just what might be expected to happen if a flight of *flattened* arrows were discharged at a grating of parallel wires. Those only whose planes were parallel to the wires would be able to pass, and having passed one such grating, would penetrate any number of others placed conformably behind it, but not if placed transversely. This is a simile, not an explanation, but it conveys, though coarsely, to the mind a conception of the distinction between polarized and unpolarized light, not to be despised as an aid to the imagination.

If a "polarizing frame" of glass plates, such as above described, be laid down before an open window, and, the eye being held near it so as to embrace a large illuminated area or "field of view," a tourmaline plate be looked through, and turned slowly round in its own plane before the eye, a position will be found in which the appearance of a dark cloud comes over the frame, extending over a very considerable visual angle; the central portion being completely obscure; and the darkness shading off at the borders by insensible degrees. Within this "polarized field," a vast variety of brilliant and beautiful optical phenomena, hereafter to be described, are very conveniently and elegantly exhibited. One effect is very striking. If instead of a black velvet backing, the glasses be laid on any bright surface, the printed page of a book, for instance—this, which, without the interposition of the tourmaline, cannot be discerned for the glare of light reflected from the glasses, becomes distinctly visible, and may be read with facility when that glare is taken off in the manner described. So, too, by looking through a tourmaline plate held transversely, on the surface of a pond at the polarizing angle, the reflected light from the surface being destroyed, the objects at the bottom, the fishes, &c., are distinctly seen, though completely invisible to a bystander. So, too, by polarizing alternately in a vertical and a horizontal plane, the light of one or more lamps, night signals may be made, and a message transmitted, visible *and interpretable as signals*, to a distant spectator provided with a tourmaline plate, while a bystander not so provided, though he see the lamps, will have no suspicion that any such communication is in progress.*

Polarization of the sky light.—The light of a clear and *perfectly* cloudless blue sky is partially polarized in a plane passing through the sun, the eye, and the point of the sky examined. At each point in that great circle of the celestial concave, which is 90° remote from the sun's place, the amount of polarized light which it sends to the eye bears a very considerable proportion to the total illumination, amounting to nearly a fourth of the whole. At every other inclination of the visual ray to the direct sunbeam, the proportion is less, and in the neighbourhood of the sun, or of the point on the horizon directly opposed to it, very small. When examined in a mode hereafter to be described, by the intervention of a tourmaline plate, and a crystallized lamina, this gives rise to a series of exceedingly beautiful and brilliant phenomena, productive of the greatest astonishment to those who learn for the first time by their exhibition, that totally different, and even opposite qualities, characterize different portions of an illuminated surface apparently so perfectly uniform and homogeneous. This effect is supposed to originate in the reflexion of the solar rays on the particles of the air itself, an explanation encumbered with many difficulties, but the best (indeed the only one) that has yet been offered.

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* I mention this to prevent a patent hereafter being taken out "for secret communication at a distance by means of polarized light."

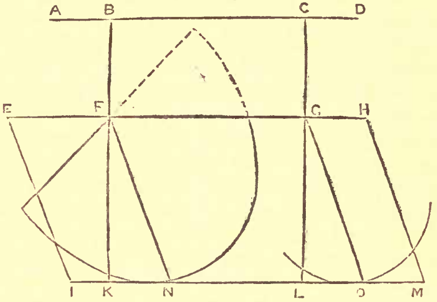
Polarization interpreted on the undulatory theory.—According to any conception we can form of an elastic medium, its particles must be conceived free to move (within certain limits greater or less according to the coercive forces which may restrain them) in every direction from their positions of rest, or equilibrium. It by no means follows, however, that the nerves of the retina are equally susceptible of excitement by vibrations of the luminiferous ether (in which they may be conceived immersed) in all directions. In the case of sound, the tympanum of the ear which receives the impulse of the aerial medium, would appear to vibrate like the parchment of a drum, by the direct impact of its waves perpendicular to its surface. It is, therefore, sensible to such of the movements of the vibrating medium *only* as are in the direction of the sound-ray, and not at all to transverse vibrations. But if we conceive the nervous filaments of the retina as minute elastic fibres, standing forth at right angles to its plane, like the bristles of a brush (the reader will pardon the apparent coarseness of the illustration, which is only intended *as* an illustration of what may be, and no doubt is a process of transcendent delicacy), immersed in the ether; it is evident that movements of the latter parallel to their direction *would not*, but that those transverse to it *would* tend to throw them into vibration, just as ears of corn would be little or not at all agitated by a straight and slender rod moved up and down between the stalks, or to and fro in the direction of its own length, but violently by a transverse horizontal motion of the rod.

Whatever be, at any instant, the motion of an ethereal molecule, it may always be resolved into two, one in the direction of the ray in the act of propagation, and the other in a direction transverse to it, in the plane of the wave surface. If the sensation of light be supposed to be produced by the former resolved portion, no account can be given of the phænomenon of polarization; such movement being equally related to surrounding space in all directions outward from the ray as an axis. The contrary is obviously the case with the other resolved portion. Suppose one end of a long horizontal cord fastened to a wall, the other held in the hand, and tightly strained. If a small vibratory motion cross-wise to the cord be given to the hand *in a horizontal plane*, an undulation *confined to that plane*, will run along the cord; if in a vertical one, then will the undulation be wholly performed in a vertical plane. If the propagation of a wave along a stretched cord be assimilated to that of a ray of light, the former of these cases will convey the idea of a ray polarized in a horizontal, the latter in a vertical plane. If the movement of the hand (always transverse to the cord) be not confined to any particular plane, but take place sometimes in one, sometimes in another, at all sorts of inclinations to the horizon—the undulation which runs along the cord in this case will convey the idea of an unpolarized ray (according to Sir David Brewster, however, a partially polarized ray would, in this manner of viewing it, be assimilated to the case when the vibratory movement should neither be strictly confined to one plane, nor altogether irregular, but confined in its deviations from it to some angular limit less than a right angle).

There is nothing to lead us to believe that the vibratory motions of the particles of material bodies, especially those in the state of gases in the act of combustion, in virtue of which they are luminous, are necessarily confined to any particular plane. Many thousands, or even millions, of vibrations in one plane may be succeeded by as many in any other, according to the direction and frequency of the shocks which give rise to them within an interval of time inappretiably short, and without prejudice to the continuous perception of the vibratory movement communicated to the ether *as light*. The act of polarization consists then in the *subsequent* arrangement, at some definite point in the line of progress of the ray, of all these vibratory movements, into parallelism with each other, or into a single plane from which they have afterwards no tendency (*per se*) to deviate. As the particles of crystallized bodies must be conceived to be arranged in definite lines and planes, it is easily conceivable that, whether among them, or in conjunction with them, the ethereal molecules may be confined in their vibrations to two particular planes determined by the internal constitution of the crystal, and that a vibratory movement propagated into a body so constituted should *ipso facto* resolve itself into two such movements in these two planes (according to the general mechanical principle of the composition and resolution of motion), that it should be so propagated during its progress through the crystal, and that at its emergence into free space, each vibration should thenceforward subsist separately, there being nothing to change it. Again, it is no less conceivable that in these vibrations the molecules of the ether moving in one plane may be differently impeded by, or stand in a different connexion with those of the medium, from those moving in the other, and that, in consequence, their propagation of the movement may be effected with a different velocity, and thus give rise to a difference of refractive power, which, as we have seen, depends on the proportion of velocity of the light in and out of a medium. In the case of one set of vibrations, again, the propagation of the medium may be equally impeded or influenced in all directions of the ray—in which case a wave starting from any point in the surface would run out spherically within the crystal, while in that of the other the amount of obstruction might vary with the direction of the ray, and thus give rise to a wave running out *with different velocities in different directions* from its centre of propagation, and therefore *not spherically*.

To this conclusion, but without passing through the intermediate considerations which have led us up to it, Huyghens (who certainly had formed no conception of transverse vibrations), appears to have *jumped*, by one of the happiest divinations on record in the history of science, viz., that in the double refraction of Iceland spar, while the ordinary ray is propagated in a *spherical*, that of the extraordinary spreads from its point of origin at the surface of the crystal in an *elliptical* wave, the form being that of an *oblate spheriod* of revolution, having its polar axis parallel to the axis of the rhomboid, and bearing to its equatorial diameter a definite numerical proportion, viz., that of eight to nine (very nearly). Making this assumption, and laying it down as a principle (capable of demonstration), that the direction of a ray of light in such a mode of propagation is not that of a perpendicular to the surface of the wave at any point, but that of a line drawn from the centre of the wave to its point of contact with a plane, touching at the same time all the wave surfaces in progress, at the same time, through the crystal, which have originated in one and the same plane wave sweeping over its external surface (just as in the explanation of ordinary refraction given in our first part, in the case of spherical waves, in which case the latter line *is* perpendicular to the wave surface), he was enabled to explain every particular of the double refraction in Iceland spar, so far as the *direction* of the extraordinary ray is concerned, including its deviation from the plane of the angle of incidence, and its non-conformity with the ordinary law of the sines, except in special cases. The results of his reasoning have been compared with experiment, with extreme care, by M. Malus, as already mentioned, and found exactly in accordance with fact. We cannot, of course, in an essay like the present, give any account of the special conclusions, or of the mathematical reasoning on which they are founded; which involve more geometry than the generality of our readers are likely to possess. But we can put into a very few words, and we think make readily intelligible, the main feature of the reasoning, that which determines the deviation of the extraordinary ray from perpendicularity to the wave surface, and from the plane of incidence.

FIG. 13.



* Let A B C D represent a plane wave descending perpendicularly upon the upper surface E H (supposed horizontal) of a crystal of Iceland spar, of which E H M I is the principal section, or that cutting through both the obtuse angles of the rhomboid, and in which its axis lies. The light then which this wave conveys will be incident perpendicularly on the surface E H, or in the direction of the lines B F, C G, and these lines continued to K and L, on the lower surface, would be the course of the *rays* B F, C G, supposing them to undergo the *ordinary* refraction. Considering now the *extraordinary*; suppose the portions E F, G H of the surface screened, and only the portion F G of the wave allowed to enter. This on striking the surface, will excite at every point over its whole extent a luminiferous vibration, which will be propagated within the crystal in a spheroidal wave, having its shorter axis parallel to that of the crystal: and all these spheroids being equal and similar, the plane which touches them all, and which *is*, in effect, the doubly refracted *plane wave within the crystal*, will advance parallel to the surface E H. Suppose it arrived at the other surface I M, and let N, O, be the points of contact of that surface with the spheroidal elementary waves whose centres are F and G, at that moment. Then will N O be that portion of the posterior surface which will *first be struck* by the refracted wave. The portions beyond on either side, I N and O M, will *subsequently* receive the divergent undulations, which (as we have already explained) give rise to diffracted fringes bordering the shadows of the screens E F, G H. Thus we see that the space between N and O, and not that between K and L, will receive the full illumination from the aperture F G, which has therefore been propagated obliquely in the direction of the lines F N, G O, and not of the perpendiculars F K, G L.*

The deviation of the refracted ray from *the plane* of incidence, and from that of ordinary refraction, will be readily understood when it is borne in mind that whether at a perpendicular or an oblique incidence, a *plane exterior wave* is transformed by the extraordinary, as well as the ordinary refraction, into a plane *interior* one, and that the plane of incidence *of a ray* is perpendicular to both these planes. It cannot therefore contain the extraordinary refracted ray (which is a radius of the spheroid) without containing at the same time a normal to the elliptic surface of propagation at its point of contact with the interior plane wave, that is to say, unless it contain also the axis of the spheroid. In other words, the extraordinary ray will always deviate from the plane of incidence, unless in the case when that plane coincides with some one of the meridians of the spheroid in question.

Since there is no double refraction in the direction of the axis of the rhomboid, it follows that in that direction the velocities of propagation of the ordinary and extraordinary rays within the crystal are the same, and that therefore, supposing the two corresponding undulations propagated from the same point in its surface to run out internally, the one in the form of a spherical, the other of a spheroidal shell, these shells will have a common axis, viz. :—the shorter axis of the spheroid, which will therefore wholly include the sphere, being in contact with it at the poles of the spheroid. *Cæteris paribus*, too, it is equally obvious that, when we come to consider different sorts of crystals possessing the property of double refraction, the intensity of this quality, or the amount of angular separation of the two refracted rays at the same incidence, will be determined by the greater or less amount of ellipticity of the spheroid in question. Should this ellipticity be *nil*, the spheroid will coincide over its whole extent with the sphere, and there will be no double refraction. This is the case with all crystallized bodies, whether mineral or artificial salts, whose primitive form is the cube. In some cases (comparatively rare ones), of which quartz or common rock crystal is an example, the spheroid is of the kind called *prolate*, or one formed by the revolution of an ellipse round its *longest* diameter, and is therefore wholly contained within the sphere. In these, then, the velocity of the extraordinary ray within the crystal is less than that of the ordinary, and the latter ray, which is the more refracted of the two in Iceland spar, is in such crystals the less so. On comparing different crystals, however, it is not found (which perhaps might have been expected) that the ellipticity of the spheroid in question is determined solely, or even principally, by the degree of obtuseness of the rhomboidal form of the crystal. It appears to be regulated far more by the chemical and other physical qualities of the material.

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* This and the next paragraph may be passed over by the general reader.

* This is Huyghens's explanation, and the correct one.

(*To be continued.*)

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN is near to her death;
All through the night may be felt her languidly scented breath
Coming and going in gasps, long drawn 'mid the shivering trees,
Out on the misty moors, and down by the dew-drench'd leas.

Her face grows pallid and grey,
The healthy flush of her prime is solemnly fading away,
And her sunken cheeks are streak'd with a feverish hectic red,
As she gathers the fallen leaves and piles them about her bed.

Her bosom is rifled and bare;
Gone is the grain and the fruit, and the flowers out of her hair—
Whilst her faded garment of green is blown about in the lane,
And the glance of her lover the sun is coldly turn'd on her pain.

She lies forlorn and alone;
The little chorusing birds have a wailing, unhappy tone,
As they fly in a crowd to the hedge, when the evening mists arise,
To curtain the bed of death and shadow the closing eyes.

But to-night the silent cloud,
Dropping great tears of rain, will come and make her a shroud—
Winding it this way and that, tenderly round and round,
Then catch her away in its arms from the damp unwholesome ground.

All her labour is done:
Perfected, finish'd, complete, 'neath the wind and the rain and the sun;
All the earth is enrich'd—the garners of men run o'er—
There is food for man and beast, and the stranger that begs at the door.

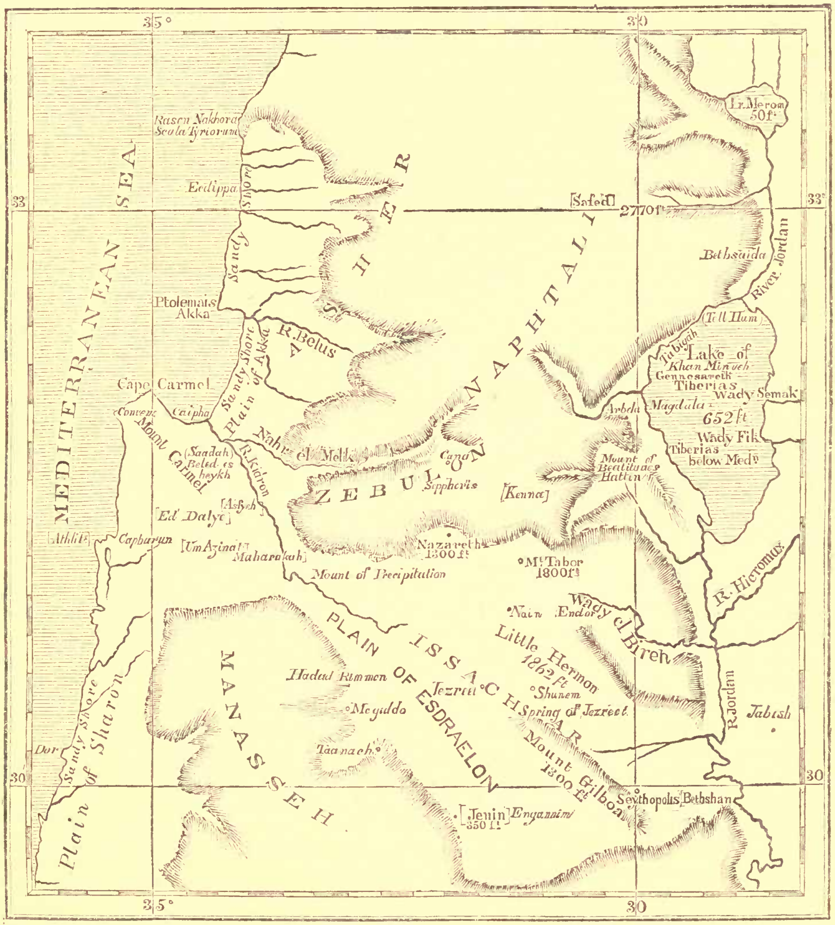
Swiftly approaches the night:
Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy might;
Labour right on to the end; let thy works go forth abroad;
Turn thy face to the sky, and enter the joy of thy Lord.

N.

EASTWARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

X.—SAMARIA TO TIBERIAS.


35°
30
33
30
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Rasen Nakhora
Scala Tyriorum
Ecdippa
Sandy Shore
ASHER
NAPHTALI
ZEBULON
ISSACHAR
MANASSEH
Safed
2770 ft
Lr. Merom
50 ft
Bethsaida
River Jordan
Tell Hum
Tabigah
Lake of Gennesareth
Khan Minyeh
Tiberias
Wady Semak
Magdala
652 ft
Wady Fik
Tiberias below Med.
Arbela
Mount of Beatitudes
Hattin
Ptolemais
Akka
R. Belus
Plain of Akka
Cape Carmel
Convent
Caipha
Mount Carmel
Nahr el Melik
Cana
Sipphoris
Kenna
Saadah
Beled es Sheykh
R. Kishon
Asfiyeh
Ed Dalye
Athlit
Capharun
Um Azinat
Maharakah
Nazareth
1300 ft
Mount of Precipitation
Mt. Tabor
1800 ft
R. Hieromax
Nain
Endor
Wady el Bireh
Little Hermon
1862 ft
Shunem
PLAIN OF ESDRAELON
Hadad Rimmon
Jezreel
Spring of Jezreel
Megiddo
Taanach
Mount Gilboa
1300 ft
Scythopolis Bethshan
R. Jordan
Jabesh
Jenin
350 ft
Engannim
Dor
Sandy Shore
Plain of Sharon

Plain of Esdraelon and Galilee.

AFTER leaving Samaria we passed, at some distance to the left, a gently swelling hill rising out of the plain, called *Tell Dothain.* Strange that the name of *Dothan* should still remain attached to this spot. Most willingly would we have turned aside for an hour to visit the place where that story of Joseph and his brethren, which for ages has been read with breathless interest by the young child and the aged saint, began to unfold itself; and where also that wondrous scene occurred for the account of which I refer my readers to 2 Kings vi. 8—23. But we were prevented by that want so common in a world where men's lives are short—the want of time.

It is worth noticing, however, that the caravans from Gilead to Egypt still enter the hill country at Dothan, passing thence to the maritime plain by Gaza. I have never heard of the pit into which Joseph was let down having been discovered. But it is only a few years since this locality was identified; and no doubt our ignorance of it and of many spots associated with caves, rocks, and other unchanged features of the country, would to a large extent be dispelled, if such a society as that which has been formed for the exploration of Palestine were properly encouraged.*

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* Why does this society not appeal to the provinces and great commercial towns for support? It would be sure to get the necessary funds if some of its leading

Our next halt was at *Jenin* (the ancient Engannim of Joshua xxi. 29), and there, on a grassy field, with a sparkling stream of water rushing past, we pitched our tents. Unseen frogs, more numerous than could be accommodated in the grand orchestra of the Crystal Palace, croaked a concert all night long. The village of Jenin rose above us; but we did not visit the dishonest and disorderly settlement, having been advised to give it what sailors call "a wide berth." We were a strong party, and showed our sense of security by adding to the brilliancy of the moon the light of a few Roman candles, whose loud reports and starry rays impressed the Arabs with some respect for our power. So at least we fondly believed, although it was as well that they did not put our strength to the proof.

Jenin is on the edge of the great plain of Esdraelon, which we had to cross on our way to Nazareth. What a strange "Blue Book" of Turkish rule is this same plain of Esdraelon! It is one of the most fertile in the world. It might present such a scene of peasant prosperity, comfort, and happiness as could not be surpassed on earth. But instead of this it is a rough uninhabited common, and, but for the bounty of Nature—which, with never-failing patience and charity, returns an hundred-fold whatever is here committed to its soil—it would be a dreary wilderness. Unfortunately there are beyond the Jordan a numerous and wide-spread race of scoundrels, who live in tents, gallop about on fine horses, brandish spears, fire long guns, tell lies, rob their neighbours, and possess no virtue under heaven that is not serviceable to their greedy pockets or hungry stomachs. Romance they have none, unless it be the romance of plunder. Their "Arabian Nights" are but nights of robbery. The Turkish Government, or even a London "Limited" Company possessing ordinary sense and enterprise, might, with a dozen rifled cannon placed in commanding positions, keep these Ishmaelites at bay, and defy them to steal west of the Jordan. But as things are now managed, the Bedouin make a raid as a matter of amusement or profit. They swarm like locusts from the Hauran, cover the great plain, pitch their black tents, feed their camels, gallop their horses, reap the crops, shoot the peasants, and then return to their lairs beyond the Jordan, there to crunch their marrow-bones at leisure with none to molest them or make them afraid.

Much is said about the power of a certain Agyhil Agha who reigns over the plain, and is employed as a sort of detective, on the principle, I suppose, of setting one thief to catch another. Agha, from suspicion or jealousy, was at one time dismissed by the Government of Constantinople, and another governor, or pasha, or detective, put in his place. But he attacked the Turkish troops who were sent to seize him, and massacred about eighty of them. Having thus shown his talent and force of character to the satisfaction of the Sublime Porte, he was forthwith reappointed police officer of the district. Such is Turkish "government." There is no doubt, however, that Agyhil Agha is a powerful chief, and exercises much authority over the district, protecting Christian and Moslem with even-handed justice, and being a great terror to evil-doers from the Hauran. Travellers are therefore recommended to obtain, for guide, councillor, and friend, one of Agha's troopers, who, when paid reasonable black mail, will secure the lives and property of those committed to his charge. Our worthy dragoman Hadji Ali did not, however, deem it necessary to adopt this precaution, although he expressed anxiety to see us safely across the Pirate Gulf. Begging my pistol, he loaded it, and gallantly went ahead as guard and scout.*

We pushed on from Jenin towards Jezreel, which is about seven miles to the north. The low point on which Jezreel is situated runs into the plain of Esdraelon from the high ridge of Gilboa, dividing it into two unequal bays. Approaching Jezreel from the south, there is little apparent ascent, but the plateau on which it is built falls rapidly on the north side, by a descent of 200 feet or so, to the other portion of the plain, which lies between it and the range of the Little Hermon, or El Duhy, and which is called the plain of Jezreel, though it is but a bay of Esdraelon. On or near the spot where Ahab's Palace is likely to have stood is an ancient tower, built I know not when, nor by whom. We ascended to its upper story, and there, through three windows, opening to the east, west, and north, obtained an excellent view of all the interesting portions of the surrounding landscape. Beneath us lay the famous plain, a rolling sea of verdure, yet lonely looking, being without inhabitants. We saw no villages or huts dotting its surface, not even a solitary horseman, but only troops of gazelles galloping away into the distance, and some birds of prey, apparently vultures, wheeling in the sky, and doubtless looking out for work from their masters the Bedouin. This green prairie stretches for upwards of twenty miles towards the Mediterranean. It is the more striking from its contrast with the wild bare hills among which we had been travelling, and with those which look down immediately upon it. It separates the highlands of Southern Palestine from the hill country of the more lowland north, as the plain along which the railway passes from Lochlomond to Stirling separates the highlands of Rob Roy from

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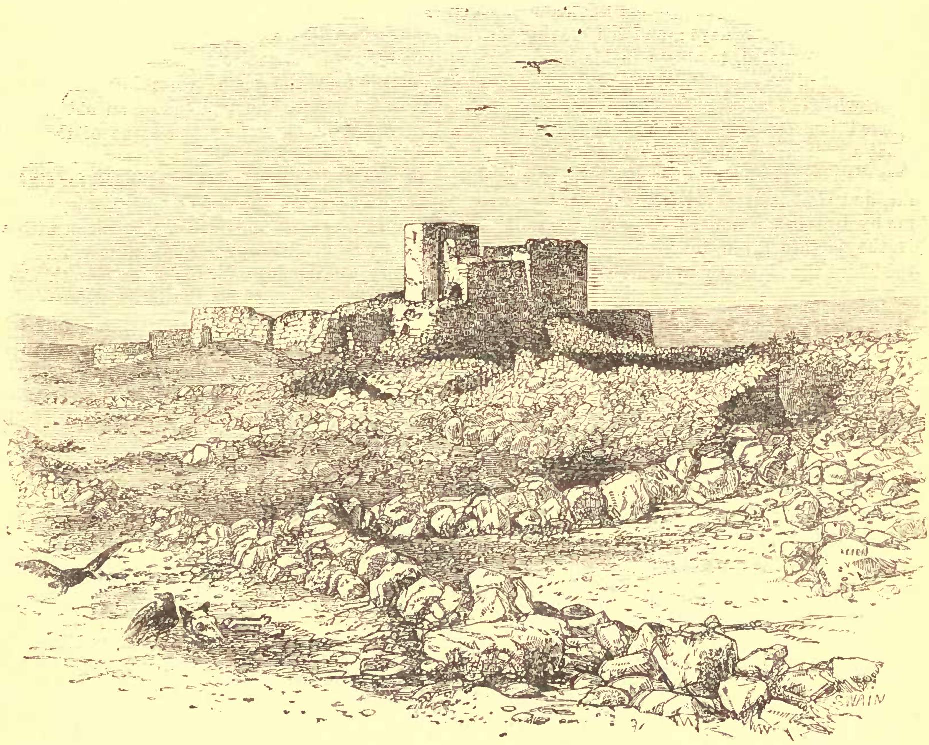
members would only take the trouble to bring its claims *viva voce* before the general public.

* Though we laughed at Hadji's fears, and put them down to a little love of display or of excitement, yet I learn from M. de Pressensé's narrative of his tour, that our former fellow-traveller, the ex-Duke of Modena, was robbed on this plain a few days after we crossed it! As a warning to travellers, I may here state that my pistol, which was sent home in a box from Beyrout, was, on examination by the Custom-house officers at Liverpool, found to be loaded. Never having loaded it myself, and being ignorant of Hadji's having done so, I very carelessly did not think of examining it before it was packed.

the lowland hills of the Campsie range that rise above the valley of the Clyde.

This tower of Jezreel is another of those points of view which commands a number of famous historical places, the sight of which, with their relative positions, gives great clearness and vividness to the Bible narratives. Standing on the tower, we see, through the window looking northward, three or four miles off, the range of the Little Hermon (a *fac simile* of the Pentlands, near Edinburgh), with the village of Shunem on one of its slopes. Through the eastern window the view is filled up by the rolling ridge of Gilboa. The western window opens to the plain vanishing in the distance with the long ridge of Carmel, and other hills bounding it to the south, and the hills of Galilee to the north. With map and Bible in hand, let us look through these open windows, and see how much of the past is recalled and revivified by even one view in Palestine.

Through the opening to the north, we see Shunem, where dwelt the good Shunamite, whose little humbly-furnished chamber in the wall welcomed the great prophet "who oft passed by" that way, and who must have been familiar therefore with every object which now meets our eye, as well as with many others that have passed away. We see at a glance how the afflicted mother, with the thoughts of her dead child and of "the man of God" in her heart, would cross the plain to the range of Carmel, ten or twelve miles off. We also see how from its summit the Prophet would see her riding over the plain, and how he would have accompanied her back again.



Mount Carmel.

Jezreel, from the East.

Hills of Nazareth.

[J. Graham, Photo.

And Shunem, with Gilboa seen out of the eastern window, recall two great battles familiar to us:—the battle of Gideon with the hordes of the Midianites who swarmed along the sides of Hermon, and the battle of Saul with the Philistines who occupied the same position.

From Gilboa, Gideon with his selected army descended. Immediately beneath it we can see the fountain—gleaming like burnished silver in the sun's rays—where doubtless Gideon had separated the rash and the cowardly from his army. Descending at night with his select band from these rocky heights, he must have passed the narrow valley which lay between him and Shunem. Then with three hundred lights suddenly revealed and gleaming on every side, as if belonging to a great army, and with the piercing war-cry of "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" he fell like a lightning-stroke on the sleeping and careless host, who, seized by a panic, fled in terror before the pursuing warriors, down the steep descent to the fords of the Jordan.

On the same place, too, the host of the Philistines, which made Saul sore afraid, pitched their tents on the night before they attacked the king and his son on Gilboa. One sees how Saul must have then travelled to En-dor. It lies two hours off on the other side of Hermon. He must have gone round the right flank of the enemy, crossing the shoulder of the hill to reach it. One of the most dreary spectacles of human misery was that journey to the foul den of the witch of En-dor! We see the tall form, bent like a pine-tree beneath the midnight storm, but every inch a king in spite of his disguise, enter the cave in darkness and bow down before the deceiving hag. How touching his longing to meet Samuel, who had known and loved him in his better days; and his craving desire, however perverted, to obtain in his loneliness the sympathy of any spirit, whether alive or dead. And when he sees, or rather believes that the wicked impostor sees, the form of his old friend, what a wail is that from a broken heart:—"I am sore distressed! The Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me by dreams no more!" The only parallel to it is the picture given by Shakespeare of Richard the Third the night before he was slain:—

> "I shall despair:—there is no creature loves me;
> And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

But Saul was loved by one whom his proud and eager ambition dragged down with himself on the bloody battle-field; and he was pitied by one who had ever reverenced his kingly head, and had dispelled the brooding darkness from his soul by the cunning minstrelsy of the harp. And the sweet singer of Israel has for ever invested those sterile hills of Gilboa with a charm, by his incomparable lament for Saul and Jonathan,—by the womanly love which it breathes for his old friend, and the chivalrous generosity, the godlike charity, which it pours out in tears over his old enemy:—"Saul and Jonathan were pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided!"

As if to make the scene of that battle-field still more complete, the top of the hill of Beth-shaan (now called Beisan) rises, like Dumbarton rock, close under the hill of Gilboa, and overhangs the valley of the Jordan. To the gates of its citadel the bodies of Saul and his three sons were fastened, until removed by the brave men of Jabesh-gilead,* from the opposite side of the Jordan, who thus testified their remembrance of the time when Saul had delivered them, thirty years before, from the Amorites.†

But the interest and teaching of this old battle-plain are not yet exhausted. As we look out of the opposite window, towards the south and west, we see to the left a long line of low hills which here and there send points into the plain, with retiring bays and valleys between, and end at the smooth ridge of Mount Carmel. On the shore of one of those green bays, seven or eight miles off, we see Taanach, and four miles or so beyond, Megiddo, past which "the waters of Megiddo" flow to join the Kishon. Now it was from Tabor, which is concealed from us by the ridge of the Little Hermon, that Barak, at the instigation of Deborah, marched about twelve miles across the plain from the north, and amidst a storm of wind and rain attacked the chariots of Sisera in the marshes of the Kishon, and gained that famous victory which freed Israel from the terrible thraldom in which they had been held by the heathen Canaanites.

At Megiddo, too, the good Josiah was killed in his brave but foolish attempt to stay the progress of the king of Egypt when going to attack the Assyrians.

Again we notice from the same window, a few miles off in the plain, what looks like a ruin. It is El Fuleh, the remains of an old Crusaders' fortress, and famous as the scene of the "battle of Mount Tabor," where a French force of 3000 men under Kleber, resisted in square, for six hours, a Turkish army of 30,000, half cavalry and half infantry, and, when joined by Napoleon with fresh troops, gained the battle. After all it was a fruitless victory to Napoleon, for Sir Sidney Smith checked his Eastern progress by the brave defence of Acre—another scene of battle almost belonging to the plain of Esdraelon. It is strange indeed to have thus connected in the same place, battles fought by Barak, Gideon, Saul, and Napoleon! It is probably from the fact of this place having been of old the great battle-field of Palestine, that in the book of Revelation it is made the symbol of the mysterious conflict called "the battle of Armageddon" or "the city of Megiddo."

And there are other associations still suggested by the landscape. The most tragic and dramatic histories in the Old Testament are recalled by the place we stand on, and by Carmel in the distance. For on that height beyond Megiddo, and on a spot which with highest probability can be identified, the great Elijah met the prophets of Baal, in a terrible world conflict, God himself testifying to His faithful servant, who apparently was a solitary witness for His being and character. From that spot, twelve miles off, the prophet, borne up by an ecstatic fervor at such a crisis in his own life and in the life of the nation, ran, amidst the storm of wind and rain, before the chariot of Ahab to this Jezreel:—"It came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

To this Jezreel the same Elijah, after having been threatened by the murderess Jezebel, returned from his mysterious and awful journey through the wilderness to Horeb. Weak and fearful as a man, but strong in God, he came to slay Ahab and Jezebel with the sword of his mouth for the murder of poor Naboth. "And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Arise, go down to meet Ahab king of Israel, which is in Samaria: behold, he is in the vineyard of Naboth, whither he is gone down to possess it. And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine. And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."

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* 1 Sam. xxxi. 11.

† 1 Sam. xi. 3, 4.

And here too, where we stand, occurred all that terrible and almost unequalled tragedy recorded in the 9th chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings, when Jehu was selected as a most willing instrument in God's Providence for executing judgment on an infamous family. The whole living scene of horror seems to pass before our eyes;—King Joram living here with his mother, Jezebel, while recovering from his wounds;—King Ahaziah, courtly but unprincipled, coming from Jerusalem to visit Joram;—the sudden appearance of Jehu, driving furiously along the plain, from Jabesh-gilead, and easily seen six miles off;—the meeting of the kings with him in the vineyard of Naboth, probably near yonder fountain in the plain which had watered the poor man's garden of herbs;—the death of Joram;—the flight of Ahaziah to Jenin, and then to Megiddo, where he died;—the hurling of the wicked Jezebel out of the window, in spite of her paint and her hypocrisy, and her destruction by the wolfish dogs, which does not pain me, but indeed gives me great satisfaction—she was so vile! And then—for the horrible history of the place is not over—the ghastly pile of seventy heads of the sons of Ahab slain at Samaria, and the subsequent massacre of all connected with the house and palace of Ahab.

All these incidents are recalled from the tower of Jezreel as we gaze on the several places where they occurred, and which brings them up with as much vividness as the field of Waterloo recalls the events of that great battle. But Nature has resumed her quiet reign over the hill of Jezreel. All is silent and desolate now; Baal and his worshippers have passed away, and so have the calves of Bethel and of Dan, and the very memory of those events and their actions has departed from the land. Evil, like a fierce hurricane, always blows itself out; while good, like the sun, shines ever on from generation to generation. And so while Ahab and Jezebel have ceased to influence the world except as witnesses for God's righteous opposition to evil, Elijah, once alone and broken-hearted, and anxious to find a grave, lives in the heart of the Christian Church, as one transfigured with his Lord, and the type of every faithful brother.

We were very thankful to have stood on this tower of Jezreel. It is a noble pivot for memory to turn upon. It made whole chapters of history much clearer to us.

We crossed the plain, and passed through Shunem. There are no "great ladies" there now, as it is a very squalid village; nor did its inhabitants appear to be descendants of any good Shunamites, male or female, for we were pelted with stones when passing through. Fortunately, however, they were neither very large nor very near, serving only to make us quicken our pace, and Hadji to scold in fierce guttural Arabic with pistol in hand. The attack was made by a number of boys, from the heights, and was doubtless prompted by the universal love of mischief peculiar to the young portion of our race, rather than by any hatred of Nazarenes peculiar to the place.

We crossed Hermon, and found ourselves in a small decayed village on the edge of another bay of Esdraelon, which rolls between the hills of Galilee and Hermon to the north. Hadji Ali recommended us to halt here, as it was an excellent place for lunch, having shelter from the heat, good water, and above all a friendly sheik, who would sell him a good lamb. But the village had attractions to us which Hadji knew not of. It was Nain. It is poor, confused, and filthy, like every village in Palestine, but its situation is very fine, as commanding a good view of the plain, with the opposite hills, and especially of Tabor, that rises like a noble wooded island at the head of the green bay. And Nain, in the light of the Gospel history, is another of those fountains of living water opened up by the Divine Saviour, which have flowed through all lands to refresh the thirsty. How many widows, for eighteen centuries, have been comforted, how many broken hearts soothed and healed, by the story of Nain,—by the unsought and unexpected sympathy of Jesus, and by His power and majesty. It was here that He commanded those who carried the bier of the widow's only son to stop, and said to the widow herself, "Weep not," and to her son, "Arise!" and then "delivered him to his mother," the most precious gift she could receive, and such as a divine Saviour alone could bestow.

What has Nineveh or Babylon been to the world in comparison with Nain? And this is the wonder constantly suggested by the insignificant villages of Palestine, that their names have become parts, as it were, of the deepest experiences of the noblest persons of every land, and every age.

There are many remains of old tombs to the east of the village, and one may conjecture that it was as our Lord came into the city from Capernaum, that he met the procession going towards the tombs in that direction.

Hadji's hopes as to our getting a lamb in Nain were fulfilled. The sheik sold us one, and the moment the bargain was concluded, he unexpectedly drew his knife, and killed the animal in our presence.*

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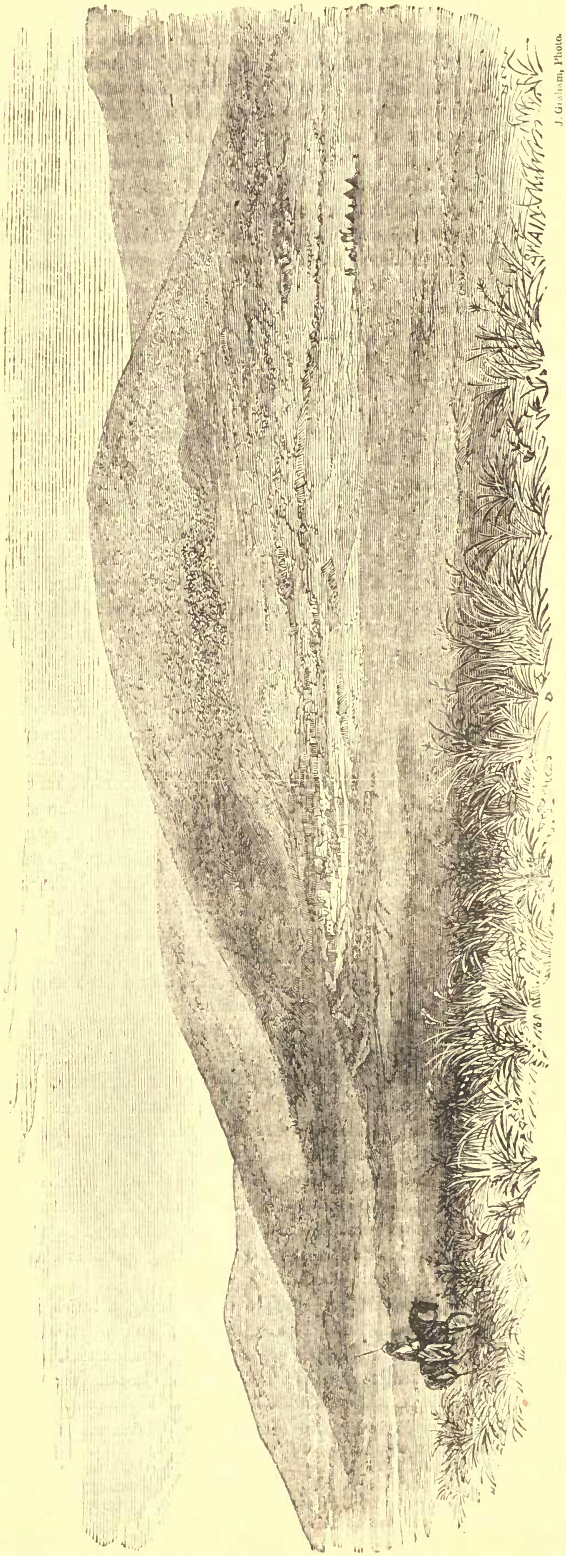
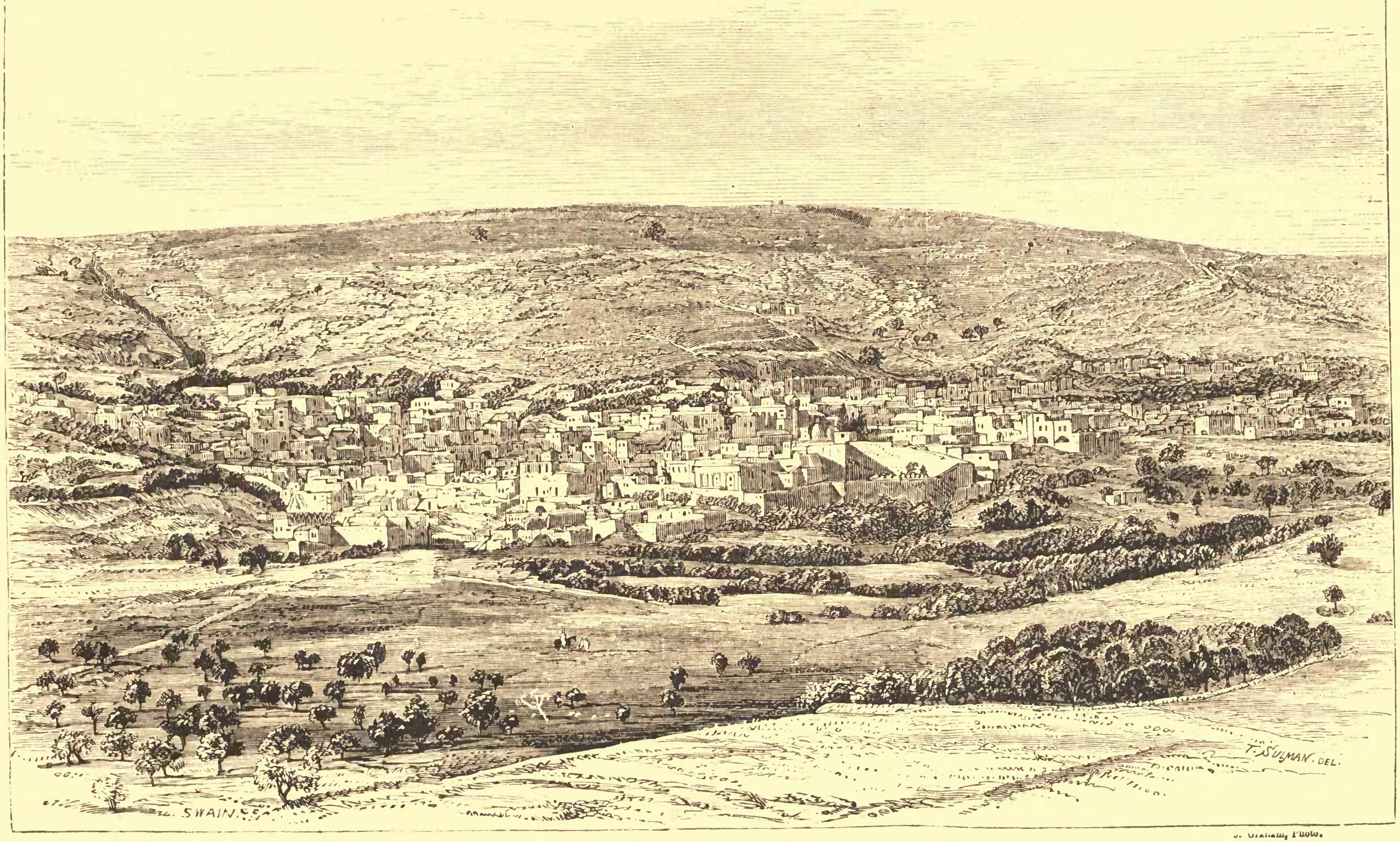
* Before flaying the lamb, an incision was made in the skin near the hind foot, when the sheik, applying his mouth to the orifice, inflated the whole skin. This seemed to make the operation of flaying much easier. For aught I know, this practice may be common, but I never saw it before or since.


J. Graham, Photo.

THE PLAIN OF JEZREEL, SHUNEM, AND LITTLE HERMON.

We crossed the plain and began to ascend the hills of Galilee which rise abruptly from it. The day was unpleasantly hot, and the sun beat on us with a heat more burning than we had hitherto experienced in Palestine. The ascent of the mountain, too, was by a wild path, which, as when descending to El Heramyeh, was for some time along the channel of a torrent. There is another path further north, which is shorter, I believe, but it is rougher still. But the end of our day's journey was the early home of Jesus. And who would grudge any amount of heat or fatigue when pushing on for such a destination! We soon descried the white houses of Nazareth, and with an eager inquiring look gazed on the inland basin, as I may call it, which, like a green nest, lies concealed from the gaze of the outer world among these beautiful secluded hills. We entered the town, and held straight on by church and convent, until, through narrow crowded bazaars and filthy lanes, we reached the further outskirts, and found our tents pitched in an olive grove whose venerable trees have sheltered many a traveller. How much of the pleasure derived from seeing an object, such as a great work of art, or a scene of beauty or of historical interest, is derived from sympathy with others who have experienced the same feelings? Not alone, therefore, but with thousands who had gone before us, we travelled through Palestine, and looked out from the olive grove on the hills of Nazareth. I did not visit any church, Greek or Latin. I had no wish to see the Holy Place of the Annunciation, as pointed out by the Greeks in their church at one end of the town, or by the Latins in theirs at the other. I had not even the curiosity to examine the place in the Franciscan Convent where that house of the Virgin once stood which was conveyed by angels to Loretto, and which, having received the sanction of the Infallible Church in 1518 through the Papal Bull of Leo X., is daily visited by greater crowds of admiring pilgrims than any holy place in Palestine, or perhaps in the world. I was much more anxious to exclude every thought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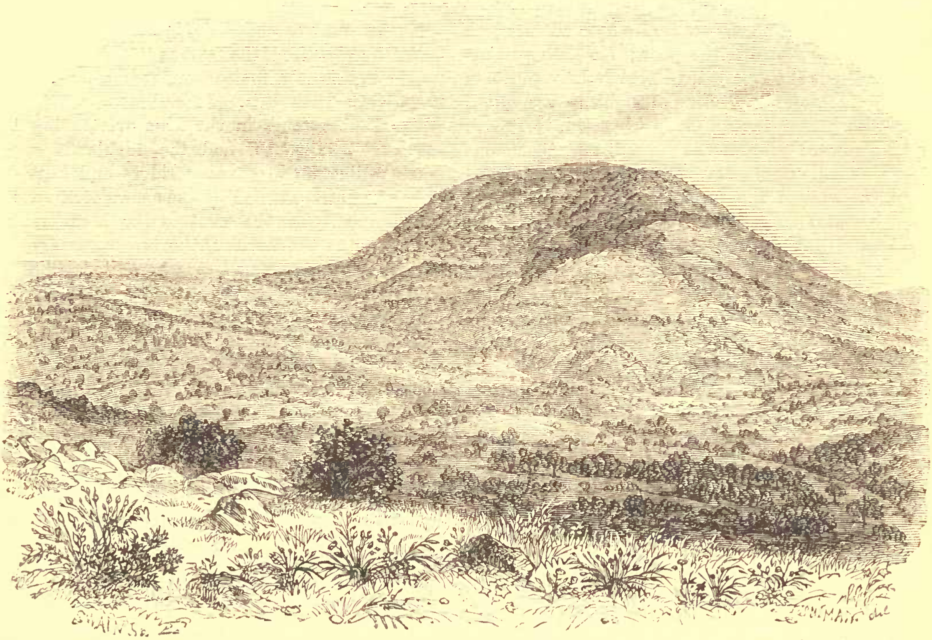
J. Graham, Photo.

NAZARETH, FROM THE EAST.

and object which could distract my mind when seeking to realise this place as the home of Jesus of Nazareth.

When the sun set I took a walk, all alone, along the hills. The night was illuminated by a full moon, which seemed to stand out of the sky as if it did not belong to the depths of blue beyond. Every object was revealed with marvellous clearness; while the dark shadows from rock and tree, from "dell and dingle," with the subdued light veiling the bare white limestone, gave not only relief to the eye, but added to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene. A low undulating ridge of hills encloses the green plain that lies like a lake, with Nazareth built on one of its shores. I soon reached a point opposite to the town, where I sat down, protected from the intrusion of any chance traveller or prowler by the deep shadow of a tree. Thence, amid a silence broken only by the barking of the never-silent dogs, I gazed out, feeling painfully, as I often did before, the difficulty of "taking it all in." I inwardly repeated "This is Nazareth! Here—in this town—among these hills—Jesus was brought up as a child, and was subject to His meek and loving mother, 'full of grace;' here as a boy 'He grew in wisdom and in stature;' here for many years He laboured as a man for His daily bread; here He lived as an acquaintance, neighbour, and friend. For years He gazed on this landscape, and walked along these mountain paths, and worshipped God among these solitudes, 'nourishing a life sublime' and far beyond our comprehension. Hither, too, He came 'in the Spirit,' after His baptism by water and by the Holy Ghost, and His consecration to the ministry; and after that new and mysterious era in his hitherto simple and uneventful life, when he was tempted of the devil. Here He preached His first sermon in the synagogue in which it had hitherto been His 'custom' to worship and to receive instruction; and here, too, he was first rejected, the dark cloud of hate from His brethren gathering over his loving soul. And one of these rocks became a rehearsal of the Cross of Calvary. Can all this," I asked myself, "be true! Was this indeed the scene of such events as these!"



J. Graham, Photo.

Mount Tabor, from the North.

There was nothing very grand in the appearance of the place, yet the circumstances under which I saw it prevented any painful conflict arising in the mind between the real and ideal. The town, with its white walls, all gemmed with lights scintillating with singular brilliancy in the mountain air, seemed to clasp the rugged hill-side like a bracelet gleaming with jewels. Masses of white rock shone out from dark recesses. The orchards and vineyards below were speckled with patches of bright moonlight breaking in among their shadows; while peace and beauty rested over all.

The question may naturally suggest itself to the reader, as it often does to the traveller, whether an earthly setting to such a picture as the life of Jesus has not a tendency to weaken one's faith in the divinity, in proportion as it compels him to realise the humanity of Christ's Person? The reply which each traveller will give must necessarily be affected not only by his previous belief regarding Christ's Person, but by the proportion of faith, so to speak, which he has been more or less consciously in the habit of exercising with reference to our Lord's divine and human nature. Whether it was that in my own case the humanity of our Lord has ever been very real and precious to me, I know not, but the effect upon my mind of the scene at Nazareth was, if possible, to intensify my faith in His divinity. For as I gazed on that insignificant and lowly town, so far removed at all times from the busy centres of even provincial influence, I remembered how, in that memorable sermon preached there to His old acquaintances and kinsfolk, these words were uttered by Him:—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord:" and that same Jesus added, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." I then recalled the previous life of the Man who dared thus to speak;—how since His boyhood He had lived among the people whom he then addressed a life marked by no sign or wonder, but only by holiness, which men were too commonplace and unholy to see,—a life too in its ordinary visible aspects so like their own, that when He thus spoke all were amazed as if a great king had been suddenly revealed who had been from childhood among them in disguise; and they asked with astonishment, "Is not this Joseph's son?"

Recalling this, and contrasting that past with all that had since sprung up out of the holiest hearts, and all that had been accomplished on earth in the name of Jesus, then arose again the question put 1800 years ago:—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And what reply could I then give to it from personal experience, and from the light cast upon it by "the long results of time?" As a minister and member of the Church of Christ, and as a representative of a vast multitude on earth, and of a greater multitude now before the throne of God, I could but say, "Yea!" As sure as there is a right and wrong, as sure as there is a God, the highest good that man can possess and enjoy, has come to us out of this very Nazareth! From an experience tested in every land, in every age, in every possible variety of outward and inward circumstances, we know that Jesus of Nazareth has proved himself to be what He said He was when He preached that first sermon; we know and can testify that in our own spirits He has verily "fulfilled that word"—that He has healed our broken hearts, delivered us who were captives to sin, restored our sight when blind, and given us that light which carries with it its own evidence of truth, and enables us to see God, filling our hearts with joy and gladness! This was my reply.

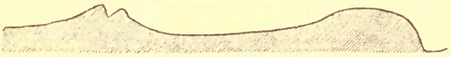
And a further question may suggest itself—"Who was, or who is, this person, Jesus of Nazareth, to whom we owe all this good?" A man like ourselves? Yes, but surely more than a mere man! The very perfection of His humanity points to something above humanity. And our faith is not in a Christ that was, to whom we owe all this good, but in a Christ that is—in one who "was dead, but is alive and liveth for evermore," and who is found to be the resurrection and the life of every man who has faith in Him. Therefore it was that, believing and knowing this, the Divine Person of Christ, as I gazed at lowly Nazareth, reached the sky, and filled the whole earth with His glory!

Next day we ascended the hill above the town to enjoy the view from the famous "Wely." There is not in Palestine a more commanding or more glorious view than this. It embraces a landscape which almost takes in the hills overlooking Jerusalem to the south, and the highlands of the north rolling up in crossing ridges and increasing in height until crowned by the snows of the majestic Hermon. To the west is the Mediterranean stretching to the horizon, the brown arms of the bay of Acre embracing it where it touches the land; while to the east are the hills of Gilead beyond the Jordan, vanishing in the pathless plains of the Hauran. Within this circumference every object is full of interest. The magnificent plain of Esdraelon lies mapped beneath us with its verdant bays, surrounded by famous shores. The view also among the hills of Galilee is most beautiful, varied as it is by rich inland plains too remote for the ravages of the Bedouin, and by picturesque and broken knolls clothed with wood, vines, and olives, and surrounded by verdant grass and corn-fields. There is one bright gem in the centre of all, Cana of Galilee, where He who came eating and drinking sanctified for ever the use of all God's gifts, calling none of them common or unclean, and the memories of which will for ever mingle with the joys of the marriage feast. All around us were the "ruins famed in story," which we had seen on the previous day.

One thought was constantly present—Jesus must often have gazed on this view and recalled the events recorded in Old Testament history suggested by it. It is remarkable that in His first sermon preached at Nazareth He alludes to the two great prophets, Elijah and Elisha, who made this plain illustrious by their deeds. What His thoughts and anticipations were, as He meditated on all the past for many a year, cannot be guessed by us. Enough that we were privileged to walk where He walked, to see what He saw, and, best of all, to know the truth of what He taught.

From the "Wely" we pursued our journey to Tiberias, and bade farewell to Nazareth. Why attempt to describe our road? No one who has not travelled it will *see* it from any words of mine, and those who have seen it need not have recalled to them what, after all, is not particularly worth remembering.

The most striking view on the road is that of the famous "Kürün," or "Horns of Hattîn." The general appearance of the hill is this—



I have applied the word famous to these "horns," not because of the view either of them or from them, though both are striking; but because they mark the traditional Mount of the Beatitudes. This tradition has more in its favour than most traditions, as the position of the mountain with reference to the Lake of Tiberias in its neighbourhood, and the formation of the "horns," reconcile the narrative of the circumstances in which "the Sermon" seems to have been preached, first from one height, and then from a lower. Dr. Stanley says regarding it:—"It is the only height seen in this direction from the shores of the Lake of Gennesareth. The plain on which it stands is easily accessible from the lake, and from that plain to the summit is but a few minutes' walk. The platform at the top is evidently suitable for the collection of a multitude, and corresponds precisely to the 'level place' (τόπου πεδινοῦ), to which He would 'come down' as from one of its higher horns to address the people. Its situation is central both to the peasants of the Galilean hills, and the fishermen of the Galilean lake, between which it stands, and would therefore be a natural resort both to 'Jesus and His disciples,' when they retired for solitude from the shores of the sea, and also to the crowds who assembled 'from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Jerusalem, from Judæa, and from beyond Jordan.' None of the other mountains in the neighbourhood could answer equally well to this description, inasmuch as they are merged into the uniform barrier of hills round the Lake; whereas this stands separate—'the mountain' which alone could lay claim to a distinct name, with the exception of the one height of Tabor, which is too distant to answer the requirements."

It was on these horns also that the last great battle of the Crusaders took place. A strange comment this on the Beatitudes! The first and best account of this famous battle was published by Dr. Robinson. Enough for me to tell, that on the 5th of July, 1187, the army of noble knights, 2000 in all, with 8000 followers, drew up in order of battle around the Horns of Hattîn to meet the brave and generous Saladeen. The Crusaders had behaved in a most treacherous manner to the Moslems, and had grossly broken their treaty with them. Saladeen was more righteous than they. They carried as their rallying banner the true cross from Jerusalem; but the Moslems had its justice on their side, though not its wood. After days of suffering and after many gross military mistakes, the Crusaders found themselves terribly beaten, and all that remained of them on the evening of this awful battle-day gathered on and around the Horns of Hattîn. King Guy of Lusignan was the centre of the group; around him were the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, Raynald of Chatillon, Humphrey of Turon, and the Bishop of Lydda, the latter of whom bore the Holy Cross. All at last were slain or taken prisoners, and the Holy Land was lost. Few know these Crusaders' names now, or care for them. They were famous in their day, and had their ballads and lady-loves, and were the admired of many a pilgrim. But they represented an age that was passing away, for it had done its work in the world. Yet who can see with indifference the spot where that storm of battle roared, amid the gleaming of axes, the flashing of swords, the streaming of banners, the loud cries and yells of victory or despair, and know that it was the burial-day of the Crusades, and the triumph for a time of the Moslem, without stopping his horse, gazing on the scene, sighing, meditating, and then—alas for the bathos as well as the pathos of human nature!—probably lighting his cigar.

We rode along the upland ridge which ends in a gentle ascent leading to the summit of the hills that form the western side of Tiberias, and rise about 1000 feet above its waters. We thought that we would have had time to ascend this height and look down from it upon the whole Lake. But the distance to it was greater than we anticipated, and so, descending the steep sides of the hill, we gained the ordinary track which leads round its base to Tiberias. We soon came in sight of the Lake, and thus had another dream of our life realised! Passing round the town, with its many ruins, few palms, and great poverty, we reached our tents, which we found delightfully pitched on the shore of the Lake, and at a safe and pleasant distance from the town.

The first impressions made upon me by the scenery of the Lake of Tiberias are very easily described. *Visibly* it was but a lake, and "nothing more." The east and west shores possess very different characters. The eastern shore has the same aspect as that of the Dead Sea—the same kind of terraced look, as if caused by a series of volcanic upheavings, at long intervals.* The western shore is decidedly Scotch, owing, I presume, to its trap (?) as well as its limestone. Its rounded hill-tops and broken grass-covered slopes certainly wore to me an old familiar look, recalling the hills of Moffat, or those round many of the Scotch lakes.

The desolation of the shores of the Lake is another feature which at once strikes us. We see no trees—no white specks of houses—no trace of life—but a dead monotony without any variety of outline to give picturesque interest. The Lake is about fourteen miles long, six to seven broad at its centre, and five at Tiberias. Yet there is no town on its shores but this ruined Tiberias; and so wholly given up to the lawless Bedouin is its eastern side that there is danger in landing there unless under the protection of some chief, to whom liberal backsheesh must be paid. Yet this Lake was in our Saviour's days one of the busiest scenes in Palestine, with a dozen or more flourishing towns on its shores, gay palaces giving to it the air of wealth and splendour, and a thriving traffic enlivening its waters. As Dr. Stanley remarks, "In that busy stir of life were the natural elements, out of which His future disciples were to be formed. Far removed from the capital, mingled, as we have seen, with the Gentile races of Lebanon and Arabia, the dwellers by the Sea of Galilee were free from most of the strong prejudices which in the south of Palestine raised a bar to His reception. 'The people' in 'the land of Zabulon and Nephthalim, by the way of the sea beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles,' had 'sat in darkness;' but from that very cause 'they saw' more clearly 'the great light' when it came: 'to them which sat in the region and the shadow of death,' for that very reason 'light sprang up' the more readily. He came to 'preach the Gospel to the poor,' to 'the weary and heavy laden'—to 'seek and to save that which was lost.' Where could He find work so readily as in the ceaseless toil and turmoil of these teeming villages and busy waters? The heathen or half-heathen 'publicans' or tax-gatherers would be there, sitting by the lake side 'at the receipt of custom.' The 'women who were sinners' would there have come, either from the neighbouring Gentile cities, or corrupted by the license of Gentile manners. The Roman soldiers would there be found quartered with their slaves, to be near the palaces of the Herodian princes, or to repress the turbulence of the Galilean peasantry. And the hardy boatmen, filled with the faithful and grateful spirit by which that peasantry was always distinguished, would supply the energy and docility which He needed for His followers. The copious fisheries of the lake now assumed a new interest. The two boats by the beach; Simon and Andrew casting their nets into the water; James and John on the shore washing and mending their nets; the 'toiling all the night and catching nothing;' 'the great multitude of fishes so that the net brake;' Philip, Andrew, and Simon from 'Bethsaida' the 'House of Fisheries;' the 'casting a hook for the first fish that cometh up;' the 'net cast into

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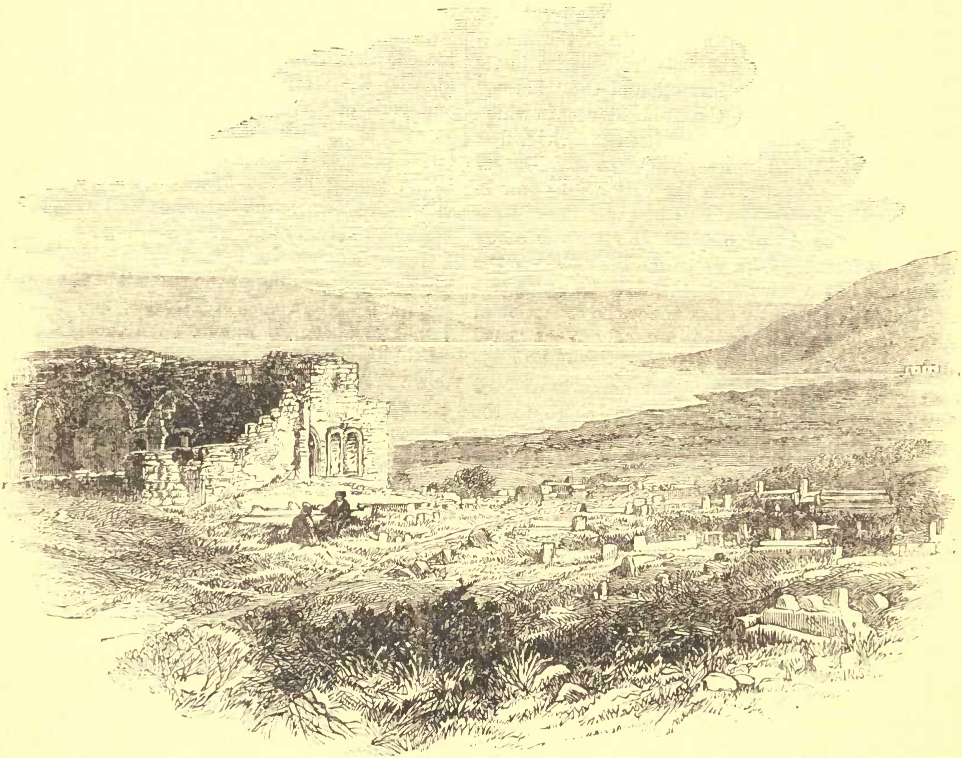
* The view of Tiberias given by Roberts in his "Sketches of the Holy Land" does not recall to me a single feature of the scene except the sweep of the bay in the foreground. In everything save buildings Roberts is wofully inaccurate. I have seen no photograph or drawing which gives any correct idea of the shores of the Lake of Tiberias such as Hunt gives of the eastern side of the Dead Sea in his picture of "The Scapegoat."


F. Bedford, Photo.

Tiberias.

the sea, and gathering of every kind'—all these are images which could occur nowhere else in Palestine but on this one spot, and which from that one spot have now passed into the religious language of the civilised world, and in their remotest applications, or even misapplications, have converted the nations and shaken the thrones of Europe."

The town of Tiberias is not certainly very lively to look at, though its insect-life has obtained a world-wide notoriety. I never entered it, as I more and more felt that any supposed gain to my stock of information from the spectacles of filth and poverty which I knew it contained would only be a loss to me in seeking to realise the holy past. I therefore saw its walls only, and these were so shaken, cracked, and crumbled by the great earthquake which occurred in 1857, that their chief interest consists in the visible effects of that fearful earth-heaving. The present town is comparatively modern. The ancient one was built by that Herod who "feared John" the Baptist, "knowing that he was a just man and a holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly." Yet he murdered him. It was this same sensual and superstitious tyrant to whom Jesus, when He met him face to face for the first time on the day of His crucifixion, preached the awful sermon of *silence;* for Herod "questioned with Him in many words, but He answered him nothing!" The ruins of the old city are scattered over the space between the hills and the Lake to the south, as far as the hot baths. Mingled with the shells on the shore are innumerable small bits of what had formed mosaic pavements. We easily gathered many specimens.

We had hardly reached our tents and got settled in them when a boat loaded with Jews, pulled past us from the baths to the town. The number of people in it sunk it to the gunwale, reminding us oddly enough of the little boats and tall forms which are represented in Raphael's cartoon of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." A number of men were standing in it singing and clapping their hands in chorus. It was a rather joyous scene,—a rare thing in these parts. We were told that it was a wedding procession.

There are only two boats on the lake, and we sent a messenger to the town to secure one of them for us after dark, requesting that some fishermen with their nets would accompany it. For other reasons than they could conjecture, we were anxious to "go a fishing." They came accordingly, when the stars and moon were out in the sky. Friends who had travelled with us from Jerusalem accompanied us, and we rowed out on the Lake. Few words were spoken, but each had his own thoughts, as these rough men cast out their nets for a draught, wholly ignorant of other fishermen who long ago had done the same. They were thinking only of backsheesh, and possibly of our folly in giving it, the chances of getting anything where we let down the net being so small. It is unnecessary to suggest the memories which arose as the net was dropped in the calm sea rippling under the moonlight; or as, after encircling a wide space for our prey, we "caught nothing." Were Peter and the sons of Zebedee, and the other Apostles, all of whom were chosen on the shores of this Lake, just such men as these? Were they such "earthen vessels," made rich only by the treasures of grace with which the Lord filled them day by day through His divine teaching? And if not so supernaturally educated and upheld, how have such men taught the world, become famous, and given names to the innumerable places of Christian worship which have been in all lands called after St. Peter, St. James, St. John? The Divine Spirit alone, who filled the man Christ Jesus, could have transfigured commonplace fishermen and publicans into Apostles, and made a commonplace lake a theatre of wonders.

We bathed in the Lake. I mention this otherwise trifling fact, as it accidentally made us aware of the singular distance to which sounds are conveyed along this shore. Our party had scattered themselves for convenience, and I was alone, when my friends began to converse at a considerable distance from me. I was astonished beyond measure when, considering the space between us, I heard what was spoken in the tones of ordinary conversation. This induced us to continue the experiment of talking, which ended in our conviction that, making all allowance for the well-known fact of sound being conveyed by water, we had never known any place where the tones of the voice could be so far heard. Our words sounded as in a "whispering gallery." It was evident that on this shore a vast multitude might be addressed with perfect ease. Tiberias is 400, some say 600, feet below the level of the sea, and its banks are high. Does this account for the clear reverberations?

This Lake is, without question, the most interesting in the whole world. There is no part of Palestine, not excepting Jerusalem even, which is more associated with our Lord's life and teaching. Yet it is impossible to fix on a single spot here, as on the Mount of Olives or at Jacob's Well, and affirm with certainty that there Jesus stood and spoke. His steps cannot be discerned upon the deep; we only know that His holy feet walked over these waters, and that His commanding voice calmed their stormy waves. He had walked and taught on many places along the broad beach which stretches between the hills and the sea;—but where, we cannot tell! The silence of those lonely hills was often broken by His prayers at night, but God's angels alone know the spots where He uttered his "strong supplications," or those which He watered with His tears.

Opposite Tiberias is the Wady Fik, with its ancient tombs near the road leading to the famous stronghold of Gamala, and with steep hills descending into the Lake. This is generally admitted to have been the place where our Lord healed the Gadarene demoniac,—a narrative which reveals at once man's spiritual and physical misery when possessed by evil; his weakness in attempting to free a brother from such tyranny; the gracious power of Jesus, Lord of the unseen world, in casting out the evil spirit; the blessed results visible in the man himself, sitting "clothed, and in his right mind," at the feet of Jesus; the wise and loving work given the restored man to do, "Go to thine own house, and show what things the Lord hath done to thee;" and the overflowing of grateful love which impelled him to proclaim to the whole city the glad tidings of a deliverer from Satan.

Seated on the shore of the Lake, one naturally asks, where did that memorable scene occur recorded in the last chapter of St. John's gospel? If ever a narrative shone in its own light of Divine truth, it is this one. Its simplicity and pathos, and its exquisite harmony with all we know and believe of Jesus, invest it with an interest which must ever increase with its study. The whole of the memorable scene comes before us as we ponder over the events of those few days:—the weary night of toil, foreshadowing the labours of the fishers of men—the unexpected appearance of the stranger in the shadow of early dawn—the miraculous draught of fishes, a prophecy of future ingatherings to the Church of Christ—the instinctive cry of the beloved Apostle, "It is the Lord"—the leap of Peter into the sea at the feet of his Master—the humble meal, with such a company as has never met on earth again—the reverential silence first broken by our Lord—the thrice repeated question addressed in righteousness and love to him who had thrice denied Him—the all in all of that question, which involved the essential principle of Christian love, "Lovest thou me?"—the all in all of the command, which involved the essential rule of Christian practice, "Follow thou me"—the duty of those anxious about others shown by the reply to the inquiry, "What shall this man do?" "What is that to thee? follow thou me!"—the announcement of a martyr's death made to him, and to him only, who, from fear of death, had denied his Lord, conveying the blessed assurance that, even *in extremis*, Peter would glorify Him;—and the lesson taught to the Church of the untrustworthiness of even apostolic traditions, seeing that in the very lifetime of the Apostles a false tradition had gone abroad regarding the death of St. John, the true story being carefully reported by the Apostle himself:—all this, and more than words can express, is vividly recalled as we sit on this shore; yet it is in vain that we ask, On what precise spot did these events take place?

But there is no real cause of sorrow in our ignorance of such localities. The places where Jesus lived and taught were denounced by Him in terrible words. These words have been fulfilled, and the ruins, or rather the complete obliteration, of Capernaum once exalted to heaven, and of Chorazin and Bethsaida, only typify the ruin of the souls of those who in any place receive not the truth in the love of it. Yet the truth itself remains to us, quite independently of the mere accidental circumstances of time and place in which it was first spoken; and the words of Jesus, uttered in a few minutes, will ever remain the salt of the earth and the light of the world. The "Peace, be still," will calm many a storm; "It is I, be not afraid," will bring strength to many an anxious soul; "Lovest thou me?" will search many a heart; "Follow thou me" will direct many a pilgrim. The world will for ever be influenced, and the Church of God nourished, by the teaching given beside these waters;—by "the sermon on the mount;" the parables of "the sower," "the tares," the "treasure hid in the field," the "merchant seeking goodly pearls;" and by the lectures on "*formality*" (Matt. xv. 1), "*faith*" (John vi. 22), and on "*humility*," "*forbearance*," and "*brotherly love*" (Mark ix. 33).

The day we spent at Tiberias was Good Friday, and though we Presbyterians keep no day specially "holy" except the Lord's-day, yet knowing how many brethren "esteem this day above another" and "regard it unto the Lord," we remembered with them the great event, which is dear to us all, as being the life of the world. We could not forget that it was near this district that He "began to show to His disciples how He must suffer many things of the Chief Priests and Scribes, be killed, and rise from the dead on the third day;" and that when Peter began, in his ignorance, to rebuke Him, He taught those precious lessons of self-denial which every Good Friday should recall as its practical teaching to all of us.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION.

By HENRY ROGERS, Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

THE failure of the recent attempt to lay the Atlantic cable was a grievous disappointment, not only to the eminent men of science who had expended such rare resources of knowledge and skill, and so vast an amount of patience and perseverence, on this great enterprise; not only to the capitalists, who have cast so many hundreds of thousands of pounds into the sea; but to the nation at large. The public took the liveliest interest in its fortunes, and devoured the brief telegrams which for a few days made the heart throb with alternate hope and fear, as greedily as if each man had a personal stake in the venture; it endured the long interval of silence during which it was possible only to conjecture, and at last hung over the mournful records of the great catastrophe in which so much intellectual and material wealth had been wasted, with little short of the most vivid feelings with which it ever watched the progress of a great campaign, or waited for the tidings of some decisive battle which was to close it.

Yet the failure need not produce despair of the object's being attained at last; nor, if it be taken aright, is it without its valuable lessons.

It need not produce despair;—for if the thing is to be accomplished by human effort at all, and if it will really repay the cost of accomplishing it; in other words, if there be no insurmountable physical obstacles to success, and no conclusive economic reasons for abandoning the project (for, whether it be physically possible or not, it is clear that men will not, unless mad, venture on more than a certain number of such costly experiments), it is certain to be accomplished at last. And we may draw favourable omens from what has ever been the history of similar great enterprises; they have been prosecuted amidst fluctuations of fortune, alternate hopes and fears, and in spite of many failures; but all this, again, has not been without its benefit. It has called forth the virtues of fortitude and patience, and stimulated to higher efforts of invention, in dealing with the difficulties thus opposed: benefits which in nine cases out of ten are yet more valuable than the immediate success of any one project. For the qualities thus elicited are the conditions of all human progress.

And if, as many of us probably cannot but fear, the project is not to be accomplished by *this* route, it will, doubtless, by some other. The end,—that of linking together the two great continents of Europe and America by the great bond which telegraphic communication implies,—is so momentous, that the attempt will hardly be abandoned while one spark of hope remains. *Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam*, the enterprising spirit of modern civilisation will say: "We shall find a road, or make one."

For surely it would be a strange anomaly if not only the Old Continents, and the New, were *separately* traversed by that friendly lightning, which is the most subtle product of civilisation, and so important an instrument of its further progress, but three out of the four,—Europe, Asia, and Africa,—were linked together by it, while a deep and impassable gulf still separated the Transatlantic hemisphere from ours. Surely it would be a strange anomaly if universal civilisation thus advanced with a limping and lame pace; with Mercury's "winged sandal" on one foot, and an old shoe on the other; or like poor Peter Schlemihl, when suddenly surprised by the bear, with the seven-leagued boot on his right leg, and only the ordinary means of locomotion with the other. It would certainly be curious if we were but ten minutes in transmitting our thoughts, however trivial, to the extremities of India or China, or in knocking at the gates of Pekin or Ispahan, while it still took ten days to convey a message (though the world's peace might hang upon it) to the President of the United States!

And if the project be, as it seems, so necessary to the development of civilisation and the interests of humanity, at least if these are to advance *pari passu*, we have every reason to hope that this (and, for similar reasons, many other equally gigantic enterprises) will in time be brought to successful issue. For by an older charter than that of the Baconian philosophy, and by the express command of Him who can and will render the laws and forces of nature subservient to us, so far as our welfare is really involved in such subservience, man is encouraged to take possession of the earth, and subdue it: "Be fruitful," the Almighty said, "and multiply, and replenish the earth, and *subdue* it."

It is as though God had said, "In virtue of those powers lodged in the human intellect, and in virtue of *numbers*, by which alone those powers (comparatively feeble in each individual of the race,) can be successfully exerted, aspire to a dominion over the external world, animate and inanimate; *subdue* it; yoke the laws and forces of physical nature in your service; so far as their subservience is really essential to your welfare and progress, they shall be subservient by *my* express ordination." It is not only a command, but involves a promise and prediction; as full, surely, of hope and encouragement to such as believe in the divine authority of the Scriptures, as can be the doubtful, however confident, vaticinations of merely mortal prescience.

But the failure is also fraught with instruction. It is calculated to teach us lessons which we are all too apt to forget: the sense of dependence;

the feeling of humility; self-knowledge; the consciousness that success, after all, must hang on a thousand favourable conditions, (some of them seemingly trivial enough), which man cannot command, and which yet must happily conspire with man's foresight and energy, or that foresight and energy will be all in vain. In the case of the Atlantic Telegraph, how small, how utterly insignificant an obstacle it was which once and again arrested the whole machinery of the great enterprise, frustrated all the forethought and sagacity which had been expended on it, and perhaps was the principal, if not immediate cause of ultimate failure;—an inch or two of wire which nobody suspected to be there, or if there, likely to do any mischief, pressed by the paying-out machine into the core of the telegraph! It reminds one of what Pascal says so sarcastically of the dependence of man—the Monarch of the world—on the veriest trifles in existence: "Be not surprised that he reasons ill just now; a fly is buzzing in his ears; it is quite enough to render him incapable of all sound deliberation. If you wish him to discover Truth, be pleased to chase away that insect which holds his reason in check and troubles that mighty mind which governs cities and kingdoms."

Nor is it of little moment to remember that the dominion of nature which the great charter already alluded to guarantees to man, must be conjoined with a recognition of Him who alone can give effect to it. If there be indeed a God; if consequently it be both fitting in itself, and necessary for the true perfection and felicity of man, that man should recognise his relation to his Creator; if the sense of dependence, the attitude of fealty, be appropriate to Him; we may be assured that, whatever the powers with which he may have been gifted, they cannot in the end be successfully exerted except in compliance with the laws of his being, and therefore in harmony with the relations in which he stands to the Supreme Lord. And how easily may He frustrate man's ambitious aspirations, if these are resolved to leave Him out of account; and that without any express interposition. It is enough to leave man to form and pursue those vain shadows, to which there is no more seductive tempter than that arrogance of soul, which the ambition of being independent of God is so apt to inspire! How infinite are the mazes of error (seen in the history of all human speculation) in which he may be suffered to wander, and in which he has been, in fact, so often lost! Infinite are the chimeras, the impossible achievements, in which he may lose his time and toil, waste his faculties, and squander his wealth. How often has he done so before, and never more often than when he has been deluded by the dreams and fallacious hopes to which spurious pretensions of science have prompted,—projects as vain as squaring the circle, solving the problem of perpetual motion, discovering "potable gold," the *elixir vitæ*, or the transmutation of metals; on which (as he once did on these) he may vainly waste years of intense thought and toil, which if wisely and legitimately expended, might bear the most precious fruits. In this, as in *other* directions, "vaulting ambition" is ever prone "to overleap itself."

It must be confessed that science has often, and not least in our day, been apt, in the elation of past successes, to indulge in a good deal of bombast and rhodomontade about the destined triumphs of man over nature; to speak in strong poetic licence of "making storm, flood and fire the vassals of his will;" as if science itself were to be absolutely independent, instead of holding everything as a mere feudatory under the Sovereign Lord; as if it were privileged to conquer by its own strength and in its own right; and as if, also, there was to be no limit to its powers! It accordingly often gives a very different draft of its relations to nature than that which is conveyed in the ancient Command and Promise just adverted to. Impatient of all control, ambitious of being independent, it is sometimes pleased to represent the forces of nature, not as auxiliaries which a Power, greater than they or it, *designs* to subordinate in a measure to man's will, and make subservient to his use, but as hostile forces, which for the greater honour of man's prowess and the gratification of his pride, are perforce to be chained to his chariot-wheels and yoked to a reluctant service, because he, the human god, has so resolved!

In a similar manner, man is too apt to represent that indefinite, but still, at the utmost, moderate dominion which he is to attain over nature, as *absolutely* without limit. Hence it is well that he should be taught the futility of this notion; now, by encountering unanticipated obstacles which shall baffle his wisest schemes; now, by the occasional outbreak of the more resistless forces of nature, before which man's power and skill are utterly impotent; which at once terrify and abash him when he is confronted with them. These still more effectually teach the above lesson; they are like "that Leviathan," which the patriarch is challenged to tame, and to "make him his servant for ever:"—"Lay thine hand upon him; remember the battle; do no more."

The earthquake, the volcano, the hurricane, the ocean in its fury, the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," teach man how limited, after all, is and must be his command of the greater or the more subtle forces of nature; that if they minister to him, it is at a higher bidding than his; that they are no mere drudges of his pleasure, and do not own him as their supreme feudal lord. One of the stanzas in Byron's well-known description of the ocean is instructive in this point of view, though we may lament the misanthropy which spoils the sentiment of the verse, and laugh at the bad grammar which mars the close of it:—

"Man's steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
And shake him from thee! The vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay." *

Much more sweetly and wisely, because with much more of the spirit of humanity, does Scott touch the contrast between man's insignificance and nature's vastness and grandeur, in the well-known strains in which he makes Staffa apostrophise the architects of the "holy fane" of Iona:—

"Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still between each awful pause
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone, prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance point in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,—
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
'Thy humble powers that stately shrine
'Task'd high and hard;—but witness mine!'"

No doubt man is destined to advance perpetually in knowledge, and consequently in power, (which is but its application): but though we cannot tell exactly how far he may go, we may easily discern that there *are* limits within which his uttermost achievements will certainly fall. No man expects to soar to "the corners of the moon," or to dive to the earth's centre, or "to bore a hole to the Antipodes,"—as Voltaire maliciously feigns of Maupertuis; no one expects any such things any more than to carry out the project of another humorous writer, namely, to "equalise the temperature of the frigid and torrid zones by towing down the icebergs of the Polar Seas and hanging them on the equinoctial line to dry." No one expects to shut the mouth of volcanoes, to arrest the lightning, to control the earthquake, to say to the stormy ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." No one expects to cure all disease, to abolish death, to make man immortal.

When the happy bride was smitten down the other day by lightning on the Alps, all that man's feeble electric mimic could do was to transmit the sad tidings home; and it was well said by one of the papers, that it impressively rebuked the braggadocio language, in which presumption too often speaks of men's "triumphs over the forces of nature." Man's *spurious* lightning could only chronicle the terrible and resistless power of the *true.*

Man, no doubt, can do wonderful things; the discoveries of astronomy, the triumphs of navigation, the powers of steam, of the railroad, of the telegraph, show us how great and how true is that dominion which God has given him. By combined and continued action he can even appreciably modify climate itself. Still, in general, what he does is great only *relatively;* for Nature works on so vast a scale, that man's mightiest and grandest fabrics are comparatively little more than ant-hills; the longest railroads, the deepest mines, are mere scratches and pin-holes on the earth's surface. And if he intermit or abandon his works, how soon with silent force does she cover the proudest monuments of his skill and labour, and bury them so thoroughly in her tomb of living green, that he can hardly dig out even the traces of them!

"Wonderful," said a lecturer whom I lately heard—a lecturer most deservedly popular, but a little disposed to magniloquise on man's achievements, and to forget man's limitations:—"Wonderful! that little man, taking his stand on this earth, should be able to calculate the distances, and, in a manner, speculate on the laws and physical constitution of Jupiter and Saturn." "Very wonderful," thought I, "it certainly is; but as to 'little man's *taking* his stand,' that, my good fellow, is a sad mistake. He is *compelled* to take it, and cannot get away from it; there he must crawl, much as if he were a pismire. He is tied by the leg to his planet: if it were not so, he would soon gladly 'take his stand' on those distant orbs of which you are so eloquently dissertiug, and cease to *speculate*, because he would then *know*, about their laws and constitution. You ought, while deservedly expatiating on the 'greatness,' not to leave out the correlative 'littleness' of man."

It is well, especially in these days when men are invited freely to spend their money in promoting great scientific projects—and they cannot spend it better, provided it is not wantonly thrown away on plainly impossible or unremunerative enterprises—to remember, not only that there are obvious physical limits to man's power, when confronted with the more overpowering forces of nature, but there are far stricter *economic* limits also: that is, there are ten thousand great things which man might do, by mere numbers, time and industry, which it is yet certain he never *will* do, simply because, as we say, they can never *pay.* There are some things, for example, which man can make, which would never *pay*, simply because, when made, even the physical limits of his power would prevent him from using. He *could*, by perseverance and numbers, build a ship ten times as big as the Great Eastern, but it is pretty certain he never will, (in fact the Great Eastern seems a trifle too big for him); for in all probability, were it built, no one mind could secure that unity and simultaneity of effort, necessary for the effective management of it; nay, in all probability, no power that man could employ could launch it; and if it were launched, no skill that could be employed in putting its materials together could keep them together, against the strain which such a mass would experience when placed on an unstable element.

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* Strange! that the poet should not have seen, or seeing, should have refused to take a little pains to correct this gross vulgarism,—which is now immortal as the poem.

As regards this last point, by the way, one of the most striking spectacles that can show the difference between God's work and man's, may be occasionally seen at the seaside. There may we sometimes see nearly the whole of a ship that has been wrecked, and driven to shore in successive fragments, the several parts of which have been put into mere juxtaposition. There is nearly the whole ship, only without any connection of part with part. And what do we see? All that man has put together, parted, rent asunder completely, to the last bolt, rivet, cramp, nail, by the ceaseless grinding and crushing of the ocean and the rocks. But what nature, or rather, God put together, is for the most part, coherent still. Each massive timber shows traces, indeed, of the mighty forces by which the cohesion has been tried; the surface is abraded, rough and ragged with half-made splinters, but still defying, in its tough cohesion, the utmost fury of wind and wave.

But to return for a moment to what I have called the economic limit of human enterprise. There are a thousand great things,—miracles of engineering skill, for example,—far greater than man has accomplished, which man *might* do, but which it is certain he never will do, simply because they cannot be remunerative. Wherever the result is simply so much superposition of matter on matter, or wherever the only condition of the work is persevering and patient toil, there is no reason why man should not, by mere numbers, do things infinitely more wonderful than he has ever yet done; but the economical limit is as imperious in these cases, as in other cases is the physical limit. If man can bore through Mont Cenis, there is, perhaps, no good reason why he should not bore through the Andes from east to west, if it could answer any purpose remunerative of the cost. He could in the same manner erect a pyramid ten or a hundred times as big as that of Cheops; or could level Mont Blanc spadeful by spadeful. But *cui bono?* And that question limits many achievements as effectually as though physical impossibilities stood in the way.

This question of the *economic* limit is specially interesting in relation to one important class of enterprises just now. To ascertain it is the great *desideratum* in reference to the extent to which it is wise to resort to submarine telegraphy. Whether, indeed, there be not physical limits, which will render it impossible permanently to maintain a line through more than a certain distance, or at such depths as those in which the Atlantic telegraph now lies, is still the subject of most interesting experiment. *A priori*, however, there does not seem any impossibility of a physical character; nothing in the mere distance or depth that will impair the conductivity of the wire, and nothing that will imply insurmountable obstacles in laying it. So, at least, the best judges say, and to a certain extent experience has confirmed it; for the Atlantic cable has been laid, and apparently *did* speak, or rather squeak, for a moment, though it died before it attained the full power of articulate speech. If it was born almost dumb, still it did mutter something. The probabilities are, then, that in a given number of trials what has been once done may be done again. But whether it can be *so* done that the work shall last long enough to *pay*, —whether the economic limit be not, in this as in so many cases, far within the physical limit, it will be well for all speculators in the matter narrowly to consider. For unless it can be laid down so as to last for many years without any flaw in its working, it seems in the highest degree improbable that it can be anything else than a losing speculation: and for this simple reason, that whereas all submarine lines of telegraph, like other lines, are liable to accidents, any such fault occuring in a line of such extent as the Atlantic Telegraph, would seem not to admit of repair; and if so, the only remedy in case of a flaw, would be to lay down another cable. Now if interruptions in this cable, in proportion to its *length*, occur with anything approaching the frequency with which accidents have occurred on other lines; if the only remedy in any such case should be found to be the laying down of a new cable, and if the laying down each new cable is to be attended with a cost at all comparable with that of the recent experiments, it is hardly possible to suppose the project can be successful as a *commercial* speculation. If it be from its length liable to more flaws than cables of less length, and if when they occur it cannot be "fished up" and repaired like any other, but must be left to rot at the bottom of the ocean, and a new one substituted in its place, then it requires great faith to believe that it can ever be remunerative.

That there must be abstractedly *some* length at which this limit of *economic* impracticability must be reached would seem to be demonstrable thus: As a flaw or fault in a telegraph cable may occur anywhere, every yard laid down affords an additional chance of one. If sufficiently long, therefore, the occurrence of a very frequent accident will become almost a certainty; but the very same circumstance which makes an accident somewhere in its whole length so probable, namely, its length itself, will make it impossible to "fish it up" and repair it; that is, we approach at the very same time to a *maximum* of probabilities of an accident, and a *minimum* of chances of repairing it.

Whether the Atlantic Telegraph is of such a length as reaches or transcends this limit, (and if it does not, it is hard to suppose that any other cable will, for it will hardly be necessary to have one longer, or so long), is the very point to be decided by future experiments. At present we seem to be much in the dark as to the length at which any one stretch of submarine telegraph can be depended upon for such a duration of safe working as will make it permanently pay. It may be that beyond a certain limit, say of 500 or 600 miles, accidents may be so numerous, and the difficulties of recovering and repairing a cable so great, that it will not answer to lay one down. If this should ultimately turn out to be the case, we must seek to achieve the Transatlantic Telegraph by one or more of the circuitous routes proposed,—taking only moderate portions of submarine cable at any one stretch. Thus shall we find the old proverb come true, that "the farthest way about is the nearest way home." And, indeed, if the stations and the line can be guarded, it matters not; for to the electric messenger it is all one, whether it has ten or a thousand miles to travel, more or less. To such an incomparable "Puck," it matters not whether he be commissioned to knock at our next neighbour's door, or "to put a girdle round about the earth in five-and-twenty minutes."

In the meantime, we must wait with patience the result of future experiments; only here, as in other cases, let those who cannot afford to throw away their money well consider whether *they* are the parties who are called upon to make such costly experiments. Certainly, the hope of gain is not sufficiently definite to justify any one who cannot well afford to lose. Scientific men give the toil of their brain, their time and their lives, to these grand enterprises; it is proper that great capitalists should second their efforts by such means as *they* have to give, and take their chance of losing what they can afford to lose, or of gaining a great prize; of verifying the old proverb about "making a spoon or spoiling a horn." They may thus be great benefactors of their species, at the same time that they benefit themselves; and if neither be the case, they can sit down content to bear the cost of the experiment. But let not those, who wish to make a little provision for wife and children, endanger it in the hope of doubling it.

Similar observations apply to such an enterprise as that of M. de Lesseps. There may be no physical impossibility about any such work, any more than there was about the attempt of Nero to cut the Isthmus of Corinth. That M. Lesseps' project is not physically impossible is plain from what has been already said; for it is one of those which simply imply so much time, toil, and money. Man can supply all, if he pleases. But what will be the expense of the adequate maintenance of such a work—how long it will last without such repairs as will be tantamount to the cost of frequent reconstruction—how often it will be in parts choked with sand—how often, for other reasons, rendered for a time *impassable*, and therefore for such time unprofitable, all this is matter of future experiment; and everyone must wish that the cost might be borne by those who can afford to bear it. Perhaps the same may be said of the prodigious tunnel now in course of construction through Mont Cenis.

The "Public" is often rebuked for distrusting, even deriding, the brilliant projects and inventions of scientific genius; which, it is said, are first laughed at as the dream of visionaries and enthusiasts, and then loudly applauded and eagerly adopted; while their authors struggle in vain to get a fair hearing for them, and too often die in poverty after having spent their all in perfecting some piece of mechanism which is to make the world rich, though it has made them poor. And so, when praise and reward are alike valueless, a statue and a niche in the Temple of Fame are voted by acclamation! The sad story has been too often told. Still, though it may be hardly worth while to enter on the defence of the poor "Public,"—being, as Horace Walpole says, "quite big enough to take care of itself,"—there is something to be said in its behalf in this matter, notwithstanding. In its general distrust of new and startling discoveries, which transcend its experience and therefore its measures of probability, it still acts pretty much in accordance with the very maxims of that "inductive" philosophy, the chief triumphs of which it is thus supposed to depreciate or despise. It is precisely because it has found pretensions falsified in so great a number of cases, in comparison with those in which it has found them verified; the number of theories which could not be realised, and of machines that would not work, compared with those that will; of the number of flaming "patents" and magnificent promises that come to nought; it is on these grounds that the world, and not unreasonably, exercises a preliminary distrust of high-sounding promises, as to the probable fulfilment of which in the *particular* case, experience can tell them nothing, while of the frequent non-fulfilment of which, *in general*, it can tell them so much. The world's incredulity, in fact, however lamentable may be the results in special cases, is a very philosophical incredulity. And the proof is found in this: that nobody in the world doubts that if, in every case, or a majority of them, the promises of the transcendant success of new scientific applications had been fulfilled, (as it has been in the case of gas, the steam-engine, or railroads), the "Public" would long since have been cured of its imputed incredulity, and taken, as usual, its conclusion as to the future from an indication of examples in the past.

In truth, though this distrust of novel scientific pretensions on the part of discoverers and inventors is a commonplace of invective against the world in general, it is by no means certain that the world does not quite as often run into the very opposite error, namely, of embracing every specious project too readily and greedily; just as it will also take quackish nostrums in spite of large experience of their futility. For how many specious projects does this same unreflecting "world" find the capital,—which it might just as reasonably throw into the sea!

Take for example, the Great Eastern steamship.

It is true that she "behaved so well" in the recent expedition, that one cannot help forming more favourable auguries respecting her, and hoping that her brilliant future will obliterate the remembrance of her disastrous past. But whether it will hereafter be commercially profitable to employ vessels of so large a size or not, there certainly was enough, when the project was first propounded, to startle the doubts of a world which is accused of being so suspicious of novelties! It was, in many respects, in most prodigious defiance of all the ordinary lessons of experience. A thousand things in her construction, as to which experience was silent, were perfectly novel. She was to be built without a dock, and experience had so little to say in the matter that she cost 100,000*l.* only to get her into the water. If she met with an accident, there were few ports in the world large enough to receive her; she drew water enough to bring her within the reach of rocks of the existence of which no charts could inform her; and once in her brief history she seems to have been brought by that very cause into the greatest jeopardy. As to the economic limit, it seemed yet more problematical. There was hardly a port in the world to which she could take a full cargo; and if she took one to many, and made a voyage almost of circumnavigation in delivering it, she would lose in time, and its cost, the advantages of her larger freight. If she went only partially filled she would not pay the expense of maintenance,—as indeed was proved to be the case. It might again have struck the imagination that it was hardly wise to send so much to sea "in one bottom"—"to put so many eggs," as the saying is, "into one basket"—as must be the case if she was to have her complement of passengers and cargo; that if she should be lost, it would be the same thing as if a city were destroyed; that it would be on that account very doubtful policy of any government to use her as a convenient transport ship; for if she went to the bottom, it would be tantamount to the loss of 10,000 men, without a battle. All these and a thousand other things might, in the prodigious novelty of this experiment, have so powerfully affected the imagination of people as to make them at least as prone to that distrust of great scientific improvements with which they are so often charged, as in other cases. Yet there does not seem to have been much difficulty in getting the shares taken, and the money subscribed. Precisely the same may be said of the world's willingness to take up a thousand visionary projects launched by "Companies" of all kinds; so that there is reason to suspect that credulity rather than incredulity is the prevailing temperament of mankind in this matter.

If none but large capitalists were ever engaged in such ventures,—if they who can afford to lose were the only persons involved, one would not much care about it. Where there is a reasonable chance of success, a moderate sum of money, if it can be easily spared, cannot be better risked or lost than in an attempt to decide the worth of some scientific project which may largely involve the progress of civilisation and the interests of humanity.

BABY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "POLLY."

O WHEN did Baby come?
When half the world was dumb,
Babe was dressed in white,
In the black, dead night.

O Baby came from where?
That place is very fair;
The middle of the skies,
The heart of Paradise.

O who sent Baby here?
It was an angel dear,
A spirit of purple flame;
Love is that angel's name.

O who was Baby's shield
Down from the heavenly field
Along the pathway dim?
—One of the cherubim;
His sword he took with him.

His golden head he bowed
To cleave the hindering cloud:
A seraph shone behind
Singing through the wind.

Singing and shining thus,
They brought the gift to us,
And in the dead of night,
The child was wrapt in white.

O God,—who art the Lord
Of the cherub with the sword,
And the seraph with the lamp,—
Let both of them encamp

Beside the hushing tent
Of the creature that is sent
From the middle of Thy sky,—
To guard, to beautify;

To make the inaudible breath
More terrible than Death,
And light the unconscious face
As from a heavenly place
With the wonder of Thy grace!

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

XI.—MAJOR ELDRED POTTINGER.

The father of Eldred Pottinger was an Irish gentleman—Thomas Pottinger of Mount Pottinger, in the county of Down, who married Charlotte, the only child of James Moore, another Irish gentleman, whose place of residence, however, was for the most part in the Danish capital. This lady had many and great accomplishments and strong literary tastes, which might have borne good fruit, but that death cut short her early promise; she passed away from the scene, after a few years of wedded happiness, leaving behind her an only son, the subject of this memoir.

Eldred Pottinger was born on the 12th of August, 1811. He was scarcely two years old when his mother died. But he seems to have inherited from her a love of letters and a readiness in the acquisition of languages, which was very serviceable to him in later days. He was docile, and in all things quick to learn; but it was soon apparent that there was a sturdiness of character and a love of enterprise in him, which rendered it more likely that the tendencies of his manhood would be towards a life of strenuous action than to one of studious repose. His father took a second wife, and little Eldred, after a time, went to live with his step-mother, who in due course had children of her own. But Eldred was ever to her as her own son, and he loved her tenderly as a mother. He was very affectionate and very sociable, and often, when his father was absent in his yacht, the pleasant companionship of the boy was a source of comfort to Mrs. Pottinger never to be forgotten. It is an undiscriminating injustice that makes step-mothers the *bêtes noires* of domestic history. The "injusta noverca" is in real life a rarer personage than is commonly supposed. At all events the relationship at Mount Pottinger had nothing that was not beautiful about it. No distinctions were ever recognised there. The gentleness and tenderness, the forbearance and self-denial of young Eldred towards his little brothers and sisters is still gratefully remembered; and I am assured by one of the latter that not until she had nearly reached the age of womanhood was she aware that Eldred was not her own brother.

High-spirited and adventurous as he was, he was very tractable, and, save in one particular, seldom got himself into any boyish scrapes. He was very fond of playing with gunpowder; and once very nearly blew himself up together with his brother John. His military instincts were even then developing themselves, for nothing delighted him more in his play-hours than to erect mimic fortifications and to act little dramas of warlike attack and defence. One of these last had nearly a tragic termination; for having, in execution of some warlike project or other, heaped up a number of heavy stones on the crest of the garden wall, some of them fell upon and well nigh killed an old man or woman who was seated on the other side. But though forward ever in active adventure, he was by no means an inapt or inattentive scholar, and he pursued his studies, in his father's house, under a private tutor, with very commendable success. It happened, however, that, on one occasion, when in his fourteenth year, he fell out with his preceptor on some point either of discipline or of learning, and the tutor threatened him with personal chastisement. The high spirit of the boy could not brook this, and he declared that if the threat were carried into execution, he would run away and seek his fortune in some remote place. The time, indeed, had passed for home-teaching. The instincts of young Eldred turned towards foreign travel and military adventure. He delighted to peruse the records of great battles, and it is remarkable that of all the books which he read in his youth the one which made the deepest impression upon him was Drinkwater's narrative of the siege of Gibraltar. For a youth of this temper it seemed that the Indian Army opened out a field admirably calculated to develop his powers. So a nomination was obtained for him to the Company's military seminary at Addiscombe.

He was little more than fourteen, when he went to Addiscombe. Young as he was, he took a good place in his class. But he was esteemed among his comrades rather as an active manly, courageous boy; very honourable, truthful, trustworthy, and staunch. Even in his childish days, it had been observed that he could keep a secret better than most grown people. He was sure to keep it if the interests of others were concerned. When he was at Addiscombe, he committed a grave academical offence. The story has been variously told to me, and I am afraid that the balance of evidence is not much on the side of the more favourable version of it. It is traditionary in his family that he invented a new kind of shell—said to have been something very clever for a youngster of his years; and that he exploded it one day to the consternation of the authorities, and very probably to the extreme peril of his comrades. But his Addiscombe cotemporaries believe that he was moved to this exploit less by a love of science than by a love of mischief, and that in reality he merely charged an old shell with gunpowder, and fired it from a mortar in the college grounds. Fortunately the question is one which it is not material to decide. There was as much good promise in the mischief, as there would have been in the scientific ardour of the young artilleryman;

and it is far more important to note, that though others were implicated with him, Gentleman-Cadet Pottinger took upon himself all the responsibility of the breach of college rules and tried to bear all the punishment. It well nigh cost him his commission; but nothing would induce him to give up the names of those who were associated with him in the affair of the shell.

After the usual period of two years spent at Addiscombe, Eldred Pottinger went up for his final examination, and came out as a cadet of Artillery. He selected the Bombay Presidency because his uncle, Colonel Henry Pottinger, was fast rising to distinction under that Government. Having joined the head-quarters of his regiment, he devoted himself very assiduously to the duty of mastering professional details both military and scientific. In the knowledge of these he made rapid progress; and in due course was appointed quarter-master of a battalion. Having served thus, for some time, on the Regimental Staff, he was, through the good offices of his uncle, who then represented British interests in Scinde and Beloochistan, appointed to the Political Department as an assistant to his distinguished relative. Though he had at no time any great amount of Oriental book-learning, he had a considerable colloquial knowledge of the native languages, which he improved under his uncle's superintendence. But an eager longing for active employment had taken possession of him, and there was that, in the political atmosphere at the time, which rendered it likely that the coveted opportunity would soon present itself. And it soon came. Events were taking shape in the countries between India and Persia, which made it a matter of no small importance to the British Government in the East that they should obtain accurate information relating to all that was passing in Afghanistan; and as Eldred Pottinger was willing to penetrate that country, as an independent traveller, his uncle the Resident was well disposed to accept the offer. It was in truth precisely the kind of service, which the adventurous spirit of the young artilleryman was most eager to embrace; and so he went forth, full of hope and expectancy, as one loving danger and excitement for its own sake, and longing to be of service to his country; but moved little by personal ambition, for he had none of the vanity of youth, and self-seeking was far from him. His enthusiasm was of a sturdy, stubborn kind. It cannot be said that he had much imagination; but he had something still better, an abiding sense of his duty to his country.

He started, in the disguise of a Cutch horse-dealer, and journeyed onwards towards Caubul, with a most unostentatious retinue, and attracted little attention, as he went. The route which he took was that of Shikarpoor, Dehra Ismael Khan, and Peshawur. At Caubul, he determined to push his way on, through the rugged country inhabited by the Imauk and Hazareh hordes, to Herat, the famous frontier city of Afghanistan, assuming for this purpose the disguise of a "syud," or holy man, from the lower part of the country.

Here his adventures commenced. He was eager to explore this rugged and inhospitable hill-country, knowing well the dangers of the route, but knowing also the importance of obtaining correct information relating to it. "As I had made up my mind," he wrote in his journal, "against the advice of the few acquaintances I had in Caubul, and there was some suspicion that Dost Mahomed would prevent my proceeding to Herat, on quitting the place I gave out that I was going out with Syud Ahmed, to see the defile of the Logur River. After dark I left the house on foot, having some days previously sent the horses to a caravanserai, and thence ordered those I intended taking to join me at the bridge, where my guide also met and escorted us to his house at Vizierabad, a few miles from the city."

He had not proceeded far before he fell in with a man who had known Sir Alexander Burnes, and who strongly suspected that Pottinger was a Feringhee. "We here met a traveller from the opposite direction," he wrote in his journal, "an acquaintance of my guide, who had been a pack-horse driver with the kafila, which Sir A. Burnes accompanied to Balkh. He was struck by the fuss my guide was making about me, and appeared to discover me. He joined us, and commenced talking of the 'Feringhees' and 'Sikunder Burnes.' He told me that officer had employed him to collect old coins at Balkh, and, praising his liberality, gave me several hints that he expected I would be equally so, and give him a present. But to all I turned a deaf ear, and would not be recognised, though I listened with all complacency to his stories, and chimed in with the usual explanations in his pauses, so that, as his acquaintance would give him no information, he finally took leave of us, evidently in much doubt as to the correctness of the surmise." A few days afterwards he was again suspected. A Kuzzilbash asked him whence he came—if from Lucknow. "I feared," said Pottinger, "he had been there, so said 'from near Shahjehanabad;' upon which he informed me that Lucknow was a very fine city, and the only place in India which the Feringhees had not taken; that he had never been there himself, but knew a person who had. Seeing him pause for an answer, I replied that he, doubtless, was right; that I myself had the honour of being acquainted with a Syud whose friend had been to Lucknow."*

But a far more serious difficulty awaited him in Yakoob Beg's country. This man was a noted Hazareh chief, who was wont to levy black mail upon all travellers, and, if it suited his purpose, to sell them off into slavery. He was not a bad man, after his kind, but he was surrounded and influenced by a crew of unscrupulous ruffians, and Pottinger and his companions were for some time in danger of losing either their liberties or their lives. Detained for several days in Yakoob Beg's fort, the young English officer was rigorously examined, and was often at his wits' end to answer the questions that were put to him. Of the dangers and difficulties by which he was surrounded, he has given an interesting account in his journal. "The chief," he says, "was the finest Hazareh I had seen, and appeared a well-meaning sensible person. He, however, was quite in the hands of his cousin, an ill-favoured, sullen, and treacherous-looking rascal. I, by way of covering my silence, and to avoid much questioning, took to my beads, and kept telling them with great perseverance, no doubt much to the increase of my reputation as a holy personage. Syud Ahmed did the same to cover his ignorance of the Sheeah forms. This turned the conversation on religious subjects, and I found that these people knew more than we gave them credit for, and though on abstruser points I could throw dust in their eyes, yet on the subject of everyday duties I was completely brought to a stand-still by my ignorance of the Sheeah faith, and fear, lest I should, by mentioning Soonee rules, cause a discovery. Syud Ahmed was equally puzzled, and felt in full the false position I was in, and the want of a skilful and clever aid to take the brunt off my shoulders. Hoosain did all he could, but he was too distant to prompt me, and by several blunders, or rather inappropriate attempts of his to support me, I was regularly floored, and at last had to declare that I had not a proper knowledge of these things. I had been a soldier and had not studied, but would do so now. The confusion I showed, and the ignorance of some of my answers, raised the suspicion of the chief's cousin, who, on one of the party asking if the Feringhees had not conquered all Hindostan, said, 'Why, he may be a Feringhee himself. I have always heard that the Hindostanees are black, and this man is fairer than we are.' I am sure we must all have shown signs of confusion at this. For my own part, I felt my cheeks tingle, and my presence of mind fast failing me, particularly as the whole assembly turned towards me. I had, however, no time for observation, and found I must say something for myself. Hoosain had at once commenced a vigorous denial, in which he was joined by the Caubul merchant; yet the chief, a shrewd fellow, paid no attention to them, and evidently appeared to think there was some truth in it; and the multitude, ever prone for the wonderful, were already talking of the Feringhee in no very complimentary terms, scarcely one paying attention to my defenders. I, therefore, addressing the chief, said that such inhospitality had never before been heard of, that here I had come as a pilgrim trusting to his aid, that I had chosen an unfrequented and barren road because inhabited by the Mussulmans in preference to the easier road, as it is well-known the Afghan people treat them well, and only tyrannise over the sect of the lawful Caliph; that in India there were Moguls, Pathans, and all sorts of people from cold climates, that, truly, much of it was hot, but that parts were cold to the north, and snow always lay on the mountains, and that if he asked my friends, they would tell him that I was a Kohistanee and a true believer. The chief appeared satisfied with this, and turned his attention to Syud Ahmed and the others, who were all talking together at the top of their voices; and the multitude, on finding me speak as others did, and that I had no monstrosity about me as they doubtless fancied a Feringhee should have, had gradually turned their attention to those who made most noise; and I, having succeeded in satisfying the demand for an answer, was glad to be silent. My companions, however, carried their explanations too far, and the accuser, besides being obliged to make an apology, was taunted and badgered so much, that even a much less rancorous man would have been irritated and vowed vengeance, and seeing that my attempts to quit them only added to his anger, I was obliged to hold my peace. It being now sunset, the chief got up and said, 'I'll not prevent you from saying your prayers; as soon as I have finished mine, I will return.' We immediately broke up, and set to performing the necessary ablutions, and then commenced prayers. I had no taste for this mockery, and not considering it proper, never before having attempted it, was rather afraid of observation. I, fortunately however, by the aid of Hoosain, got through properly, at least unremarked, and then had recourse to the beads till the rest had finished. Syud Ahmed, however, got into a scrape; the Caboolee detected him as a Soonee, but he was pacified on Hoosain acknowledging that the other was but a new convert going to Meshed for instruction."

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* These and all the following extracts are from the unpublished journals of Eldred Pottinger.

Days passed; Pottinger and his companions were still detained; so they began to meditate flight. The operation, however, was a hazardous one, and it seemed better to wait a little longer in the hope of receiving the chief's permission for their departure. Meanwhile, there was no little danger of the real character of the party being discovered, for their baggage was subjected to a search, and many of the articles in Pottinger's possession were such as, if rightly understood, clearly to divulge his European origin. Among these was a copy of Elphinstone's "Caubul," which puzzled them greatly. "On the 6th," wrote Pottinger in his journal, "the chief had evidently an idle day—he came before breakfast, and afterwards coming a second time, examined our loads. There was a small tin can with medicines in it, which attracted his attention, but the danger of it was escaped by saying we were merely transporting it. The printed books were at first passed over, but, being unwatched, one of the meddlers hanging about took Elphinstone's 'Caubul' up, and happened to open at a print. We were nearly floored at once, the whole party declaring it was an idol. Hoosain, however, swore that it was not, and that the houses of Kuzzilbashes in Caubul were full of such pictures. A small parcel of reeds next struck their attention, and they would not rest satisfied till opened, when they found some pencils and a pair of compasses which I had tied there to preserve their points. They were lost in astonishment, and when I said the compasses were for the study of astronomy, a pursuit which the Persian sect, for the purposes of astrology, pay much attention to, I was surprised to find it was in the Hazareh estimation a forbidden science. However, a few names and assertions got us over that. The hangers-on had, in the meantime, got hold of a note-book of mine in which was a catalogue of generic terms in English, and the equivalents in Persian and Pushtoo. This puzzled them greatly, and the party being joined by a neighbouring chief, the brother-in-law of Meer Yakoob, and a Syud, both of whom could read, there was a general examination of the writing, and no explanation would satisfy them; at last, tired of guessing, they gave it up and retired. . . . The chief asked me how I would like to live with him, and on my replying that if in the summer I found it so cold what would I do in the winter, he said, 'Such a delicate person as you would die in a week. It is only we' (pointing to his miserable half-starved clansmen) 'who can stand the cold.' The chief here made a slight mistake (from judging by himself, I suppose): he was certainly a well-fed hearty-looking fellow, who could have stood or given a buffet with a right good will. As for the others, they were melancholy anatomies, apparently made but to prove in what misery, brutality, and ignorance, the human kind can exist. The half-clothed barbarians of Southern Asia have an idea that all persons of fair complexion must be delicate, while we in general attribute delicacy to a dark skin. Their poor—from the want of clothing—expose their bodies to the vicissitudes of the weather, and it becomes tanned, and consequently they think it a mark of hardiness, while their wealthy and great, always covered and housed, retain, in a great measure, their lightness of colour. Hence it is considered the badge of delicacy and effeminacy."

His prospects were now anything but cheering. His companions were taken ill, and there seemed to be too much reason to apprehend that he would be detected and imprisoned. Another source of disquietude was the extreme dislike of his honest truthful nature to the imposture which he was compelled to act. "In the evening," so he wrote in his journal, "Hoosain was also taken ill with intermittent fever, and Syud Ahmed fancied that he had a relapse. I was, therefore, more alone than usual, and at the time I should have avoided reflection; but I was obliged to review the actions of the day, which had, indeed, followed so fast upon each other, that I had not a previous moment to consider the results. Now that I looked back, well knowing the imposition I had been practising, I could not conceal from myself the true state of the case, and that a discovery had really been made; but that hitherto good fortune had saved us. For the barbarians were not certain in their own mind, though a grain more evidence or the speech of a bold man would probably have decided the affair. I also felt my total incompetency to meet them alone, from my inadequate knowledge of their language and customs; and, as people in my situation generally do, I blackened my prospect a great deal more than it deserved." Thus he meditated for awhile, but he was a man naturally of a cheerful and sanguine nature, so he cast away unavailing anxieties and fortified himself for the work before him. "At last," he continued, "finding that I could do nothing, I judged it better to join Hoosain's servant in an inroad on our provision-bag, which he was very vigorously undertaking, than pursue such bootless ruminations." And, indeed, as he said, his prospects were not so bad as they seemed. For, on the following day, the morning of the 7th of August, the Hazareh chief yielded to the persuasions of the strangers and suffered them to depart in peace. They had scarcely, however, recommenced their march, when, to their dismay, they were summoned back again. What followed may best be told in Pottinger's own words. It must be premised that he had propitiated Yakoob Beg by the gift of a detonator gun. "We, congratulating ourselves on getting off, were gladly climbing the rocky glen which led down to the castle, and had nearly reached the top of the mountains, when we were aware of several men running after us at speed and shouting for us to turn back. We had no choice left, so obeyed. I never saw such a change come over a party, particularly as the slave-dealers were let go, and we alone called back, the messengers specifying that the chief wanted me. I made up my mind that I was to be detained, and certainly was too annoyed for further talk; it however struck me the chief might want a turn-screw or bullet-mould, and I left Syud Ahmed behind to unload the pony, and, if he could find them, send them after. For this purpose we halted opposite the strangers' hut and left our cattle. Hoosain and I having made this arrangement, and charged the others to be cool, with as much unconcern as we could muster, proceeded on alone. We had got then within a few yards of the esplanade in front of the castle where the chief was, when we heard a shot, and then a shout of exultation. What this meant we could not make out; but whatever it was, it had the effect a good shout always has of raising my spirits, and I felt that it would have been a great relief to give so joyful a hurrah myself; but as I thought, we reached the open space, and a few yards took us within speaking distance of the chief, who in answer to 'Peace be unto you,' replied, 'You may go now,—I don't want you; I only sent for you to make the gun go off, but it is gone off.' I turned to be off too, wishing him most devoutly a passage to Tartarus, but Hoosain had been too seriously frightened to let him go off so quietly, and burst out into so eloquent an oration that he perfectly delighted me, and astonished the Hazarehs. He asked the chief, among other things, 'Do you expect that we are to return from Herat, if you choose to send every time your gun misses fire?' He in fact quite overthrew the chief by his heat, and that worthy only appeared anxious to get out of reach of such a tongue."

Without much further adventure, the travellers reached Herat on the 18th of August, having been twenty-six days on the road, eight of which were days of detention. Soon after their arrival they narrowly escaped being carried off and sold into slavery. "On our first arrival," wrote Pottinger on the 20th of August, "we went about unarmed; but happening to go to the Musula, a building about 800 yards from the gate of Muluk, built by Gowhur Shah Begum, the wife of Shah Rook Sooltan, as an academy, without the walls, we were very nearly carried off by the people who live near it in a rendezvous for slaveholders. We were only saved by Syud Ahmed's presence of mind, who, on being questioned, said we had come with a party to a neighbouring garden to pass the day, and that our companions were coming after us. On this they went off, and we made the best of our way back to the city with a firm resolution never again to venture out without our arms, and it is a rule every one should follow in these countries, unless attended by an armed escort. However, in any case, a sword should always be carried, if not by yourself, by an attendant. So universal and necessary is the custom, that the Moollahs always travel armed even with an army."

At this time, Shah Kamran, the reigning prince of Herat, with his Vizier Yar Mahomed, was absent from his capital, on a campaign in the still-disputed territory of Seistan. On the 17th of September they returned to Herat, and all the population of the place went forth to greet them. They had scarcely arrived, when news came that Mahomed Shah, the King of Persia, was making preparations for an advance on Herat; and soon it became obvious that the Heratees must gird themselves up to stand a siege. Yar Mahomed was a base, bad man; but he was not a weak one. He was a man-stealer, a slave-dealer, of the worst type: a wretch altogether without a scruple of conscience or an instinct of humanity. But he was, after his kind, a wise statesman and a good soldier; and he threw himself into the defence of Herat with an amount of vigour and resolution worthy of a hero of a higher class. Shah Kamran was little more than a puppet in his hands. To this man, Pottinger, in the crisis which had arisen, deemed it right to make himself known. The fall of Herat would manifestly be an event injurious to British interests. He was an artillery officer, skilled in the use of ordnance, and knew something of the attack and defence of fortified cities, from the lessons of Straith and Bordwine. Might he not be of some use in this emergency? The first step to be taken was to make the acquaintance of Yar Mahomed. So he went to his quarters. "He received me," wrote Pottinger, "most graciously; rose on my entrance, and bade me be seated beside himself. He was seated in an alcove in the dressing-room of his bath. As it is not customary to go empty-handed before such people, I presented my detonating pistols, which were the only things I had worth giving. After this interview I went about everywhere boldly, and was very seldom recognised as a European. A few days afterwards I paid a visit, by desire, to the king." From this time, the disguise which had sate so unpleasantly upon him—which had, indeed, been a thorn in the flesh of his honesty and truthfulness—was abandoned. He was under the protection of the King and the Wuzeer, and, save under their authority, no man dared to molest him.

Eldred Pottinger was the least egotistical of men. He was provokingly reticent about himself in all the entries in his journal. In some men this might have been traced to caution; for his journal might have fallen into hands for which it was never intended. But in him, it was simply the modesty of his nature. It is not to be gathered from what he has written, in what manner the Vizier of Herat and the young English officer first became friends and allies, or what was the exact character of the relations established between them. Yar Mahomed was far too astute a man not to see clearly that the presence of an English officer in the besieged city might be turned to profitable account; whilst Pottinger, on his part, saw before him a grand opportunity of gratifying the strong desire which had glowed within him ever since he was a child. The Persians invested Herat, and his work began. It need not be said that the young artillery-man held no recognised position, either of a military or a political character. He was merely a volunteer. But there were Russian Engineers in the Persian camp; and there was never perhaps a time when a little European skill and knowledge were more needed for the direction of the rude energies of an Oriental army. There was much in the mode of defence which excited Pottinger's contempt; much which also evoked his indignation. The following passage from his journal illustrates both the want of humanity and the want of wisdom they displayed:—"I have not thought it necessary to recount the number of heads that were brought in daily, nor indeed do I know. I never could speak of this barbarous, disgusting, and inhuman conduct, with any temper. The number, however, was always in these sorties insignificant, and the collecting them invariably broke the vigour of the pursuit, and prevented the destruction of the trenches. There is no doubt that great terror was inspired by the mutilation of the bodies, amongst their comrades, but there must have been, at least, equal indignation; and a corresponding exultation was felt by the victors at the sight of these barbarous trophies and the spoils brought in. From the latter, great benefit was derived, as it induced many to go out who otherwise never would have gone out willingly; great benefit was derived from the arms and tools brought in on these occasions; but though the Afghan chiefs fully acknowledged and felt the value of proper combination for this purpose, they were too irregular to carry through any arrangement. It always appeared to me desirable that every sortie should consist of three distinct bodies: one of unencumbered light troops to break in on and chase off the attackers, the second body to be kept together as a reserve to support the first in case of a check, but not to follow them further than to a position sufficiently advanced to cover the third party, which should be armed with strong swords or axes, and be ordered to destroy the works and carry off as many tools or arms as possible on the return of the sortie. If successful, the prize property should be equally divided and given to the men on the spot. It is worthy of remark that all the sorties were made with swords alone, and that, though many slight wounds were given, very few men were killed outright; and that the Afghans, having apparently exhausted the stimulus that carried them on at first, or wanting confidence in their weapons, never once attempted to meet the Persian reserves—the first shot from which was invariably the signal for a general retreat."

Affairs were obviously now in a bad way; and, three days before Christmas, Yar Mahomed, not knowing what to do, sought the young English officer's advice. "Mirza Ibrahim," wrote Pottinger in his journal, "the Vizier's private secretary (I may call him), came to talk quietly over our prospects. I suggested that some one should be sent to the Persian camp to sound the chiefs, and I would go with him; and he told me no Afghan would venture, and that no Sheeah would be trusted; but he would see what the Vizier said. It was our idea at this time that the city must eventually fall. All hopes of diversion until the Equinox had failed. For my own part I could not understand what kept the Persians back. They had an open breach, and no obstacle which would have checked British troops for a single moment. The Afghans were badly armed, and their fire of small arms could easily have been kept down, while the scattered and desultory exertions of a few swordsmen against a column could have availed little. The Persians, however, had begun scientifically, and in their wisdom did not comprehend what was to be done when the enemy held out after they had established themselves on the counterscarp. Their practice under our officers did not go further, and in this unheard-of case they were at a loss, and the European officers still with them did not appear to have influence enough or skill enough to direct the attacks further."

The monotony of the siege was now and then broken by some exciting incidents, which Pottinger has detailed in his diary with the unadorned accuracy of a soldier's pen. The following may be taken as a fair sample of the whole, and it derives an additional interest from the fact that it exhibits the danger to which the young Englishman, even in the front, was continually exposed:—"*April 18th.*—The Vizier ordered the Afghans to cease firing, and sit down under cover; they, however, though beaten with the musketry, drew their swords, brandished them above their heads, shouting to the Persians to come on. As might have been expected in such a storm of musket balls, this bravado caused several casualties. Several men received bullets through the hands and arms. One fellow, more fool-hardy than the rest, kept brandishing his huge Afghan knife, after the others had complied with repeated orders to sheath their weapons, and had the knife destroyed by a bullet which struck it just above his hand. I had gone down to the spot to see the mine sprung, and was sitting on the banquette with the Vizier and a party of chiefs, who, while he was preparing, were bantering the man whose knife was broken, and who came to beg a sword instead, when a bullet came in through a loophole over my head, and smashing a brick used for stopping it, lodged in Aga Ruhyia's lungs, who was standing opposite, one of the splinters of the brick at the same time wounding him in the face. The poor fellow was a eunuch of Yar Mahomed's, and was always to be seen wherever any danger was; he died in two or three days. I had been but the moment before looking through the clods on the top of the parapet, with my breast resting against the loophole, watching the Persians, who were trying to establish themselves in the crater of the mine, and the Afghans in the counterscarp who were trying to grapple the gabions and overset them, so that the scene was very interesting, and I had not sat down with the chiefs until Dyn Mahomed Khan actually pulled me down by my cloak, to listen to the jokes passed on the man who had his knife destroyed, and thus I escaped Aga Ruhyia's bullet."

It would demand the space of a volume to narrate in detail the incidents of this protracted siege. Throughout many long months the young English artilleryman was the life and soul of the defence. But there were many great advantages on the side of the Persians, and at last, towards the end of June (1838), the Heratees were almost at their last gasp. Yar Mahomed was beginning to despond, and his followers were almost in a prostrate state. Food was scarce; money was scarce. There was a lack of everything, but of the stubborn courage which continued to animate and sustain the solitary Englishman. On the 28th of June, the Persians made a desperate attempt to carry the place by assault—and it would have been carried, if the wonderful energy of Eldred Pottinger, in this crisis, had not rescued it from the grasp of Mahomed Shah. The story is so modestly told by the young hero, from whose journal I now quote, that the real history of his gallantry appears but faintly on the record. "*24th of June*, 1838.—In the morning about eight, the enemy opened a heavy fire on all the four sides of the city, and continued it till about half-past ten, when it ceased, and a perfect calm succeeded. During the firing it was observed that the enemy was assembling in great force, and that the fire was principally directed at the Fausse-braies. The Vizier, however, would not take warning, remaining quietly at his quarters, which deceived the garrison, and made many think that the signs of the assault were illusory. Indeed, most of the men had gone to sleep, when suddenly the reports of two or three guns and the whizz of a rocket in the air was heard. The enemy immediately opened a heavy fire, but the musketry was feeble: it gradually, however, became more sustained, and the roar of the cannon on all sides was continued. The Vizier, on the first alarm, repaired to the gate of Mulick with a small body of men as a sort of reserve. The assaults were on the gate of Arak, on the breaches in the west face, the gate of Kandahar, the Pay-in-ab, and the Boorj of Kowajah Abdoolah Misr. At all the others but this last, attacks were repulsed. There the column, headed by its officers, threw itself across the narrow passage of the ditch into the lower Fausse-braie, which it mastered, after a brief but bloody struggle, by the total destruction of its defenders. From this, pressing on direct up the slope, exposed to a fire which destroyed nearly all its officers and leaders, the column entered the upper Fausse-braie, which, after an equally bloody struggle, it mastered, and a few of its most daring men pushed on in front and reached the head of the breach, but were driven back into the upper Fausse-braie by the opportune arrival of the reserve under Dyn Mahomed Khan; and there, while some of the Persians were trying to establish a lodgment, others renewed the attempt to reach the summits of the breaches. But owing to the arrival of a large party of volunteers, the enemy failed to make head upon the breach, and recoiled upon their own men on the exterior slope of the upper Fausse-braie, where they were partially covered; but, still undismayed, they renewed their attempts, while the fire from their breaches was so heavy that no one could show his head above the rampart. On hearing this, the Vizier mounted and went by the gate of Kandahar to the Fausse-braie, sending orders for different chiefs to go to the aid of those on the summit of the breach. In spite of all advice, and even entreaty, his own party was allowed to struggle on in advance, and he arrived nearly alone. Sooltan Mahomed Khan at the same time arrived on the rampart to his brother's assistance, and gave him most opportune aid. The Vizier and his party, arriving at the traverses about a third of the way from the end of the upper Fausse-braie, found the men retreating by twos and threes, and others going off with the wounded: these were stopped. The Vizier, however, was alarmed. At first, he sat down about half way, whence, after some trouble, those about him insisted on his going on or sending his son.* He chose the former, and sent the latter to the gate of Kandahar to stop stragglers and skulkers and attend to orders. The Vizier himself then went on past two traverses, to the last one held by the garrison; but on finding the men at a stand-still and insensible to his orders or entreaties to fight, he turned back to go for aid. The moment he turned, the men began to give way. He made his way to the first place he had sat down at. There, by showing him the men retreating and the evident ruin that must follow, he became persuaded to stop. Then they succeeded in bringing him back to the first traverse, which having but a narrow passage, his people and those about could turn back those who were, coward-like, retreating. From this he sent for aid; but foolishly, in spite of all advice, again allowed the men to go on by twos and threes, so that they did nothing. At last, a Sooltan arrived with about fifty men, when, on a short consultation, it was resolved to send him down into the lower Fausse-braie, to push along, that while those on the rampart were ordered to attempt an attack down the breach, those on the Fausse-braies on the east side should push on the other flank of the Persian column. Pursuant to this, Yar Mahomed, after much entreaty and even abuse, advanced the third time, and finally ventured past the last traverse, where seeing the men inactive, he seized on a large staff, and rushing on the hindermost, by dint of blows he drove on the reluctant. Some, crowding up in narrow parts, seeing no escape wildly jumped over the parapet and ran down the exterior slope, and some straight forward; the people on the other side making their rush at the same time. The Persians were seized with a sudden panic; abandoning their position they fled outright down the exterior slope and out of the lower Fausse-braie; after which the business ceased. When the Vizier first arrived, the enemy had all the upper Fausse-braie between the two arched traverses at the angle, and between these none of the fire of the garrison can reach: some of the Persians at the unflanked part of the tower, about three quarters of the way from the bottom, had lodged themselves, one in particular made a loophole with some bricks, whence he fired at those in Fausse-braie, but at last was silenced. The Persians had two ensigns planted at the top of exterior slope, which were three times thrown down and as often brought back; their batteries kept up a tremendous fire on the rampart, but their small-arm fire was weak. The Vizier with the main reserve reached the point at about one, or perhaps a little before it, and the last and decisive charge took place about half-past four. A great many of the troops on the Afghan side showed the white feather, and also a great many behaved beyond praise. The Vizier did not behave so well as expected; he was not collected, nor had he presence of mind to act in combination; the Urz-begy was greatly frightened, and did much harm by unnerving the Vizier, who with difficulty could be prevented from following his suggestions, to leave the Fausse-braie and muster the men in the city. The defenders—the people about*—abused, and several times had to lay hold of the Vizier and point to him the men, who turned as soon as he did. At last he got furious, and laid on as before mentioned, without even knowing whom he struck. The alarming state of things at this point, and the frequent messages for aid, put in motion nearly half the garrison and all the chiefs of distinction, so that when the business was over, men came pouring in so as to fill the upper Fausse-braie; but the men appointed for the defence of the Fausse-braies were so panic-struck, that they took advantage of the watch being temporarily removed from the gates to abscond, and it was with great difficulty that a sufficient number of the garrison could be procured to defend the point. We returned by the Fausse-braie to the gate of the Mulik, visiting the posts attacked. The Vizier was very bewildered after the affair.—The assault on the gate of Kandahar was repulsed, and the Persians chased back into their trenches; but the danger at the south-east angle prevented them following up the advantage. At the south-west angle, or Pay-in-ab, the Persians can scarcely be said to have attacked, as they never advanced beyond the parapet of their own trenches; it was evidently a mere feint. At the western, or Arak gate, a column composed of the Russian regiment and other troops under Samson, and of those under Wuly Khan, marched up to the counterscarp, but Wuly Khan being killed, and Samson carried off the field wounded, the men broke and fled, leaving an immense number killed and wounded; the latter were nearly all shot by idlers on the rampart, or murdered by the plunderers who crept out to strip the slain. The other attack on the centre of the north-west face was repulsed in like manner after reaching the counterscarp."

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* By "those about him," the reader is to understand Eldred Pottinger. It is known that he seized Yar Mahomed by the wrist, dragged him forward, and implored him to make one more effort to save Herat.

It is not to be doubted that the Heratees owed it to the young Englishman that Herat did not, at this time, fall into the hands of the Persians. But this can be gathered only incidentally from Pottinger's journal. The entry of the following day runs only in these words:—"*June 27th.*—At Sultan Mahomed Khan's post he behaved very well, as before mentioned, on the day of the assault; but the way he boasted of his conduct, the manner in which he distorted facts, and depreciated the actions of others, was the most laughable that I have ever witnessed; I also could not help feeling provoked at it. I do not know from what reason it is boasting and lying always anger us, and make us desirous of setting the narrator correct, and punishing him. I was more especially annoyed at the manner in which he underrated the Persians, who really behaved very well. They had great difficulties to overcome, and a greater number of Afghans than their own was opposed to them. A man coming in from the Persian camp reported that Wuly Khan and Barowski were killed, and that Samson was severely wounded; that an immense number of the principal officers had fallen, and that the men were quite broken-spirited. After him arrived a man from Kurookh; he said he had left a detachment of 6000 Orgunjees, who only waited for orders to foray, or even attack the Persian outposts; I was surprised to find my share of the business of the 25th had reached Kurookh. The moment the man arrived he seized and kissed my hands, saying he was rejoiced he made so great a pilgrimage."

But the great things which had been done by the individual gallantry of this one English gentleman increased the difficulties of his position. It was soon plain that the Heratees really wished to get rid of him. The entries in his diary show the perplexities in which he was placed:—"*July 8th.*—Had a visit from the head Jews, to thank me for my interference, and found that they were still in fear; moreover, they wanted me to pay or lend the amount, but I refused. The Persians wrote to Yar Mahomed Khan, that they would give up Herat to the Vizier, if he would but send Kamran and me to them as prisoners; I told him he had nothing to do but to tell them to go, and I would go to them of myself if they said that was all they wanted. He appeared to perfectly understand the deceitful nature of the offering. The Afghans he knew would not hear of the Shah's going out: the whole day was spent in devising schemes to raise money. The Persian fire at the Kandahar gate still continued. During the day the wind was hot, and in the evening it blew a gale. *July 19th.*—I afterwards went to the Vizier's, fully intending to demand my dismissal if I heard anything about it. On, however, broaching the subject, the Vizier spoke so decidedly and correctly as to the obligation he felt under, that my fears were totally abated, and I did not open the subject of my departure; to stay, however, appears not a little dangerous. The game appears up, if speedy aid does not arrive, and whence that is to come I do not see. The chiefs here have held out too obstinately to be able to trust in the Persians' clemency; and though they must be the prey of whoever first arrived to their aid, they will not yield to Persia if they can help. *July 25th.*—About eleven at night, the Persians sprung a mine under the passage of the ditch at Samson's attack, but the charge and position were miscalculated, and it failed to produce any effect; at the same time the Vizier received a letter from Hadjee Abdool Mahomed in the Persian camp, upbraiding him for joining with infidels against Islam, and for holding on by the skirt of the English, from whom he could never receive any advantage; that they would fatten him and give money as long as suited their interest, as they do in India, and when they had made a party in the country and knew all its secrets, they would take it for themselves; that the Government found such was what they wanted to do in Persia, but had on the discovery prevented it by turning them away; and that until the Envoy of these blasphemers—myself—was also turned out of the city, they would not allow the Mooshtuhid to venture into the city. A note to the same effect was received from the Vizier's brother, with the addition that the Russian Envoy would not send his agent till I left. *July 26th.*—In the morning, the Afghans had a consultation of what they would answer. At last it was resolved the Vizier should write in answer, that the Englishman is a stranger and guest, that he had come to the city, and in the present state of affairs the Afghans could not think of turning him out of the city: for in the distracted state of the country he could not arrive in safety in his own country, and if anything happened to him it would be a lasting disgrace to the Afghan name, and as a guest he must go or stay according to his own pleasure; moreover, the Vizier wrote that he did not hold out in expectation of aid from the English, that he had no wish to join that state against Persia (Iran), from his connection with which he had no wish to tear himself, but that the Persians would give him no choice, but surrendering or fighting, which he did from necessity and not from being so absurd as to wait for aid from London. *July 28th.*—According to engagement I went to Hadjee Mirza Khan's post in the afternoon; I arrived a little before the Vizier, and had an amusing insight into affairs. We had tea as a commencement, and then dinner was served, consisting of pilaos, ragouts, vegetables, and pickles. A large pilao and a portion of each of the rest was served on large circular copper trays, one for every two persons. The Vizier, on Hadjee Mirza telling of the abuse the Persians had heaped upon me, and their demand that I should be turned out of the city, said he had told the women who had assembled in his house to see him (his relations), and that they had declared they would not allow of it,—they would die first; and finished by remarking they had more spirit than the men, who would have consented to give me up. *August 6th.*—In the evening, when the Persians had gone, went to the assembly. The Vizier told me the whole business being upon me, that the Persians made a point of obtaining my dismissal, without which they would not treat. They were so pressing that he said he never before guessed my importance, and that the Afghan envoys, who had gone to camp, had told him they had always thought me one man, but the importance the Persians attached to my departure, showed I was equal to an army. The Afghans were very complimentary, and expressed loudly their gratitude to the British Government, to the exertions of which they attributed the change in the tone of the Persians; they, however, did not give the decided answer they should have, but put the question off by saying I was a guest. *August 30th.*—The movement of the Persians is spoken of with increased positiveness, but no certain intelligence could be procured, notwithstanding the Afghans were grumbling at the delay of the English, and Yar Mahomed himself was one of the agitators of this feeling,—he giving out in public that, in his opinion, the English Government intended to drop the connection, that it wanted merely to destroy the Persian power, and did not care if the Herat power was at the same time rooted up. All sorts of absurd rumours were rife, but a very general opinion, originating from the Persian zealots, was that the British and Russian Governments were in alliance to destroy Mahomedanism and partition off the country, dividing India from Russia, between them."

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* See note above.

Soon after this, the siege was raised. The Persians, moved perhaps, more than by aught else, by the demonstration made by the British in the Persian Gulf, struck their camp and Herat was saved—saved, as we may believe, under Providence, by the wonderful energy of the young artilleryman, who had done so much to direct the defence and to animate the defenders. We shall never very accurately know the full extent of the service which Eldred Pottinger rendered to the beleaguered Heratees; and for this reason (as I have before said), that the extreme modesty of the journal, which lies before me, has greatly obscured the truth. He was at all times slow to speak of himself and his doings; and it can be gathered only inferentially from his narrative of the siege, that he virtually conducted the operations of the garrison. That the Persians believed this is certain; and it is equally clear, that, although Yar Mahomed and other Heratee chiefs, being naturally of a boastful, vain-glorious character, endeavoured to claim to themselves the chief credit of the victory, the people in the surrounding country knew well that it was to the personal gallantry of the young Englishman that they owed their salvation from the Persian yoke.* But the work now was done; and there was good reason to believe, that a single man having accomplished what an army had been organised to do, the army would have been broken up, and the policy of invasion abandoned. But the "great game" of 1838 was still to be played out. The British army, though diminished in bulk, was to march into Afghanistan, for the restoration of the Suddozye dynasty, of which Shah Kamran of Herat was an off-shoot. And Eldred Pottinger, having now no more active service to render to his Government, quitted the Afghan territory, and went down to meet the stream, military and political, which was then, in 1858-59, surging upwards towards Caubul. It is narrated of him, that joining the camp of the Governor-General, in the upper provinces, he was warmly welcomed by Lord Auckland, who received, with the liveliest interest, the information with which he was laden, and would have listened with admiration to his narrative of the stirring scenes in which he had been engaged, if he had spoken more of himself and his actions. He was of course invited to join the Government circle at dinner; but nothing was known of his arrival, until the guests were assembling in the great dinner-tent. Then it was observed that a "native," in Afghan costume, was leaning against one of the poles of the tent; obviously a shy, reserved man, with somewhat of a downcast look; and the Government-House Staff looked askance at him, whispered to each other, wondered what intruder he was, and suggested to each other that it would be well for some one to bid him to depart. But the "some one" was not found; presently the Governor-General entered, and leading his sister, Miss Eden, up to the stranger, said, "Let me present you to the hero of Herat." Then, of course, there was a great commotion in the tent, and, in spite of etiquette, the assembly burst into something not unlike a cheer.

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* It should be explained that, although the demonstration in the Persian Gulf really caused the raising of the siege, Herat would have been carried, before that demonstration, but for the resolution of Eldred Pottinger.

When the invasion of Afghanistan had been proclaimed, and the army of the Indus had gone forth to do the unjust bidding of the Government, and Shah Soojah had been placed upon "the throne of his fathers," there was small likelihood of such a man as Eldred Pottinger being neglected, for the services which he was able to afford were those which were most needed in such an emergency. Whilst he had been doing such great things at Herat, the arrangements for the formation of the Caubul Embassy had been made; and so it was not easy at once to find a fitting place for the young Bombay artilleryman. But after awhile he was appointed a political agent in the Kohistan, or country to the north of Caubul (officially styled Political Agent on the Toorkistan frontier); and there the great movement for the expulsion of the British from Afghanistan found him in the early winter of 1841. His head-quarters were in the castle of Lughmanee, some two miles from Charekur, where a regiment of Goorkhas, in the service of Shah Soojah, was garrisoned. In the Lughmanee Castle, the enemy attacked the political agent and his staff, and they, with their little escort, were in peril of total annihilation. It was a rising of the whole country, and how could they hope to escape? But, by wise arrangements, which eluded the vigilance of the enemy, Pottinger with a few followers contrived to make good his retreat to Charekur, under the shadow of the night. He had scarcely thrown himself into that place, when the enemy began to rage furiously against the people of the King and his supporters. The time for negotiation had passed; so Pottinger, divesting himself of his political character, took command of the guns, and prepared to resist the insurgents.

But there was an enemy which it was impossible to resist. The little garrison held out manfully against vastly superior numbers; but they were perishing from thirst. The insurgents had cut off their supplies of water, and there was no hope for them. Reduced to this strait, they were summoned to surrender. The condition to secure their safety was that Christians and Hindoos alike should accept the Mahomedan faith. "We came to a Mahomedan country," answered Pottinger, "to aid a Mahomedan sovereign in the recovery of his rights. We are, therefore, within the rule of Islam, and exempt from coercion on the score of religion." They told him that the King had ordered the attack; and he replied, "Bring me his written orders. I can do nothing without them."

But the thirst was destroying them. The last drop of water had been served out; and when they endeavoured to steal out in the night to obtain a little of the precious moisture from a neighbouring spring, the enemy discovered them and shot them down like sheep. There was failure after failure, and then the disciplined fighting men became a disorganised rabble. The few that remained staunch were very weak, and they had but a few rounds of ammunition in their pouches. With this little body of Goorkha troops, and two or three officers—for many had been killed—Pottinger determined to fight his way to Caubul. He had been badly wounded, and the pain was insufferable; but he exerted himself to keep together the little party of distracted men. All his efforts, however, were in vain: they straggled and fell by the wayside; and at last it became painfully apparent that no man could do anything for his neighbour, and that the best service that an English officer could render to his country would be to save himself. Two only escaped. Pottinger and Houghton reached Caubul; and of the native garrison, only a single sepoy of the Goorkha regiment and two men attached to the civil departments succeeded in making good their flight.

When Eldred Pottinger reached Caubul, he was compelled, for some time, to nurse his wounds; but, before long, the great crisis of the insurrection brought him again to the front. Sir William Macnaghten, who was at the head of the British Mission, was slain by Akbar Khan; and every man in camp then felt that Pottinger was the man above all others to extricate the English from the difficulties which hemmed them in, as with a ring of fire. It was on the 23rd of December, 1841, that the Envoy was killed. On the 25th, Pottinger wrote to Major Macgregor, who was Political Agent at Jellalabad:—

"CAUBUL, *December* 25, 1841.

"MY DEAR MACGREGOR,—We have had a sad Comedy of Errors, or rather tragedy here. Macnaghten was called out to a conference and murdered. We have interchanged terms on the ground he was treating on for leaving the country; but things are not finally settled. However, we are to fall back on Jellalabad to-morrow or next day. In the present disturbed state of the country we may expect opposition on the road, and we are likely to suffer much from the cold and hunger, as we expect to have no carriage for tents and superfluities. I have taken charge of the Mission. Mackenzie, Lawrence, and Conolly are all seized. The first two I fear for. The latter is quite safe. The cantonment is now attacked.

"Yours, very truly,
"ELDRED POTTINGER."

Five days afterwards, he wrote to Captain Mackeson at Peshawur, disguising the language of his letter in French and signing his name in Greek, because there were those in the enemy's camp who could read English.

"CANTONNEMENTS À CABOOL,
30me *de Décembre*, 1841.

"MON CHER MACKESON,—J'ai eu le plaisir de recevoir votre lettre du 12me au feu Envoyé. Notre situation ici est des plus dangereuses. L'Envoyé était tué à une conférence, qui avait lieu hors d'ici, le 23 de ce mois. Quand je prenais charge je trouvais qu'il avait engagé du part du gouvernement de quitter Afghanistan, et de donner *hostages* pour que le Dost soyait mis en liberté, aussi que pour préliminaires il avait rendu le Balla Hissar et les forts qui dominent les cantonnements. Ces acts et le manque des vivres faisaient les cantonnements untenable, et les quatre officiers militaires supérieurs disaient qu'il fallait résumer le traité au lieu de forcer une marche rétrograde sur Jellalabad. Nous avons aujourd'hui finis les termes du traité, et nous espérons partir d'ici demain ou après demain. De leur promesses je m'en doute, malgré que les ordres ont été expédiés pour que nos troupes quittent Candahar et Ghizny. Il faut que vous tenez ouvert le Khyber, et que vous soyez prêt nous aider le passage; car si nous ne sommes pas protégés, il nous serait impossible faire halte en route pour que les troupes se refraichissent, sans laquelle j'ai peur qu'ils soient désorganisés.

"Votre ami,
"Ελδρεδ Ποττινγερ.

"Après aujourd'hui j'écrirai mon nom en lettres Grecques. Lorsque le Cossid vous remettra cette lettre vous lui donnerez trois cent rupees."

It was hard to say what Eldred Pottinger suffered, when he found himself compelled to negotiate with the enemy for the surrender of Caubul and the evacuation of the country. He vehemently opposed himself to the weak policy, which had been agreed upon before he was placed in the direction of affairs. He protested; he remonstrated; but all in vain. The military authorities had determined that they could fight no longer, and that there was nothing to be done but to make an ignominious retreat from the country, which they had so proudly invaded. The explanation of the circumstances, which at last compelled him, sorely against the promptings of his own courageous heart, to negotiate with the Afghan chiefs for a safe conduct, is on record. "We received," he wrote, in a report to Government drawn up at a subsequent period, "a tender from Mahomed Oosman Khan, offering to escort the army to Peshawur for the sum of five lakhs of rupees, as had been offered him (he said) by Sir W. Macnaghten. At the same time, letters from Captains Macgregor and Mackeson were received, urging Sir William to hold out, and informing us of the reinforcements which were on their way from India. The information from the city showed that feuds were running high there, and that Shah Soojah appeared to be getting up a respectable party for himself. When I informed General Elphinstone of these facts, he summoned a council of war, consisting of Brigadier Shelton, Brigadier Anquetil, Lieut.-Colonel Chambers, Captain Bellew, and Captain Grant. At the Major-General's request I laid the above-mentioned facts and the enemy's tenders before these officers, and also my own opinion that we should not treat with the enemy, because—*firstly*, I had every reason to believe that the enemy were deceiving us; *secondly*, I considered it our duty to hold aloof from all measures which would tie the hands of Government as to its future acts; and *thirdly*, that we had no right to sacrifice so large a sum of public money (amounting to nineteen lakhs) to purchase our own safety—or to order other commanding officers to give up the trust confided to them—for it was especially laid down by writers on international law that a general had no authority to make any treaty, unless he were able to enforce the conditions, and that he could not treat for the future, but only for the present. The council of war, however, unanimously decided that remaining at Caubul and forcing a retreat were alike impracticable, and that nothing remained for us but endeavouring to release the army, by agreeing to the tenders offered by the enemy; and that any sum, in addition to what had already been promised by Sir William Macnaghten, if it tended to secure the safety of the army, would be well expended, and that our right to negotiate on these terms was proved by Sir William Macnaghten having agreed to them before his assassination. Under these circumstances, as the Major-General coincided with the officers of the council, and refused to attempt occupying the Balla Hissar; as his second in command, who had been in there, declared it impracticable, I considered it my duty, notwithstanding my repugnance to and disapproval of the measure, to yield, and attempt to carry on a negotiation. For the reasons of the military authorities, I must refer you to themselves."

So the name of "Eldred Pottinger, Major,*" was attached to the Treaty; and on the 6th of January, 1842, the British army was under arms to march out of Caubul. But the escort, which the Afghan chiefs had promised for the protection of the conquered, had not been sent. "The military authorities, however," wrote Pottinger, in the report above quoted, "refused to wait; and notwithstanding my advice to the contrary marched out of our entrenchments." There was nothing but death before them; for the snow had fallen heavily, and the wretched Hindostanee soldiers could not bear up against the rigours of the Northern winter. Pottinger clearly foresaw this, and endeavoured to impress upon the military authorities the importance of so clothing the Sepoys as to resist the severities of the winter, and enable them to escape the destructive bitings of the frost. "Major Pottinger told us," says a writer of note in the *Calcutta Review*, "that when the retreat was decided on, and no attention was paid to his, Lawrence's, and Conolly's advice, to concentrate in the Balla Hissar,—he urged the officers to have all the old horse-clothing, &c., cut into strips and rolled round the soldiers' feet and ankles after the Afghan fashion, as a better protection against snow than the mere hard leather of shoes. This he repeatedly urged, but in vain, and within a few hours the frost did its work. Major Pottinger said that there was not an Afghan around them, who had not his legs swathed in rags as soon as the snow began to fall."

Then came that memorable retreat through the dreadful snow, of which history has but few parallels. The Afghans, whom there was no one to hold in restraint, swarmed down upon our unhappy people, and massacred them, benumbed and helpless as they were, almost without resistance. At last, the Barukzye chief, Akbar Khan, who had slain Sir William Macnaghten, appeared upon the scene, and promised to escort the remnant of the army safely to the British frontier, if three hostages were given up to him as a guarantee for the evacuation of our outposts in other parts of the country. Brigadier Shelton and Captain Lawrence were named; but Shelton refused to go; so Pottinger offered to take his place, and the offer was accepted. George Lawrence and Colin Mackenzie were his companions. From that time, in the early part of January, to the September of the same year (1842), Eldred Pottinger remained a prisoner in the hands of Akbar Khan. All the circumstances of this memorable captivity are well known, for there are few who have not read the interesting journals of Vincent Eyre and Florentia Sale. To the bold front which he assumed, when tidings came that General Pollock was advancing victoriously upon Caubul, the captives owed it mainly, under Providence, that they finally obtained their release. As briefly told by the historian of the war there is something almost ludicrous in the confidence of this little band of Englishmen. For we are told that at Bameean, "they deposed the Governor of the place, and appointed a more friendly chief in his stead. They levied contributions on a party of Lohanee merchants who were passing that way, and so supplied themselves with funds. And, to crown all, Major Pottinger began to issue proclamations, calling upon all the neighbouring chiefs to come in and make their salaam; he granted remissions of revenue; and all the decent clothes in the possession of the party were collected to bestow as *khelats* (dresses of honour)." And there was wisdom in this; for so true is the old Latin adage, "Possunt qui posse videntur."*

But when General Pollock's army marched back triumphantly to the British Provinces, it was a matter of official necessity that the conduct of Major Pottinger, who had signed a treaty for the evacuation of Afghanistan, should be submitted to investigation. A Court of Inquiry was therefore held, over which Mr. (now Sir George) Clerk presided; and what was then elicited only contributed to throw greater lustre on the young artilleryman's name. It was an inquiry of which no man doubted the result. After this Eldred Pottinger went down to Calcutta; and after a brief residence there, determined on a visit to his family in Europe. During his residence at the Presidency, as I well remember, the attempts to lionise him were very unsuccessful. Everybody was struck by the extreme modesty of his demeanour. He was shy and reserved, and unwilling to speak of himself. His uncle, Sir Henry Pottinger, was then at the head of our affairs in China. Moved by feelings of affection and gratitude, he resolved to pay his distinguished relative a visit; and during this visit, in a disastrous hour, he caught the Hong-Kong fever, and on the 15th of November, 1843, a career of the brightest promise was cut short by untimely death. The romance of Indian History has few more interesting chapters than the story of Eldred Pottinger—the defender of Herat.

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* He had been promoted to a brevet majority and created a Companion of the Bath for his services at Herat.

* His services as chief political officer with the Caubul prisoners were highly appreciated by those who shared his captivity, and they subscribed to present him, after their release, with a testimonial, which he never lived to receive. But it was requested by the subscribers, who one and all mourned his decease, that it might be kept as an heirloom in his family.

HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW TORFRIDA CONFESSED THAT SHE HAD BEEN INSPIRED BY THE DEVIL.

After a few days, there came down a priest to Crowland, and talked with Torfrida, in Archbishop Lanfranc's name.

Whether Lanfranc sent him, or merely (as is probable) Alftruda, he could not have come in a more fit name. Torfrida knew (with all the world) how Lanfranc had arranged William the Norman's uncanonical marriage, with the Pope, by help of archdeacon Hildebrand (afterwards Pope himself); and had changed his mind deftly to William's side when he saw that William might be useful to Holy Church, and could enslave, if duly managed, not only the nation of England to himself, but the clergy of England to Rome. All this Torfrida, and the world, knew. And therefore she answered:

"Lanfranc? I can hardly credit you: for I hear that he is a good man, though hard. But he has settled a queen's marriage suit; so he may very well settle mine."

After which they talked together; and she answered him, the priest said, so wisely and well, that he never had met with a woman of so clear a brain, or of so stout a heart.

At last, being puzzled to get that which he wanted, he touched on the matter of her marriage with Hereward.

She wished it, he said, dissolved. She wished herself to enter religion.

Archbishop Lanfranc would be most happy to sanction so holy a desire, but there were objections. She was a married woman; and her husband had not given his consent.

"Let him give it, then."

There were still objections. He had nothing to bring against her, which could justify the dissolution of the holy bond: unless——

"Unless I bring some myself?"

"There have been rumours—I say not how true—of magic and sorcery!——"

Torfrida leaped up from her seat, and laughed such a laugh, that the priest said in after years, it rung through his head as if it had arisen out of the pit of the lost.

"So that is what you want, Churchman? Then you shall have it. Bring me pen and ink. I need not to confess to you. You shall read my confession when it is done. I am a better scribe, mind you, than any clerk between here and Paris."

She seized the pen and ink, and wrote; not fiercely, as the priest expected, but slowly and carefully. Then she gave it the priest to read.

"Will that do, Churchman? Will that free my soul, and that of your French Archbishop?"

And the priest read to himself:

How Torfrida of St Omer, born at Arles in Provence, confessed that from her youth up she had been given to the practice of diabolic arts, and had at divers times and places used the same, both alone and with Richilda, late Countess of Hainault. How, wickedly, wantonly, and instinct with a malignant spirit, she had compassed, by charms and spells, to win the love of Hereward. How she had ever since kept in bondage him, and others whom she had not loved with the same carnal love, but only desired to make them useful to her own desire of power and glory, by the same magical arts; for which she now humbly begged pardon of Holy Church, and of all Christian folk; and, penetrated with compunction, desired only that she might retire into the convent of Crowland. She asserted the marriage which she had so unlawfully compassed, to be null and void; and prayed to be released therefrom, as a burden to her conscience and soul, that she might spend the rest of her life in penitence for her many enormous sins. She submitted herself to the judgment of Holy Church, only begging that this her free confession might be counted in her favour, and that she might not be put to death, as she deserved, nor sent into perpetual imprisonment; because her mother-in-law according to the flesh, the Countess Godiva, being old and infirm, had daily need of her; and she wished to serve her menially as long as she lived. After which, she put herself utterly upon the judgment of the Church. And meanwhile, she desired and prayed that she might be allowed to remain at large in the said monastery of Crowland, not leaving the precincts thereof, without special leave given by the Abbot and prioress in one case between her and them reserved; to wear garments of haircloth; to fast all the year on bread and water; and to be disciplined with rods or otherwise, at such times as the prioress should command, and to such degree as her body, softened with carnal luxury, could reasonably endure. And beyond—that, being dead to the world, God might have mercy on her soul.

And she meant what she said. The madness of remorse and disappointment, so common in the wild middle age, had come over her; and with it the twin madness of self-torture.

The priest read, and trembled; not for Torfrida: but for himself, lest she should enchant him after all.

"She must have been an awful sinner," said he to the monks when he got safe out of the room; "comparable only to the witch of Endor, or the woman Jezebel, of whom St John writes in the Revelations."

"I do not know how you Frenchmen measure folks, when you see them: but to our mind she is

—for goodness, humility, and patience comparable only to an Angel of God," said Abbot Ulfketyl.

"You Englishmen will have to change your minds on many points, if you mean to stay here."

"We shall not change them, and we shall stay here," quoth the Abbot.

"How? You will not get Sweyn and his Danes to help you a second time."

"No, we shall all die, and give you your wills, and you will not have the heart to cast our bones into the fens?"

"Not unless you intend to work miracles, and set up for saints, like your Alphege Edmund."

"Heaven forbid that we should compare ourselves with them! Only let us alone till we die."

"If you let us alone, and do not turn traitor meanwhile."

Abbot Ulfketyl bit his lip, and kept down the rising fiend.

"And now," said the priest, "deliver me over Torfrida the younger, daughter of Hereward and this woman, that I may take her to the King, who has found a fit husband for her."

"You will hardly get her."

"Not get her?"

"Not without her mother's consent. The lass cares for nought but her."

"Pish! that sorceress? Send for the girl."

Abbot Ulfketyl, forced in his own abbey, great and august lord though he was, to obey any upstart of a Norman priest who came backed by the King and Lanfranc, sent for the lass.

The young outlaw came in—hawk on fist, and its hood off, for it was a pet—short, sturdy, upright, brown-haired, blue-eyed, ill-dressed, with hard hands and sun-burnt face, but with the hawk-eye of her father, and her mother, and the hawks among which she was bred. She looked the priest over from head to foot, till he was abashed.

"A Frenchman!" said she, and she said no more.

The priest looked at her eyes, and then at the hawk's eyes. They were disagreeably like each other. He told his errand as courteously as he could, for he was not a bad-hearted man for a Norman priest.

The lass laughed him to scorn. The King's commands? She never saw a king in the greenwood, and cared for none. There was no king in England now, since Sweyn Ulfsson sailed back to Denmark. Who was this Norman William, to sell a free English lass like a colt or a cow? The priest might go back to the slaves of Wessex, and command them if he could: but in the fens, men were free, and lasses too.

The priest was piously shocked and indignant; and began to argue.

She played with her hawk, instead of listening, and then was marching out of the room.

"Your mother," said he, "is a sorceress."

"You are a knave, or set on by knaves. You lie; and you know you lie." And she turned away again.

"She has confessed it."

"You have driven her mad between you, till she will confess anything. I presume you threatened to burn her, as some of you did awhile back." And the young lady made use of words equally strong and true.

The priest was not accustomed to the direct language of the greenwood, and indignant on his own account, threatened, and finally offered to use force. Whereon there looked up into his face such a demon (so he said) as he never had seen or dreamed of, and said:

"If you lay a finger on me, I will brittle you like any deer." And therewith pulled out a saying-knife, about half as long again as the said priest's hand, being very sharp, so he deposed, down the whole length of one edge, and likewise down his little finger's length of the other.

Not being versed in the terms of English venery, he asked Abbot Ulfketyl what brittling of a deer might mean; and being informed that it was that operation on the carcase of a stag which his countrymen called eventrer, and Highland gillies now "gralloching," he subsided, and thought it best to go and consult the young lady's mother.

She, to his astonishment, submitted at once and utterly. The King, and he whom she had called her husband, were very gracious. It was all well. She would have preferred, and the Lady Godiva too, after their experience of the world and the flesh, to have devoted her daughter to Heaven in the minster there. But she was unworthy. Who was she, to train a bride for Him who died on the Cross? She accepted this as part of her penance, with thankfulness and humility. She had heard that Sir Hugh of Evermue was a gentleman of ancient birth and good prowess, and she thanked the King for his choice. Let the priest tell her daughter that she commanded her to go with him to Winchester. She did not wish to see her. She was stained with many crimes, and unworthy to approach a pure maiden. Besides, it would only cause misery and tears. She was trying to die to the world and to the flesh; and she did not wish to reawaken their power within her. Yes. It was very well. Let the lass go with him.

"Thou art indeed a true penitent," said the priest, his human heart softening him.

"Thou art very much mistaken," said she, and turned away.

The girl, when she heard her mother's command, wept, shrieked, and went. At least she was going to her father. And from wholesome fear of that same saying-knife, the priest left her in peace all the way to Winchester.

After which, Abbot Ulfketyl went into his lodgings, and burst, like a noble old nobleman as he was, into bitter tears of rage and shame.

But Torfrida's eyes were as dry as her own sackcloth.

The priest took the letter back to Winchester, and showed it—it may be to Archbishop Lanfranc.

But what he said, this chronicler would not dare to say. For he was a very wise man, and a very staunch and strong pillar of the Holy Roman Church. Meanwhile, he was man enough not to require that anything should be added to Torfrida's penance; and that was enough to prove him a man in those days—at least for a Churchman—as it proved Archbishop or Saint Ailred to be, a few years after, in the case of the nun of Watton, to be read in Gale's "Scriptores Anglicania." Then he showed the letter to Alftruda.

And she laughed one of her laughs, and said, "I have her at last!"

Then, as it befel, he was forced to show the letter to Queen Matilda; and she wept over it human tears, such as she, the noble heart, had been forced to weep many a time before, and said, "The poor soul!—You, Alftruda, woman! does Hereward know of this?"

"No, madam," said Alftruda, not adding that she had taken good care that he should not know.

"It is the best thing which I have heard of him. I should tell him, were it not that I must not meddle with my lord's plans. God grant him a good delivery, as they say of the poor souls in gaol. Well, madam, you have your will at last. God give you grace thereof, for you have not given Him much chance as yet."

"Your majesty will honour us by coming to the wedding?" asked Alftruda, utterly unabashed.

Matilda the Good looked at her with a face of such calm childlike astonishment, that Alftruda dropped her "fairy neck" at last, and slunk out of the presence like a beaten cur.

William went to the wedding; and swore horrible oaths that they were the handsomest pair he had ever seen. And so Hereward married Alftruda. How Holy Church settled the matter, is not said. But that Hereward married Alftruda, under these very circumstances, may be considered a "historic fact," being vouched for both by Gaimar, and by the Peterborough Chronicler. And doubtless Holy Church contrived that it should happen without sin, if it conduced to her own interest.

And little Torfrida—then aged, it seems, some sixteen years—was married to Hugh of Evermue. She wept and struggled as she was dragged into the church.

"But I do not want to be married. I want to go back to my mother."

"The diabolic instinct may have descended to her," said the priests, "and attracts her to the sorceress. We had best sprinkle her with holy water."

So they sprinkled her with holy water, and used exorcisms. Indeed, the case being an important one, and the personages of rank, they brought out from their treasures the apron of a certain virgin saint, and put it round her neck, in hopes of driving out the hereditary fiend.

"If I am led with a halter, I must needs go," said she, with one of her mother's own flashes of wit, and went. "But, Lady Alftruda," whispered she, halfway up the church, "I never loved him."

"Behave yourself before the King, or I will whip you till the blood runs."

And so she would, and no one would have wondered in those days.

"I will murder you, if you do. But I never even saw him."

"Little fool! And what are you going through, but what I went through before you?"

"You to say that?" gnashed the girl, as another spark of her mother's came out. "And you gaining what——"

"What I waited for for fifteen years," said Alftruda, coolly. "If you have courage and cunning, like me, to wait for fifteen years, you too may have your will likewise."

The pure child shuddered, and was married to Hugh of Evermue, who is not said to have kicked her; and was, according to them of Crowland, a good friend to their monastery, and therefore, doubtless, a good man. Once, says wicked report, he offered to strike her, as was the fashion in those chivalrous days. Whereon she turned upon him like a tigress, and bidding him remember that she was the daughter of Hereward and Torfrida, gave him such a beating that he, not wishing to draw sword upon her, surrendered at discretion; and they lived all their lives afterwards as happily as most other married people in those times.

CHAPTER XL.

HOW HEREWARD BEGAN TO GET HIS SOUL'S PRICE.

And now behold Hereward at home again, fat with the wages of sin, and not knowing that they are death.

He is once more "Dominus de Brunune cum Marisco," Lord of Bourne with the fen, "with all returns and liberties and all other things adjacent to the same vill which are now held as a barony from the Lord King of England." He has a fair young wife, and with her farms and manors even richer than his own. He is still young, hearty, wise by experience, high in the king's favour, and deservedly so.

Why should he not begin life again?

Why not? Unless it be true that the wages of sin are, not a new life, but death.

And yet he has his troubles. Hardly a Norman knight or baron round but has a blood-feud against him, for a kinsman slain. Sir Aswart, Thorold the abbot's man, was not likely to forgive him for turning him out of the three Mainthorpe manors, which he had comfortably held for two years past, and sending him back to lounge in the abbot's hall at Peterborough, without a yard of land he could call his own. Sir Ascelin was not likely to forgive him for marrying Alftruda, whom he had intended to marry himself. Ivo Taillebois was not likely to forgive him for existing within a hundred miles of Spalding, any more than the wolf would forgive the lamb for fouling the water below him. Beside, had he (Ivo) not married Hereward's niece? and what more grievous offence could Hereward commit, than to be her uncle, reminding Ivo of his own low birth by his nobility, and too likely to take Lucia's part, whenever it should please Ivo to beat or kick her? Only "Gilbert of Ghent," the pious and illustrious earl, sent messages of congratulation and friendship to Hereward, it being his custom to sail with the wind, and worship the rising sun—till it should decline again.

But more: hardly one of the Normans round, but, in the conceit of their skin-deep yesterday's civilisation, look on Hereward as a barbarian Englishman, who has his throat tattooed, and wears a short coat, and prefers—the churl—to talk English in his own hall, though he can talk as good French as they when he is with them, beside three or four barbarian tongues if he has need.

But more still: if they are not likely to bestow their love on Hereward, Hereward is not likely to win love from them of his own will. He is peevish, and wrathful, often insolent and quarrelsome: and small blame to him. The Normans are invaders and tyrants, who have no business there, and should not be there, if he had his way. And they and he can no more amalgamate than fire and water. Moreover, he is a very great man, or has been such once, and he thinks himself one still. He has been accustomed to command men, whole armies; and he will no more treat these Normans as his equals, than they will treat him as such. His own son-in-law, Hugh of Evermue, has to take hard words,—thoroughly well deserved, it may be: but all the more unpleasant for that reason.

The truth was, that Hereward's heart was gnawed with shame and remorse; and therefore he fancied, and not without reason, that all men pointed at him the finger of scorn.

He had done a bad, base, accursed deed. And he knew it. Once in his life—for his other sins were but the sins of his age—the Father of men seems (if the chroniclers say truth) to have put before this splendid barbarian good and evil, saying, Choose! And he knew that the evil was evil, and chose it nevertheless.

Eight hundred years after, a still greater genius and general had the same choice—as far as human cases of conscience can be alike—put before him. And he chose as Hereward chose.

But as with Napoleon and Josephine, so it was with Hereward and Torfrida. Neither throve after.

It was not punished by miracle. What sin is? It worked out its own punishment; that which it merited, deserved, or earned, by its own labour. No man could commit such a sin without shaking his whole character to the root. Hereward tried to persuade himself that his was not shaken; that he was the same Hereward as ever. But he could not deceive himself long. His conscience was evil. He was discontented with all mankind, and with himself most of all. He tried to be good,—as good as he chose to be. If he had done wrong in one thing, he might make up for it in others; but he could not. All his higher instincts fell from him one by one. He did not like to think of good and noble things; he dared not think of them. He felt, not at first, but as the months rolled on, that he was a changed man; that God had left him. His old bad habits began to return to him. Gradually he sank back into the very vices from which Torfrida had raised him sixteen years before. He took to drinking again, to dull the malady of thought; he excused himself to himself; he wished to forget his defeats, his disappointment, the ruin of his country, the splendid past which lay behind him like a dream. True: but he wished to forget likewise Torfrida fasting and weeping in Crowland. He could not bear the sight of Crowland tower on the far green horizon, the sound of Crowland bells booming over the flat on the south wind. He never rode down into the fens; he never went to see his daughter at Deeping, because Crowland lay that way. He went up into the old Bruneswald, hunted all day long through the glades where he and his merry men had done their doughty deeds, and came home in the evening to get drunk.

Then he lost his sleep. He sent down to Crowland, to Leofric the priest, that he might come to him, and sing his sagas of the old heroes, that he might get rest. But Leofric sent back for answer, that he would not come.

That night Alftruda heard him by her side in the still hours, weeping silently to himself. She caressed him: but he gave no heed to her.

"I believe," said she bitterly at last, "that you love Torfrida still better than you do me."

And Hereward answered, like Mahomet in like case, "That do I, by heaven. She believed in me when no one else in the world did."

And the vain hard Alftruda answered angrily; and there was many a fierce quarrel between them after that.

With his love of drinking, his love of boasting came back. Because he could do no more great deeds—or rather had not the spirit left in him to do more—he must needs, like a worn-out old man, babble of the great deeds which he had done; insult and defy his Norman neighbours; often talk what might be easily caricatured into treason against King William himself.

There were great excuses for his follies, as there are for those of every beaten man: but Hereward was spent. He had lived his life, and had no more life which he could live; for every man, it would seem, brings into the world with him a certain capacity, a certain amount of vital force, in body and in soul; and when that is used up, the man must sink down into some sort of second childhood, and end, like Hereward, very much where he began: unless the grace of God shall lift him up above the capacity of the mere flesh, into a life literally new, ever-renewing, ever-expanding, and eternal.

But the grace of God had gone away from Hereward, as it goes away from all men who are unfaithful to their wives.

It was very pitiable. Let no man judge him. Life, to most, is very hard work. There are those who endure to the end, and are saved; there are those, again, who do not endure: upon whose souls may God have mercy.

So Hereward soon became as intolerable to his Norman neighbours, as they were intolerable to him.

Whereon, according to the simple fashion of those primitive times, they sought about for some one who would pick a quarrel with Hereward, and slay him in fair fight. But an Archibald Bell-the-Cat was not to be found on every hedge.

But it befel that Oger the Breton, he who had Morcar's lands round Bourne, came up to see after his lands, and to visit his friend and fellow-robber, Ivo Taillebois.

Ivo thought the hot-headed Breton, who had already insulted Hereward with impunity at Winchester, the fittest man for his purpose; and asked him over his cups, whether he had settled with that English ruffian about the Docton land?

Now, King William had judged that Hereward and Oger should hold that land between them, as he and Toli had done. But when "two dogs," as Ivo said, "have hold of the same bone, it is hard if they cannot get a snap at each other's noses."

Oger agreed to that opinion; and riding into Bourne, made inquisition into the doings at Docton. And—scandalous injustice—he found that an old woman had sent six hens to Hereward, whereof she should have kept three for him.

So he sent to demand formally of Hereward those three hens; and was unpleasantly disappointed when Hereward, instead of offering to fight him, sent him them in an hour, and a lusty young cock into the bargain, with this message—That he hoped they might increase and multiply; for it was a shame of an honest Englishman if he did not help a poor Breton churl to eat roast fowls for the first time in his life, after feeding on nothing better than furze-toppings, like his own ponies.

To which Oger, who, like a true Breton, believed himself descended from King Arthur, Sir Tristram, and half the knights of the Round Table, replied that his blood was to that of Hereward, as wine to peat-water; and that Bretons used furze-toppings only to scourge the backs of insolent barbarians.

To which Hereward replied, that there were gnats enough pestering him in the fens already, and that one more was of no consequence.

Wherefrom the Breton judged, as at Winchester, that Hereward had no lust to fight.

The next day he met Hereward going out to hunt, and was confirmed in his opinion when Hereward lifted his cap to him most courteously, saying that he was not aware before that his neighbour was a gentleman of such high blood.

"Blood? Better at least than thine, thou barelegged Saxon, who has dared to call me churl. So you must needs have your throat cut? I took you for a wiser man."

"Many have taken me for that which I am not. If you will harness yourself, I will do the same; and we will ride up into the Bruneswald, and settle this matter in peace."

"Three men on each side to see fair play," said the Breton.

And up into the Bruneswald they rode; and fought long without advantage on either side.

Hereward was not the man which he had been. His nerve was gone, as well as his conscience; and all the dash and fury of his old onslaughts gone therewith.

He grew tired of the fight, not in body, but in mind; and more than once drew back.

"Let us stop this child's play," said he, according to the chronicler; "what need have we to fight here all day about nothing?"

Whereat the Breton fancied him already more than half-beaten, and attacked more furiously than ever. He would be the first man on earth who ever had had the better of the great outlaw. He would win himself eternal glory, as the champion of all England.

But he had mistaken his man, and his indomitable English pluck. "It was Hereward's fashion, in fight and war," says the chronicler, "always to ply the man most at the last." And so found the Breton; for Hereward suddenly lost patience, and rushing on him with one of his old shouts, hewed at him again and again, as if his arm would never tire.

Oger gave back, would he or not. In a few moments his sword-arm dropt to his side, cut half through.

"Have you had enough, Sir Tristram the younger?" quoth Hereward, wiping his sword, and walking moodily away.

Oger went out of Bourne with his arm in a sling, and took counsel with Ivo Taillebois. Whereon they two mounted, and rode to Lincoln, and took counsel with Gilbert of Ghent.

The fruit of which was this. That a fortnight after Gilbert rode into Bourne with a great meinie, full a hundred strong, and with him the sheriff and the king's writ; and arrested Hereward on a charge of speaking evil of the king, breaking his peace, compassing the death of his faithful lieges, and various other wicked, traitorous, and diabolical acts.

Hereward was minded at first to fight and die. But Gilbert, who—to do him justice—wished no harm to his ancient squire, reasoned with him. Why should he destroy not only himself, but perhaps his people likewise? Why should he throw away his last chance? The king was not so angry as he seemed; and if Hereward would but be reasonable, the matter might be arranged. As it was, he was not to be put to strong prison. He was to be in the custody of Robert of Herepol, Chatelain of Bedford, who, Hereward knew, was a reasonable and courteous man. The king had asked him, Gilbert, to take charge of Hereward.

"And what said you?"

"That I had rather have in my pocket the seven devils that came out of St. Mary Magdalene; and that I would not have thee within ten miles of Lincoln town, to be Earl of all the Danelagh. So I begged him to send thee to Sir Robert, just because I knew him to be a mild and gracious man."

A year before, Hereward would have scorned the proposal, and probably, by one of his famous stratagems, escaped there and then out of the midst of all Gilbert's men. But his spirit was broken: indeed, so was the spirit of every Englishman; and he mounted his horse sullenly, and rode alongside of Gilbert, unarmed for the first time for many a year.

"You had better have taken me," said Sir Ascelin aside to the weeping Alftruda.

"I? helpless wretch that I am! What shall I do for my own safety, now he is gone?"

"Let me come and provide for it."

"Out! wretch! traitor!" cried she.

"There is nothing very traitorous in succouring distressed ladies," said Ascelin. "If I can be of the least service to Alftruda the peerless, let her but send, and I fly to do her bidding."

So they rode off.

Hereward went through Cambridge and Potton like a man stunned, and spoke never a word. He could not even think, till he heard the key turned on him in a room—not a small or doleful one—in Bedford keep, and found an iron shackle on his leg, fastened to the stone bench on which he sat.

Robert of Herepol had meant to leave his prisoner loose. But there were those in Gilbert's train who told him, and with truth, that if he did so, no man's life would be safe. That to brain the gaoler with his own keys, and then twist out of his bowels a line wherewith to let himself down from the top of the castle, would be not only easy, but amusing, to the famous "Wake."

So Robert consented to fetter him so far, but no farther; and begged his pardon again and again as he did it, pleading the painful necessities of his office.

But Hereward heard him not. He sat in stupefied despair. A great black cloud had covered all heaven and earth, and entered into his brain through every sense, till his mind, as he said afterwards, was like Hell with the fire gone out.

A gaoler came in, he knew not how long after, bringing a good meal, and wine. He came cautiously toward the prisoner, and when still beyond the length of his chain, set the food down, and thrust it toward him with a stick, lest Hereward should leap on him and wring his neck.

But Hereward never even saw him or the food. He sat there all day, all night, and nearly all the next day, and hardly moved hand or foot. The gaoler told Sir Robert in the evening that he thought the man was mad, and would die.

So good Sir Robert went up to him, and spoke kindly and hopefully. But all Hereward answered was, that he was very well. That he wanted nothing. That he had always heard well of Sir Robert. That he should like to get a little sleep: but that sleep would not come.

The next day Sir Robert came again early, and found him sitting in the same place.

"He was very well," he said. "How could he be otherwise? He was just where he ought to be. A man could not be better than in his right place."

Whereon Sir Robert gave him up for mad.

Then he bethought of sending him a harp, knowing the fame of Hereward's music and singing. "And when he saw the harp," the gaoler said, "he wept; but bade take the thing away. And so sat still where he was."

In this state of dull despair he remained for many weeks. At last he woke up.

There passed through and by Bedford large bodies of troops, going as it were to and from battle. The clank of arms stirred Hereward's heart as of old, and he sent to Sir Robert to ask what was toward.

Sir Robert, "the venerable man," came to him joyfully and at once, glad to speak to an illustrious captive, whom he looked on as an injured man; and told him news enough.

Taillebois' warning about Ralph Guader and Waltheof had not been needless. Ralph, as the most influential of the Bretons, was on no good terms with the Normans, save with one, and that one of the most powerful—Fitz-Osbern, Earl of Hereford. His sister, Ralph was to have married: but William, for reasons unknown, forbade the match. The two great earls celebrated the wedding in spite of William, and asked Waltheof as a guest. And at Exning, between the fen and Newmarket Heath—

"Was that bride-ale
Which was man's bale."

For there was matured the plot which Ivo and others had long seen brewing. William had made himself hateful to all men by his cruelties and tyrannies—and indeed his government was growing more unrighteous day by day. Let them drive him out of England, and part the land between them. Two should be dukes, the third king paramount.

"Waltheof, I presume, plotted drunk, and repented sober, when too late. The wittol! He should have been a monk."

"Repented he has, if ever he was guilty. For he fled to Archbishop Lanfranc, and confessed to him so much, that Lanfranc declares him innocent, and has sent him on to William in Normandy."

"Oh, kind priest! true priest! To send his sheep into the wolf's mouth."

"You forget, dear sire, that William is our king."

"I can hardly forget that, with this pretty ring upon my ankle. But after my experience of how he has kept faith with me, what can I expect for Waltheof the wittol, save that which I have foretold many a time?"

"As for you, dear sire, the king has been misinformed concerning you. I have sent messengers to reason with him again and again: but as long as Taillebois, Warrenne, and Robert Malet had his ear, of what use were my poor words?"

"And what said they?"

"That there would be no peace in England if you were loose."

"They lied. I am no boy, like Waltheof. I know when the game is played out. And it is played out now. The Frenchman is master, and I know it well. Were I loose to-morrow, and as great a fool as Waltheof, what could I do, with, it may be, some forty knights, and a hundred men-at-arms, against all William's armies? But how goes on this fools' rebellion? If I had been loose, I might have helped to crush it in the bud."

"And you would have done that against Waltheof?"

"Why not against him? He is but bringing more misery on England. Tell that to William. Tell him that if he sets me free, I will be the first to attack Waltheof, or whom he will. There are no English left to fight against," said he, bitterly, "for Waltheof is none now."

"He shall know your words when he returns to England."

"What, is he abroad, and all this evil going on?"

"In Normandy. But the English have risen for the King in Herefordshire, and beaten Earl Roger; and Odo of Bayeux and Bishop Mowbray are on their way to Cambridge, where they hope to give a good account of Earl Ralph; and that the English may help them there."

"And they shall! They hate Ralph Guader as much as I do. Can you send a message for me?"

"Whither?"

"To Bourne in the Bruneswald; and say to Hereward's men, wherever they are, Let them rise and arm, if they love Hereward, and down to Cambridge, to be the foremost at Bishop Odo's side against Ralph Guader, or Waltheof himself. Send! send! Oh that I were free!"

"Would to heaven thou wert free, my gallant sir!" said the good man.

From that day Hereward woke up somewhat. He was still a broken man, querulous, peevish: but the hope of freedom and the hope of battle woke him up. If he could but get to his men! But his melancholy returned. His men—some of them at least—went down to Odo at Cambridge, and did good service. Guader was utterly routed, and escaped to Norwich, and thence to Brittany—his home. The bishops punished their prisoners, the rebel Normans, with horrible mutilations.

"The wolves are beginning to eat each other," said Hereward to himself. But it was a sickening thought to him, that his men had been fighting and he not at their head.

After awhile there came to Bedford Castle two witty knaves. One was a cook, who "came to buy milk," says the chronicler; the other seemingly a gleeman. They told stories, jested, harped, sang, drank, and pleased much the garrison and Sir Robert, who let them hang about the place.

They asked next, whether it were true that the famous Hereward was there? If so, might a man have a look at him?

The gaoler said that many men might have gone to see him, so easy was Sir Robert to him. But he would have no man; and none dare enter save Sir Robert and he, for fear of their lives. But he would ask him of Herepol.

The good knight of Herepol said, "Let the rogues go in, they may amuse the poor man."

So they went in, and as soon as they went, he knew them. One was Martin Lightfoot, the other, Leofric the Unlucky.

"Who sent you?" asked he surlily, turning his face away.

"She."

"Who?"

"We know but one she, and she is at Crowland."

"She sent you? and wherefore?"

"That we might sing to you, and make you merry."

Hereward answered them with a terrible word, and turned his face to the wall, groaning, and then bade them sternly to go.

So they went, for the time.

The gaoler told this to Sir Robert, who saw all, being a kind-hearted man.

"From his poor first wife, eh? Well, there can be no harm in that. Nor if they came from this Lady Alftruda either, for that matter; let them go in and out when they will."

"But they may be spies and traitors."

"Then we can but hang them."

Robert of Herepol, it would appear from the chronicle, did not much care whether they were spies or not.

So the men went to and fro, and often sat with Hereward. But he forbad them sternly to mention Torfrida's name.

Alftruda sent to him meanwhile, again and again, messages of passionate love and sorrow, and he listened to them as sullenly as he did to his two servants, and sent no answer back. And so sat more weary months, in the very prison, it may be in the very room, in which John Bunyan sate nigh six hundred years after: but in a very different frame of mind.

One day Sir Robert was going up the stairs with another knight, and met the two coming down. He was talking to that knight earnestly, indignantly: and somehow, as he passed Leofric and Martin he thought fit to raise his voice, as if in a great wrath.

"Shame to all honour and chivalry! Good saints in heaven, what a thing is human fortune! That this man, who had once a gallant army at his back, should be at this moment going like a sheep to the slaughter, to Buckingham Castle, at the mercy of his worst enemy, Ivo Taillebois, of all men in the world. If there were a dozen knights left of all those whom he used to heap with wealth and honour, worthy the name of knights, they would catch us between here and Stratford, and make a free man of their lord."

So spake—or words to that effect, according to the Latin chronicler, who must have got them from Leofric himself—the good knight of Herepol.

"Hillo, knaves!" said he, seeing the two, "are you here eaves-dropping? Out of the castle this instant, on your lives."

Which hint those two witty knaves took on the spot.

A few days after, Hereward was travelling toward Buckingham, chained upon a horse, with Sir Robert and his men, and a goodly company of knights belonging to Ivo. Ivo, as the story runs, seems to have arranged with Ralph Pagnel at Buckingham, to put him into the keeping of a creature of his own. And how easy it was to put out a man's eyes, or starve him to death, in a Norman keep, none knew better than Hereward.

But he was past fear or sorrow. A dull heavy cloud of despair had settled down upon his soul. Black with sin, his heart could not pray. He had hardened himself against all heaven and earth, and thought, when he thought at all, only of his wrongs: but never of his sins.

They passed through a forest, seemingly somewhere near what is Newport Pagnel, named after Ralph his would-be gaoler.

Suddenly from the trees dashed out a body of knights, and at their head, the white bear banner, in Ranald of Ramsey's hand.

"Halt," shouted Sir Robert; "we are past the half-way stone. Earl Ivo's and Earl Ralph's men are answerable now for the prisoner."

"Treason!" shouted Ivo's men; and one would have struck Hereward through with his lance; but Winter was too quick for him, and bore him from his saddle; and then dragged Hereward out of the fight.

The Normans, surprised while their helmets were hanging at their saddles, and their arms not ready for battle, were scattered at once. But they returned to the attack, confident in their own numbers.

They were over confident. Hereward's fetters were knocked off; and he was horsed and armed, and mad with freedom and battle, fighting like himself once more.

Only as he rode to and fro, thrusting and hewing, he shouted to his men to spare Sir Robert, and all his meinie, crying that he was the saviour of his life; and when the fight was over, and all Ivo's and Ralph's men who were not slain, had ridden for their lives into Stratford, he shook hands with that venerable knight, giving him innumerable thanks and courtesies for his honourable keeping; and begged him to speak well of him to the king.

And so these two parted in peace, and Hereward was a free man.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW EARL WALTHEOF WAS MADE A SAINT.

A few months after, there sat in Abbot Thorold's lodgings in Peterborough, a select company of Normans, talking over affairs of State after their supper.

"Well, earls and gentlemen," said the Abbot, as he sipped his wine, "the cause of our good king, which is happily the cause of Holy Church, goes well, I think. We have much to be thankful for when we review the events of the past year. We have finished the rebels; Roger de Breteuil is safe in prison, Ralph Guader unsafe in Brittany, and Waltheof more than unsafe in—the place to which traitors descend. We have not a manor left which is not in loyal Norman hands; we have not an English monk left who has not been scourged and starved into holy obedience; not an English saint for whom any man cares a jot, since Guerin de Lire preached down St. Adhelm, the admirable Primate disposed of St. Alphege's martyrdom, and some other wise man—I am ashamed to say that I forget who—proved that St. Edmund of Suffolk was merely a barbarian knight, who was killed fighting with Danes only a little more heathen than himself. We have had great labours and great sufferings since we landed in this barbarous isle upon our holy errand ten years since; but, under the shadow of the Gonfalon of St. Peter, we have conquered, and may sing 'Dominus Illuminatio mea,' with humble and thankful hearts."

"I don't know that," said Ascelin, "my Lord Uncle; I shall never sing 'Dominus illuminatio,' till I see your coffers illuminated once more by those thirty thousand marks."

"Or I," said Oger le Breton, "till I see myself safe in that bit of land which Hereward holds wrongfully of me in Docton."

"Or I," said Ivo Taillebois, "till I see Hereward's head on Bourne Gable, where he stuck up those Normans' heads seven years ago. But what the Lord Abbot means by saying that we have done with English saints I do not see, for the villains of Crowland have just made a new one for themselves."

"A new one?"

"I tell you truth and fact; I will tell you all, Lord Abbot; and you shall judge whether it is not enough to drive an honest man mad to see such things going on under his nose. Men say of me that I am rough, and swear and blaspheme. I put it to you, Lord Abbot, if Job would not have cursed if he had been Lord of Spalding? You know that the king let these Crowland monks have Waltheof's body?"

"Yes, I thought it an unwise act of grace. It would have been wiser to leave him, as he desired, out on the down, in ground unconsecrate."

"Of course, of course; for what has happened?"

"That old traitor, Ulfketyl, and his monks bring the body to Crowland, and bury it as if it had been the Pope's. In a week they begin to spread their lies—that Waltheof was innocent; that Archbishop Lanfranc himself said so."

"That was the only act of human weakness which I have ever known the venerable prelate commit," said Thorold.

"That these Normans at Winchester were so in the traitor's favour, that the king had to have him out and cut off his head in the grey of the morning, ere folks were up and about; that the fellow was so holy that he passed all his time in prison in weeping and praying, and said over the whole Psalter every day, because his mother had taught it him—I wish she had taught him to be an honest man—and that when his head was on the block he said all the Paternoster, as far as 'Lead us not into temptation,' and then off went his head; whereon, his head being off, he finished the prayer with—you know best what comes next, Abbot?"

"Deliver us from evil, Amen! What a manifest lie! The traitor was not permitted, it is plain, to ask for that which could never be granted to him: but his soul, unworthy to be delivered from evil, entered instead into evil, and howls for ever in the pit."

"But all the rest may be true," said Oger; "and yet that be no reason why these monks should say it."

"So I told them, and threatened them too; for, not content with making him a martyr, they are making him a saint."

"Impious! Who can do that, save the Holy Father?" said Thorold.

"You had best get your bishop to look to them, then, for they are carrying blind beggars and mad girls by the dozen to be cured at the man's tomb, that is all. Their fellows in the cell at Spalding went about to take a girl that had fits off one of my manors, to cure her; but that I stopped with a good horsewhip."

"And rightly."

"And gave the monks a piece of my mind, and drove them clean out of their cell home to Crowland."

What a piece of Ivo's mind on this occasion might be, let Ingulf describe:

"Against our monastery and all the people of Crowland he was, by the instigation of the devil, raised to such an extreme pitch of fury, that he would follow their animals in the marshes with his dogs, drive them to a great distance down in the lakes, mutilate some in the tails, others in the ears, while often, by breaking the backs and legs of the beasts of burden, he rendered them utterly useless. Against our cell also (at Spalding) and our brethren, his neighbours, the prior and monks, who dwelt all day within his presence, he raged with tyrannical and frantic fury, lamed their oxen and horses, daily impounded their sheep and poultry, striking down, killing, and slaying their swine and pigs; while at the same time the servants of the prior were oppressed in the Earl's court with insupportable exactions, were often assaulted in the highways with swords and staves, and sometimes killed."

"Well," went on the injured earl, "this Hereward gets news of me—and news too—I don't know whence, but true enough it is—that I had sworn to drive Ulfketyl out of Crowland by writ from king and bishop, and lock him up as a minister at the other end of England."

"You will do but right. I will send a knight off to the king this day, telling him all, and begging him to send us up a trusty Norman as abbot of Crowland, that we may have one more gentleman in the land fit for our company."

"You must kill Hereward first. For, as I was going to say, he sent word to me 'that the monks of Crowland were as the apple of his eye, and Abbot Ulfketyl to him as more than a father; and that if I dared to lay a finger on them or their property, he would cut my head off.'"

"He has promised to cut my head off likewise," said Ascelin. "Earl, knights, and gentlemen, do you not think it wiser that we should lay our wits together once and for all, and cut off his?"

"But who will catch the Wake sleeping?" said Ivo, laughing.

"That will I. I have my plans, and my intelligencers."

And so those wicked men took counsel together to slay Hereward.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW HEREWARD GOT THE REST OF HIS SOUL'S PRICE.

In those days a messenger came riding post to Bourne. The Countess Judith wished to visit the tomb of her late husband, Earl Waltheof; and asked hospitality on her road of Hereward and Alftruda.

Of course she would come with a great train, and the trouble and expense would be great. But the hospitality of those days, when money was scarce, and wine scarcer still, was unbounded, and a matter of course; and Alftruda was overjoyed. No doubt, Judith was the most unpopular person in England at that moment; called by all a traitress and a fiend. But she was an old acquaintance of Alftruda's; she was the king's niece; she was immensely rich, not only in manors of her own, but in manors, as Domesday book testifies, about Lincolnshire and the counties round, which had belonged to her murdered husband—which she had too probably received as the price of her treason. So Alftruda looked to her visit as to an honour which would enable her to hold her head high among the proud Norman dames, who despised her as the wife of an Englishman.

Hereward looked on the visit in a different light. He called Judith ugly names, not undeserved; and vowed that if she entered his house by the front door he would go out at the back. "Torfrida prophesied," he said, "that she would betray her husband, and she has done it."

"Torfrida prophesied? Did she prophesy that I should betray you likewise?" asked Alftruda, in a tone of bitter scorn.

"No, you handsome fiend: will you do it?"

"Yes; I am a handsome fiend, am I not?" and she bridled up her magnificent beauty, and stood over him as a snake stands over a mouse.

"Yes; you are handsome — beautiful: I adore you."

"And yet you will not do what I wish?"

"What you wish? What would I not do for you? what have I not done for you?"

"Then receive Judith. And now, go hunting, and bring me in game. I want deer, roe, fowls; anything and everything, from the greatest to the smallest. Go and hunt."

And Hereward trembled, and went.

There are flowers whose scent is so luscious that silly children will plunge their heads among them, drinking in their odour, to the exclusion of all fresh air. On a sudden, sometimes, comes a revulsion of the nerves. The sweet odour changes in a moment to a horrible one; and the child cannot bear for years after the scent which has once disgusted it by over sweetness. And so had it happened to Hereward. He did not love Alftruda now: he loathed, hated, dreaded her. And yet he could not take his eyes for a moment off her beauty. He watched every movement of her hand, to press it, obey it. He would have preferred instead of hunting, simply to sit and watch her go about the house at her work. He was spell-bound to a thing which he regarded with horror.

But he was told to go and hunt; and he went, with all his men, and sent home large supplies for the larder. And as he hunted, the free, fresh air of the forest comforted him, the free forest life came back to him, and he longed to be an outlaw once more, and hunt on for ever. He would not go back yet, at least to face that Judith. So he sent back the greater part of his men with a story. He was ill: he was laid up at a farmhouse far away in the forest, and begged the countess to excuse his absence. He had sent fresh supplies of game, and a goodly company of his men, knights and house-carles, who would escort her royally to Crowland.

Judith cared little for his absence; he was but an English barbarian. Alftruda was half glad to have him out of the way, lest his now sullen and uncertain temper should break out; and bowed herself to the earth before Judith, who patronised her to her heart's content, and offered her slily insolent condolences on being married to a barbarian. She herself could sympathise—who more?

Alftruda might have answered with scorn that she was an Adeliza, and of better English blood than Judith's Norman blood; but she had her ends to gain, and gained them.

For Judith was pleased to be so delighted with her that she kissed her lovingly, and said with much emotion that she required a friend who would support her through her coming trial; and who better than one who herself had suffered so much? Would she accompany her to Crowland?

Alftruda was overjoyed, and away they went.

And to Crowland they came; and to the tomb in the minster, whereof men said already that the sacred corpse within worked miracles of healing.

And Judith, habited in widow's weeds, approached the tomb, and laid on it, as a peace-offering to the manes of the dead, a splendid pall of silk and gold.

A fierce blast came howling off the fen, screeched through the minster towers, swept along the dark aisles; and then, so say the chroniclers, caught up the pall from off the tomb, and hurled it far away into a corner.

"A miracle!" cried all the monks at once; and honestly enough, like true Englishmen as they were.

"The Holy heart refuses the gift, Countess," said old Ulfketyl, in a voice of awe.

Judith covered her face with her hands, and turned away trembling, and walked out, while all looked upon her as a thing accursed.

Of her subsequent life, her folly, her wantonness, her disgrace, her poverty, her wanderings, her wretched death, let others tell.

But these Normans believed that the curse of Heaven was upon her from that day. And the best of them believed likewise that Waltheof's murder was the reason that William, her uncle, prospered no more in life.

"Ah, saucy sir," said Alftruda to Ulfketyl, as she went out. "There is one waiting at Peterborough now who will teach thee manners, Ingulf of Fontenelle, abbot in thy room."

"Does Hereward know that?" asked Ulfketyl, looking keenly at her.

"What is that to thee?" said she, fiercely, and flung out of the minster. But Hereward did not know. There were many things abroad, of which she told him nothing.

They went back, and were landed at Deeping town, and making their way along the King Street, or old Roman Road, to Bourne. Thereon a man met them, running. They had best stay where they were. The Frenchmen were out, and there was fighting up in Bourne.

Alftruda's knights wanted to push on, to see after the Bourne folk; Judith's knights wanted to push on to help the French: and the two parties were ready to fight each other. There was a great tumult. The ladies had much ado to still it.

Alftruda said that it might be but a countryman's rumour; that, at least, it was shame to quarrel with their guests. At last it was agreed that two knights should gallop on into Bourne, and bring back news.

But those knights never came back. So the whole body moved on Bourne, and there they found out the news for themselves.

Hereward had gone home as soon as they had departed, and sat down to eat and drink. His manner was sad and strange. He drank much at the midday meal, and then lay down to sleep, setting guards as usual.

After awhile he leapt up with a shriek and a shudder.

They ran to him, asking whether he was ill.

"Ill? No. Yes. Ill at heart. I have had a dream—an ugly dream. I thought that all the men I ever slew on earth, came to me with their wounds all gaping, and cried at me. 'Our luck then, thy luck now.' Chaplain! Is there not a verse somewhere—Uncle Brand said it to me on his death-bed—'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?'"

"Surely the master is fey," whispered Guenoch in fear to the chaplain. "Answer him out of Scripture."

"Text? None such that I know of," quoth Priest Ailward, a graceless fellow who had taken Leofric's place. "If that were the law, it would be but few honest men that would die in their beds. Let us drink, and drive girls' fancies out of our heads."

So they drank again; and Hereward fell asleep once more.

"It is thy turn to watch, priest," said Guenoch to Ailward. "So keep the door well, for I am worn out with hunting," and so fell asleep.

Ailward shuffled into his harness, and went to the door. The wine was heady; the sun was hot. In a few minutes he was asleep likewise.

Hereward slept, who can tell how long? But at last there was a bustle, a heavy fall; and waking with a start, he sprang up. He saw Ailward lying dead across the gate, and above him a crowd of fierce faces, some of which he knew too well. He saw Ivo Taillebois; he saw Oger; he saw his fellow-Breton, Sir Raoul de Dol; he saw Sir Ascelin; he saw Sir Aswat, Thorold's man; he saw Sir Hugh of Evermue, his own son-in-law; and with them he saw, or seemed to see, the Ogre of Cornwall, and O'Brodar of Ivark, and Dick Hammerhand of Walcheren, and many another old foe long underground; and in his ear rang the text—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." And Hereward knew that his end was come.

There was no time to put on mail or helmet. He saw the old sword and shield hang on a perch, and tore them down. As he girded the sword on, Winter sprang to his side.

"I have three lances—two for me and one for you, and we can hold the door against twenty."

"Till they fire the house over our heads. Shall Hereward die like a wolf in a cave? Forward, all Hereward's men!"

And he rushed out upon his fate. No man followed him, save Winter. The rest, dispersed, unarmed, were running hither and thither helplessly.

"Brothers in arms, and brothers in Valhalla!" shouted Winter as he rushed after him.

A knight was running to and fro in the Court, shouting Hereward's name. "Where is the villain? Wake! We have caught thee asleep at last."

"I am out," quoth Hereward, as the man almost stumbled against him; "and this is in."

And through shield, hauberk, and body, as says Gaimar, went Hereward's javelin, while all drew back, confounded for the moment at that mighty stroke.

"Felons!" shouted Hereward, "your king has given me his truce; and do you dare break my house, and kill my folk? Is that your Norman law? And is this your Norman honour?—To take a man unawares over his meat? Come on, traitors all, and get what you can of a naked man;* you will buy it dear——Guard my back, Winter!"

And he ran right at the press of knights; and the fight began.

> "He gored them like a wood wild boar,
> As long as that lance might endure,"

Says Gaimar.

> "And when that lance did break in hand,
> Full fell enough he smote with brand."

And as he hewed on silently, with grinding teeth and hard, glittering eyes, of whom did he think? Of Alftruda?

Not so. But of that pale ghost, with great black hollow eyes, who sat in Crowland, with thin bare feet, and sackcloth on her tender limbs, watching, praying, longing, loving, uncomplaining. That ghost had been for many a month the background of all his thoughts and dreams. It was so clear before his mind's eye now, that, unawares to himself, he shouted, "Torfrida!" as he struck, and struck the harder at the sound of his old battle-cry.

And now he is all wounded and be-bled; and Winter, who has fought back to back with him, has fallen on his face; and Hereward stands alone, turning from side to side, as he sweeps his sword right and left till the forest rings with the blows, but staggering as he turns. Within a ring of eleven corpses he stands. Who will go in and make the twelfth?

A knight rushes in, to fall headlong down, cloven through the helm: but Hereward's blade snaps short, and he hurls it away as his foes rush in with a shout of joy. He tears his shield from his left arm, and with it, says Gaimar, brains two more.

But the end is come. Taillebois and Evermue are behind him now; four lances are through his back, and bear him down to his knees.

"Cut off his head, Breton!" shouted Ivo. Raoul de Dol rushed forward, sword in hand. At that cry Hereward lifted up his dying head. One stroke more ere it was all done for ever.

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* *i.e.*, without armour.

And with a shout of "Torfrida!" which made the Bruneswald ring, he hurled the shield full in the Breton's face, and fell forward dead.

The knights drew their lances from that terrible corpse slowly and with caution, as men who have felled a bear, yet dare not step within reach of the seemingly lifeless paw.

"The dog died hard," said Ivo. "Lucky for us that Sir Ascelin had news of his knights being gone to Crowland. If he had had them to back him, we had not done this deed to-day."

"I will make sure," said Ascelin, as he struck off the once fair and golden head.

"Ho, Breton," cried Ivo, "the villain is dead. Get up, man, and see for yourself. What ails him?"

But when they lifted up Raoul de Dol his brains were running down his face; and all men stood astonished at that last mighty stroke.

"That blow," said Ascelin, "will be sung hereafter by minstrel and maiden as the last blow of the last Englishman. Knights, we have slain a better knight than ourselves. If there had been three more such men in this realm, they would have driven us and King William back again into the sea."

So said Ascelin; those words of his, too, were sung by many a jongleur, Norman as well as English, in the times that were to come.

"Likely enough:" said Ivo; "but that is the more reason why we should set that head of his up over the hall-door, as a warning to these English churls that their last man is dead, and their last stake thrown and lost."

So perished "the last of the English."

It was the third day. The Normans were drinking in the hall of Bourne, casting lots among themselves who should espouse the fair Alftruda, who sat weeping within over the headless corpse; when in the afternoon a servant came in, and told them how a barge full of monks had come to the shore, and that they seemed to be monks from Crowland. Ivo Taillebois bade drive them back again into the barge with whips. But Hugh of Evermue spoke up.

"I am lord and master in Bourne this day, and if Ivo have a quarrel against St. Guthlac, I have none. This Ingulf of Fontenelle, the new abbot who has come thither since old Ulfketyl was sent to prison, is a loyal man, and a friend of King William's, and my friend he shall be till he behaves himself as my foe. Let them come up in peace."

Taillebois growled and cursed: but the monks came up, and into the hall; and at their head Ingulf himself, to receive whom all men rose, save Taillebois.

"I come," said Ingulf, in most courtly French, "noble knights, to ask a boon in the name of the Most Merciful, on behalf of a noble and unhappy lady. Let it be enough to have avenged yourself on the living. Gentlemen and Christians war not against the dead."

"No, no, Master Abbot!" shouted Taillebois; "Waltheof is enough to keep Crowland in miracles for the present. You shall not make a martyr of another Saxon churl. He wants the barbarian's body, knights, and you will be fools if you let him have it."

"Churl? Barbarian?" said a haughty voice; and a nun stepped forward who had stood just behind Ingulf. She was clothed entirely in black. Her bare feet were bleeding from the stones; her hand, as she lifted it, was as thin as a skeleton's.

She threw back her veil, and showed to the knights what had been once the famous beauty of Torfrida.

But the beauty was long passed away. Her hair was white as snow; her cheeks were fallen in. Her hawk-like features were all sharp and hard. Only in their hollow sockets burned still the great black eyes, so fiercely that all men turned uneasily from her gaze.

"Churl? Barbarian?" she said, slowly and quietly, but with an intensity which was more terrible than rage. "Who gives such names to one who was as much better born and better bred than those who now sit here, as he was braver and more terrible than they? The base woodcutter's son?—The upstart who would have been honoured had he taken service as yon dead man's groom?——"

"Talk to me so, and my stirrup leathers shall make acquaintance with your sides," said Taillebois.

"Keep them for your wife. Churl? Barbarian? There is not a man within this hall who is not a barbarian compared with him. Which of you touched the harp like him? Which of you, like him, could move all hearts with song? Which of you knows all tongues from Lapland to Provence? Which of you has been the joy of ladies' bowers, the counsellor of earls and heroes, the rival of a mighty king? Which of you will compare yourself with him—whom you dared not even strike, you and your robber crew, fairly in front, but skulked round him till he fell pecked to death by you, as Lapland Skratlings peck to death the bear. Ten years ago he swept this hall of such as you, and hung their heads upon yon gable outside; and were he alive but one five minutes again, this hall would be right cleanly swept again! Give me his body—or bear for ever the name of cowards, and Torfrida's curse."

And she fixed her terrible eyes first on one, and then on another, calling them by name.

"Ivo Taillebois—basest of all——"

"Take the witch's accursed eyes off me!" and he covered his face with his hands. "I shall be overlooked—planet-struck. Hew the witch down! Take her away!"

"Hugh of Evermue—The dead man's daughter is yours, and the dead man's lands. Are not these remembrances enough of him? Are you so fond of his memory that you need his corpse likewise?"

"Give it her! Give it her!" said he, hanging down his head like a rated cur.

"Ascelin of Lincoln, once Ascelin of Ghent,—There was a time when you would have done—what would you not?—for one glance of Torfrida's eyes.—Stay. Do not deceive yourself, fair sir. Torfrida means to ask no favour of you, or of living man. But she commands you. Do the thing she bids, or with one glance of her eye she sends you childless to your grave."

"Madam! Lady Torfrida! What is there I would not do for you? What have I done now, save avenge your great wrong?"

Torfrida made no answer: but fixed steadily on him eyes which widened every moment.

"But, madam"—and he turned shrinking from the fancied spell—"what would you have? The—the corpse? It is in the keeping of—of another lady."

"So?" said Torfrida, quietly. "Leave her to me;" and she swept past them all, and flung open the bower door at their backs, discovering Alftruda sitting by the dead.

The ruffians were so utterly appalled, not only by the false powers of magic, but by the veritable powers of majesty and eloquence, that they let her do what she would.

"Out!" cried she, using a short and terrible epithet. "Out, siren, with fairy's face and tail of fiend, and leave the husband with his wife!"

Alftruda looked up, shrieked; and then, with the sudden passion of a weak nature, drew a little knife, and sprang up.

Ivo made a coarse jest. The Abbot sprang in: "For the sake of all holy things, let there be no more murder here!"

Torfrida smiled, and fixed her snake's eye upon her wretched rival.

"Out! woman, and choose thee a new husband among these French gallants, ere I blast thee from head to foot with the leprosy of Naaman the Syrian."

Alftruda shuddered, and fled shrieking into an inner room.

"Now, knights, give me—that which hangs outside."

Ascelin hurried out, glad to escape. In a minute he returned.

The head was already taken down. A tall lay brother, the moment he had seen it, had climbed the gable, snatched it away, and now sat in a corner of the yard, holding it on his knees, talking to it, chiding it, as if it had been alive. When men had offered to take it, he had drawn a battle-axe from under his frock, and threatened to brain all comers. And the monks had warned off Ascelin, saying that the man was mad, and had Berserk fits of superhuman strength and rage.

"He will give it me!" said Torfrida, and went out.

"Look at that gable, foolish head," said the madman. "Ten years agone, you and I took down from thence another head. Oh, foolish head, to get yourself at last up into that same place! Why would you not be ruled by her, you foolish golden head?"

"Martin!" said Torfrida.

"Take it and comb it, mistress, as you used to do. Comb out the golden locks again, fit to shine across the battle-field. She has let them get all tangled into elf-knots, that lazy slut within."

Torfrida took it from his hands, dry-eyed, and went in.

Then the monks silently took up the bier, and all went forth, and down the hill toward the fen. They laid the corpse within the barge, and slowly rowed away.

And on by Porsaud and by Asendyke,
By winding reaches on, and shining meres
Between grey reed ronds and green alder-beds,
A dirge of monks and wail of women rose
In vain to Heaven for the last Englishman;
Then died far off within the boundless mist,
And left the Norman master of the land.

So Torfrida took the corpse home to Crowland, and buried it in the choir, near the blessed martyr St. Waltheof; after which she did not die, but lived on many years,* spending all day in nursing and feeding the Countess Godiva, and lying all night on Hereward's tomb, and praying that he might find grace and mercy in that day.

And at last Godiva died; and they took her away, and buried her with great pomp in her own minster-church of Coventry.

And after that Torfrida died likewise; because she had nothing left for which to live. And they laid her in Hereward's grave, and their dust is mingled to this day.

And Leofric the priest lived on to a good old age, and above all things he remembered the deeds and the sins of his master; and wrote them in a book, and this is what remains thereof.

But when Martin Lightfoot died no man has said; for no man in those days took account of such poor churls and running serving-men.

And Hereward's comrades were all scattered abroad, some maimed, some blinded, some with tongues cut out, to beg by the wayside, or crawl into convents, and then die; while their sisters and daughters, ladies born and bred, were the slaves of grooms and scullions from beyond the sea.

And so, as sang Thorkel Skallason—

"Cold heart and bloody hand†
Now rule English land."

And after that things waxed even worse and worse, for sixty years and more; all through the reigns of the two Williams, and of Henry Beauclerc, and of Stephen; till men saw visions and portents, and thought that the foul fiend was broken loose on earth. And they whispered oftener and oftener that the soul of Hereward haunted the Bruneswald, where he loved to hunt the dun deer and the roe. And in the Bruneswald, when Henry of Poitou was made abbot,* men saw—let no man think lightly of the marvel which we are about to relate as a truth, for it was well known all over the country—"upon the Sunday, when men sing, 'Exsurge quare, O Domine,' many hunters hunting, black, and tall, and loathly, and their hounds were black and ugly with wide eyes, and they rode on black horses and black bucks. And they saw them in the very deer park of the town of Peterborough, and in all the woods to Stamford; and the monks heard the blasts of the horns which they blew in the night. Men of truth kept watch upon them, and said that there might be well about twenty or thirty horn-blowers. This was seen and heard all that Lent until Easter." And the Norman monks of Peterborough said how it was Hereward, doomed to wander for ever with Apollyon and all his crew, because he had stolen the riches of the Golden Borough: but the poor folk knew better, and said, That the mighty outlaw was rejoicing in the chace, blowing his horn for Englishmen to rise against the French; and therefore it was that he was seen first on "Arise O Lord" Sunday.

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* If Ingulf can be trusted, Torfrida died about A.D. 1085.

† Laing's Heimskringle.

But they were so sore trodden down that they could never rise; for the "French† had filled the land full of castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles; and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men. They took those whom they suspected of having any goods, both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented as these were. They hung some by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; some by the thumbs, or by the head, and put burning things on their feet. They put a knotted string round their heads, and twisted it till it went into the brain. They put them in dungeons wherein were adders, and snakes, and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a crucet-house—that is, into a chest that was short and narrow, and they put sharp stones therein, and crushed the man so that they broke all his bones. There were hateful and grim things called Sachenteges in many of the castles, which two or three men had enough to do to carry. This Sachentege was made thus:—It was fastened to a beam, having a sharp iron to go round a man's throat and neck, so that he might no ways sit, nor lie, nor sleep, but he must bear all the iron. Many thousands they wore out with hunger. . . . They were continually levying a tax from the towns, which they called Truserie, and when the wretched townsfolk had no more to give, then burnt they all the towns, so that well mightest thou walk a whole day's journey or ever thou shouldest see a man settled in a town, or its lands tilled . . . .

"Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land. Wretched men starved with hunger. Some lived on alms who had been once rich. Some fled the country. Never was there more misery, and never heathens acted worse than these."

For now the sons of the Church's darlings, of the Crusaders whom the Pope had sent, beneath a gonfanon blessed by him, to destroy the liberties of England, turned, by a just retribution, upon that very Norman clergy who had abetted all their iniquities in the name of Rome. "They spared neither church nor churchyard, but took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbots, nor of priests: but they robbed the monks and clergy, and every man plundered his neighbour as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the townsfolk fled before them, and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and clergy were for ever cursing them: but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed and forsworn and reprobate. The earth bare no corn: you might as well have tilled the sea, for all the land was ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept."

And so was avenged the blood of Harold and his brothers, of Edwin and Morcar, of Waltheof and Hereward.

And those who had the spirit of Hereward in them, fled to the merry greenwood, and became bold outlaws, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, Adam Bell, and Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslee; and watched with sullen joy the Norman robbers tearing in pieces each other, and the Church who had blest their crime.

And they talked and sung of Hereward, and all his doughty deeds, over the hearth in lone farmhouses, or in the outlaw's lodge beneath the hollens green; and all the burden of their song was, "Ah that Hereward were alive again!" for they knew not that Hereward was alive for evermore: that only his husk and shell lay mouldering there in Crowland choir; that above them, and around them, and in them, destined to raise them out of that bitter bondage, and mould them into a great nation, and the parents of still greater nations in lands as yet unknown, brooded the immortal spirit of Hereward, now purged from all earthly dross—even the spirit of Freedom, which can never die.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOW DEEPING FEN WAS DRAINED.

Ill war and disorder, ruin and death, cannot last for ever. They are by their own nature exceptional and suicidal, and spend themselves with what they feed on. And then the true laws of God's universe, peace and order, usefulness and life, will reassert themselves, as they have been waiting all along to do, hid in God's presence from the strife of men.

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* Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 1127.

† Ibid., A.D. 1137.

And even so it was with Bourne.

Nearly eighty years after, in the year of Grace, 1155, there might have been seen sitting, side by side, and hand in hand, upon a sunny bench on the Bruneswald slope, in the low December sun, an old knight and an old lady, the master and mistress of Bourne.

Much had changed since Hereward's days. The house below had been raised a whole story. There were fresh herbs and flowers in the garden, unknown at the time of the Conquest. But the great change was in the fen, especially away toward Deeping, on the southern horizon.

Where had been lonely meres, foul watercourses, stagnant slime, there were now great dykes, rich and fair corn and grass lands, rows of pure white cottages. The newly-drained land swarmed with stocks of new breeds: horses and sheep from Flanders, cattle from Normandy; for Richard de Rulos was the first—as far as history tells—of that noble class of agricultural squires, who are England's blessing and England's pride.

"For this Richard de Rulos," says Ingulf, or whoever wrote in his name, "who had married the daughter and heiress of Hugh of Evermue, Lord of Bourne and Deeping, being a man of agricultural pursuits, got permission from the monks of Crowland, for twenty marks of silver, to enclose as much as he would of the common marshes. So he shut out the Welland by a strong embankment, and building thereon numerous tenements and cottages, in a short time he formed a large 'vill', marked out gardens, and cultivated fields; while, by shutting out the river, he found in the meadow land, which had been lately deep lakes and impassable marshes (wherefore the place was called Deeping, the deep meadow), most fertile fields and desirable lands, and out of sloughs and bogs accursed made quite a garden of pleasaunce."

So there the good man, the beginner of the good work of centuries, sat looking out over the fen, and listening to the music which came on the southern breeze, above the low of the kine, and the clang of the wild-fowl settling down to rest, from the bells of Crowland Minster far away.

They were not the same bells which tolled for Hereward and Torfrida. Those had run down in molten streams upon that fatal night when Abbot Ingulf leapt out of bed to see the vast wooden sanctuary wrapt in one sheet of roaring flame, from the carelessness of a plumber who had raked the ashes over his fire in the bell-tower, and left it to smoulder through the night.

Then perished all the riches of Crowland; its library too, of more than seven hundred volumes, with that famous Nadir, or Orrery, the like whereof was not in all England, wherein the seven planets were represented, each in their proper metals. And even worse, all the charters of the monastery perished, a loss which involved the monks thereof in centuries of lawsuits, and compelled them to become as industrious and skilful forgers of documents as were to be found in the minsters of the middle age.

But Crowland Minster had been rebuilt in greater glory than ever, by the help of the Norman gentry round. Abbot Ingulf, finding that St. Guthlac's plain inability to take care of himself had discredited him much in the fen-men's eyes, fell back, Norman as he was, on the virtues of the holy martyr, St. Waltheof, whose tomb he opened with due reverence, and found the body as whole and uncorrupted as on the day on which it was buried; and the head united to the body, while a fine crimson line around the neck was the only sign remaining of his decollation.

On seeing which Ingulf "could not contain himself for joy; and interrupting the response which the brethren were singing, with a loud voice began the hymn 'Te Deum Laudamus,' on which the chaunter taking it up, enjoined the rest of the brethren to sing it." After which Ingulf—who had never seen Waltheof in life—discovered that it was none other than he whom he had seen in a vision at Fontenelle, as an earl most gorgeously arrayed, with a torc of gold about his neck, and with him an abbot, two bishops, and two saints, the two former being Usfran and Ausbert, the abbots, St. Wandresigil of Fontenelle, and the two saints, of course St. Guthlac and St. Neot.

Whereon, crawling on his hands and knees, he kissed the face of the holy martyr, and "perceived such a sweet odour proceeding from the holy body, as he never remembered to have smelt, either in the palace of the king, or in Syria with all its aromatic herbs."

Quid plura? What more was needed for a convent of burnt-out monks? St. Waltheof was translated in state to the side of St. Guthlac; and the news of this translation of the holy martyr being spread throughout the country, multitudes of the faithful flocked daily to the tomb, and offering up their vows there, tended in a great degree to "resuscitate our monastery."

But more. The virtues of St. Waltheof were too great not to turn themselves, or be turned, to some practical use. So if not in the days of Ingulf, at least in those of Abbot Joffrid who came after him, St. Waltheof began, says Peter of Blois, to work wonderful deeds. "The blind received their sight, the deaf their hearing, the lame their power of walking, and the dumb their power of speech; while each day troops innumerable of other sick persons were arriving by every road, as to the very fountain of their safety . . . and by the offerings of the pilgrims who came flocking in from every part, the revenues of the monastery were increased in no small degree."

Only one wicked Norman monk of St Albans, Audwin by name, dared to dispute the sanctity of the martyr, calling him a wicked traitor who had met with his deserts. In vain did Abbot Joffrid, himself a Norman from St. Evroult, expostulate with the inconvenient blasphemer. He launched out into invective beyond measure; till on the spot, in presence of the said father, he was seized with such a stomach-ache, that he went home to St. Albans, and died in a few days; after which all went well with Crowland, and the Norman monks who worked the English martyr to get money out of the English whom they had enslaved.

And yet—so strangely mingled for good and evil are the works of men—that lying brotherhood of Crowland set up, in those very days, for pure love of learning and of teaching learning, a little school of letters in a poor town hard by, which became, under their auspices, the University of Cambridge.

So the bells of Crowland were restored, more melodious than ever; and Richard of Rulos doubtless had his share in their restoration. And that day they were ringing with a will, and for a good reason; for that day had come the news, that Henry Plantagenet was crowned king of England.

"'Lord'," said the good old knight, "'now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' This day, at last, he sees an English king head the English people."

"God grant," said the old lady, "that he may be such a lord to England, as thou hast been to Bourne."

"If he will be—and better far will he be, by God's grace, from what I hear of him, than ever I have been—he must learn that which I learnt from thee: to understand these English men, and know what stout and trusty prudhommes they are all, down to the meanest serf, when once one can humour their sturdy independent tempers."

"And he must learn, too, the lesson which thou didst teach me, when I would have had thee, in the pride of youth, put on the magic armour of my ancestors, and win me fame in every tournament and battle-field. Blessed be the day when Richard of Rulos said to me, 'If others dare to be men of war, I dare more; for I dare to be a man of peace. Have patience with me, and I will win for thee and for myself a renown more lasting, before God and man, than ever was won with lance!' Do you remember those words, Richard mine?"

The old man leant his head upon his hands. "It may be that not those words, but the deeds which God has caused to follow them, may, by Christ's merits, bring us a short purgatory and a long heaven."

"Amen. Only whatever grief we may endure in the next life for our sins, may we endure it as we have the griefs of this life, hand in hand."

"Amen, Torfrida. There is one thing more to do before we die. The tomb in Crowland.—Ever since the fire blackened it, it has seemed to me too poor and mean to cover the dust which once held two such noble souls. Let us send over to Normandy for fair white stone of Caen, and let carve a tomb worthy of thy grandparents."

"And what shall we write thereon?"

"What but that which is there already? 'Here lies the last of the English.'"

"Not so. We will write—'Here lies the last of the old English.' But upon thy tomb, when thy time comes, the monks of Crowland shall write—

'Here lies the first of the new English; who, by the inspiration of God, began to drain the Fens.'"

EXPLICIT.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

No. III.

The sea is indescribable from its variety. I have, indeed, heard it complained of on the score of sameness; but were I provoked by such an accusation to affirm that there is more variety at sea than on land, something could be said to defend the paradox. It is true, the great annual revolution of the seasons tells feebly on the water: nor is one spot of ocean unlike another, as diverse landscapes are; yet to those minuter changes which from hour to hour diversify the face of Nature, and offer to him who watches her like a lover unfailing joy, to each fitful wind, and casual play of sun or shadow at morning, noon, or night, the ocean lies unspeakably more open than any single scene on shore. Its hues vary less than those of earth, but its forms more; since, instead of rigid lines bounding dale and knoll, its watery mounts are momently shaping themselves anew in every possible form of size and curve. It trembles to every breath of air, and mirrors each mood of heaven. Lying with bared breast beneath the open face of the sky, it answers sensitively to the softest change of light. And, as it glooms or flashes, swells or sinks, in obedience to things so nimble, delicate, and changeful as air and light, its changes come to be delicate and nimble as their own.

But, leaving comparisons, consider how complex and varied are the forms (to say nothing yet of the colours) of ocean, and how rapidly they shift. Each state of the sea has its peculiar motion; and to each motion of the sea belongs a peculiar set of curved lines. When a stiff breeze is about to agitate the surface of a calm sea, it seems to send before it, as its *avant-couriers*, certain long rolling breakers, whose crested heads, invading the smooth water, urge it into fuller pulses and stain it with its earliest streaks of snow. In proportion to the force and duration of the gale behind them, so are these rollers heavy and slow, their curves large, and their lines prolonged. But when the wind, thus heralded, itself arrives, the sea is smitten into quite other waves. Quicker and shorter, with a finer top and a deeper recurve, are the billows raised by the actual impact of an eager breeze. Let the breeze freshen, and with every increase of pressure, the ocean-furrows sink into hollower troughs, run into acuter ridges, their lines roughen, and their angles sharpen. Very large may be the scale on which these forms are drawn, if there is abundance of sea-room all round, with the wind full and steady; yet it is on curve and angle more than on size of scale that the effect of wave-motion depends, and, as these must alter with every alteration either in the force or the direction of the wind, there is room here for endless variety. How glorious does the sweep of glassy curve become when the breeze rises to a gale, and the willing sea, obeying the tyrant and compelling wind, lifts its curled tops to the clouds out of caverns that yawn like graves! Wait till the storm is falling, and you will see this contest of waves, each apart and definite, give place again to a slow steady undulation which stretches far across the sea, and rolls from you away to leeward. Swell follows swell, as if drawn after the flying wind; but all its surface, whether on the upper or under curve of the swell, is itself broken by very tiny and irregular wavelets, which rise for a moment into keen ridges, and even points, and quickly sink again. Deceived by this rapid short movement on the face of the water, the eye must look over larger spaces, if it would detect that deeper and more prolonged undulation which really governs and slowly bears, or seems to bear, along the whole mass of restless waters. Lower and slower as the wind dies off, the swell by degrees rocks itself into smoothness; and the sea is calm.

But there are far more causes of variety in the motion of the sea than the mere increase or subsidence of the wind. All wind is itself undulatory, moves not with equal speed and pressure, but pulse-wise, in slighter puffs or more decided gusts; as the steersman knows well, and as anyone may feel who but holds his hand up to it. Every such wave of wind will produce a corresponding wave of water. But as air is both more elastic and far swifter than water, the sea-wave will be still propagating itself after the wind-wave which raised it has passed. Fresh blasts, differing from the first in force and somewhat in direction also, are continually coming to raise fresh waves and to disturb the old. Tides and currents create further complication. Variations of barometric pressure, too, are now suspected of playing a large part in wave disturbance; and agents still less known may lurk behind. From all these arise variations and complexities incalculable. Far from being a continuous series of resembling curves, stepping to time at each other's back, and keeping their order "as the tides obey the moon," waves are the most irregular things in nature. Let us sit here in the stern, since to-day we have wind enough to test it, and note what we see. When your eye gets used to the tumbling motion, you observe that the waves are of all magnitudes; every fifth or sixth (say) exceeds its fellows; two moving in slightly different courses sometimes clash their white heads against each other; the space left in the pause of these great billows is filled up by a crowd of lesser heaves which never reach the height to break into spray at all; all the sides of every wave, too, are corrugated and fretted by a myriad inequalities, minute rigid lines, creases delicate as those left in silk-paper which has been crushed and flattened again. Neither is the summit-line of two waves identical, nor of the same wave at two successive moments in its history; one wave breaks from beneath the very feet of another, rising ere the one behind it has ceased to fall; now, a breadth of sea is flattened out into tolerable evenness, its blackness unbroken, when presently you look, and it is all alive with crests of spray; here is a wave which seems to rush head foremost, as if it used the adjacent water for solid beach and ran its foam along the surface of it, while others there are less nimble in the race which fail in their rush and falling too soon back, their hollow rear is spotted with the trail of their froth:—everything, in short about these moving forms speaks of lawless diversity, of uncertainty that baffles expectation, and variety that outnumbers reckoning.

Meanwhile, all this ceaseless change of form is overspread with more obvious and still lovelier changes of colour. What is the colour proper to the sea? The choice lies betwixt green and blue, and authorities are divided. The language of descriptive poetry wavers. Shakespeare, to whom I am so loyal that I hold it literary treason to doubt his kingly authority, has "green" throughout; not once, so far as I know, is his sea "blue."* I was turning over the other day a borrowed copy of Byron (who is the poet of ocean, if not he?), and found he gives the preference the other way. "Dark blue" he uses at least twice as generally descriptive of the ocean: in the opening of the "Corsair," and near the close of "Childe Harold"; "green" I think not at all. The conflict of such names is reconcileable,—Shakespeare called it as he saw it from the English shore; Byron, as he knew it in the Mediterranean Sea. In shallow water, especially in the neighbourhood of land, the sea-blue, when seen by transmitted light, is softened into that peculiar dull, grey-green, with which Shakespeare, like most untravelled Englishmen, was familiar. This fact has furnished our accurate Tennyson with a simile in the "Idylls of the King":—

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* See *Macbeth*, Act ii., Scene 2; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii., Scene 2.

"He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen
Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,
Where, *like a shoaling sea, the lovely blue
Played into green*."

And, if I recollect aright, Byron, poet and swimmer, when he has in more than one passage to describe the hue of sea-water—as it looks to him who, in-instead of gazing down upon it, is actually immersed in it—calls it green. Here, at least, is one, so beautiful that I must quote it:—

"How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughened; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they waxed fearful." *

A hue, similar to this glass-green seen by the diver, may be observed when the thin wedge of a billow's crest is for an instant reared betwixt you and the day. This is to my eye the loveliest of all ocean colours. A delicate, transparent green, formed, not by direct transmission, but rather, I think, by the passage through the wave of strong diffused or reflected light, it has the tenderness and brilliancy of the light which lives in jewels. Like an emerald, it gleams on the forehead of the wave.

Salt water, then, so long as you look through manageable distances, appears more or less green; but at depths where the plummet does not touch, or only just touches, bottom, it is blue. Not the bright, cheerful blue which Italian seas reflect to Italian skies, nor the opaque black-blue of the North Atlantic, when over it hurtling rain-clouds lour; but a full, strong, regal colour, rich and soft,—a blue unmixed with other shades, but which, when it passes into anything, will pass most easily into deepest purple. When the sea is disturbed, indeed, as by the passage of a keel, the countless air-bells which are sucked down beneath the eddies change this powerful blue into paler tints. Very beautiful is the ship's wake on such a gusty day as this. The counter agitation wrought by our motion has smoothed out the waves and left tiny whirlpools in their place. The surface of the water is like a restless floor of marble, whose dark blue ground is variegated with every shade down to tenderest azure, and marled with creamy streaks and loops of perfect white. But to gaze down into unbroken water, whose depths no lead has searched, is like looking up through the night when only the light of stars is in the sky. Beneath us, as above, is the blue of space—transparent, dark, mysterious, infinite.

It is rarely, however, one sees this solid colour, proper to the sea, whether green or blue; for its surface lies commonly at such an angle to the eye that it partially takes by reflection the colours of the sky. Who does not know how infinite these are, and how changeful? Let the light be pure, and the whole sea glitters with a transparency and brilliancy in its tints never equalled on land. Brilliant spangles of gold perplex the eye that looks sunward; brilliant azure elsewhere underneath the azure sky; while, opposite the sun, where soft-tinted clouds dapple the horizon, the smooth water gleams with roseate, saffron and amber dyes. When the air is murkier and the heaven overcast, the faithful water loses this transparency of hue. Heavy opaque blues and greys chequer the dull floor. A colourless sky looks down on a colourless sea. In ordinary weather, in fact, it is the delicacy of its neutral tones which gives to the water-surface its chief charm to the eye. You see nowhere such greys as at sea—greys clear and silvery, greys soft as pearls, greys dusky dim, greys touched with ever so faint a suspicion of gayer, richer colours. They pass by finest gradations into and out of one another; they play across the chord of colour with every changing hour. A bright cloud stains them for a moment. Before squall and shower, there runs athwart them a bar of blackness, like the frown upon a pleasant face. Deep noon swallows them up in its intensity of blue. Morning and evening come to steep them in warmer colours. What wonderful combinations of colour are to be seen when the thousand lights which make the western sky resplendent are broken and repeated and confounded in moving water. For lights which burn in heaven, fixed and single, are caught but confusedly by the restless sea (as all heavenly light is on the earth); multiplied into ten thousand copies, yet not one copy perfect. I well remember noting this confusion of reflected hues in water, as I stood by Loch Fyne one autumn evening and watched the sun, after a louring day, go down behind the Inveraray hills. The cloud-line had lifted till it lay over Dhuinequoich (just touching the highest peak) in a horizontal bar of tawny-tinged and threatening grey. Below it, the sky glowed an intense, pale-primrose fire, against which the black-green hills stood relieved like very night. For though the sun had sunk, its light shone upward through the clear space, and smote the broken shreds of emptied rain-cloud into sullen russet; while under the rain-cloud, and embosomed within the clear space itself, were seen pale ghosts of other cloudlets, striated and remote, in colour of a most delicate amethystine violet. Thus, all above was defined; but underneath this pomp of well-ordered colours lay the loch, all a-tremble throughout its breadth with a pearly tremulous light, compounded of ashen grey and violet in the main, but pulsing off through infinite gradations into a myriad deeper tones as it caught, now one and now another, of the lights in heaven.

It is the incessant motion of sea-water which thus confounds colours and baffles description of them. Say you have numbered all the hues which ever touch the cheek of ocean, have you described it? Then you have as good as seen the beauty of a lover's mistress when you have heard him count over ruby lip and ivory teeth, eyes which sparkle, and a cheek that burns. No: it is in the combination and the play of feature that beauty dwells. So there is in the face of ocean a living movement, with an answering play of dancing light and shadow, which no words can paint. Innumerable tints blend or interchange in one moment's glance at a sea scene. Each wave—nay, each wavelet on a wave—is a jewel with a hundred facets, and has turned them to the light at countless angles 'ere you can point its place.' It twinkles, flashes, lightens, darkens, even as you look; lifts itself to the sun and sinks again; shifts through hues as many and as delicate as those on a dove's neck.

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* "*The Two Foscari*," Act i., Sc. 1.

After all this has been advanced in favour of the variety which, in various states, ocean offers to the observer, the fact remains to be conceded, that there is about it a certain terrible monotony. The winds of God wander over it for ever, now ploughing it into tempest, and anon touching pulses light as those of a sleeping girl; not a brief humour of the heaven but finds an answer in its face by night or day: and yet it is, in spite of all, unchanged, impassible. As sensitive as it is to casual, momentary impressions, so incapable is it of change. A child's toy-boat can cleave its waters, yet navies pass and leave no track behind them. Zephyrs wrinkle its forehead; "time writes no wrinkles" there. Neither the convulsions of Nature nor the ingenious labours of men work the least change on it. It cannot be tamed or marred or sullied or sweetened. Barren, bitter, cold, secret, fitful, untired, it rolls and moans the same for evermore. Dwell on the thought, and it will perhaps seem to you, as to me it has at times seemed, that this impassibility is the most awful thing about this awful ocean—a thing terrible to think of. Then there is its oppressive monotony and loneliness. Substantial sameness reigns amid endless fluctuation. Day after day, the sky is an unchanging hemisphere, the sea an unchanging circle. Day after day, the voice of waves hums one dull sad monotone in the ear. League after league, day after day, and still the horizon is the same, and the sea before is as the sea behind us. We are the centre of a solitary world. It is surprising indeed how destitute of life the open ocean seems to one who voyages over it. The friendly sail, sole link to bind this floating fragment to its kindred human world, is but an occasional sight in blue water; and though the waters themselves swarm with moving creatures, they hide their population from human eye. Here and there a herd of porpoises chasing each other through the surf; the occasional blow of a whale in colder latitudes; or, where the sun is overhead, the merry arrowy leap of flying-fish: but these are rare; and, but for these, a waste plain of water tumbles round us untouched by any interest of sentient life. The air is kinder than the water: its winged things gather to us, and sport and wheel about the vessel's wake. Our own coast gull bore us company through the North Atlantic; the regal albatross, whose wide strong pinions and fierce beak claims an eagle's place among ocean birds of prey, sweeps over southern seas, now brushing the billows with the tip of its wing, and now soaring overhead in steady poise; the nimble petrel, beloved of seamen, flutters, swallow-like, in crowds about the stern, and dips its breast in every sea. Since we reached the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, yet other birds of lesser name, but as fair plumage, are become familiar convoys. They serve to enliven the way, these hardy children of the wave, and we are thankful for them. For, when all is said, it is a lonely and a weary thing to voyage long and far from land, upon the bare sad main. It soothes the mind at first to a quiet indolence, which, in persons of an active habit, degenerates by and bye into *ennui* hardly to be dispelled by trifling pastimes, but which deepens the serious and sadder moods of a contemplative man, adds to the burdensome mysteries of life, and sets the soul more than ever apart to dwell with thought and meditate spiritual things. When the cloven waters are healed again behind our swift-gliding keel, and we, who for an hour kindled up the lone place with thought and passion, have passed on to invade as lonely places, who stays behind? Who fills the vast space of empty air and barren sea? Who dwelleth with the sea-fowl? Who is there to watch the incessant rise and fall of waves, or hearken when their hand-clapping swells or dies? I think of the desolate spirits balked of their evil work on men and sent forth to wander in desert places seeking rest but finding none; and I wonder, if these boundless, homeless waters be their "desert place," if it be their shriek I hear, as, pinioned in the viewless winds, they scour the restless plain for ever. Peace, vain speculation! Faith is aware of one Presence always present here. One inhabits ocean solitudes, who hears the cry of hungry birds, before Whom no wave breaks unseen. His breath arouses, His finger checks, the wildest course of waters. With ineffable joy, He broods upon the deep, lives in its life, admires His own hands' works, and receives well pleased their unconscious homage. It is good to be alone upon the face of ocean, if we are alone with Him.

J. OSWALD DYKES.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.

XII.—CAST OUT AND FOUND.

"And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped Him."—John ix. 38.

The man spoken of was one who, having been blind from his birth, had lately received sight under the healing hand of Christ. One of those casual meetings—as we call them—which are sometimes so full of significance both in the natural and in the spiritual life of man; one of those casual meetings which sometimes bring a weak man into the society of a tempter, or (on the other hand) a faulty man into the company of one who is to be, under God, his evangelist and guide towards Heaven; had here thrown a person into the way of Jesus. "As Jesus passed by," from a scene of rebuke and blasphemy and intended violence, "He saw a man which was blind from his birth." Viewed on the one side, it was a chance meeting: viewed on the other side, it was anything rather; it was the working out in time of an eternal purpose: it was the revelation in act of a mystery hid through long generations: it was the hand of grace seeking out its destined object: it was the bringing of a spoilt life and a blinded soul into His presence, through whom "the works of God should be made manifest in him."

And the result had followed. Through a process which we must in reason regard as rather typical than remedial—a process of anointing the eyes with clay, and then of washing in a common pool; just enough to furnish a connecting link, as it were, between the will that wrought and the miracle which resulted; to show a carnal mind that the work was Christ's and not another's, without in the smallest degree explaining how He wrought—the man blind from his birth came back from Siloam seeing. And this return, in which benevolence should have rejoiced, and for which piety should have given thanks, was the signal for a new outbreak of that hostile malevolence against the Saviour Himself, of which this Gospel furnishes so many graphic descriptions. A system of questioning and cross-questioning and re-questioning is adopted by the Pharisees towards this plain unlettered man, which could end in nothing but the triumph of truth, and the discomfiture of malice; the gradual refining and elevating of a mind honest but ignorant, and the discovery of that bad motive in the breast of the judges, which betrayed itself, sometimes in the tone of an affected eagerness for information, sometimes in the profession of a disinterested candour, more often in the language of utter contempt, cold sarcasm, or vulgar threatening. At last, all attempts to shake the fact or to intimidate the witness having been frustrated and brought to nought, the sentence of excommunication was formally pronounced; and he who would confess Christ—though it were but in the bare statement (unaccompanied by any inference) of truth and fact—must pay the penalty of his honest boldness, by being cast out from the communion of his nation's worship, from the approval of all whom he had been taught to reverence, and the sympathy of every one whom he had to love. "They cast him out."

"Jesus heard that they had cast him out: and when He had found him, He said unto him," &c.

1. We have here an illustration of Christ's *choice of seasons* for His deepest personal intercourse with souls. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out:" it was then that "He found him." When all else is lost, then is the great finding. Jesus found him, and he found Jesus. It is more than a parable. It is a simple fact, made true over and over again in that spiritual world which has its laws and its events, its battles and its victories, as truly, as certainly, as any that are going on in the world of flesh and blood; only just with a veil over them; just with that little film of sense to obscure them, which in reality rests far more upon the eye that looks than upon the object looked on. How true is it, that it is when men have cast out, that Jesus finds!

There is something very fascinating in the good opinion of others. It makes life smooth, of itself. Many things may go against a man: fortune may have been fickle, health precarious, home-comforts few, ambitious hopes disappointed, heart's wishes crushed and mortified. Still, if men speak well of him; if he is looked up to as a wise man, as a great example or a great authority; if there is the slightest chance of his being remembered when he is gone, or quoted when he is in dust; you feel that that man is not entirely to be commiserated: his very losses are gains: men have not cast him out for them, but rather added them to his claims to honour. The very blasts of this world's sorrow which have shaken that man's dwelling, bared his garden of flowers, and his orchard of fruits, have but wrapped more tightly round him the mantle of his self-esteem: men have not cast him out: the storms of life have only driven him in!

Contrast this condition with another.

A man has done something wrong. Self-confidence, and vanity, and careless living, have ended (as they end every day), in a dreadful fall. A man has erred from virtue. Sin has found him out in shame. He has broken one of those two or three Divine commandments which the world has taken under its patronage. It mattered not so long as his sins against God were not sins also against the world: but the evil heart could not always be coerced within these exact limits: the poor ignorant boy has stolen; the poor silly girl has listened to the flatteries of a seducer; the weak purposeless youth has violated in some particular what is called the code of honour; some one not usually weak has been pierced between the joints of the harness, by an arrow from some bow drawn almost at a venture by the foe of man: he has fallen, and the world itself cries shame.

We might go yet nearer to the exact case before us, and picture to ourselves a man who has dared to offend the prejudices of that which calls itself the religious world: a man who had once been the idol of a popular party; had seen with its eyes, and spoken with its tongue, of the mysteries of God: crowds had listened, the religious press had applauded: his severer utterances had been called faithful, and his gentler tones had been persuasive as the accents of an Angel. At last he presumed to think a thought of his own; a thought which dived deeper and soared higher into the secrets of Revelation than was the wont of his party: wrong or right—and he thought that he had the Spirit of God—he was now independent: he had broken loose from man's trammels: he had given himself, as he humbly hoped, to a truer and a surer than any human guidance: and as he was led, so he spake, not as pleasing men, but God who trieth the hearts. Instantly, or by sure degrees, popularity left him: at last, he was as a man wondered at: he had gone forth alone into the wilderness in quest of God: and men cast him out!

It matters not in what particular direction we seek our illustration of the state spoken of: this we say, that whatever the cause, or the manner, or the nature of the casting out, that is the condition not least but most favourable to the finding of, to the finding by, the Saviour. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out: and when He had found him, He said unto him."

There is around all of us by nature a thick massive coating of pride and self-esteem. It is an easy thing to declaim upon the duty of humility, the loveliness of a lowly spirit, or the beauty of a character divested wholly of self. But the very person who so speaks, speaks perhaps of that which he knows not. The veiling of pride, the disguising of pride, the limiting and moderating and coercing of pride, is one thing—itself not always easy for all men. The putting off of pride, the eradication of pride, the washing or the burning out of pride, from a man's heart, is quite another thing: done, perhaps, but in a few; even in them at last imperfectly as well as bitterly and by slow degrees. Nevertheless it must always be in proportion to this divestiture of pride that Jesus Christ finds a man: and it is because the being cast out by the world has a tendency—though not a certain efficacy—in this direction, that it is a state favourable to that finding. A man may be cast out, and yet not found. Even the reproach of the world may foster pride, as well as its flattery. Pride is the common growth of nature: all circumstances favour it till God works: we must not wait for reproach, or, even if it comes, it may not work in us salvation.

But speaking possibly to some who may feel themselves lonely and desolate upon earth; to some who know a little, however little, of reproach and reviling; who have either brought upon themselves the displeasure of others, or have had it thrown upon them unjustly; I would earnestly bid you to ponder with thankfulness this one consideration: that it is when a man is cast out, that Christ is nearest to him; if he be as yet careless, for conversion; if he be already faithful, for strengthening and for consolation. In proportion as you are divested of self-esteem, in proportion as you feel your own poverty and blindness, in the same degree are you at your best for Christ's converse: look up to Him, feel after Him, cry out to Him, wait for Him, and He Himself, even before you call, will answer!

2. We have here an illustration of the *method* of that intercourse of Christ with the soul, of the season of which we have spoken. This man had begun in great ignorance. He did not know who Christ was. He speaks of "a man that is called Jesus." How accurate would that saying be on the lips of many of us! "A man that is called Jesus." A man whom some people talk of as a living Person, as a loving and guiding Friend, as a merciful High Priest, as a compassionate Saviour. I hear the words; but I know Him not for myself, nor understand the thing thus spoken of! It was so once with this man. Even after his cure, he only supposed that "He was a Prophet." We do not read even of a great eagerness to return to bless his Benefactor. "He went his way, and washed, and came seeing." The marvellous fact is soon told, and for the moment it was all. Not until enquiry began, not until he was called to account, and something of opposition and even of persecution threatened him, does anything of deeper feeling manifest itself, and a tone almost of heroic firmness in the maintenance of truth prepares us for the great and final confession, "Lord, I believe!"

Thus far the lesson before us is that of all Scripture: "To him that hath shall more be given." He who well uses the light he has, shall find that light shining more and more unto the perfect day. He who tells manfully, and acts consistently, what he knows of Christ, shall know more and feel more and love more, until faith itself is lost in sight.

But we would look more carefully into the present converse itself.

"When Jesus found him, He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

"Thou." The word is emphatic in the original. "Thou—believest thou?"

We are glad to escape into the crowd, and shelter ourselves behind a Church's confession. But a day is coming, in which nothing but an individual faith will carry with it either strength or comfort. It will be idle to say, in a moment of keen personal distress, such as probably lies before us in life, and certainly in death and in judgment, "Every one believes—all around me believe—the world itself believes in the Son of God:" there is no strength and no help there: the very object of Christ's finding thee and speaking to thee is to bring the question home, "Dost *thou* believe?"

A trying, a fearful moment, when Christ, face to face with man's soul, proposes that question! Perhaps that moment has not yet come to you. You have been fighting it off. You do not wish to come to these close quarters with it. The world does not press you with it. The world is willing enough that you should answer it in the general: and even if you ever say, "I believe in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord," it shall be in a chorus of voices, almost robbing the individual of personality, and making "I" sound like "We." But if ever your religion is to be a real thing; if ever it is to enable you to do battle with a sin, or to face a mortal risk; if ever it is to be a religion for the hour of death or for the day of judgment; you must have had that question put to you by yourself, and you must have answered it from the heart in one way. Then you will be a real Christian, not before!

What a natural answer! "He said, Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" Yes, Who is He? I would fain have some one to love with all my heart, and to trust with all my soul; some one always with me, always the same, tender to feel, wise to guide, strong to save: but who is He? I must see Him; I must apprehend Him; I must hear Him speak, and speak to me; I must be able to speak to Him, and get an answer: Who is He? Tell me, "Who is He, that I might believe on Him?" It is the cry of many hearts: of some, I doubt not, among my readers: it is the cry of many hearts, longing and even fainting for the answer: and it is also the idle utterance of many voices, never giving time nor thought to the great question, and yet grudging evermore because it will not be satisfied; Who will tell me of a Saviour? Who, when He is pointed out, will show me the way to Him? And who, when the way is shown, will convince me that He is no mere phantom, but the ever-living, the almighty, the all-wise, and the all-sufficing One? These last have not yet been "cast out," that He should "find" them! But the other, the serious, the wrestling, the travailing and heavy-laden, they, when they ask, "Who is He?" shall hear in no long time, from the excellent glory, this strange, this thrilling response,

"Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee."

Seen Him? Already seen Him, and yet not known Him? Yes, seen Him, it may be said to us, in His ordinances, and in His worship; seen Him at His Font and at His Table; seen Him in His Word, and in His works; seen Him in the world and in the Church; seen Him, above all, in the controversies of conscience and in the strivings of His Spirit. Grave rebuke! This was the gate of Heaven, and I knew it not! Yet strong consolation! So near, so present—"which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life; for the Life was manifested, and we have seen it . . . that ye also may have fellowship with us—" O strange world! in which Christ moves, invisible yet real: in which He indeed comes unto His own—creatures of His hand, objects of His Redemption—and His own may, if they will, receive Him! Yes, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee!" So then, I have no new revelation to wait for: the word is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for me into heaven, to bring it to me, that I may hear it and do it? it is very nigh thee; in thy mouth and in thy heart; that Word, which is Christ Himself; that Word, which is at once healing and strength and eternal life!

We take the reply as designed to facilitate acceptance. Who is He? Thou hast seen Him: He is here: He is talking with thee! Thou hast but to receive, but to listen, but to throw thyself upon a present help and a present love; and thou art saved: the Saviour has found thee, and thou hast found a Saviour!

Half and more than half the miseries of our spiritual being, would be cured at once by the application of this remedy. "Thou hast seen Him." More near to thee than thou to thyself; more real than the thing thou touchest, or the voice thou hearest; more ready for the spirit's sight and for the soul's handling, than the countenance that is dearest to thee, or the hand that is nearest; take Him to thee at once! Speak to Him, for He hears! Offer to Him thyself—the best of thine affections, and the best of thine energies—He will accept, He will bless, the sacrifice. A veil there is over Him: for His countenance is as the sun when he shineth in his strength, and thou couldest not bear the brilliance: His voice is as the voice of many waters, and Angel-hosts tremble at its utterance: in mercy to thee, He flashes not upon thee the lightning of His presence, and "seals up the seven thunders" even while "they utter their voices:" but none the less is He real and present, and the day that is coming shall be just the "unveiling," just the "manifestation," of One whom already thou hast seen, and who already has talked with thee.

"And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped Him."

This man had thought of the Messiah as of some distant, some half-unreal being. Now he found himself in His presence. And that presence was indicated, not now by miraculous signs—not by the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire—but by that still small voice which convinced while it comforted. One sign he had witnessed; the sign of his own healing. From that sign he had argued power, he had argued a mission, he had argued the character of a Prophet. But it was converse with Jesus—it was hearing Him speak—it was the receiving from His lips, in the tone of undoubting truth, the assurance of His own Divinity—which drew from Him for the first time the words, "I believe," and the sealing act of worship.

And is it not thus still?

We have all heard of Christ with the hearing of the ear. We have all, for years of life, met together on His holy day to repeat Creeds which tell of Him, and to join in a worship framed on the supposition of His Messiahship. But, after all, it is not thus that a man enters into the faith which saves. Go apart with Him, for one moment, in life's cloudy and dark day: let Him find thee in thy secret chamber, when friends are unkind or adversaries busy: let an earnest cry, wrung from the heart by sore need, call Him to thy rescue, and confess to Him that aching void which none else can fill: and that day, that hour, will be the real date of thy discipleship; the day and the hour at which a creed passed into a faith, and a homage into a devotion; at which the long-heard-of became the late-seen, and the nominal object of thy hope and of thy trust first heard from thy soul the words, "I believe," and first in deed and in truth saw thee worship.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter."

(1) It says surely to some, *Suspect your prosperity.* The world smiles upon you, the world fawns upon you, and all men speak well of you. It is pleasant. You feel yourselves the happier: nay, you say you feel yourselves the better for it. All the virtues come easily to the prosperous. Good temper, courtesy, gratitude, thanksgiving itself, all seem natural to the happy. And yet, remember, our Lord says, "Woe to you that laugh now!" "Woe to you when all men speak well of you!" Remember too, it was when the man was cast out, that Jesus found him. Suspect your prosperity. Judge yourselves, that you be not judged. The day of your sifting has not yet come: beware lest, when it comes, it find you practically without a faith and without a Saviour!

(2) And to others it says, *Accept your adversity.* You are poor, you are sick, you are lonely, you have fallen from a better standing, you have come back (it may be) a childless widow to a place which you left a wife and a mother—these reverses are, every day, amongst us—all things are against you, and you are ready to say to your Lord Himself, "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me." Now then think of him who was "cast out" as sinful and vile and refuse, and whom then, just because He heard that men had cast him out, Jesus found, communed with, and saved. Hear that same voice in your solitude, and let it say to you, "It is thy Saviour that talketh with thee!"

(3) And to others it says, *Do not miss salvation by looking too far for it.* Naaman thought it a small thing to wash in Jordan: the cleansing of the leper, he said, must be a greater matter than that! And so men fancy that to find a Saviour must be a matter of difficulty; of wide and distant and long research: they never can believe that one simple word, spoken from the heart, in a common room, on a common day, can really bring them face to face with the Redeemer and the Saviour and the Comforter. And yet it is even so. When He is found, it is as One whom we have already seen and talked with; as One so near to us that we might have received Him any day; so near to us that there is even now but a step, but a veil, between us and Him! It is a grievous thing to miss One who is as close to us as our own soul, just because we would take it for granted that He must be looked for afar off.

(4) Finally, to us and to all the history says, *Christ is all.* "He that hath the Son hath life: He that hath not the Son of God hath not life." *He* opened the eyes, *He* came in quest, *He* found, *He* spake: and His question was, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Just that—nothing more. Then what of us, who can do everything else, and yet do not believe? What of us, who say, "God will not condemn me, because I am moral, because I am a payer of just debts, because I am regular in worship, and never take His name in vain?" Yes, but *are you a Christian?* Do you believe on the Son of God? Do you say from the heart to Christ, "Lord, I believe," and worship Him? Many Christians (so called) are only Deists: they believe in God, but they believe not in Christ. Friends and brethren, let us look into it while we may! Soon, this chapter tells us so, soon "the night cometh, when no man can work." While we have the light, let us walk in the light. Everything that offends, cut it off: everything that offends, pluck it out. From a death-bed, or from beyond death, you will look back with satisfaction on nothing that was not right. "Lord, I believe: and whatsoever Thou sayest unto me, I will do. Lord, I believe: and though now I see Thee not, yet will I endure as seeing Thee who art invisible. Thy strength is sufficient for me: for Thy strength is made perfect in weakness. When Thou sayest to me, Dost thou believe? give me grace to answer, with a firm faith and a good courage, My Lord and my God!"

* * *

ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD.

By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the evening of the day on which the McQuarrie girls left Mortimer Street on their return to Uanvohr, Henry Willoughby sat in the library at Marsco House reading *Samson Agonistes* with the lemon sky of March sunset broken by the pointed gloom of the pine wood outside. The young man read till the light began to fail, and then he closed the book, his finger still keeping the place, and paced up and down through the apartment, his mind filled with austere music. "The reading of Milton always humiliates me," he said to himself, as he strode backwards and forwards. "What immeasurable altitude and solitariness of soul, what cruel purity and coldness as of Alpine snows! Chaucer gossips, Spenser dreams, Shakspeare is mobile as flame, now Clown, now Emperor; now Caliban, now Ariel; at home everywhere, taking his ease in every condition of life,—but Milton is never other than himself; he is always autocratic—the haughtiest, scornfulest, stateliest, loneliest of human spirits. He daunts, repels, frightens, yet fascinates. He would sing the song of Paradise, and he left the task to the close of life, when smitten with blindness, pierced with ingratitude, and fallen on evil days and evil tongues—perfectly conscious that he could become immortal whenever he pleased. Gracious Heaven, what a *will* the blind old man had, making time, infirmity, and sorrow his slaves! Other poets are summer yachts, moving hither and thither on the impulse of the vagrant wind; Milton is an ocean steamer, with steadfast-pointing needle, plenty of coal on board, and which, relying on internal resources, and careless alike of elemental aids or hindrances, bears straight on its determined way, deviating not a hair's-breadth, come hurricane, come calm. What power, what energy in everything he does! His lines are like the charging files of Cromwell's Ironsides. Compared with this man, what am I? Clay in the hands of circumstance to be made or marred—without force, resolution, will—a spineless caterpillar, a blown arrow of thistledown, a mere thing of shreds and patches; with no virtue in my goodness, no hardihood in my evil—a something marching shabbily from birth to death, a poltroon, a fool—" and here the young fellow, having worked himself into a rage, threw down the book impatiently, and going forward to the window stared out on the lemon-coloured sky which the black needles of the pine wood fretted.

He had not looked out long when the crunch of footsteps were heard on the gravel, and the shadow of a man shot past the corner of the house, speedily followed by the man himself—a middle-aged man, half shepherd, half keeper, with a gun across his shoulder and a terrier at his heel. Perhaps the master of Marsco was glad of this interruption to the current of thoughts which were by no means agreeable. At all events, he threw up the window and called out—

"Well, Rory, this is a beautiful evening. Were you coming to see me?"

"Yes, sir," said Rory, touching his bonnet, while the terrier made a sudden rush into the shrubbery. "*Smoorach*, *Smoorach*, come here, you sinner! You were speaking about having a shot at a heron, and as this is a fine evening, I thought I would come up, whatever. *Gaghey*, *gaghey*, *Mahoö!*" cried Rory, as he stamped his foot on the gravel, and at the storm of gutturals, the terrier, which had returned from its raid, slunk away in the direction of the kitchen.

"But do you think we will get a heron to-night," said Henry.

"Hoot, yes. They'll be fishing on the low rocks at the early moon-rise, and the moon will be up in half an hour."

"Well, then, I don't care although I should try my luck. I have nothing better to do in any case. Wait there till I get my gun and shot-belt—or rather, go into the kitchen, and have something from Jones. I'll be with you in ten minutes."

When Henry Willoughby got down to the gravel walk, Rory came out of the kitchen, drawing the back of his hand across his mouth as he did so. "This will be a fine night for the herons," he said; "they are fattest in the early winter moon-lights, but they are in good condition yet. Are you ready, sir? I've told Jones to take care of the terrier till I come back. He would make a noise and disturb the birds if he came with us."

The pair then passed out of the gate, and Rory led the way across undulating ground covered with natural birchwood, toward the low rocky shore. The early twilight was falling. The lemon-coloured light was still lingering around the splintered peaks that rose to the west of the great bay, wan lemon-coloured light that was dying momently: while above a dark round hill on the other side, a cone of tender radiance shot upward, the *avant courier* of the moon. In a little while, above the dark hill peered the full-faced spring moon herself, and the rocks, almost undistinguishable before, came out in a flicker of glister and gloom, and the making sea was traversed by a faint mesh of tremulous lustre. As the light increased, felt more than heard or seen was the stir of life along the shore, in the distance motion and the sound of wings, and the fine flute-like call and recall of birds. Paler grew the lemon light above the peaks, higher rode the moon, and broader and more vivid grew the net of trembling light, till at last all was silver and silence and the cold splendour of the making tide. The fallen sun had drawn his last skirt of sunset after him; and the moon had no rival save the shadows which were afraid of her, and which hid themselves from her ray behind rocks and in hollow places.

For some little time Rory marched on in front, then he slackened his pace and allowed Henry to walk alongside. "I was over at Uanvohr yesterday and saw Mr. McQuarrie," he said suddenly. "I was bringing a stag-hound pup for Miss Oona—of a grand breed, sir. It's the only kind of dog Miss Oona cares for."

At the name, Willoughby's heart gave a great jump, and the blood so rushed to his face that he was glad only the moonlight beheld it. "I hope you found Mr. McQuarrie well," he said after a pause.

"Quite well. He told me that Miss Oona and Miss Maggie were coming home by the first steamer."

"Coming home! What are they coming home for? I thought they were to remain in the south all spring and summer."

"I don't know indeed, but he told me they were coming home. Ah, Mr. Henry, perhaps you will make it up with Miss Oona when she comes. It's you that would be the handsome couple. I was just saying so to Mr. McQuarrie."

"What right had you, you rascal, to speak about Miss McQuarrie and me," cried Henry, turning on his companion angrily.

"I was just saying——"

"You had no business to say a word, and to Mr. McQuarrie above all men. Your tongue will bring you into trouble."

Henry strode in advance for a few paces, but his annoyance was short-lived; in a minute or so he asked in an altered tone, "And what did Mr. McQuarrie say?"

"I'll tell you that," responded Rory briskly, as he sidled up to his master. "He just put his hands in his pockets and leaned his back against the dyke and laughed. 'It may come all right yet, Rory,' he says, 'and we may both dance at the wedding. Young ladies don't know their own minds sometimes, Rory,' he says, 'and say no when they mean yes.' He has seen big Duncan, sir."

"And who is big Duncan, pray?"

"Big Duncan! The man you knocked down in the booth at Narrowkyle. I'm told, sir, your arm was just like a flash of lightning, and Duncan fell all his length like a tree. He met with his match and more, sir, when he met with you."

"Humph! He saw big Duncan you say?"

"Yes, and Duncan told him—Duncan's head's not right yet, sir—that he was sorry that he had insulted the gentleman, and that he had got nothing more than he deserved. Duncan's a very decent man, when he's sober."

"Did Duncan tell Mr. McQuarrie what was the cause of quarrel, and *why* I knocked him down."

"I don't know, indeed. Mr. McQuarrie did not say. Duncan takes all the blame to himself, whatever. But, Mr. Henry, the black rocks yonder, sticking like seals' heads out of the bed of moonlight, is a grand fishing place for the herons. They come down with the tide on their way to roost. We must get down yonder."

Under Rory's guidance, Henry crept down over broken boulders to the shore, and the twain ensconced themselves under the shadow of a rock that stood up against the glittering sea. When they were fairly ambushed, Rory reconnoitred the shore and the low rocks, but there was no heron, only a disturbed cormorant scudding down the moonlight with outstretched neck, and a sound of flurried wings. If a shot was to be had that evening, there was nothing for it but to wait patiently. So they stood in the rock shadows, seeing nothing but the broad wrinkled glitter of the moonlight, and the plash and gurgle of the making tide. Utter silence came back when the cormorant had gone.

As he stood there in the gloom of the rock, the expected heron was to Henry of but little account; the return of Miss McQuarrie to Uanvohr in such an unexpected manner dwelt in his mind to the exclusion of everything else. It puzzled him. He could not make it out. It was evident that the return was intentional, and that something extraordinary had occurred. Finding no solution in his own thoughts, he turned to his guide.

"Did Mr. McQuarrie——"

"Speak low, Mr. Henry, speak low."

"Yes, yes. Did Mr. McQuarrie tell you why Miss Oona—the Misses McQuarrie, I mean—were coming home so unexpectedly? Did he throw out no hint? Do you know, or can you guess, why they are coming home?"

"He only told me, Mr. Henry, that they were coming home by the first steamer; and I told you because I thought you would like to hear."

"Did he know that you were coming across to Marsco this evening?"

"Of course he knew, because I told him I was coming."

"And do you think he told you that you might tell me?"

"Ah, Mr. Henry, why should I know that? It's not for me to guess; you can guess better than I can."

"But, Rory——"

"Wheesh, wheesh, there's the heron."

And sure enough, skirting the shore, and coming with the tide, was the heron in its long slow lagging flight. It had been feeding higher up the coast, was on its way home to roost, but was not indisposed to secure yet another fish before retiring. As it passed, Henry could see its head turned in alert outlook, and the moon silvering its floating crest, and beautifully curved wing tips. The gleaming tide had now almost submerged the low rocks, and over one of these, at about fifty yards distance, the noble bird hung in doubtful poise for a moment, then it descended, and furling its mighty wings, broke the cold dazzle of the sea almost as darkly as the rock on which it stood. All motion had ceased, and it seemed a bird carved in stone.

"Now, Mr. Henry, now," whispered Rory.

Crack went the gun, and the stone was untenanted—but there was a silvery plash and tumult beyond it; and as the reverberation travelled along the glimmering coasts, it awoke the liquid pipings of innumerable sea-birds. Rory was on his feet in an instant, "You've shot him, Mr. Henry, you've shot him! A splendid shot!" And he clambered over the rocks, and dashed into the water like a water-dog, whence in a few moments he emerged trailing the dead wet heron after him by the legs.

"Oh, Mr. Henry, ye've made a pretty shot. I never saw a prettier! Ye've hit her just under the wing. It's you that has the steady hand and the quick eye," continued Rory, as he laid the dead bird down on the rock at the feet of his master. "I never saw a heron shot so prettily before, and I have seen many trying it. There's nobody could do it but yourself, Mr. Henry—and by moonlight, too!"

Henry looked at his prey for a few moments with a slight touch of compunction. "What call had I to do this?" he thought to himself. "I have extinguished a life because time hung heavily on my hands—a life that, so far as I can see, was quite as useful as my own—and have broken the first sleep of a hundred sea-birds besides. I took the poor thing at a disadvantage too, while it was quietly looking after its supper. Well, well, I have saved a fish, perhaps, for the dinner of a cotter's children to-morrow. Death overtook it while meditating death; and there is a sprat the more wagging his tail in the sea-silver, through my interposition. Take it up, Rory, and let us go home," said he aloud; "the evening is getting cold, and you are wet to the waist." And so saying, the young man shouldered his gun, and began to march homeward at a great pace.

Rory seized the bird and followed. When he came up, Henry said, "You must be very cold, I fear."

"Hoots no, sir. I would wade far deeper any time of the night for you, Mr. Henry."

"I am much obliged, I'm sure."

"Oh, Mr. Henry, but you're a splendid shot," proceeded Rory in his most ingratiating tones as he came alongside, "you're the best I ever saw. When you lay your finger on the trigger it's death to beast and bird. Of all the gentlemen shooters I see coming about the country, you're by far the best. It was a grand shot you——"

"Hold your tongue, you unconscionable liar and flatterer," cried Henry, half angry, half laughing. "You know as well as I that shooting a heron sitting quietly on a stone is no greater feat than shooting a squatting rabbit. Don't I know that if I were leaving the island to-morrow, you would flatter my successor, whoever he might be, just as you flatter me?"

At this unexpected rebuff, Rory was stricken dumb; and as they had now left the shore and were entering on the undulating ground covered with birchwood, there was no further opportunity for conversation, and so Rory, much to his disrelish, was forced to keep his admiration of his master's prowess to himself and to trudge silently at his master's heel.

When they reached the lighted porch at Marsco, Henry entered and threw down his gun, Rory remaining outside.

"Take the heron round to the kitchen, Rory."

"Yes, Mr. Henry," said Rory, in a penitential tone.

"And, Rory," said Henry, as he disengaged himself from his shot-belt.

"Yes, sir," and Rory came back a pace.

"At what time, do you know, does the steamer from the south arrive—the steamer you spoke about?"

"Miss Oona should land at——"

"Who asked you about Miss McQuarrie? How dare you mention her name? Don't do it again."

"Very well, Mr. Henry," said Rory apologetically, and beginning his retreat to the kitchen, much marvelling at his master's crossness of temper.

But Henry stepped out into the moonlight. "At what hour is she to arrive?"

"Miss Oona or the steamer, Mr. Henry?"

"Oh, confound you, either, both—I suppose they will come together," and Henry, despite his vexation, could not help laughing.

"At two o'clock to-morrow, sir, Mr. McQuarrie is to drive over in his dog-cart to meet them and to bring them home."

"Oh, he is, is he?" said Henry, thoughtfully; "and, Rory——"

"Yes, Mr. Henry."

"Go to Jones, and tell him to give you something to warm you; I'm sure you must be very cold."

"I'll do that, Mr. Henry," said Rory, briskly, while he ducked, took off his bonnet, and alertly disappeared.

When Henry Willoughby entered the library, in which a fire was burning, *Samson Agonistes* lay on the table where he had flung it impatiently a couple of hours before, but its perusal that night he did not resume. He threw himself in an easy chair, and sat there silently—the firelight playing the while on his face and light curling locks—revolving Rory's unexpected communication. "These girls are not coming home for nothing," he thought to himself. "I wonder what can have happened. Can I have anything to do with their coming home? Who knows? If that fellow, Rory, were not such a thundering flatterer and liar, I should almost suppose that Mr. McQuarrie was not unwilling that I should know of the circumstance. What if I ride across to-morrow and see them land? What! I don't see why I shouldn't." Here Henry, flushing all over with the idea, got up and marched backwards and forwards through the fire-lighted apartment. "I'll do it," said the young man to himself resolutely, after a pause. "The apple will not fall unless the tree be shaken. A girl worth winning is worth running some risk for. I believe Oona loves me, for all that has come and gone; and the misunderstanding, if it did not involve consequences so serious, would be all too absurd." The pacing up and down was here continued silently for a little. "What an ass I was not to have made a clean breast of it when at Uanvohr! It would have been the easiest thing to have explained that I did not go to Narrowkyle of my own accord, but only to look after that poor dear Merleton, and got into a squabble with those drover fellows on his account. Easy enough, but for my diabolical pride. Unjustly accused, as I conceived, I was idiot enough to stand on my dignity and to disdain explanation or defence. All that may be righted to-morrow." Another long pause, during which there was no cessation in the walking up and down. "How the darling looked that day in her father's room. How swift, imperious. All the affronted woman up in arms of sorrow and anger—proud as a wronged queen. But yet she might have trusted me more. Having secured her love, how could she fancy I was the base Judean to throw that pearl away! And yet I never loved and admired her half so much as then. In her presence no man could be guilty of a meanness, or do a cowardly act, or tell a lie. Merely to look into her face is to add a cubit to the moral stature of a hind—then all poetry becomes possible, and heroism the most ordinary method of acting. To think of that high heart beating for me—of that proud neck bent in submission, those eyes filled with the dews of meek surrender?"

But why go on with a lover's fond extravagances! What a beautiful world lovers live in. The passion draws everything into its service, and ennobles it, just as Marie Theresa knighted the entire Hungarian army that fought under her banner. Then is rascality eliminated from human nature, and all men are brave because they are capable of the divine madness; then are all women good and beautiful because they are the loved one's sisters. There is no such charitable personage as your lover—he clothes a whole out-at-elbows world in goodly qualities and noble vestures. I admire Miss Oona McQuarrie myself, but Mr. Henry Willoughby, at least as he walked up and down in his library on that March evening, would very possibly have considered my admiration shamefully chilly and burdened with limitations.

When the young man had wearied himself with pacing up and down, and had come to an end of his rapturous ejaculations, he rang the bell. "James," he said, when the servant appeared, "I am going to ride to-morrow. I'll start by 11 o'clock. You will have my mare ready by that time—and, James, I wish my boat to be waiting for me at Ardoch Inn, a couple of miles this side of Uanvohr, you know, to-morrow evening about five. I'll leave the mare at the Inn, and one of the boys can go across for her on the following day." As he went up-stairs to bed, he said to himself, "I'll ride all the way with them if the coast is clear, and will surely have an opportunity of making up matters, or of putting matters in a proper train for a making up."

Mr. McQuarrie had driven across from Uanvohr to the fishing village at which the steamer touched, he had taken the horse out of the dog-cart and sent it round to the stable of the Inn, he had transacted business in the Merchant's shop, and he was now standing whip in hand watching a man in his shirt sleeves posted on a little eminence, who was making desperate signals with his arms. All of a sudden the man came running down, and as he approached he called out, "The steamer is just gone into Eig, Mr. McQuarrie, an' will be here in an hour. It's a beautiful day for Miss Oona and Miss Maggie, Mr. McQuarrie."

"Thank you, Donald," said the old gentleman.

At the sound of hoofs, Mr. McQuarrie turned round, and beheld Henry Willoughby pulling up in front of the Merchant's shop. The rider dismounted hastily, threw the bridle to one of the bare-headed urchins standing at the door, and came forward.

"Bless me, Henry Willoughby, who should have expected to see you here! You are quite well, I hope?" said Hector, as he shook the young man's hand cordially.

"My fellow, Rory, told me that your daughters were to arrive to-day, and I thought I should ride across to see them."

"Yes!"

"I am anxious"—here the young fellow coloured slightly, and felt some difficulty in proceeding—"I wish very much to see Miss Oona again, Mr. McQuarrie. She has been away, and has had time to think over matters, and I am in hopes that she may be induced to reconsider her determination."

"Come this way, Henry," and the old gentleman slipped his arm into Henry's; "we are within ear-shot, and there have been too many tongues in the matter already. Well?" he continued, in a tone of interrogation, when they got a little bit away from the houses and the keen ears of the listening urchins.

Henry again stated the motive which had induced him to ride across that day.

"You have done quite right," said Hector, "and some fifty years ago I should have done the same, had I been circumstanced as you are. Now, Henry, let us perfectly understand one another. I had a good opinion of you before, and I have a good opinion of you still. I don't care, man, although you had been fighting at fifty fairs and had knocked down a hundred drovers, I should be the last man to throw a stone at you on that account. I mind at Falkirk once"—here the old gentleman began to chuckle over the reminiscence of his former prowess.

"But," said Henry, "I have never yet explained how I went to Narrowkyle, and how I became involved in the quarrel."

"Well, well, that's Oona's business. Explain it to her. She has got to marry you; I have not. It was at Falkirk, in the year 18—, a grand market that and splendid prices for stirks, and at the end of the day a battle royal took place between the Highlanders and Lowlanders. Trotternish and I were standing looking on, when a wild creature from the Braes drew a knife and began flourishing it about. *That* of course couldn't be permitted, so we went in on the rascals with the butt-ends of our riding whips. Talk of felling drovers! We soon put a stop to that quarrel. A gentleman should never be ready with a blow, but he should always be able to give one at the proper time. Ay, it's an old story that, Henry. The grass has been green over Trotternish's grave for twenty years now, and his head was as white as mine when they laid it in the coffin. But what was I speaking about when I began the story?"

"You were saying I should explain——"

"Ah yes, yes, I remember. The whole thing lies in a nutshell. It's rumoured in the country that you were slightly wild, reckless, unsettled, you know; you were engaged to Oona on the condition of your good behaviour. And then the next news that came was your appearance in the booth at Narrowkyle and your *mêlée* there. I don't think much of that:—you can't expect me to look on such matters with a young girl's eyes. But when the story came, Oona's pride was hurt; she conceived you regarded her affection as a thing of little moment, and so she would have died rather than have married you. And from her point of view the girl was perfectly right. I don't say it was *my* point of view, but then I am not to marry you, as I said before. Girls are skittish creatures, Mr. Henry. They are like wild colts on the hill-side, you come with fair words and a bag of oats, and are just about to slip the bridle over their necks, when they are off and whinnying at you from a mile's distance. I found out all that in my own love-making time—to which I can look back as to a wonderful summer I spent long ago."

"But the affair at Narrowkyle has been much exaggerated. I can explain the whole thing; and should have explained it at our last interview, but that I thought Miss Oona jumped too hurriedly to her conclusions, and some motive of foolish pride kept me silent."

"You were like two nuts in a fire at Hallowmass eve, burning away briskly for a while, till, puff!—you are off in different directions. You were a couple of fools—that is to say, you were both in love. But, Henry, you must deal with Oona, not with me. You must see Oona herself. I shall be very glad if the matter can be properly arranged, for I always liked you, Henry, you know. But it is entirely Oona's business, and it is for her to decide."

"Do you think, Mr. McQuarrie, that time and consideration may have reduced Miss Oona's anger? I trust——"

"Fie, fie, Mr. Henry. I am speaking to you as your friend, not as Oona's father. You would not have me tell tales out of school?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't mean——"

"Don't blush, man. The foolishest speech may be excused to a lover. It's all right. I was only joking. How should I know? Oona has been living with a wonderful old sister of mine, down in Hawkhead, and *she* may have had some influence. Besides——" he was on the eve of mentioning that Miss Oona had been fighting for the good name of a certain Mr. Henry Willoughby at Cuchullin Lodge, and had left the house in consequence of the aspersions thrown thereupon, but on second thoughts he resolved on keeping that interesting bit of information to himself.

As they walked backwards and forwards, Hector asked after a little pause, "Do you go back straight to Marsco, Henry?"

"No. I have ordered my boat to wait me this evening at Ardoch Inn, and if you'll permit I'll ride as far as Uanvohr."

"All right. The girls will have some one to talk to on the way, and give them the news of the country. Nothing ever happens at Uanvohr, you know. But I had better get the horse put in, for the boat is going out yonder to meet the steamer."

Hector bustled about in the Merchant's shop for a while, had certain parcels stowed away in the body of the vehicle, and got the horse harnessed. By that time the steamer had slid into the bay, and when the two had walked slowly down to the landing-place the steamer was gone, the boat approaching, and Henry with a heightened pulse descried two female figures seated in the stern.

The two gentlemen were standing on the rock as the boat came on. "Oh, Oona," whispered Maggie, all in a flutter, "there's papa and Mr. Willoughby waiting for us. What can have brought Mr. Willoughby, Oona?"

Over Miss Oona's face a happy flush followed the words, as music follows a touched piano key. "Hush, Maggie; how can I know?"—and the next moment the boat bumped on the rocks, which threw the girls into an opportune confusion, and gave Oona time to become mistress of herself.

Maggie stept out first and kissed her father, and shook hands with his companion; Oona followed, she touched her father's cheek with her lips and then turned with a frank word and smile to Henry.

"I heard only last night that you were coming home, and rode across to see you arrive."

"It was very kind of you, Mr. Willoughby. I am sure we are very much obliged."

"Now then, dears," cried the old gentleman; "hurry, hurry. We have a long way to drive. Come along, come along. Mr. Willoughby will look after your wraps and things."

Henry jumped into the boat, and began to collect shawls, bags, and miscellaneous items of feminine luggage. When he had completed his task Hector had reached the door of the Merchant's shop, and was assisting his daughters into the back seat of the dog-cart. The young man came up in great bustle, and when he spread a shawl over the knees of the young ladies and tucked it carefully around their feet, he was rewarded by Miss Oona with the brightest of smiles and the most silvery words of thanks.

The McQuarries' boy had jumped up beside his master. "All right, now?" asked the old gentleman, seizing the reins and turning half round. "That'll do: *chir*, Maggie, *chir!*" and away in front of the Inn went the dog-cart, and after it came Henry on his mare.

Henry had enjoyed many a pleasant ride, but never one so pleasant as on that afternoon. When they were half way across, the early spring sunset began to dress the road in rose, and to turn every pool into a sheet of gold leaf. The air had grown chill, too, and the girls had drawn a shawl over their hats, and out of that covering the rosy faces with the rosy light on them peeped on Henry as he rode behind—a pleasant sight to see. Nor was there lack of talk and merriment as they went; Maggie was the principal speaker, and Henry joked her about Hawkhead, her dancing parties, her conquests, and inquired specially about that remarkable cousin, Mr. John Hagart, of whom he had occasionally heard; and at every sally and inquiry Maggie's laughter rang in the coloured air like a silver bell. Oona chatted frankly enough also; but when the party reached the head of the road and began to descend the long glen which led to Uanvohr, and when the giant bulk of Marsco became visible, with its ravines and torrent lines, she became strangely silent, and over that silence Henry, as is the manner of foolish lovers, pondered, and drew sweet and bitter conclusions.

In a short time the dog-cart drew up at the point where the roads divided, the one leading to Uanvohr, the other to Ardoch Inn. Henry had taken off his hat to the ladies, and was preparing to bid them adieu, when Oona suddenly exclaimed—

"Papa, had not Mr. Willoughby better stay at Uanvohr to-night? It's a long way to Marsco, and it will be dark before he can ride there."

"But he is not going to ride to Marsco, my dear. His boat has been waiting him for an hour at Ardoch Inn down there."

"But you will remain, Mr. Willoughby, to-night? I have a great deal to say to you to-morrow, and it is better to have it said at once."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Miss McQuarrie."

"Well, then, have you arranged?" cried the old gentleman. "Does Mr. Willoughby stay at Uanvohr, or go on to Ardoch?"

"He stays at Uanvohr, papa."

"Very well; go on, Maggie."

And so Henry found himself that night a guest at Uanvohr.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

During the night the weather changed. When the dwellers at Uanvohr met at the breakfast-table, a dim wall of mist obscured the line of splintered peaks on the opposite side of the bay; and between that wall of mist, and the shore immediately below the northern window, there rolled a dark grey windy sea flecked with patches of foam. The view from the westward-looking window of the same apartment was not a whit more inspiriting. Great plashes of rain came against the panes at intervals, and as Henry looked out while chipping his egg, thin veils of vapoury spume were drifting along the green hill-sides, the gaunt trees near the house were swaying to and fro, and in the direction of the barns a female domestic was seen scurrying for a moment, with her gown drawn over her head. The atmosphere affected the spirits of our friends. Oona was singularly grave, silent, and preoccupied; Mr. McQuarrie drank an inordinate number of cups of tea, and grumbled at the weather all the while; and Henry and Maggie made a rather dismal attempt at cheerful conversation. After breakfast was over, the girls retired, Mr. McQuarrie lay down on the sofa, and while engaged in the perusal of a three-days-old newspaper, very sensibly fell asleep; and Henry went to the rain-blurred window, and looked out on the grey sea beruffed with foam, and the wall of mist beyond, and attempted to amuse himself watching the wheeling flight of the uncomfortable-looking sea-birds. But he could not be amused, he had nothing to do, nothing to read, no one to speak to. Then Mr. McQuarrie on the sofa, sinking into profounder slumber, began to snore audibly. The stertorous sound brought out in the keenest relief the dismalness of the day. Happily at this juncture Henry heard the notes of a piano, and going across the passage into the drawing-room, he found Miss Maggie seated at the ancient and somewhat metallic-toned instrument; and so in lack of more congenial occupation, he employed himself in turning over the music sheets for her.

He had not been so employed for long, when a step was heard in the passage, and then at the door of the room, which was standing ajar, Oona appeared in her walking dress, gloved and booted, wearing a long oilskin cape, and a Glengarry bonnet with a sprig of dried heather stuck in the silver badge at the side, and with an umbrella in her hand.

"Goodness gracious me!" cried Maggie, pausing in her task. "You surely don't mean to say that you are going out to walk, Oona; you are certain to be either washed away or blown away;" and out came the burst of sunny laughter, brightening the dim room almost, which John Hagart so much loved to hear.

"Just for a little bit, Maggie. And Mr. Willoughby will be kind enough to accompany me, perhaps."

You may be sure that Mr. Willoughby procured his hat and was at her side in a moment.

It certainly was not a day in which ordinarily constituted young persons would have chosen to have gone abroad, but perhaps it had its advantages notwithstanding. If it rained it gave Henry the opportunity of sheltering Oona with the umbrella. The wind was strong, but it loosened a reckless ringlet or two from beneath the Glengarry bonnet, and when it blew so violently as almost to impede progress it induced Oona to accept the aid of Henry's arm—all of which were pleasant things in their way.

"What a shocking day it is, to be sure," said Henry, as a gust came down on the pair nearly turning the umbrella inside out.

"Perhaps you would rather go in, Mr. Willoughby? you are certain to get wet," said Oona, coming to a full stop.

"Go in! not a bit. I like wind and rain, I assure you. I think this is extremely pleasant," said the illogical and slightly incoherent young man. "Besides," he continued, returning to comparative common sense, "when we get into shelter of the rising grounds yonder, we shall be in a comparative lull."

So they walked on and reached the shelter of the rising grounds, where there *was* a comparative lull. All this while Oona had something very important to say, but could not bring herself to begin. At last, like a bather on a brink, who ends timidity and reluctance by taking a bold header, she plunged into *medias res* at once.

"Mr. Willoughby, I have brought you here to ask your pardon very humbly."

"My pardon, Miss McQuarrie!"

"Yes. I have been debating the matter in my own mind all the morning, and have resolved at last on taking this step. It had to be done, and I thought it best to have it done quickly. I have acted wrongly; and when one so acts it seems to me the best way always to make the wrong right in the frankest and directest way. I thought I was doing my duty when—when we parted at Uanvohr, but I find now I was misled by the light of a false pride. I have schooled myself to make this confession, Mr. Willoughby, and I have made it. Will you forgive me?"

Here Henry performed, in the circumstances, the somewhat difficult feat of holding the umbrella against the wind with his left hand, and of getting possession of the hand of Miss Oona with his right.

"I don't think I have anything to forgive, and if I had, forgiveness would have been yours all along. You know that, Oona. Let it all be forgotten, and let matters between you and me come back to their former position."

But Oona was resolved to sit down in sackcloth and ashes before him. "I have acted hastily, wrongly, ungenerously, Henry. I thought only of myself. I believed my anger justice. I would run no risk, I would take everything and give nothing. You must feel that I have been selfish, and you must forgive me, Henry. I shall not be happy unless you do so."

The right hand held the umbrella now, and the left was round the oilskin cape. "You have my forgiveness, then," said he, drawing her towards him, and looking down on her face with a fond smile. "My forgiveness, dearest, fully, unreservedly: my forgiveness for ever and ever. Don't speak about it any more. Are you happy now, Oona?"

"Oh so happy, Henry, so happy."

Lovers should have a quarrel now and again for the mere pleasure of making it up. Our lovers were enjoying the full sweetness of a dissolved estrangement. Never in the world before did rain bespatter, or wind tash and dishevel, a happier pair than they did at that moment.

After they had gone on a little way, Henry said, "The time has now come when I must make a little explanation. If it had been made before it might have saved pain, and for the delay it is my turn to crave forgiveness, and forgiveness I need much more at your hands than ever you did at mine. You were hurt, Oona, that, in the view of my antecedents and of the relationship in which I stood to you, I should have been seen in the Narrowkyle booths at all, were you not?"

"There was the pang, Henry, there was the pang."

"But the pang has gone now, darling?"

"All gone;" and Oona smiled trustfully up at him; "the wound has healed and left not a scar."

"Then I did not go to Narrowkyle on my own account. An old University friend of mine, who has been sent down here out of the sight of his friends, was staying with me at the time. I had to keep a sharp eye and a tight hand on him. Somehow or another he had heard of the market and had gone across early in the morning. I knew what the consequences would be, and drove to Narrowkyle at once. When I got there I found poor Frank in a condition in which I trust he will never be seen by his mother or his sisters. It would break their hearts. He was surrounded by a lot of hulking fellows who were making his humiliation a subject of brutal laughter, and it was to save him from insult that the quarrel arose of which you have heard so much."

"Oh, Henry, why didn't you tell me this before?—it would have saved all."

"Because, darling, I thought you pulled me up too hard, that you did not sufficiently trust me, that you rushed too impetuously to an unfavourable conclusion."

"I knew it, I knew it. You felt all the while that I was wilful, hasty, selfish, ungenerous," cried Miss Oona, as she donned her robes of sackcloth and ashes once more. "You felt it although you would not say it, Henry, and yet you have borne with me all this time. Oh, Henry, you may forgive me, but I never shall be able to forgive myself."

"But you mustn't speak in that way," and the arm was again round the oilskin cape, and the wearer of the said cape was again drawn close. "I should have told you the whole affair frankly at the time. A foolish feeling of pride prevented me—no more noble motive, I fear. You have much more to forgive than I have, darling. Will you forgive me?" And as he spoke he came to a full stop, and glanced down at the wind-blown locks and the Glengarry bonnet which was laid against his breast.

"Yes, Henry."

"And yourself—for I won't have a one-sided forgiveness."

"Ye—yes, Henry."

While the young people were thus running races and outstripping each other in generosity, and sweetly forgiving each other in the rain, Hector McQuarrie awoke on the sofa. He got up and went to the window and saw the rocking trees, and the pale spume of rain drifting along the hill-sides. The day was quite as unpromising as when he fell asleep. He wondered what had become of his guest, and hearing the notes of Miss Maggie's piano, he went to the drawing-room to seek Henry. "What has become of Henry Willoughby?" he asked, when he found his daughter alone.

"He has gone out with Oona, papa."

"Gone out with Oona! What are the two fools doing out on a day like this?"

"I don't know, papa. Oona said she was going out, and asked Henry to go with her."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, as he turned on his heel, and went back to the dining-room.

When he got again into the light, a droll smile was playing on his weather-beaten visage. "Love keeps out the rain better than a waterproof," he muttered to himself. "I never yet heard of a lover catching cold. Love prevents any evil effect arising from damp feet—it's a capital thing in a climate like this. It's very cold," he continued, shivering internally; and then he went to a sideboard which stood in one corner of the room, took out a glass and a spirit-case in which herbs were swimming, filled the glass three-quarters full, quaffed it, put back the glass and the spirit-case again, went to the sofa, dallied with the three-days-old newspaper, and in ten minutes was as soundly asleep as he had been previously.

CHAPTER XXIX.

One night in the bitter spring weather the curtains were drawn in Mortimer Street, and Miss Kate McQuarrie, with a warm fleecy shawl wrapped around her shoulders, half sat, half reclined in an easy chair before the fire. The truth was, the indomitable old lady, for the first time in her life almost, had become invalided. She had caught cold one Sunday on the way home from church—indeed, the very storm which chilled Miss Kate was the one that, on its way northwards, enveloped our lovers at Uanvohr—and had been for a week or ten days, now, strangely out of sorts. Being unused to illness she did not take it well—she was hasty, querulous, and impatient. "Ugh, ugh," she said as, recovering from a paroxysm of coughing, she drew the fleecy shawl closer around her, "this can't last long. Asthma has got its finger and thumb on my windpipe at last. I am bankrupt in breath, and must live on a halfpenny worth a day. I suppose I mustn't grumble. If wanted elsewhere, I really wish another messenger than this wheezy one had been sent to lodge the citation. Ugh, ugh,—when on earth will that boy come home? Ever since Mr. Crook became paralysed they are working him like a slave. I wish he would come home. I'm fairly blown, and I suppose I am near the end of my race. It's been a long and a weary one, but there's a long rest for all—a long rest." And here the old lady drew the shawl yet more closely around her shoulders, and stared intently into the fire.

In a few minutes Ann opened the door, with a letter, and Miss Kate, half turning round, stretched out her hand for it.

"It's for Mr. John," said Ann, hesitating for a moment.

"Did I say it wasn't for Mr. John?" cried the old lady testily. "Do you think I am going to eat Mr. John's letter? Give it to me here."

Ann delivered the letter and retired abruptly—in dread of a second volley.

Miss Kate turned again to the fire, and examining the epistle discovered thereupon the Hebridean postmark. "What a correspondent that girl is, to be sure," she muttered, still playing with it. "She writes like a public office or a board of clerks. I wonder if her letters laugh. John and she are a pair of extremely loving cousins indeed. But I must keep it for the poor boy; it will be a lump of sugar in the tea-cup of his life." Here she got up and placed it carefully on the mantelpiece. "Ugh, ugh," she said, as she sat down, "that finger and thumb again!" She leaned back in the cushioned chair, still staring in the fire. "Uanvohr! I wonder how brother Hector is holding out? We have not met for years and years, and I think I should like to see him once again. I wish that boy would come."

Miss Kate had not to wish long, for almost as soon as she had given utterance to the words John Hagart entered the apartment.

"You are late, John."

"Yes. I had a lot of work at the office, and have only got through with it. I hope you feel better this evening, aunt."

"Not much. I am a beggar in breath; you can whistle away in an hour what would serve me for a week. But never mind me—there's a letter for you on the mantelpiece, John. I suppose you know from whom."

John did know, although he made no reply. In fact he knew the letter would be waiting him, and he struck work at the office half an hour earlier in consequence.

"May I read it, aunt?" he asked, as he lifted the letter from the mantelpiece and took his seat at the table beneath the light.

"Of course, read it, you foolish fellow; why hain your golden apples for me?"

The letter was from Miss Maggie, and John read it with eager eyes.

"UANVOHR, *April* 18—.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I wish to-day I had a gold pen to write with, and perfumed ink to dip it in, and pink paper to write on, and white wax to close it with, and a seal with the motto, *Love conquers all things*, to seal it with! Do you know that Oona and Mr. Willoughby have made it all up? Oona took the initiative, came forward frankly with an open hand, and confessed that in breaking the engagement a month or two ago she had acted wrongly and hastily. Wasn't it noble in her? I suspect that a conversation she had on the matter with dear Auntie, and the fight at Cuchullin Lodge, helped much to bring it all about. The wedding is to take place in summer, and I am to be the chief bridesmaid. Oona is to wear a white *moire antique*, and I pink tarletan, with ruches and sprigs of heather. But I need not tell you about these things, as I suppose you are so frightfully ignorant that you don't know what a *moire antique* is, or what ruches are.

"Mr. Willoughby has explained to Oona why he went to Narrowkyle, and his explanation is perfectly satisfactory. He went to save a friend, and it was in defence of his friend that he became involved in the brawl. You see the evil idle tongues do. It was painful to Oona at the time, but *all's well that ends well.*

"And now you must excuse this hurried epistle. I am much engaged to-day. Papa won't be home till evening, and Oona and Mr. Willoughby have gone to visit a waterfall, and, of course, all duties fall to me.

"Believe me ever,
"Your affectionate Cousin.

"P.S.—The wedding is to take place in summer, and you are to be here in summer—could not both those great events happen simultaneously? I should like it so much. Try!"

"Here's such news, aunt," cried John, when he had finished his letter. "Oona and Mr. Willoughby are friends again; the marriage is to go on after all, and Maggie is to be chief bridesmaid, she says."

"I am very glad to hear it, John; and how did the reconciliation come about?"

"It seems that Mr. Willoughby is staying at Uanvohr, and while there Oona told him she had acted hastily in breaking off the engagement—and so it's all right now. The wedding is to take place in summer, and Maggie wishes me to come up to Uanvohr then. What do you think? I have often wished to look up all my friends in the north."

"And then we shall have another marriage, I suppose. When birds pair in spring-time the period of nest-building is not far off. You needn't look so foolish, John. Don't you think I have a pair of eyes in my head? Don't you think I can notice what is going on under my nose?"

John, with a very red face, laughed uneasily. "Nonsense, aunt," he said.

"And so the wedding is to take place in the summer!" the old lady went on, taking no notice of the young man's exclamation. "There will be changes before then. I am very glad of it, however. I always liked Oona much better than I liked Maggie, although, I dare say, you are of a different opinion." And here Miss Kate fell into a sort of a muse, and again stared intently into the fire.

John Hagart was silent. He thought at the moment that silence was his best policy.

"John," Miss Kate said, after two or three minutes' pause, "I wish you would write Oona in my name, telling her how highly I approve of her conduct, and with how much sincerity I wish her every happiness. I would write to her myself to-night were I able. You'll do it for me. Just put my wishes in your own words. Will you, John?"

John said he would have very great pleasure, and he brought over his writing-desk from a side-table.

"And while you are writing, John, I think I shall have a little snooze. I feel very tired and weak to-night, and you will be as well pleased to be undisturbed. Just bring my footstool a little nearer. Thank you. Don't let me sleep too long. That'll do. The shawl is very nice. Thank you again, John; you are very good."

And so Miss Kate, with her shawl carefully wrapped round her shoulders, sank back into the warmth and softness of her easy chair and closed her eyes. John watched her, and did not begin his letter till he knew she was asleep by the position of her hands and the sound of her breathing. He then wrote to Miss Oona as directed. The letter was not long, and was soon sealed and addressed. As it was too early to wake his aunt, who was sleeping comfortably, it struck him that he could not employ his half-hour better than by writing to Maggie. So he got hold of another sheet of paper, and while his pen was swiftly travelling down the second page, he heard his Aunt suddenly call out, "Yes. Coming!"

John looked up on the instant, and there was Aunt Kate sitting bolt upright in her chair, and looking towards him, her shawl fallen off her shoulders, her hands trembling, and an alarmed look in her eyes.

"Who called my name, John? Was it you? Did you hear anything?"

"No one called you, aunt. I have not spoken since you went to sleep; no one has been here."

"But I heard my name called distinctly. The sound is ringing in my ears yet," said Aunt Kate, slowly becoming mistress of her hands, and the light of alarm dying out of her eyes as she became conscious of surrounding objects. "I was called by name as if from a great distance, and the voice was a voice I know, or have known. What can it have been?"

"You have been dreaming, perhaps," said John, "and only fancied it."

Miss Kate had again lain back in the cushioned chair, and instead of the look of alarm which had been there a moment or two before was the strangest smile on her face which John had ever seen. An inscrutable smile of infinite content which lay like a light; and in the light the plaits and creases of care, the lurking lines of worldly wisdom and shrewd humour, the furrows of sorrow and the dried up courses of ancient tears were smoothed out, and in their places had come an almost infantile repose, a wonderful youthfulness, which were beautiful to see, but which scared John by their irrelevancy and inappositeness. The eyes were closed, but on the face lay that gleam of alien beauty.

"I knew your voice, Richard, across the wastes of seventy years," she said to herself, yet distinct enough for John to catch. "Lonely have you been there; lonely have I been here. I am coming, Richard." And she passed her hands across her face, shutting out the strange expression, and then in a little while, John, who was looking on awe-stricken, saw the tears trickling down between the withered fingers.

But this emotion on the part of Aunt Kate was but of short duration, and when she removed her hands, but for a certain unusual tranquillity, her face had regained the ordinary look.

"Have you written the letter to Uanvohr?" she asked.

"Yes," said John.

"That's right. Be sure and post it to-morrow. I'll wear my grave-clothes, John, before Oona wears her wedding dress."

"Don't say that, aunt," cried John, who came to her side. "Don't let a dream frighten you so. You are very nervous, and a good night's sleep will put you right."

"You don't know the finger and thumb I feel on my windpipe, John—and then I believe in dreams and omens. But there's no use in talking of these things at present. I have a great deal to do, and but little time to do it in. You can go to Uanvohr in summer if you like, John—it's perhaps the best thing you could do. And now, John, you will go to Dr. Watkins to-morrow and tell him to come here. He can do nothing for me, but his presence will satisfy you and my other friends, and save all reproaches. You needn't go to-night, to-morrow morning will do quite well. And, John, I should like you to write to your mother at once, and tell her I wish her here. Write the letter, and make it as little alarming as possible. Just say I am rather unwell, and that I wish to see her. Now I think that's all I have to say to-night. Ring the bell for Ann, and she will assist me to my room. You'll be sure and write to Greysley before you go to bed, and have it posted early. Good night, John, good night." And by the time that the old lady had played for a moment with John Hagart's brown hair and kissed him on the forehead, Ann was in the room.

John, when his aunt had gone, strove to make himself believe that the voice was merely a nervous delusion, and that when once the bitter spring winds were over, the invalid would be well again; but before he went to bed he wrote to his mother, summoning her to Miss Kate's bedside. Next morning, after hearing that his aunt had spent a rather restless night, he went to the office, calling on Dr. Watkins and posting his letter on the way. The Doctor was to go to Mortimer Street at once, and John was to call on his way home to hear his report.

John called on Dr. Watkins in the afternoon on his way home, and was shown into the library. The Doctor came in almost instantly.

"How did you find my aunt?" John inquired anxiously.

"She is very weak," said the Doctor, "very weak indeed."

"But is her illness dangerous?"

"Well, for a young and strong person it would not be dangerous. But, Mr. Hagart, you must remember your aunt is very old, and that the rope is so frayed and worn that it cannot endure much strain now."

"Do you think she will die, Doctor?" asked the young man with a sort of gulp.

"To tell you the truth," said the Doctor, "I expect she will run down some morning like a watch —will stop from sheer exhaustion. But we will do everything we can do for her, you may depend upon that. She has had a wonderful constitution, you know, and that may hold out for yet a little."

John did not ask any more questions; he was anxious to see how matters stood, and so he went home carrying a heart with him which was heavy as lead.

When John came home Miss Kate had fallen asleep, Ann told him, and that during the day she had inquired several times if her sister had yet arrived, although each time she had remembered that Mrs. Hagart, even if she had started on the receipt of the message, could not possibly be at Mortimer Street before the evening. She had been restless all the day, but she was now sleeping peacefully. And so the young man after dinner—he felt that day how dreary a thing it was to dine alone—sat down to finish his letter to Maggie, the conclusion of which contrasted strangely with the gaiety of the opening sentences.

While John was writing, his mother was driving rapidly in a hackney-coach from Greysley to Hawkhead. The good lady was in a state of sad perturbation. She knew perfectly well that Miss Kate would not send for her unless she was sore bestead, and she was prepared to expect the worst on arrival. She loved her sister sincerely, and was grieved that illness had overtaken her; but with the natural sorrow there was mingled a certain feeling of bewilderment. She had known hardships and misfortune herself, she had wept over a dead face, sorrow and she had been year-long companions, and a personal catastrophe would have seemed the most ordinary thing in the world. But that anything should go wrong with Miss Kate, with whom she had associated every idea of stable prosperity, of invariable success, seemed to her wonderful, unaccountable; something like a suspension of the laws of nature, and the unhinging of all things.

Mrs. Hagart lay back in the carriage, while the cold April moon shone out overhead, and the shadowy trees, like the dark plumes of funeral hearses, flitted rapidly past on either side of the road. Her mind went back to the old times; to her father's house; to her marriage and the estrangements consequent thereupon; to Miss Kate's kindness to her children; to the one that remained; to the far dearer one taken away, and dearer *because* taken away; to the making up of the family breach;—and thinking of all this, and how the entire wrong thing had become right again, and of the duty on which she was at the time engaged, the poor lady threw herself back in a corner of the vehicle, and wept outright; and it was not till the cold stars, and the dark flitting ghosts of trees, and the silence of the country road, were exchanged for the far-radiating lines of lamps of Hawkhead, the blaze of shop windows, the continuous rattle of wheels, and the din and movements of intent crowds, that she regained comparative composure; and even then, glancing out of the window of the vehicle on the glare of light, and the bustle and pressure of passengers, she marvelled how many death-beds there were that night in the noisy, brilliant city, and how many of the dusky cases that hurried past for a moment in the shop lights bore hearts as sore as hers. "Hundreds on hundreds," she said to herself; "hundreds on hundreds could take me by the hand to-night."

Mrs. Hagart had no sooner reached Mortimer Street than John was out on her in the lobby in a moment. He gave her what information he could concerning the condition of the invalid. He carried her into the room which had been prepared for her, and she had barely laid aside her bonnet and shawl when Ann appeared at the door.

"Please ma'am," said Ann, "Miss McQuarrie is awake now. She heard the door-bell, and is anxious to know if you have arrived. Will you come this way, ma'am?"

Mrs. Hagart followed Ann at once, and when she entered the sick apartment, there was Miss Kate propped up on pillows in bed, looking gaunt and pale, her hands lying lax on the top of the bedclothes. At the step she turned half round, and a look of pleasure visited the dim eyes. "I thought it was you, Margaret. It was very kind of you to come so soon. Place the candle on the table near my bedside, Ann, and then you can leave the room. You will be called if you are wanted."

Ann did as she was directed, and left the room. "Kiss me, sister," said the old lady when they were alone; "I am going on a long journey. You have been crying, Margaret," she continued, quickly, as she caught Mrs. Hagart's face as she bent forward in the candlelight. "Is it worth crying for?"

"Don't speak in that way," said Mrs. Hagart, as she placed her arms round Miss Kate, and kissed her. "Don't speak in that way; you will break my heart if you do. You must not speak of dying, Kate."

Miss Kate lay back on her pillow for a few moments. "Do you remember the day of Katy's funeral, Margaret?"

"Ah, yes."

"Do you remember my telling you of the man I loved, and still love?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hagart, in wonderment.

"*He* called me last night. I heard his voice calling my name as distinctly as I heard him long ago calling it from the red sunset cliffs behind the house, or from the boats in the bay, in the years when I was happy. And I knew his voice, and awoke, crying, 'Yes, I am coming;' and I'm going, Margaret; and it's best. We have been separated for years and years; he on one rueful shore, I on another; and Death, the ferryman, is coming across to take me to him. We will understand each other now. If we have both sinned in pride, we have suffered, and God has accepted the expiation. Youth has been omitted in my life, and I am going back to it. That which was sown in corruption, shall rise in incorruption, and this mortal body shall put on immortality. Before a week is out, the coffin lid will press upon my face; but I shall feel younger then,—far younger."

To all this Mrs. Hagart could only reply by caresses and tears, and after a little while Miss Kate went on.

"Don't cry, Margaret; what's the use? I have had ninety years of it, and I have no right to grumble, I am sure. Now, then, attend to me, for I have many things to say to you. I am going away, and I must set my house in order before I go. Are you paying attention, Margaret?"

"Yes, sister, yes."

"Then in the lower drawer, yonder, you will find all the things I need when it's over. I made them years ago."

"Oh, Kate, Kate, don't speak in that way."

"But I must, my dear. What do you think I brought you here for? I didn't expect to give you pleasure, you know. You must listen to me, and you must remember what I tell you also."

Here Mrs. Hagart wiped eyes that were next moment wet again, and Miss Kate went on.

"I don't wish many people to be here when they take me away. I wish my brother Hector, and my lawyer, Mr. Hook—he'll have something to do in any case when the company comes back; and John, of course, and Mr. Stavert."

Here the old lady lay still for a little while. "It'll be a fine ploy this for Stavert," she went on. "He was always a grand hand at a funeral. He's a liking for the cakes and the wine. I should almost like to say good-bye to him, for all that has come and gone between us; and Hagart, yes, you must have Hagart. Alfred Hagart has been a prosperous man of late years."

"God has been very good to us; Alfred has been very prosperous ever since he came to know you, Kate. It almost seems as if a special blessing had come with the reconciliation."

Here for a moment there was a flicker of a droll smile on Miss Kate's face. "Yes, indeed, Margaret, it almost seems so. Do you think the reconciliation had anything to do with it? But never mind that now. You can discuss the matter with Alfred when I am gone away out of earshot. Now, I have much to say to you yet. Where was I?—Oh, yes, you are to have our brother Hector, and Mr. Hook, and John, and Stavert, and Hagart, at the funeral; that will be enough, I think. I suppose you have heard from John that Oona's engagement had been broken off?"

Mrs. Hagart said she had heard of the broken engagement.

"Then it's made up again; and be sure and tell Hector when you see him that it was one of my last wishes that this marriage should not be delayed. Why should they delay it? Why should my grave lie in the way of a bride to church. Don't let my dying stop the wedding a single hour. At all events, tell Hector that I did not wish it to stop it. You will be sure and tell Hector that?"

Mrs. Hagart gave the required promise.

"And now, Margaret, John gets the house here and the furniture, and what little money I have left, barring a few legacies. He has been a great comfort through all the years he has stayed with me. And he will need it too, for I rather think that, before long, he will be presenting you with a daughter-in-law; that he will be taking a mate from the Uanvohr nest. He might do worse, Margaret. I leave you nothing, dear, save a few trinkets, which are sacred by the touching of dead fingers; you will value them, I know. Had you needed money, I should have left you some; but you don't need it now. Well, I think that is all I have to say. If you think I have forgotten anything, Margaret, I hope you will mention it, for I am tired and sleepy, and my time for sleeping or waking is but short."

During all this talk there was sore distress at the good sister's heart as she half sat, half leaned on the bedside. One topic, all-important as it seemed to her at such a moment, had been entirely overlooked by Miss Kate, and she would have introduced it before had opportunity been granted her. The opportunity, she conceived, had now come.

"You have forgotten nothing, I think, in the way of temporal matters, and I shall fulfil every one of your wishes; but oh, sister, sister, if you are to leave us, would you not like to have a clergyman to pray with you?"

Miss Kate turned her eyes quickly round on the appealing face. "I thought, Margaret, you had known me better. For this hour I have waited more than fifty years, and I was not a fool to put off preparations till it came upon me like an armed man. I have been lonely in my religion, as I have been lonely in my life. My temporal and eternal affairs I have transacted myself. Weak and frail, and scant of breath, I know that my Redeemer liveth. His right arm will sustain me and carry me. He walked along the road on which I am now entering, and took away its loneliness and terror. Not in my own merits I trust, but in His."

In a moment, Mrs. Hagart's arms were around her sister, and the tears were falling thickly on her face.

"Now, don't cry, Margaret; I don't think this dying is worth the shedding of a tear. Now, you must go to bed. Ring the bell for Ann; she will watch with me to-night."

"But you must allow me to sit up with you to-night," pled Mrs. Hagart.

"You will do nothing of the kind. In a night or two you will have to wait, and so you had better take what rest you can just now. Ring the bell for Ann, dear: it's her duty to wait on me, and she's paid for it; and then go and have some supper, and a little talk with John, and think as tenderly as you can, both of you, of the old dying woman here."

And so Mrs. Hagart rang the bell; and when she went into the room where John was sitting, she threw herself down on the sofa, and broke into a great fit of weeping.

Mrs. Hagart *had* to wait one night. Somewhat less than a week after, Ann, Mr. Hagart, who had come from Greysley, and John, were waiting in the sick room. Dr. Watkins had been at Mortimer Street several times during the day, and was just gone. Miss Kate was in a sleepy comatose condition. Ann had, in a whisper, expressed her opinion to Mrs. Hagart that a change would come with the turn of the night. A little after midnight Miss Kate said, "Margaret."

Mrs. Hagart went and leant over her.

"I think I am getting into calm water now. Who is in the room with you?"

"Only Alfred and John."

"I should like to shake hands with them and say good-bye." And at the word Mrs. Hagart motioned Alfred, who came forward to the bedside.

"Is that you, Alfred Hagart?" said Kate, when she felt his hand.

"It is me," said Alfred, huskily.

"I am glad you are here. I have been able to help you and yours, and it's a pleasant thought now. I'm going away; good-bye, good-bye. Think as kindly of me as you can when I am gone."

"John?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Our partnership is at an end now, John. Be a good man. Be a good man. You will know how precious goodness is when you come to lie on a bed like this. Is this your hand? God bless and keep you, John."

Miss Kate lay still for a little while, and then she called again, "Margaret?"

"I can't see you, Margaret. Surely the candles are very dim. Have you any message for Katy? Kiss me yet again before I go. Oh, Margaret."

And when on that spring morning sparrows began to chirp about the windows and to carry straw in their bills for nests beneath the slates and in the cosy corners of garfoyles and spouts; and the vegetable-carts to come rolling through the street carrying with them the scent of primroses; and the coffee-shops to open for the benefit of the breakfastless artizan hurrying to work; and the night policemen to disappear from every beat—in the sunny light of that spring morning Captain Kate, still and white as a mound of snow, lay in a white bed in Mortimer Street, her warfare done, her long campaign closed. Let us draw down the blind and leave the room!

CHAPTER XXX.

HECTOR MCQUARRIE arrived at Mortimer Street from Uanvohr the night before the funeral, and went into the silent room with Mrs. Hagart—with whom he felt comparatively a stranger—to have a last look at the dead. What passed between them on that occasion it is not for me to say. They remained together a long time. Mrs. Hagart related the circumstances of Miss Kate's death, as a matter of course, and delivered the message with which she was entrusted respecting Oona's marriage. When they came out Mrs. Hagart's eyes were red; Hector was grave and silent, and in a short time went off to stay with his wife's poor relation, Mrs. Wilson. Whatever Hector's thoughts might have been, he kept them strictly to himself.

Next day a hearse, dolorously plumed, with a string of mourning coaches behind it, paced slowly through Mortimer Street, drawing many a face to the window as they went. In about an hour the mourning coaches returned alone, and out of them stepped Alfred Hagart, John, Hector McQuarrie, Mr. Stavert, and Mr. Hook. The gentlemen went into the dining-room, the blinds of which were drawn up for the first time for several days, and as they took their seats the Governor of Ceylon eyed them suspiciously from the wall. They had assembled to hear Miss Kate's will read, and to this professional duty Mr. Hook solemnly addressed himself. First of all he placed a japanned box on the table, then he drew in his chair, then he opened the box ceremoniously: from the box he produced the document with its seals and signatures of witnesses, and the document he proceeded to read in a professional voice that to one or two of the auditors at least seemed harsh and grating. It is perfectly needless to quote the will at length; and its provisions created little surprise. With the exception of certain legacies to servants, arrangements relative to the disposal of trinkets to this person and the other, John Hagart was made the inheritor of the entire property of the deceased, including the house in Mortimer Street, with the furniture and plate. Mr. Hook finished reading at last, and then there was in the room a curious little sigh of relief, and Mr. Stavert ventured to hazard a remark about the weather—which remark fell to the ground like a spent arrow.

Perhaps at that especial moment Mr. Stavert felt more uncomfortable than he had ever done in his life before. He had known for long that not one penny of Miss Kate's money would he finger, but then he knew just as well that Alfred Hagart, and Mr. Hook, and perhaps Hector McQuarrie too, were aware that for long he had lived in the expectation of coming in for something handsome when the old lady died. He fancied that every one would think him disappointed. He was anxious not to look disappointed, and so he made the irrelevant remark about the weather, of which no one was thinking at the time, and which came to such conspicuous grief. Mr. Stavert had ridden in the same coach with the lawyer and found him reserved. He would have liked to have talked with Hector, whom he had never before seen, but then he remembered how his wife had treated Hector's daughters. He would have liked to have spoken to Alfred, but then it occurred to him that years ago he had certain passages with Alfred on the subject of Miss Kate—passages, the remembrance of which might be disagreeable in the circumstances. So he remained silent, contemplating his hat which lay before him on his knee. Then he drew out his watch, and muttered something about an engagement. Then he got up, bowed to Mr. Hook and Hector, shook hands with Alfred, and hoped Mrs. Hagart was well, which of course drew an inquiry—probably as sincere as the other—as to the health of Mrs. Stavert. John was standing near the door. "I have to congratulate you," he said.

"And I wish from my heart," said John, colouring a little, "that I had no cause for congratulation."

"Old people must die, you know," returned the other, "and as they can't take their money with them, it is a pleasure to see it left in good and deserving hands; your good fortune has given me much pleasure, I am sure," said Mr. Stavert, as he passed into the lobby.

After Mr. Stavert's departure the party broke up. Mr. Hook placed the will in the japanned box which he took with him. Hector was engaged to dine with Mrs. Wilson, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Hagart returned to Greysley, leaving John in Mortimer Street alone. He wore his good fortune in its newest gloss that night, but he could not take pride in it. A bag of ducats is an admirable thing, but when the bag is brought you by the skeleton Death, the bony fingers strike a chill and the most fine gold is dim. But only for a little; the chill dies out and the gold pieces brighten.

Next day, while John Hagart was busy at the office, one of the clerks entered with the request that he would speak with Mr. Hook in his own room.

When John entered the bureau of his chief, a leathern-covered office-chair was placed on either side of the fireplace, and between these chairs, and with his back to the fire, Mr. Hook stood, perusing certain documents through his double eye-glass. Mr. Hook's countenance was grave, professional, and John saw at a glance that important business was on hand.

"Ah," said Mr. Hook, laying down the papers and letting the double eye-glass drop, "I wish to have a little conversation with you, Mr. Hagart; but before I begin you will allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune, which I trust you will live long to enjoy. I must have the pleasure of shaking hands with you," and the professional look vanished for the moment from his face, and a cordial one took its place.

"I am very much obliged to you," said John as they shook hands.

"Of course I was in the deceased Miss McQuarrie's secrets all along, and had the honour of her entire confidence, and her wishes as to the disposal of her property were as well known to me as they were to herself. And it is only to-day that I am in a position to speak to you as I am doing, and as I am about to do. I congratulate you most sincerely Mr. Hagart. Will you be seated?" and as Mr. Hook dropped into one of the leathern-covered chairs, and crossed one leg over the other, the professional look came back.

"The matter on which I am about to speak," proceeded Mr. Hook with a trifle of hesitation in his voice, "happened several years ago. The seal of secresy was placed upon me at the time, with regard to the transaction which I am about to make known, and that seal was not to be broken during the period of Miss McQuarrie's life. Whether it should be broken *now* has been to me the subject of anxious consideration. I have come to the conclusion that, having due regard to the memory of my deceased client, and to your interests as her heir and representative, the seal should be broken. I think it due also to myself to say that I have taken counsel with Mr. Crook—who although unable to return to the professional career which he so long adorned, is one of the shrewdest advisers. I took counsel with Mr. Crook, and he is decidedly of opinion, looking at the matter from every point of view, that the seal of secresy is no longer binding, and this seal of secresy I am about to break."

Here Mr. Hook adjusted the double eye-glass on his nose, and laid his hands on the papers before him.

"You will doubtless remember when your respected father—who was looking well yesterday, I was happy to see—became a partner in the firm of Wedderburn Brothers?"

John said he remembered the circumstance perfectly well.

"And have you any idea as to the motive which induced Wedderburn Brothers to offer Mr. Hagart a partnership?"

"The motive of interest, of course. Wedderburn Brothers found my father's services so valuable that they were anxious to secure them permanently. It was on that ground they proposed the partnership, and they could have no other reason for so acting."

Here a light smile played for a second on Mr. Hook's lip. "It is quite natural that you should so think. I conducted the negotiations, and here is a copy of a letter which I addressed to Miss McQuarrie, stating the terms on which Wedderburn Brothers were willing to admit your father as a partner of the firm. This letter," went on Mr. Hook, as he handed it across, "states the sum to be paid, the conditions on which the partnership was to be offered, and here"—handing across another paper—"is Wedderburn Brothers' receipt in full. And now you have the secret history of the partnership."

"Then my aunt bought the partnership, and arranged that the partnership so purchased should be offered to my father on the ostensible ground of his valuable services?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Hook. "You have hit the motives which actuated my client, very neatly. Your father at the period of this transaction contemplated emigration, and Miss McQuarrie was anxious to keep him at home, and to make him contented at home. You will see at a glance that for the success of the plot it was necessary that your father should be kept in ignorance of Miss McQuarrie's share in it. It is for you to decide whether he shouldn't be kept in ignorance still."

The reading of the papers and Mr. Hook's talk sent John's mind away back to the old time, to his conversation with his father about Central America by the canal bank, to the letters which his aunt received from Greysley, announcing the great fact of the partnership having been offered and accepted,—to his birthday dinner and Miss Kate's toast, and his father's speech in reply,—and the blood rushed to his face when he thought how they had all been Miss Kate's puppets, and with what an amused gravity she must have pulled the strings and watched the family drama. "What a set of fools she must have thought us at times!" he said to himself.

"I fear that my communication has not given you entire pleasure," said Mr. Hook, who through his double eye-glass had watched the blood rise in his young friend's face.

John laughed somewhat in awkward sort. "Well, perhaps not unmixed pleasure. We all thought that the partnership had been offered in the most perfect good faith, and strictly on the ground on which it was said to have been offered. We were all very proud of it, and at times I fear we wore very ridiculous airs in poor aunt's eyes. But she conferred on us all a great benefit, and she could not have conferred it in any other way."

"Yes, she flung a benefit in at your father's door, and then ran away in case she should be discovered."

"I am extremely indebted to you, Mr. Hook, for all this information, but it seems to me that as the secret has been kept so long, and so successfully, it should be kept still longer. The communication you have made to me, if made to my father would pain him extremely. The wisest plan is to let the matter remain as it is."

"Unquestionably, Mr. Hagart. This little bit of secret history would not even have been made known to you but for the danger of your stumbling upon it, either when looking into your Aunt's affairs, or going back upon the past business of this office. It would have startled you, and might have caused mischief. I quite agree with you that these papers after having seen the light this forenoon, should return again to their seclusion."

And so the papers, after having told their story, were folded up and put away, and Mr. Alfred Hagart was allowed to dream his golden dream, undisturbed.

Miss Kate slept peacefully in the Hawkhead cemetery, with the Spring rain falling on her breast. And in due time the sky lifted itself above the city in an immeasurable arch of blue, and troops of white-winged clouds scudded across on the free wind. Then the gilded vanes of the city churches began to sparkle, and jaunty city clerks to come into their offices with jonquils stuck in their buttonholes, and for entire hours during the day the lazy sunshine would sleep along one side of the principal thoroughfare. Then water-carts began to dispense their treasures in the dusty streets; mercers and jewellers, mindful of the comfort of their customers, erected awnings over their hot shop-fronts; and butchers and confectioners grew restive under the plague of flies. And Miss Oona McQuarrie's marriage drawing near, John Hagart began to make preparations for his journey North.

I drove with that young fellow to the railway station, and could not help smiling at his boisterous mirth. "What a jolly thing it is to get out of harness!" he cried. "I shall now wash out all the inkstains from my soul."

"But I don't quite like to part with you," I said, after he procured his ticket and got his traps put to rights. "I have a presentiment that next time I see you, instead of John Hagart the bachelor I shall behold John Hagart the married man."

"Nonsense," said he, with a pleased colour in his face and a merry ring in his laugh. "You are a confirmed croaker, you know."

"We shall see, we shall see. You have my best wishes anyhow, whether married or single," said I as the train moved off.

One evening about a fortnight after the following letter reached me:—

"Uanvohr.

"My dear Tompkins,—You have been a very prophet. Miss Oona's marriage takes place in a couple of days, and Miss Maggie, who was to have been a bridesmaid, is now to have bridesmaids of her own. In two days Miss Oona will become Mrs. Henry Willoughby, and in two days, my Tompkins, Miss Maggie will become Mrs. John Hagart. Father and mother arrived here yesternight, and everything is merrier than the merriest marriage-bell that ever rang.

"I cannot comprehend my happiness. I do not know the amount of it. It is a bag of gold pieces which I have not counted. I will not speak to you of my wife that is to be. You will see her soon. Only this will I say, that I have spoken to her of you, told her of all your good qualities, told her that you are my oldest friend and my dearest, and that she has taken quite an affection for you. She knows that I am writing you, and desires me to send her love. Remember, my Tompkins, that this change in my life will make no difference in my feelings of regard to you. There will always be a knife and fork for you at Mortimer Street, and you must dine with us at least once a week.

"This is a grand place—green shores, great peaks with mists curling round them, a noble bay, the most splendid sunsets. To look on noble scenery is a great pleasure at all times, but how much is that pleasure enhanced when one is in love!

"Henry Willoughby is a fine fellow, and is the next happiest man in the world after myself—and after myself, in a couple of days, he will be blest with the most charming wife.

"But I am called down to the boats. Adieu, we shall send cards.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"John Hagart.

"Thomas Tompkins, Esq."

This letter did not in the least surprise me, but it annoyed me slightly, nevertheless. When a boy gets a piece of nice plum-cake to eat, and while eating it takes care to inform the world that it is so remarkably good, all the boys within earshot who have no plum-cake, don't like it. I, however, comforted myself with the thought, that, if I had been in John Hagart's place, I would, in all probability have been as exuberant as he, and that if he had been circumstanced as I was, he would have felt even as I did. What a curious pleasure happy people take in thrusting their happiness in other people's faces. It is a pleasant thing for the rich man to make rattling cataracts of silver pieces in his breeches pocket, but it is not such a pleasant sound for a penniless man to hear. A hungry tramp never feels half so hungry as when, nose flattened against the pane of a baker's shop, he beholds a batch of smoking loaves laid on the counter.

In due time the cards came, very pretty pieces of pasteboard indeed, adorned with silver cord. One of those interesting missives informed me that Mr. and Mrs. John Hagart would be at home on ——

With the cards came a note from Alfred Hagart himself.

"UANVOHR.

"MY DEAR TOMPKINS,—The marriage is over, and the two happy couples have just driven off. What a curious blank came over the whole of us when the young people left! They are all to dine with me at Greysley on Monday fortnight. Come! We old fogies—I almost think of you as an old fogie, and I know you will not be angry with me when I call you one—can have our own talk when they have gone. We can sit silently by the side of the fire and feel all the time that we are good companions. Wife sends love.

"Yours ever,
"ALFRED HAGART."

I liked the father's letter better than the son's. It was more in consonance with my mood of mind. I think that newly-married people are the most disgustingly selfish people in the world. They are happy, and they expect that every one else should don their wedding favours, and smile in answer to their smiles.

On the evening of the Monday fortnight I drove out to Greysley, and dined with Alfred Hagart and his guests. I saw the young people in the light of the honeymoon. Henry Willoughby was as handsome a fellow as you would see in a summer day's journey, and his wife was every whit his equal in the matter of good looks. John was delighted to see me; and Mrs. John came up with a smile and a blush, put her little hand in mine, and hoped that as I was one of John's best and oldest friends, I should become one of her best—and in due time one of her oldest—friends, also. And of course I could only press the frank little hand in mine, and hope in return that I should.

The dinner was a pleasant one. Alfred was radiant, Mrs. Alfred Hagart was very quiet. After all she is a woman more to my taste than either of her nieces—the past and the present being mingled in her thoughts, I daresay. We were all merry as befitted the occasion, and when the wine was placed on the table, Alfred Hagart made an appropriate speech, which caused the brides to sit with downcast eyes, the bridegrooms to thump the table with the handles of their dessert-knives, and Mrs. Hagart—bless her! I could have placed my finger on the gay sentence that provoked the tears—to cry a little.

In due time the ladies retired, and John and Henry went up to the smoking-room in the tower, where Alfred and I promised to join them. When we were left alone we became silent.

"This has been a very pleasant evening," said I, not knowing what to say, and anxious to say something.

"It has, and it hasn't. Do you know these young people make me feel very old? The time was when I thought a man old at thirty. Now I strive to think that he isn't old at sixty. I have slid into the zone of grey hairs, and bald pates, and prosperous paunches, and strive to make myself as comfortable as I can. But it won't do. The afternoon may be pleasant enough, but it's nothing like morning. Then one knows that one has the whole day before one, and can waste an hour without any sense of impoverishment—just as if one were to spend one pound out of a thousand. A son's marriage is an event in life, and I think I have experienced all the events that are likely to fall to my share. There is nothing very strange or new before me now, till the crowning event of all—that makes an end of life altogether."

"If we hadn't to die life would become a very humdrum affair on our hands. But why should we drift into this kind of talk at present?"

"I suppose because in life everything suggests its opposite. But you are quite right. Fill your glass, Tompkins. You have been the friend of my fireside and of my son's. You know all that has come and gone with us, the good and the evil. I think my wife values your friendship more than the friendship of any other person living—she does so *now* at least. This is an auspicious occasion, Tompkins. When I look back upon my past, and see the fight I have waged, and how, without aid from anyone, I have achieved independence—wealth some, perhaps, would call it—I consider I am not unreasonably proud of myself. My son has brought home his wife, and, I will say it, a prettier and a sweeter-natured no man was ever blest with. Her sister and her husband are here also. They are all under my roof to-night. Now then, before we go up-stairs, I have a toast to propose—Alfred Hagart's Household."

"Alfred Hagart's Household," said I, as I drained my glass, and thereafter we went up-stairs.

That dinner took place some years since. The knife and fork still wait me in Mortimer Street, but John Hagart and his wife are not my only friends there now. There is an Alfred Hagart of another generation, and a little maid, Kate Hagart by name, who reminds me of a little Kate I knew long ago; and a Henry Willoughby Hagart who considers that I was created for the sole purpose of bringing him sweetmeats; and an Oona McQuarrie Hagart, who has worn that name for six months only, who sucks her thumb industriously, who has not yet ceased to marvel with big round grey eyes at the strange world in which she finds herself, and who has the most wonderfully dimpled elbows and cheeks—a young lady of whom I am extravagantly fond, and who is called my little wife. So I am not without companionship. John Hagart and his wife are my dear friends; but their children are friends every whit as dear.

THE END.

JANET'S QUESTIONS.

JANET! my little Janet!
You think me wise, I know;
And that when you sit and question,
With your eager face a-glow,
I can tell you all you ask me:
My child, it is not so.

I can tell my little Janet
Some things she well may prize;
I could tell her some whose wisdom
Would be foolish in her eyes;
There are things I would not tell her,
They are too sadly wise.

I can tell her of noble treasures,
Of wisdom stored of old;
To the chests where they are holden
I can give her keys of gold;
And as much as she can carry
She may take away untold.

But till her heart is opened,
Like the book upon her knee,
What is written in its pages
She cannot read or see:
Nor tell till the rose has blossomed
If red or white 'twill be.

And till life's book is opened
And read through every age,
Come questions, without answers,
Alike from child and sage;
Yet God himself is teaching
His children page by page.

I still am asking questions
With each new leaf I see;
To your new eyes, my Janet,
Yet more revealed may be.
You must ask of God the questions
I fail to answer thee.

I. C.

ON LIGHT.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.

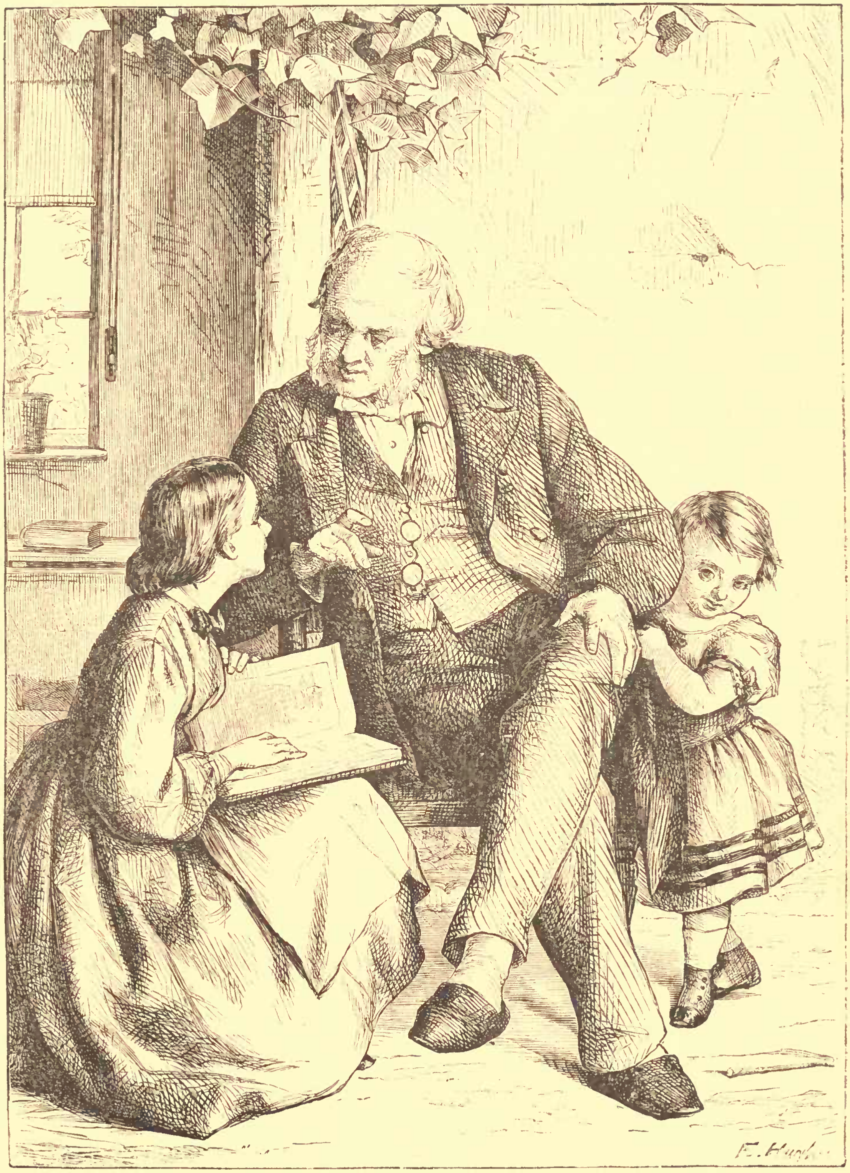
PART III.

DOUBLE REFRACTION.—POLARIZATION.

(Concluded from page 822.)

Of the interference of polarized rays.—The assimilation of a ray of light to a series of equidistant waves running along a stretched string, will afford a very clear conception of the interference of polarized rays. Suppose a vibratory movement *in a horizontal plane* to be communicated to one end of such a string, and to propagate along it such a series of waves, which will therefore all be confined to the same horizontal plane. If then a simultaneous movement, exactly equal and similar, *and in the same plane*, were communicated to a point in the string exactly half a wave breadth in advance of the point where the first series originated, each point in its length anywhere in advance of both these origins of movement would be always solicited by two equal and opposite impulses, the one of which would contradict the other, and in consequence it would remain at rest, and the two series of waves would destroy one another. If the origin of the two vibratory movements were distant from each other by a whole wave breadth, they would conspire to produce a double extent of vibratory excursion all along the string. All this is merely recapitulatory of what was stated, in Part II., when explaining the general nature of the interference of rays. But it is evident that these conclusions only follow if the interfering vibratory movements are performed *in the same plane*. Supposing them performed in planes at right angles to each other, no such mutual destruction or reinforcement of movement can take place. Two movements at right angles to each other, communicated at the same instant to the same material molecule, combine, in virtue of the mechanical principle of the composition of motions, to produce a movement intermediate in direction; and can in no case destroy each other.

It follows from this, that if such be really the nature of the luminous vibrations and such the true explanation of the phænomenon of polarization—interference can only take place between rays polarized in the same plane—such complete interference at least as shall result in the extinction of both, in the manner above described. This conclusion is, happily, capable of being brought to the test of experiment, and the result is found to be in exact accordance with the *à priori* reasoning. The experiment is simple and direct. Let two small holes, or, better, parallel slits very near each other in a thin opaque screen, be placed between the eye and a very minute and brilliant point of light; and viewed through a lens, as described in a former paragraph; so as to see the diffractive fringes. Now over the holes or slits let two plates of tourmaline of precisely equal thickness and in every respect similar be applied (to secure which



JANET'S QUESTIONS.

conditions, the two halves of a single plate worked to exact parallelism and cut across, may be used). Then if the axes of these plates be parallel, in which case the light passing through both the apertures will be similarly polarized, the fringes will continue to be seen. If one of them be slowly turned round in its own plane till its axis comes to be situate at right angles to that of the other, they will gradually decrease in intensity and at length disappear altogether when this rectangularity is precisely attained. In the first case, then, the rays have interfered—in the last, not: while in the intermediate states a partial interference takes place, the more complete the nearer the axes are to parallelism. How *this* is operated we shall now proceed to explain.

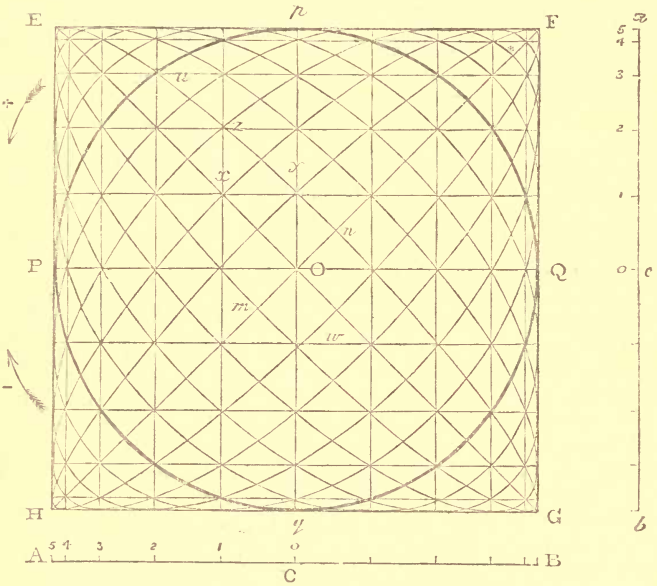
Circular and elliptic polarization.—If we regard the vibratory movement of any single particle of an elastic medium in its most general mode of conception, we shall find that it may always be considered as capable of resolution into three rectilinear vibrations in three planes at right angles to each other, each going on *as if* the others had no existence: and its place in space at any instant will be had by estimating its distance on one side or the other of its neutral or central position, (those of perfect equilibrium and rest,) reckoned along each of the three lines in which these planes intersect (which, after the manner of geometers, may be considered as three rectangular axes, or co-ordinate lines) which it would have attained at that instant in virtue of each separately, and independent of the others. This is nothing more than the enunciation of one of the simplest of mechanical laws, that of the composition and resolution of motions. But the theory of movements propagated through elastic media (a theory far too elevated and intricate to admit of any explanation in these pages, and whose results the reader must take for granted) further teaches us that a vibratory movement once set up and steadily maintained, according to a regular law of periodicity in any one molecule of such a fluid will, sooner or later, (according to its distance and situation,) reach every other, which, from that moment will be agitated by a vibratory movement precisely similar in its phases, (though of inferior extent in its excursions,) to the original movement, and *performed in the same period of time.* It matters not whether the medium be or be not equally elastic in all directions. This will affect the *rate of progress* of a wave through it in different directions, and by consequence the form of the wave, and the length of time that has to elapse before the molecule in question begins its vibratory movement; but once set up in any molecule, that movement will be maintained, so long as it is, so to speak, fed from behind—so long as successive waves continue to pass through it. In the theory of light, the eye being insensible to vibratory movements in the direction of the ray, we have only to consider those components of the motion which lie in a plane at right angles to that direction, and which, for the present, we will suppose to be that of the paper before us.

Let us consider, then, the kind of motion which an ethereal molecule will assume, under the influence of two such vibratory movements simultaneously affecting it, in directions transverse or otherwise inclined to each other, but both directions lying in one common plane, that of the paper, or of the wave-surface, each of which will therefore represent the vibratory movement proper to a ray polarized in a plane at right angles to our paper, and intersecting it in its line of direction. And first, for simplicity, let us suppose the two vibrations of equal intensity (*i.e.*, in both which the molecular excursions on either side of the point of rest are equal), and that their directions form a right angle with each other. Let A B and a b, fig. 14, represent two such lines of vibratory movement, C, c, their central points, or the positions of rest of the molecules when undisturbed, and C A, C B; c a, c b; their extreme excursions to and fro. The times of vibration being equal, (which is an indispensable condition for the union into one of two distinct luminous rays: as a red ray, for instance, cannot interfere with a violet one,) let each be supposed divided into the same number of equal parts (say 360). Then supposing the molecules to set out at the same instant from C and c, they will arrive at A, a, respectively in 90 such units of time, will have returned again to C, c, in 180; have reached B, b, in 270, and again returned to C and c, in 360. In so doing, however, their motions are not uniform, but most rapid when traversing the central points, and gradually retarded as they recede from these: so that in equal intervals of time the spaces traversed along the lines C A, c a, will be unequal. Then let the whole time (90) of describing C A, be divided into five equal times of 18 each, and suppose that at the end of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th of these, the molecule has arrived at the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. It is demonstrable, then, that the several distances C 1, C 2, C 3, C 4, C 5, of these points from C will be to each other in the proportion of the Sines of 18°, 36°, 54°, 72°, and of 90° or radius; and the same is true of c 1, c 2, c 3, c 4, c 5.

This premised, we are now in a condition to trace the movement of a molecule affected at once by both these causes of displacement. Let it be O. Then at the expiration of the first interval of 18 units of time it will in virtue of the vibration parallel to C A, be carried to a distance equal to C 1 in a direction O P parallel to that line, and will be found so far from the line O p parallel to c a. And in virtue of the other vibration similarly it will be found at the same time at the distance c 1 (= C 1) from O P, or in the direction O p parallel to c a. In virtue of both movements, then, it will be found at x, the extremity of the diagonal of the square O x at that moment. And similarly at the end of the 2d, 3d, &c., interval, it will be found at the extremities of the diagonals of the squares next in succession, and as these all lie in one line, O E, 45° inclined both to

O P and O p, it appears that in this case the resultant vibration will be rectilinear, and will be performed along the diagonal E G of the square E F G H; and thus it appears that the superposition of two rays of equal intensity, polarized in opposite (*i.e.*, rectangular) planes, results in the production of a ray polarized in a plane 45° inclined to each of the former. Moreover, the square of the diagonal being double that of either side of a square, and the intensity of a ray being measured by *the square* of the vibrational excursion of its ethereal molecules, the intensity of the compound ray will be double that of the components, or, equal to their sum. And, *vice versâ*, any polarized ray may be considered as equivalent to two rays, each of half its intensity, polarized in planes 45° inclined on one side, and on the other of its plane of polarization. It need hardly be observed that if the molecule in starting from O be moving in the direction C A, in virtue of the one vibration, and of C b in virtue of the other, —that is, if it be commencing its first semi-vibration in the one direction, and its second in the other, or again in other words, if the vibrations differ in phase by an exact semi-undulation; all the same reasoning will apply, with this only difference: viz., that the resultant rectilinear vibration will be performed along the other diagonal, H F, of the same square.

Fig. 14.



It appears, then, that a change of phase in the vibrations of one of the component rays, of half an undulation, exactly reverses the polarization of the compound ray, and causes its vibration to be performed along the diagonal H F, instead of G E. Let us now examine by what sort of gradations the one of these movements passes into the other, when the phase of one of the vibrations C c is changed gradually. Suppose, for instance, the vibration a b (so, for brevity, we will designate it) to be in advance of the vibration A B by one-twentieth part of a complete undulation, so that at the moment when C starts from C in the direction C A, c shall have already got to I in the direction c a. Then at that moment our molecule O will be not at O but at y. After the lapse of one-twentieth more of a period, C will have got to I in the direction C A, and c to 2 in the direction c a, and O, actuated by both movements, will have arrived at *z*, having of course described in the interval a line *y z*, connecting these two extremities of the diagonal of the rectangle *xyz*. And exactly in the same way, at the expiration of the next twentieth of a period, it will be found in *u*, the extremity of the diagonal of the next rectangle—and thus tracing its course step by step through the whole twenty, which constitute a period, we shall see that it will have described a narrow ellipse, having m n for its shorter axis, and E G for *the direction of* its longer, and touching the four sides of the square E F G H. If the initial difference of phase be two, three, or four twentieths of the period, it will be seen, by following out the movement in the same way, that more and more open ellipses will come to be described as represented in the figure; and that, when this difference amounts to five twentieths or a quarter undulation, the movement will be circular in the direction p P q Q, or of the arrow marked thus +. The difference of phases still continuing to increase, this will again degenerate into an ellipse by a continued elongation in the direction H F, and contraction in the direction E G, till it passes at length, after another quarter-undulation of phase-difference, into the straight line H F. The circulation in all, however, being in the same direction, or +. On the other hand, if instead of supposing the vibration a b to be initially *in advance* of A B by one-twentieth, we suppose it to be so much *in arrear*, we shall have the same ellipse n E m described as in the former case, but in the opposite direction, that of the arrow marked —, as will be easily seen by going through the successive steps of our reasoning: and so for all the rest; so that in the case of a circular revolution, the direction of the rotation will be one way or the other, according as the vibration a c is a quarter-undulation in advance or in arrear, in respect of phase, of A C.

This, then, is what is meant by circular and elliptic polarization. It is easy to extend the reasoning above stated to cases which the component vibrations are of unequal intensity (or extent of excursion), or make other than a right-angle with each other's directions. We have only to suppose our lines A B, a b, and their parallels P Q, p q, inclined to each other at the angle in question, and of unequal length; to divide them similarly (*i.e.*, in the same proportion) in the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5—and we shall obtain a set of ellipses, none of which, however, can in either of the cases have its axes equal, or pass into a circle, for this plain reason—that no circle can touch internally all the four sides of any parallelogram except a square.

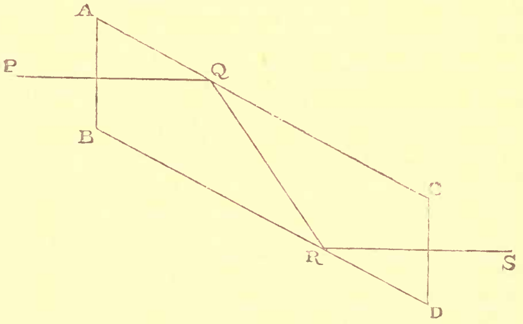
Conversely, a ray circularly polarized may be considered as compounded of, and may (by suppressing either of them and letting the other pass, through a tourmaline plate) be resolved into two equal rays, each of half its intensity, polarized at right-angles to each other, and differing in phase by a quarter-undulation. If one of them be in advance of the other by that phase-difference, the rotation will be in one direction—if in arrear, in the other. Elliptic polarization on the other hand, when it exists, may be recognized by the possibility of resolving the ray so polarized into two oppositely polarized, and either of unequal intensity, or, if equal, differing in phase otherwise than by a quarter-undulation.

Finally, a ray polarized in any one plane may be regarded as equivalent to two equal rays, circularly polarized in opposite directions of rotation, and having a common zero-point.

A ray of ordinary light may be considered as a confused assemblage of rays, polarized indifferently in all sorts of planes. It is, therefore, a mixed phænomenon; and to study it in its simplicity, we must in idea break it up into its component elements, and examine their phænomena *per se*. Now it results, from a series of experiments too extensive and refined to be here detailed, and from reasonings upon them which the generality of our readers could hardly be expected to follow, that when a ray, polarized in any plane, undergoes reflexion in a different plane, the reflected portion comes off in all cases more or less elliptically polarized —that is to say, that it consists of, or can be resolved into, two rays, the one polarized in the plane of incidence, the other in a plane at right angles to it—that both these portions have undergone a change of phase at the moment of reflexion, but *not the same for both*, so that arriving at the surface in the same phase, they quit it in different, and therefore constitute by their superposition an elliptically polarized ray. The amount of ellipticity varies, for each reflecting medium (according to the nature of its material) with the angle of incidence at which the reflexion takes place, and also with the inclination of the plane of incidence to that of the primitive polarization of the incident ray. If the reflexion take place on ordinary transparent media of not very high refractive power, as glass, or water, and at the polarizing angle, the degree of ellipticity is so slight that the vibration may be considered as rectilinear, and the reflected ray as completely polarized in the plane of incidence. As the refractive power of the surface increases, the ellipticity impressed is greater, and in some substances, of very high refractive power, such as diamond, and all those bodies which possess what is called the *adamantive lustre* (a consequence of such high refractive power) it is considerable. From such bodies accordingly it is not possible, at any angle of incidence to obtain a reflected ray completely polarized in one plane. And when we come to reflexion from polished metals,* the ellipticity becomes very considerable. In consequence, only a very imperfect polarization of the reflected light in the plane of incidence can be obtained by reflexion from any metallic surface at any angle.

In all the above enumerated cases, the degree of ellipticity increases *with the reflective power* of the medium of which the reflecting surface is constituted; which itself stands in intimate connexion with the magnitude of the *refractive* index. It might naturally, therefore, be expected to attain its maximum possible amount, or that the ellipse should become a circle in the case of total reflexion. This can only take place, however, when the reflexion is made on the *internal* surface of a transparent medium. This accordingly happens in the case of a beautiful experiment of M. Fresnel, who found that a parallelopiped of glass,† A B C D, fig. 15, being cut and polished, having the acute angles at A and D, each 54° 37′, and a ray P Q, polarized in a plane 45° inclined to the plane of the section A B C D intromitted perpendicularly at the face A B, so as to be reflected internally at Q on the side A C, in which the reflexion being at an angle of inci-

Fig. 15.



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* All metals, even the densest, are in some slight degree transparent, and all have enormously large refractive indices. The transparency of gold is perceptible in gold leaf, which transmits a green light. That of silver is perceptible in the thin films deposited on glass in Liebig's process for silvering mirrors—the transmitted light being bluish.

† The glass used was that known in France as "Verre de St. Gobain."

dence 54° 37′ was total; and again at R, at the same angle, on the opposite side D B, it emerged from the face D C, along the line R S, circularly polarized. In this case, the plane of reflexion making an angle of 45°, with that of original polarization, the reflected ray will consist of two *equal rays*, oppositely polarized; and of these the one in *each* act of reflexion has lost, in the other gained, an exact 16th of an undulation, making an 8th *difference* at each reflexion, or a quarter after both; so as to emerge under all the conditions of circular polarization. In consequence, when analysed at its emergence by a tourmaline plate, it is found to undergo no change of brightness on turning the plate in its own plane, whereas the original ray, P Q, would have been wholly extinguished at each quarter revolution.

Another mode of communicating circular polarization to a ray, is to transmit it at a perpendicular incidence through a parallel plate of any perfectly colourless and transparent doubly refracting crystal, of such thickness, that in the passage through it of the two waves, parallel to its surfaces, into which the incident wave (supposed plane) is divided, (the one conveyed by ordinary refraction, the other by extraordinary, and therefore travelling with different velocities in the crystal,) the one shall have gained or lost, after emergence, exactly a quarter of an undulation on the other. For as the corresponding rays emerge of equal intensity, and oppositely polarized, they here also fulfil all the conditions of circular polarization. If the thickness of the plate be such, that the difference of phases is more or less than an exact quarter (or any number of quarters) of an undulation, the compound ray will be elliptically polarized, and the degree of ellipticity will be determined by the thickness of the plate.

It may be asked, in what does a ray so circularly polarized differ from an ordinary unpolarized ray, seeing that the latter may always be regarded as compounded of two ordinary rays of half the intensity oppositely polarized? We reply, *in this:* viz., that if again transmitted through another such glass parallelopiped, *similarly situated*, the difference of phase will be doubled. The emergent ray then will consist of two equal rays oppositely polarized (and therefore not interfering), differing in phase by half an undulation, and which therefore (by what we have before shown) compound a single ray polarized in a plane half-way intermediate, or 45° inclined to the original plane of polarization; whereas a ray of ordinary light so transmitted would show no signs of polarization in any one plane more than in any other.

The most remarkable cases of circular polarization, however, are those which occur when a ray is transmitted along the optic axis of a crystal of quartz, and some few other crystals, as also through certain liquids. The phænomena so exhibited cannot be explained, or even described, however, till we shall have said something

OF THE COLOURS EXHIBITED BY CRYSTALLIZED PLATES ON EXPOSURE TO POLARIZED LIGHT.

Uniaxal crystals.—If a plate cut from a crystal of Iceland spar, so as to have its faces perpendicular to the axis of the primitive rhomboid, be placed close to or very near the eye, and before it a tourmaline plate having its axis vertical, so as to polarize all the light incident upon it in vertical planes passing through the eye; and if any brightly illuminated white surface, such as a white cloud, or a sheet of paper laid in the sunshine, be viewed through it: or if, instead of a tourmaline plate, a "polarizing frame" of glass plates, such as above described, be laid horizontally, and the reflexion of a *clouded* sky be in like manner viewed through the crystal; in the "polarized field" so obtained nothing especial is seen which would lead to a suspicion that the crystal were other than an ordinary piece of glass. But if, in this state of things, between the crystal and the eye, be placed another tourmaline plate, *having its axis horizontal*, a magnificent set of coloured rings will be seen, the exact counterpart of the reflected rings described by Newton (see p. 568) (only infinitely more vivid and brilliant), in every respect but these:—First, that they are all divided into four quadrants of coloured light by a dark cross passing through their common centre, and having its arms vertical and horizontal; and, secondly, that the rings themselves are of unequal brightness in different parts of their circumference, being most luminous at the middle points of the quadrants into which the cross divides them, and fading away very gradually on either side of these points, till they cease to be traceable and are lost in the darkness of the cross. On the other hand, if the tourmaline plate between the eye and the crystal (which we shall call the "*analyzing plate*," or the "analyzer," for a reason which will presently appear) be placed with its axis *vertical*, a series of rings will also be seen: but they are, now, the complementary series—those seen by transmission in the Newtonian experiment; and the cross, instead of black, is now white. Lastly, if the analyzing plate be placed obliquely, both sets of rings will be partially, and, as it were, confusedly, exhibited, the one dislocating the other, in consequence of the brighter annuli of the one set abutting upon the obscurer of the other, the reds on the greens, the purples on the yellows, &c., the preponderance in light, distinctness, and extent, falling to the share of that set which the position of the analyzer most favours.

It is manifest that these colours originate in the interference of two series of undulations propagated with different velocities within the crystal, and which therefore must necessarily belong the one to the ordinary, the other to the extraordinary, pencils into which the incident light is divided, which, as before shown, travel with different velocities within its substance. These pencils, however, during their progress through it, are proceeding in different directions (by reason of the double refraction of the medium) and are oppositely polarized—so that, while within the crystal, they cannot interfere. Their interference, then, must be accomplished after their emergence, when their directions have been again reduced to parallelism, and they have been (wholly or partially) brought to a common plane of polarization by the action of the second tourmaline. Let us, therefore, examine how this is brought about. And first, along the vertical arm of the *black* cross, the whole of the incident light being polarized in the plane of a vertical section of the crystal containing its axis, will pass into the ordinary pencil, and none into the extraordinary—so that there will be nothing to interfere with it, and emerging wholly polarized in that plane, will be wholly stopped by the analyzing tourmaline—the result being darkness. But if this tourmaline be turned 90° round in its own plane, it will be wholly transmitted, and the arm of the cross in question will be white. As regards the horizontal arm of the cross, in like manner, the visual ray throughout its whole extent is inclined to the axis in a plane at right angles to that of the primitive polarization. The light, therefore, incident in this plane through the first tourmaline will pass wholly into the extraordinary pencil, and will therefore emerge polarized in a plane *at right angles* to the (now) *horizontal* section of the crystal containing its axis in which its direction lies, *i.e.*, again, in a *vertical* plane, and will be stopped, for the same reason, by the second tourmaline, so that this arm of the cross also will be black in the horizontal, and white in the vertical, position of the analyzer. Let us now consider a ray incident in a plane 45° inclined to the vertical, or in a plane intermediate between the arms of the cross (the axis of the crystal being in all cases supposed held horizontally). The incident ray then will fall on the crystal in a section through its axis 45° inclined to that of its primitive polarization, and will therefore be equally divided between the ordinary and extraordinary pencils. These portions will emerge parallel, and of equal intensity, though differing in phase by such a number of undulations, and parts of an undulation, as the latter, by reason of its greater velocity, has gained on the former. In this state they are both incident on the second tourmaline, having its axis 45° inclined to both their planes of polarization, which therefore will subdivide each of them into two equal portions oppositely polarized, *suppressing or absorbing one, and allowing the other to pass*, and the transmitted portions, being of equal intensity, similarly polarized (viz., both in the plane of the axis of the analyzing plate), and differing in phase, will interfere and give rise to the phænomena of coloration in the manner already sufficiently explained. It remains now to account for the colours being arranged in regular succession in rings round the centre of the black cross (which corresponds to the axis of the crystal). Now the colour developed, or the *order of the tint*, in the series of the Newtonian rings, increases with the difference of phase, and this difference increases with the difference of velocities of the two pencils within the crystal, and with the length of the path traversed with those velocities. Both these increase with the inclination of the visual ray to the axis of the crystal, since along the axis there is no double refraction, which increases gradually from that direction outwards up to a right angle. This, then, explains the progressive increase of colour or order of tint in proceeding from the centre outwards. The circular arrangement is a consequence of the symmetry of the crystalline plate in all directions around its axis, the amount of double refraction being the same at equal obliquities to that line in all directions around it, as also the increase of thickness traversed, by rays equally oblique in all directions to the surfaces of the plate. It only now remains to explain how it happens that, in this situation of the analyzing plate (at right angles to the polarizing one), the tints are those of the *reflected*, not of the transmitted series in the Newtonian rings. And the reason is very similar to that by which, in the colour of their plates, the difference of phase is assumed (justifiably assumed) to commence, not from zero, but from half an undulation. Of the two partial systems of waves that interfere, in the case considered, that which belonged to the ordinary pencil in the crystal passes, as an extraordinary one through the analyzing plate. Now it is a law, susceptible of demonstration, but which it would lead us too far aside at present to demonstrate—that in the transition from an ordinary to an extraordinary refraction, half an undulation is gained. With the other portion of the interfering pencil, no such transition takes place. Half an undulation then has to be reckoned in addition to the phase-difference due to the simple passage of the two rays through the crystal—just as is the case in the Newtonian reflected rings, and with the same result.

If we follow out the same chain of reasoning in the case when the analyzing plate is parallel to the polarizing one, the conclusions will be identical up to this last step. But here the cases differ. Neither of the interfering pencils here at its entry into the second tourmaline undergoes extraordinary refraction, and there is accordingly no semi-undulation to be added to the phase-difference. The rings, therefore, will have the characters of the transmitted series of Newton's colours.

In the generality of uniaxal crystals, the tints of the rings, when the crystal itself is colourless, (or as nearly as its colour will allow,) follow a succession identical with that of the Newtonian colours of their plates. I have elsewhere called attention, however, to several instances of deviation from this rule, some of which are of so remarkable a nature as to deserve special mention. The most remarkable is in the case of one variety of the mineral called apophyllite which (from the peculiarity in question) I have proposed to call *Leuco-*

cyclite, in which the rings are almost devoid of colour, being merely a succession of dark and light circles, much more numerous than the coloured ones usually seen, and the more remote of which, from the centre, graduate into feeble shades of purplish and yellowish light. The physical interpretation of this phænomenon is as follows. Since the *colours* originate in the superposition of rings about a common centre, differing in diameter for the several coloured rays (as already explained in Part II.) throughout the spectrum, it follows that in this case, no such difference of diameter, or but a very slight one exists. Now, for crystalline plates so cut, of a given thickness, the apparent diameters of the rings seen are a measure of the doubly refractive energy. The more intense this energy the closer and more compact the system of rings;—for this obvious reason, that the same difference of phases between the ordinary and extraordinary pencils is developed at a less angle of inclination to the axis; and the difference of phases is a direct result of difference of velocities in their internal propagation; and this again, of the doubly refractive energy. Hence we conclude that in the *leucocyclite* all the coloured rays throughout the spectrum undergo equal, or very nearly equal, *separation* at a given angle of incidence, by *double refraction*, and that therefore in a doubly refracting prism cut from this substance, the two spectra formed by a sunbeam would be of precisely *equal lengths*, though unequally refracted, or that the highest index of refraction would be accompanied with the least *dispersive power*. I have not made the experiment, but that such would be the case there can be no doubt. In the spectra formed by an Iceland spar prism, the reverse is the case—the higher refractive index corresponding to a much higher dispersive power, and the most refracted spectrum being much longer and much more brilliantly coloured than the least.

Another highly remarkable example of this kind is found in the mineral called Vesuvian, a uniaxal crystal of a greenish hue, which to a certain degree interferes with the vivid development of its coloured rings. It does not, however, prevent their being well observed—and they present this very singular anomaly, viz., that the system of rings formed by the red rays is considerably *smaller* than those formed by the violet, and in consequence that the order of tints in the rings formed in white light is inverted, so that, of the spectra formed by a prism of this substance, the more refracted ought to be the shorter, and the least coloured. This kind of anomalous action is, however, carried still further in another variety of uniaxal apophyllite, in a plate of which perpendicular to the axis rays of a medium refrangibility *form no rings at all*, so that for such rays the substance *is singly refractive.* Proceeding from this medium refrangibility towards either end of the spectrum, rings are formed, contracting in diameter, as the red or violet end is approached, but most rapidly towards the red. It would not be too much to expect that if a prism could be formed of this mineral (unfortunately very rare), and a bright point illuminated in succession with all the prismatic rays viewed through it, beginning with the red, two images would at first be seen, the one formed by ordinary refraction, fixed, the other gradually approaching it—at a certain stage of the illumination coinciding with it; then crossing to the other side and separating more and more from it as the light verged more to the extreme violet. The experiment, which would be a very beautiful one, is recommended to the attention of those in possession of such crystals which they may not be indisposed to sacrifice.

Of the colours developed by circular polarization.—Quartz, or ordinary *rock crystal* is uniaxal: and when a plate of it of moderate thickness, cut from one of the six-sided prisms in which it usually occurs at right angles to its axis, is examined in the mode above described with a polarizer and analyzing plate, a superb system of coloured rings and black cross is exhibited—but with this peculiarity, that the cross does not come up to the centre, and that the interior rings are blotted out and obliterated by a round patch of coloured light, whose tint, when the tourmalines are at right angles, varies with the thickness of the plate; being white when very thin, and passing, for plates successively increasing in thickness, through all the series of tints of Newton's transmitted rings. Keeping to one plate, the tint also varies on turning round the analyzing plate in its own plane, and with this very extraordinary peculiarity, viz., that while in some crystals a certain succession of colours is observed, on turning it from right to left; in plates of the same thickness cut from other crystals the same succession is seen on turning it from left to right. Yet more singular, is the fact that this inversion—this right-and-left-handedness in the succession of tints corresponds to, and is predictable beforehand from, the appearance of certain small obliquely posited facets on the crystal previous to polishing, which lean unsymmetrically in some crystals to the right, in others to the left hand of the axis held up straight before the eye. In all other respects the crystals are identical.* A similar right-and-left-handedness in the external form of their crystals, accompanied with the very same optical phænomena, has been remarked by M. Pasteur in the salts called *paratartrates* and their crystallized acid.

The account given by the undulatory theory of these phænomena is this. Quartz (to adhere to our first chosen instance) is uniaxal, but it differs from Iceland spar and others of that class in a most essential point first noticed by Mr. Airy, viz: that the sphere and spheroid representing the simultaneous surfaces of the ordinary and extraordinary waves propagated within them, though having a common axis, do not touch each other internally. Hence, in the direction of that axis, though there is, *at a perpendicular incidence*, no double refraction, there *is* a difference of velocity in the two rays. Now the theory at present adopted is, that owing to some peculiarity at present not understood, when a polarized ray (which may always be considered as compounded of two circularly polarized ones of opposite characters as already stated, *i.e.* in which the particles of the ether circulate in opposite directions) is incident on a quartz plate, in this manner, the crystal operates an analysis of the ray and *resolves it into* two such rays circularly polarized, which it propagates *as such*, the one as an ordinary, the other as an extraordinary one. On their emergence at the opposite face of the plate they recompound a plane-polarized ray, but, having gained or lost on one another, by reason of their difference of velocity in their passage through it, a number of revolutions or part of a revolution proportional to the thickness of the plate, the two circular rays at the instant of their reunion have no longer a *common zero-point* as at their entry, and from this it may be demonstrated* that the plane of polarization of the recomposed will not be coincident with that of the incident ray, but will have been turned round, *in the direction of the rotation of the ray which travels fastest within the quartz*, through an angle also proportional to the thickness of the plate. As the angle of displacement, moreover, differs for the differently coloured rays of the spectrum, the effect will be that, when passed through an analysing tourmaline the different colours will be differently absorbed, and the result will be the production of a compound tint in the beam finally delivered into the eye, the colour of which will vary with the rotation of that plate in its own plane, as observed.

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* Amethyst consists of thin alternate layers of right-handed and left-handed quartz superposed, parallel to their axes.

It is not in crystallized bodies only that this singular effect is produced. Strange as it may seem that a colourless, transparent, and perfectly homogeneous *fluid* should deviate the plane of polarization of a ray passing perpendicularly through it at all; 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.

Struck by the fact, apparently so singular, of a "right-and-left-handedness" inherent as it were in the molecules of material bodies—by the correlative fact of such a tendency, or so to speak idiosyncrasy, manifesting itself in the forms of crystals—and again, in quite a different field of scientific research, in the action of an electrified cylindrical wire on a magnetized needle placed parallel to its direction, (which turns the north end of the needle to the right or to the left according to the direction of the current *along* the wire): it early occurred to the writer of these pages that it was scarcely possible that such singularities should stand in no natural connexion. Between two of the cases adduced the connexion had been proved by himself. It remained to enquire whether the third could be brought into obvious relation to the other two. Accordingly on the 14th of March, 1823, having prepared a long spiral coil of copper wire enclosed in an earthenware tube, furnished with a polarizing reflector at one end and an analyzer at the other; by the kindness of the late Mr. Pepys, he was permitted to bring the coil into connexion with the great magnetic combination of the London Institution, consisting of one enormous couple, expressly arranged for producing the greatest possible magnetic effect. His expectation was that light would appear in the dark polarized field on making the contact, and be maintained during its continuance. The experiment, however, proved unsuccessful. No *direct* action upon *light* could so be made manifest. At a later period, however (1845), by introducing into a similar coil a certain highly refractive glass consisting chiefly or wholly of borate of lead, as well as a variety of other solids and liquids (water among others), Professor Faraday succeeded in communicating, temporarily, and during the continuance of the passage of the current, the property in question to them.

Biaxal Crystals. By far the greater number of crystallized substances do not present that *single symmetry* (symmetry on all sides of a single central line or axis), which we have spoken of as indicative of a single axis of double refraction, and of a spherical propagation of the ordinary, and spheroidal of the extraordinary ray, within them. In all or nearly all these, two lines inclined to one another at an angle greater or less according to the nature of the substance, can always be found (either by a careful examination of the crystal in polarized light through the faces of its natural form, or by cutting and artificially polishing plates of it), which possess the properties of such axes;—along which, that is to say, refraction is single for a ray passing either way out of the crystal; and in which when examined in polarized light with an analyzing plate between the eye and the crystal, coloured rings are seen. The simplest and readiest instance of a crystal of this kind is furnished by a sheet of ordinary mica, such as may easily be procured in large sheets. If a sheet of this be held before the eye in a polarized field perpendicularly (an analyzing plate being interposed) and turned round in its own plane, two portions will be found at right angles to each other, in which the polarization of the incident light is not disturbed, and the field remains dark. Of the two planes perpendicular to the plate in which the plane of polarization cuts it in these two positions, one is the "principal section" of the plate, and contains its "optic axes." These may be brought into sight by holding the eye (armed with the analyzer) quite close to the mica, and inclining the latter, either forward or backward in one of these two section-planes so as to make an angle of about 35° with the visual ray on either side of the perpendicular. In either situation a set of coloured rings will be seen, not circular, but of an oval form, about a common centre, and intersected, not by the two arms of a black cross as in Iceland spar, but by one vertical dark bar cutting centrally across them. This dark bar is converted to a white one, and the colours of all the rings changed to their complementary ones, by turning the analyzing plate through 90° in its plane.

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* Our necessary limits forbid us to give the steps of the demonstration, which, however, are very obvious.

† Mr. Jellett, of Trinity College, Dublin, has, I am informed, recently discovered a liquid which is *right-handed* for one end of the spectrum, but *left-handed* for the other!

In mica, the angular separation of the optic axes is too large to allow both these sets of rings to be seen at once, so as to examine the nature of their mutual connexion. In nitre however, in which it is only about 5° (within the crystal), this may be very conveniently done, by cutting from the clear transparent portion of a large hexangular-prismatic crystal (such as may always be found in searching over a lot of the ordinary commercial saltpetre) a plate about a quarter of an inch thick, perpendicular to the axis of the prism, and polishing its faces. If this be placed between two crossed tourmalines, and held up against the light, the normal phænomenon of the biaxal rings will be seen in its utmost perfection, as in fig. 16, the upright and horizontal lines in which indicate broad brushes as it were of shadow, cutting across the system of ovals, and breaking them up into four similar quadrants. If, retaining the tourmalines in the same position, the nitre plate be turned round in its own plane, this cross breaks up into two curved arcs, as represented in fig. 17, corresponding to a movement through a quarter of a right angle,—then, as in fig. 18, corresponding to 45° of change, and so on till after a quarter of a revolution the original appearance of fig. 16 is restored. If the tourmalines instead of being crossed, are laid parallel, the forms of the ovals are the same, but the colours complementary, and the cross and curved branches white.

The forms of these curves are governed by a very simple and elegant general law, common to all biaxal crystals, and applicable to every angular separation of the axis; and when this separation is small, as in the case before us, they may be regarded as "lemniscates," of which the property is this, that for every point in the circumference of each oval the *product* (not as in an ellipse the *sum*) of two lines drawn to the two centres or foci, is invariable, and for successive ovals proceeding outwards from either focus, these products increase in regular arithmetical progression. When the two foci coincide, that is to say, when the two axes of the crystal coalesce, and it becomes uniaxal, the ovals pass into circles, and we fall back upon the circular rings and cross proper to that class of bodies.

Neglecting the bending which the rays undergo at their emergence from the posterior surface of the crystal, or conceiving the eye as immersed within its substance, it is evident that when looking in the direction of either of the foci of the ovals, the visual ray will be directed along one of two axes, or *lines of no double refraction;* while if looking towards any point in the circumference of any one of the ovals, the visual ray will traverse the crystal in such a direction that an ordinary and an extraordinary ray following that path shall gain or lose on each other so many semi-undulations, or parts of one, as shall correspond to the tint developed in that direction; and that, therefore, in all the directions marked out by the circumference of each individual oval, the tints being the same, the phase-difference, *and therefore* the difference of velocities of the interfering rays, *and therefore again*, the amount of double refraction in that direction is the same. The forms of these ovals, therefore, stand in immediate and intimate connexion with the law of double refraction in such crystals, and with the forms of the two wave

Fig. 16.

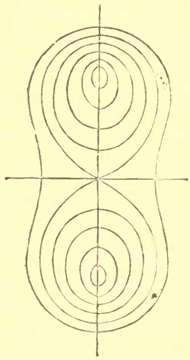


Fig. 17.

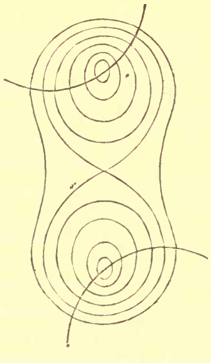
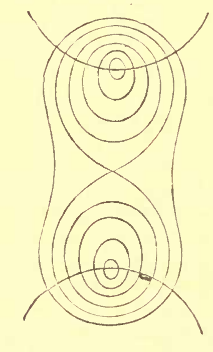


Fig. 18.



surfaces belonging to the ordinary and extraordinary rays. The theory of these wave-surfaces belongs, however, to a higher department of geometry than we could hope to make intelligible in these pages. Suffice it to say that as delivered by M. Fresnel and his followers it explains all the facts in the most complete and satisfactory manner, and has even led to the prediction, antecedent to observation, of some phænomena so apparently paradoxical as to stand in seeming contradiction with all previous optical experience, and which any one, antecedent to their verification by trial, would have pronounced impossible.*

One highly important conclusion from this theory must, however, be noticed. The directions within the crystal of the two axes of double refraction on the "optic axes" stand in no abstract *geometrical* relation to those of the angles and edges of its "primitive form," or to its axes of symmetry. They are resultant lines determined by the law of elasticity of the luminiferous ether within its substance as related to its crystalline form, and *to the wave-length of the particular coloured ray transmitted.* They are not, therefore, the same for all the coloured rays. In the generality of biaxal crystals, the difference of their situations and of the angle between the two, is but small, but in some, as in the salt called Rochelle salt (tartrate of soda and potash), it is very great, amounting to at least 10°, by which the direction within the crystal of either axis for the extreme red rays differs from that for the extreme violet.*

It is time, however, to bring this long article to a conclusion. To describe the variety of splendid and singular phænomena, developed in every department of physical enquiry by the use of polarized light, not one of which has hitherto afforded any, the smallest, ground for doubt as to the applicability of the undulatory theory to its complete explanation, would require volumes. We would gladly have said something of the magnificent phænomena exhibited by "macled" crystals,† by unannealed, or compressed glass; of the changes produced by change of temperature on the optical relations of bodies, and of the colorific and chemical rays of the spectrum; but our limits forbid it. Suffice it to add, that what the telescope and the microscope effect for us in the discovery of outward and visible form, the properties of light, and especially of polarized light, effect in subjecting to our intellectual vision the intimate structure of material bodies. Within the compass of the smallest visible atom they open out a world of wonders—a universe *sui generis*, and for each atom of a different material a different one—all, however, related and bound together in one vast harmony.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN JUDGED BY HIS OWN WORDS.

"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

PART II.

FROM THE OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR TO THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION OF JAN. 1, 1863.

When Congress met in Extraordinary Session on July 4, 1861, four more States had seceded—Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee—whilst the Governors of the Border States of Kentucky and Missouri were attempting to take up a position of neutrality, and Secession movements in Maryland had had to be suppressed, chiefly through the somewhat high-handed energy of General Butler. The Confederate capital had been established at Richmond, as if to bid defiance by its proximity to Washington. General Lee had been appointed to the chief command of the military and naval forces of Virginia. The National Armoury at Harper's Ferry, the Navy Yard at Gosport, had been burned to prevent their falling into Secessionist hands. The seizure of national property in the South and South-West had gone on. Various Federal garrisons had been compelled to surrender. Internal war had broken out in Missouri, in Tennessee, from which latter State the only loyal Southern senator, Andrew Johnson, had made his way through difficulties and dangers of all sorts to Washington. In Virginia the Federals had occupied Arlington Heights, on the Virginian side of the Potomac, and various movements and skirmishes had taken place on the border, including a somewhat disastrous one (to the Federals) at Big Bethel (June 10). On the other hand, the North had responded enthusiastically to the call for men, and forty western counties of Virginia had refused to follow the remainder of the State into Secession, and had organised themselves into a new loyal State, under the name of "Western Virginia."

The President in his Message, after a brief summary of the proceedings of the Secessionists to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, pointed out that this act was in no sense a matter of self-defence upon the part of the assailants:

> "They were expressly notified that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted,

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* We allude to the phænomena of "*conical refraction*," discovered by the late Sir W. R. Hamilton, in following out Fresnel's researches.

* See a paper by the author of these pages in *Phil. Trans.*, 1820, "On the action of crystallized bodies on homogeneous light, where the singular phænomena to which this gives rise are fully described.

† These may find a place elsewhere. The phænomena alluded to have not, so far as I am aware, been hitherto described.

> unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that their Government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but to maintain visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution; and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution. . . . And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question, whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question, whether discontented individuals, too few in number to control administration, according to organic law, in any case, can always, upon the pretences made in this case, or on any other pretences, or arbitrarily, without any pretence, break up their Government. . . So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war-power of the Government; and so to resist force employed for its destruction, by force for its preservation."

He then proceeded to review the course of events since the fall of Sumter; dwelt for awhile on his suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus;* and after explaining his own views as to the right interpretation of the Constitution on the matter, deferred it entirely to the better judgment of Congress, and closed with a somewhat lengthened discussion of the alleged "right of secession." His concluding words were:—

> "It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war-power in defence of the Government forced upon him. . . He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, *or even to count the chances of his own life*, in what might follow. In full view of his great responsibility, he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. . . And having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts."

The fall of Sumter had been the answer of the South to the pleadings for concord of the President's "Inaugural." Its triumph at Bull Run (July 21) seemed to many a victorious refutation of the arguments of his first message against the right of Secession. The "Sumter" swept the West Indian seas of Federal merchantmen. Confederate batteries at Aquia Creek almost blockaded the Potomac, and stopped communication by sea with Washington. The civil war in Missouri continued with varying success. The loyalists of East Tennessee fled in numbers from a Confederate reign of terror, only "Parson Brownlow" in his journal, the *Knoxville Whig*, still proclaiming Unionist principles. Faithful Western Virginia, repeatedly invaded, had to be repeatedly cleared of Confederate invaders by McClellan, by Rosecranz. Kentucky, on the other hand, was inclining more and more to the Union. And a future series of Federal lodgments on the sea coast of the revolted States was inaugurated by the successful occupation of Hatteras Inlet in North Carolina.

The war was thus fully engaged; by the South to destroy the Union, by the North to maintain it. But how was it to be maintained? By respecting and protecting slavery, on which the Southern Confederacy was founded, or by striking that Confederacy through slavery itself? General Butler's ingenious application to slaves of the principle of "contraband of war," had, at an early period (May 27), commenced an attack upon the "patriarchal institution." Absurd it certainly would have been to return fugitive slaves to disloyal owners. Accordingly, General Butler had been authorised (May 30) to retain and employ such fugitives. Subsequently (Aug. 6), an Act was passed, forfeiting the services of all slaves "required or permitted to take up arms... or to work or be employed in any military or naval service whatsoever," against the United States. The right of property in slaves as against the nation was thus abolished: but not slavery itself; the master's privilege was destroyed, but no right was given to the slave. General Fremont, in command in Missouri, thought he could go further. By proclamation (Aug. 31), he instituted martial law throughout his department, and declared that the slaves of persons taking an active part against the Government should be "free men."

Mr. Lincoln disallowed this step (Sept. 11, 1861). The motives of the act seem to have been twofold: First: an anxiety not to travel, if possible, one inch beyond the letter of the law in the matter; Second: an equal anxiety not to outstrip public feeling generally, and especially that of the Border States. Perhaps, Mr. Lincoln miscalculated the strength of the Unionist sentiment on the one side, and of the Abolitionist sentiment on the other. But even were it so, who shall dare condemn him? To every thinking man, the mere confiscation of the slaves of rebels contained a pledge of future emancipation. Was it worth while, for the sake of hastening by a few months the fulfilment of that pledge, to peril the cause of the Union, at a time when no one signal success had given lustre to its banners? What if the allowance of General Fremont's order had thrown all the Border States at once into secession? Can we undervalue that peril, when we look back and see that the single one of those Border States which actually seceded, Virginia, has been practically the only resistent element in the Confederacy? that when, after setting the whole Federal power at defiance for four years, she was finally conquered, she carried the whole Secession with her in her fall?

A few months later (Nov. 1), the faithful old Virginian, General Scott, gave up the command-in-chief of the United States armies to General G. B. McClellan. Another successful and momentous lodgment was effected by the Federals on the Southern coast, at Port Royal and Beaufort, South Carolina (Nov. 7), and another at Ship Island, off the Louisiana coast; and a couple of Virginian counties (Accomac and Northampton) submitted to Federal rule. Civil war continued to rage in Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; and a most serious complication with England arose, through the seizure (Nov. 8), by Captain Wilkes, of the

Confederate Commissioners, from on board the Trent. In spite of the popular clamour (especially of all covert friends of the South) which indorsed the act, President Lincoln took upon himself to disallow it, and the Confederate Commissioners were given up.

It was under these circumstances that Congress met for its ordinary session (Dec. 2, 1861). In his first "annual" Message, after referring, in terms of perfect moderation, to the relations of the United States with foreign nations, and to various questions of national defence and internal communication, Mr. Lincoln said—

> "I am unable to discern any good reason why we should persevere longer in withholding our recognition of the independence and sovereignty of Hayti and Liberia. Unwilling, however, to inaugurate a novel policy in regard to them without the approbation of Congress, I submit for your consideration the expediency of an appropriation for maintaining a *chargé d'affaires* near each of these new States."

Now Hayti and Liberia are two self-governed negro republics, the one of revolted, the other of enfranchised slaves. The United States had not as yet recognised either (although the latter had been founded by their own citizens) as worthy of diplomatic notice. According to the principles of the new Confederacy, they could not be so recognised. Mr. Lincoln, on the contrary, was "unable to discern any good reason" why negro republics should not stand on a footing of equal sovereignty with any polity founded by the white man. In his eyes "slavery, subordination to the superior race," was not the "natural and normal condition" of the negro. He was entitled to freedom, if he could win it—by arms if need be—and in freedom to self-government. Did not the man who had lately disallowed General Fremont's proclamation for enfranchising those slaves whom the law only declared to be confiscated, thus sufficiently vindicate his own consistency?

Nor was this all. Referring to the Confiscation Act, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to indicate the first outlines of his colonization policy which he afterwards earnestly, but only in part successfully, urged upon Congress. Hints of yet broader measures were indeed already thrown out. "The Union must be preserved, and hence, all indispensable means must be employed. We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable." What was this, but a guarded warning that universal emancipation might become in time "indispensable?"

After a vivid sketch of the progress of the war since the assault on Fort Sumter, the President concluded by insisting, as in his former Message, on the Secession being "largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principle of popular government —the rights of the people."

The early part of the year 1862 saw considerable progress on the part of the Federals, everywhere except in Virginia, where "Stonewall" Jackson was beginning to win for himself a brilliant reputation. Kentucky was cleared from all organized military resistance, except at the south-west corner. The Federal gunboats, pushing up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, into Tennessee, took Fort Henry (February 6), and with the aid of the land forces under General Grant, Fort Donelson (February 16). Nashville, capital of Tennessee, was occupied, and senator Andrew Johnson named military governor of the State. Union gunboats ascended the Tennessee as far as Florence, Alabama, and were well received. A further portion of the coast of North Carolina was occupied, a lodgment effected on that of Georgia; lastly, the Federal troops, having nearly cleared Missouri, advanced into Arkansas.

In the midst of these successes, Mr. Lincoln addressed a remarkable Message to Congress (March 6, 1862); recommending "the adoption of a joint resolution, which should pledge the United States to co-operate with any State adopting gradual abolition of slavery, by giving to it pecuniary aid." Every State initiating emancipation, he urged, would be lost for ever to the proposed Southern Confederacy. Gradual and not sudden emancipation was better for all.

It was only on the 10th of April that a joint resolution of Congress on the subject was finally approved by the President. But the feeling of the country against slavery was now rising on all sides, and this was but one out of several measures directed against it. On March 13, an additional article of war expressly prohibited, under pain of dismissal, "all officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States, . . . from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labour." On the 16th April was passed an act emancipating all slaves within the district of Columbia, the President accompanying his signature with a Message expressive of his satisfaction, and the act being followed by another (May 21) "providing for the education of coloured children in the cities of Washington and Georgetown, district of Columbia," out of the proceeds of the taxes received from the coloured population of these cities, and establishing perfect equality before the civil and criminal law within the district between the coloured man and the white.

Still, the President retained his old anxiety not to travel faster than the public feeling. On the 9th May, General Hunter, in command in South Carolina, issued a proclamation declaring all slaves free within the States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina. The President (May 19) disallowed it, making known that, he reserved to himself the question whether it was competent for him as Commander-in-Chief, to declare the slaves of any State free; and that he did not feel justified in leaving it to the decision of commanders in the field.

Whether he judged rightly or wrongly in the matter, in the disavowal of General Hunter, as in that of General Fremont before, we cannot but see here the truly brave man, who will shirk no responsibility by casting it on third parties, will not let any subordinate officer dictate a policy to the country. Mr. Lincoln now avowedly contemplates the possibility of emancipation as a military necessity, through an exercise of the war-power. But such a decision belongs to himself only, the chosen servant of the people, its chief military as well as civil officer. Should the act become necessary, therefore, it can never come as the stepping-stone to a military despotism, since it will be that of the only soldier who is directly responsible to the people and the civil law. But whilst thus decisively vindicating his constitutional authority, he uses the very act which he is disallowing as a warning to the slave States of the "signs of the times." Will they neglect their opportunity for gradual, assisted emancipation? The pleading, as we all know, was in vain. "Sinners against their own souls," the seceding slave States, which had spurned such emancipation, had to endure it sudden, uncompensated—ay, and too often in the light of their burning stacks and homesteads, at the point of their former slaves' bayonets.

But the check to General Hunter was no check, and was meant to be no check, to the progress of public feeling against slavery. Amongst a whole group of measures in this direction which immediately followed the President's proclamation, I can but notice two or three.

On June 18, a most important act, embodying the cardinal resolution of the Chicago platform, abolished and forbade slavery throughout all the territories of the United States, present or future. A treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the suppression of the slave-trade conceded a mutual right of search, such as America had always withheld (July 11). An act of July 17 enacted the perpetual freedom of "all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion, escaping and taking refuge within the lines of the army,"—"all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them, and coming under the control of the Government of the United States,—and all slaves of such persons found in any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States." The restoration or molestation of fugitive slaves, except upon oath of the loyalty of their owners, was expressly forbidden. "No person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States" was to decide on the validity of any claim to service or labour, under pain of dismissal Lastly, the President was authorised to receive into the service of the United States, persons of African descent; "any slave of a person in rebellion rendering any such service" to be "for ever thereafter free, together with his mother, wife, and children, if they also belong to persons in rebellion;" but with power also to provide for "the transportation, colonisation, and settlement, to some tropical country beyond the limits of the United States, of such persons of African descent, made free by the act, as may be willing to emigrate."

Before Congress separated, Mr. Lincoln called the representatives of the Border States together at the White House, and addressed them (July 12), in an earnest speech, on the expediency of adopting his gradual emancipation plan. On the same day he sent a Message to Congress, transmitting the draft of a bill to compensate any State which might abolish slavery within its limits. But none of the Border States responded to his invitation; and though the President's bill was referred to a committee, no action was taken upon it in Congress.

Meanwhile, the Federal arms had been again progressing everywhere, except in Virginia. Whilst the President's Message of March 6 was being delivered, the great western battle of Pea Ridge, was beginning, which ended on March 8 with the rout of the Confederates. Successes were obtained in distant New Mexico and Arizona, both of which were recovered. The great advance down the Mississippi and its valley had been steadily carried on, the Confederates successively evacuating or surrendering their works, and the city of Memphis (June 6), and the Union forces advancing as far as Vicksburg, whilst Arkansas was crossed from its north-west corner to Helena on the Mississippi. The forts of the Lower Mississippi, after six days' bombardment, were run past by Admiral Farragut, and the surrender of New Orleans and the forts was obtained (April 28). The fleet pressing upwards received the surrender of Natchez, and a portion of it actually ran past Vicksburg, which was the only stronghold yet remaining to the Confederates on the great river of the west. The land operations in this quarter had been equally vigorous. The fiercely contested battle of Shiloh or Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee (April 6-7), ended on the second day by the retreat of the Confederates, leaving 3000 dead upon the field; but the loss of the Federals was no less than 13,298, besides many pieces of cannon. They pushed on into Mississippi, occupying Corinth (May 30), whilst a lodgment was also effected in Northern Alabama, through the capture of Huntsville (April 11). Some successes were however obtained by the Confederates in Tennessee, and their dashing general, John Morgan, invaded Kentucky. On the southern coast the town of Pensacola was occupied from Fort Pickens, which had been retained by the Federals (May 12). The occupation of the western coast was extended, the Federals taking possession of various points in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, and South-eastern Virginia; but a severe repulse was suffered on James Island, South Carolina, about five miles from Charleston (June 14).

In Virginia the resistance of the Confederates was persevering and successful. General McClellan moved on Richmond, but (March 10) found the Confederate works round Manassas junction evacuated. He now changed his base, commencing a series of most bloody battles, and had finally to fall back to the James River (July 1). General Pope was placed in command of "the army of Virginia," but was defeated in a second battle of Bull Run (August 31), and threw up his command. Various reverses were also suffered in Tennessee and Kentucky.

But, meanwhile, the great principles on which the war turned were coming out more and more. For some time the President adhered to his scheme, towards which Congress had placed $600,000 at his disposal, for colonising the coloured people abroad. Some of them entered into the scheme, and formed a committee, which was received by the President at the White House, and addressed by him (August 14) in a speech, of which notes were taken by one of those present, and which has been much canvassed.

> "You and we," he said, "are different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. . . This physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think. . . If this is admitted, it affords a reason, at least, why we should be separated. . . Your race are suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves, you are cut off from many of the advantages which the other race enjoys. . . I need not recount to you the effects upon white men, growing out of the institution of slavery. See our present condition —the country engaged in war; our white men cutting one another's throats, none knowing how far it will extend . . . It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated. . . If intelligent coloured men, such as are before me, would move in this matter, much might be accomplished."

I have never been able to find the fault with this speech that many have,—absolutely mistaken as I believe it to have been, in point of opinion. The President's first duty was to the Union, which he had to preserve so far as it existed, to restore so far as it was broken up. The effort to restore it, he clearly felt, led him day by day towards the destruction of slavery. That, he thought, could be more easily effected by the simultaneous removal of the coloured race. Yet he was determined—this appears from his whole conduct—to impose no coercion upon them. So he urges them to remove themselves. They are not the equals of the white men here; why not go where they "should be the equals of the best?" Evidently, he is doing by these coloured men precisely as he would be done by. There is, in fact, the broadest assertion of human equality beneath this effort to dissociate two races, of which the one will not treat the other as its equal.

But the President's leading point of view, that of saving the Union, must never be overlooked. He set it forth himself with unmistakeable clearness in a letter of nearly the same date (August 22) to Mr. Horace Greeley, who had somewhat bitterly attacked him in the *New York Tribune*:—

> "Dear Sir,—I have just read yours of the 19th instant, addressed to myself through the *New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right. As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be—the Union as it was.
>
> "If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it;—if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it;—and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery, and the coloured race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

A noble letter, surely. Did ever man more resolutely "come to the light, that his deeds might be made manifest," than this man?

Did the President really believe that his duty could extend so far as to rivet the shackles of the slave? He knew that it could not, and did not. He knew that wherever the Union arms extended, slaves were being received as fugitives, confiscated, freed. He, and his Secretary of War had been issuing orders and proclamations to this effect, in accordance with recent legislation. Negro troops were being embodied on various points, from South Carolina to Kansas and New Orleans. In the free North, the cry for immediate emancipation was rising higher and higher. On the 13th of September —Maryland being already invaded—the President received a deputation from all the religious denominations in Chicago upon the subject. As a study in mental philosophy, no speech of Mr. Lincoln's is more interesting to me than his reply to this deputation. The speech is really that of a man who, to make sure of the correctness of his own conclusions, wishes to argue out every possible objection to them. He has thought much on the subject for weeks, for months. Good men, religious men, men "equally certain that they represent the Divine will," beset him with the most opposite opinions and advice. The one class or the other must be mistaken, "perhaps in some respects both." What good would a proclamation of emancipation from him do? He does "not want to issue a document, that the whole world will see necessarily must be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet." After urging various objections, he concludes by a caution, which reveals the whole man:—

> "Do not misunderstand me because I have mentioned these objections. They indicate the difficulties that have

thus far prevented my action in some such way as you desire. I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement: and I can assure you that the subject is on my mind by day and night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

Nine days more elapsed; South Mountain was fought, then Antietam (Sept. 17), and on the 22nd, the President issued his first emancipation proclamation, announcing that, "On the 1st day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and for ever, free."

The governors of fourteen loyal States, and the proxies from three others, in a meeting at Altoona, expressed their hearty assent to the proclamation (Sept. 24). The President was on the same day serenaded at Washington, and acknowledged the compliment in a short speech, stating, that what he had done, he had done "after a very full deliberation, and under a heavy and solemn sense of responsibility," trusting in God he had "made no mistake," and according to his wont, turning away all praise from himself to "all good and brave officers and men" who had fought the late successful battles.

I now pass to Mr. Lincoln's second annual Message (Dec. 1). In proceeding to the subject of "compensated emancipation," the President said:—

"A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws. The territory is the only part which is of certain durability. 'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever.' . . That portion of the earth's surface which is owned and inhabited by the people of the United States, is well adapted for the home of one national family; and it is not well adapted for two or more. Its vast extent, and its variety of climate and productions, are of advantage in this age for one people, whatever they might have been in former ages. Steam, telegraphs, and intelligence have brought these to be an advantageous combination for one united people. . . There is no line, straight or crooked, suitable for a national boundary upon which to divide. Trace through, from east to west, upon the line between the free and slave country, and we shall find a little more than one-third of its length are rivers, easy to be crossed, and populated, or soon to be populated, thickly on both sides; while nearly all its remaining length are merely surveyors' lines, over which people may walk back and forth without any consciousness of their presence. . . But there is another difficulty. The great interior region, bounded east by the Alleghanies, north by the British dominions, west by the Rocky Mountains, and south by the line along which the culture of corn and cotton meets, and which includes part of Virginia, part of Tennessee, all of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and the territories of Dakota, Nebraska, and part of Colorado, already has above ten millions of people, and will have fifty millions within fifty years, if not prevented by any political folly or mistake. It contains more than one-third of the country owned by the United States,—certainly more than one million of square miles. . . A glance at the map shows that, territorially speaking, it is the great body of the Republic. The other parts are but marginal borders to it. . . In the production of provisions, grains, grasses, and all which proceed from them, this great interior region is naturally one of the most important of the world. . . And yet this region has no seacoast, touches no ocean anywhere. As part of one nation, its people now find, and may for ever find, their way to Europe by New York, to South America and Africa by New Orleans, and to Asia by San Francisco. But separate our common country into two nations, as designed by the present rebellion, and every man of this great interior region is thereby cut off from some one or more of these outlets, not perhaps by a physical barrier, but by embarrassing and onerous trade regulations. . . These outlets, east, west, and south, are indispensable to the well-being of the people inhabiting and to inhabit this vast interior region. . . . They will not ask where a line of separation shall be, but will vow rather that there shall be no such line. Nor are the marginal regions less interested in these communications to and through them to the great outside world. They too, and each of them, must have access to this Egypt of the West, without paying toll at the crossing of any national boundary. Our national strife springs not from our permanent part, not from the land we inhabit; not from our national homestead. . . In all its adaptations and aptitudes it demands union, and abhors separation. In fact it would ere long force re-union, however much of blood and treasure the separation might have cost. Our strife pertains to ourselves,—to the passing generations of men,—and it can, without convulsion, be hushed for ever with the passing of one generation."

I must say it seems to me that it would be difficult to find more thoughtful and broader statesmanship than is shown by this portion of the message. I see before me a man who not only looks straight at things,—a very rare gift already,—but tries to look them through and through, and to form his own conclusions upon them. He is not in this respect unlike our own Prince Albert, only with rougher powers, which have to be exerted, under terrible emergencies, upon mightier subjects.

Mr. Lincoln then proceeded to develop his plan for compensated emancipation, by payments from the Federal Government to every State which should abolish slavery before the 1st January 1900. On this plan I need not here dwell. Mr. Lincoln concluded with the following weighty words:—

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. . . The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honour or dishonour, to the latest generation. We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not, cannot fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just,—a way which, if followed, the world will for ever applaud, and God must for ever bless."

"Plain" and "peaceful" the plan might be called; "generous" to the slaveholders, it certainly was. Was it altogether "just" to the slave? Was it right that the loyalty of certain slave States should be paid for, in the first instance, at their slaves' expense? compensated by the bondage of a whole generation of the coloured race in those States? I am persuaded that such an extension of the duration of slavery in the loyal States formed part neither of Mr. Lincoln's purpose nor of his expectations. Yet in proposing his plan, I believe he did to some extent sacrifice principle to expediency. At any rate the attempt failed. The border States still would not emancipate. The free States would not bribe them to do so. And so the war rolled on towards the fated 1st January, 1863.

Not by any means with credit to the Federal arms. Few single months of the struggle saw more disasters than December, 1862. The terrible failure of Burnside before Fredericksburg; the scarcely less terrible repulse of Sherman before Vicksburg; the surrender of Holly Springs, with 2,000,000 dollars' worth of stores, to the Confederates; the capture of three whole regiments and a party of cavalry by Morgan's guerillas at Hartsville, and other smaller mishaps, were not set off by successes in Arkansas, an advance of General Foster in North Carolina, and the hardly contested battle of Murfreesborough. It was under these circumstances that the President had to fulfil his pledge given in September, 1862, and to issue, on the 1st of January, 1863, his famous proclamation, whereby, "as a fit and necessary war-measure for suppressing the rebellion," he designated as being in rebellion the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (thirteen counties excepted), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (the forty-eight counties of Western Virginia, and seven others, excepted), and ordered and declared that all slaves within the said States should henceforward be free, and that the Government would recognise and maintain their freedom. The persons so freed were enjoined to abstain from all violence, and to labour for reasonable wages. The proclamation concludes:—

> "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favour of Almighty God."

The exact bearing of this step should not be exaggerated. Mr. Lincoln proclaimed the slaves within the rebellious States free: he did not abolish slavery therein. To do this would have altogether transcended even his war powers as Commander-in-Chief, which might however authorise the enfranchisement of all slaves existing at a given period within certain limits, such enfranchisement being practically only a peculiar form of confiscation of a peculiar kind of property. Yet this would no more hinder the inhabitants of the States in question from purchasing other slaves, and exercising over them, the war once ended, all powers given by the local or general law over slaves generally, than a confiscation of all horses and mules within the same limits would have hindered them from buying other animals of the same description, and saddling or harnessing them at pleasure. The proclamation could thus be no more than a beginning of the good work, to be completed in every case by State action.

Still, the great word had been spoken. Upwards of 3,000,000 of slaves were declared entitled to immediate freedom. The chief magistrate of the United States proclaimed to his countrymen, to the world, that the freedom of these 3,000,000 was not merely involved in the maintenance of the American Union, but was essential to it. Henceforth, none but the helplessly or wilfully blind could fail to see that the cause of freedom, in the great conflict which was raging on the American Continent, was the cause of the North.

PART III.

FROM THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, JAN. 1, 1863, TO HIS DEATH, APRIL 14, 1865.

The Emancipation Proclamation was warmly received by all in Europe whose sympathy with human freedom was genuine, and who had not suffered themselves to be misled by sophisms and mis-statements. The working men of Manchester, amongst others,—in the very midst of the cotton famine,—had met on the 31st December, and forwarded to the President a congratulatory address. His reply (January 19, 1863) might well deserve to be quoted, but want of space prevents.

The session of Congress closed on the 4th of March, after having passed various measures for strengthening the hands of the President, and for the vigorous prosecution of the war, including a bill authorising a draft of the militia of the whole country. It was well for Mr. Lincoln that he possessed this support in Congress, for with the exception of Grant's movements in the valley of the Mississippi, the first six months of 1863 were among the gloomiest of the war. Burnside having been relieved (24th of January) in the command of the army of the Potomac by Hooker, on the 27th of April he too began his advance to Richmond, but only to fall back again after the bloody battles of Chancellorsville. In the West, Vicksburg for several months bade defiance to the Federals. On the 30th of April, Grant commenced a new movement, by landing his forces sixty-five miles lower down the river, which ended by the close investment of Vicksburg itself, 18th of May; but an attempt to carry the place by storm failed again, and a regular siege had to be opened.

Internal dissensions in the North added to the gloom of ill-success. The Democratic party throughout the country was seriously thwarting the action of the Government. Its most prominent spokesman at this time was Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, an old pro-slavery man. He accused the Government of having deliberately rejected propositions which would have brought the South back into the Union, proclaimed his intention to disobey a certain order of General Burnside, in command of the department, and called on the people to resist it. General Burnside had him arrested (4th of May), and ordered for trial by Court-Martial. He applied for a *habeas corpus*. The court refused it, on the ground of public safety. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be placed in close confinement in a fortress. The President directed him instead to be sent within the Confederate lines, not to return during the war. He was at once turned loose accordingly into 'Secessia.' But he had been already puffed into a martyr by the Democrats. A meeting was held at Albany (May 16), to which Governor Seymour of New York sent a letter, declaring that if the arrest was approved by the Government, it was "revolution," and "military despotism." Resolutions denouncing arbitrary arrests and the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, were sent to the President.

Mr. Lincoln at once accepted the challenge. In a letter far too long to quote (13th of June), though it affords a most remarkable example of his powers of argument, he defended the whole course of his Government on the points on which its conduct had been impugned.

The Federal territory was at this very moment invaded. On the 9th of June it was discovered that Lee was marching north-west through the Shenandoah Valley. On the 13th, Ewell, drove Milroy from Winchester. On the next day, the Confederate advance began crossing the Potomac, and the operation continued for a whole fortnight practically unimpeded, till the main body passed over on the 27th. Meanwhile the Federal army, to which Lee had thus given the slip, was marching up from Fredericksburg, so as to cover Baltimore and Washington, Hooker being relieved in favour of General Meade, who at once advanced into Pennsylvania, into which the Confederates had already penetrated. The two armies met before Gettysburg; and the result of three days' fighting (July 1–3) was that the Confederates once more retreated, leaving 14,000 prisoners in the hands of the Federals,—the loss of the latter however exceeding 23,000 in all. To crown the glory of the 4th of July, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered on that day unconditionally to General Grant. Four days later, Port Hudson, some time before unsuccessfully assaulted by General Banks (the coloured troops fighting heroically in the action), surrendered also. The Federals now controlled the whole course of the Mississippi; the Confederacy was cut in two. Rosecranz likewise had advanced from Murfreesborough, had turned the flank of Bragg's army at Tullahoma, and was driving him to the south-east, so as to force him back into Georgia. Against Charleston alone the Federal operations were but very partially successful.

This succession of triumphs caused general rejoicing in the North. I pass over with regret, amongst other matters, a letter written to General Grant (July 13) as a "grateful acknowledgment" for "almost inestimable service," in which Mr. Lincoln mentions having disagreed with the General on the prudence of one of his military movements, and winds up with the words: "I wish now to make the personal acknowledgement that you were right and I was wrong."

Yet it was in the very flush of victory, both east and west, that the most serious internal disturbances broke out. On the 13th July, the carrying out of the conscription law was resisted in New York, and for four days mob-law ruled supreme in the great city. The State authorities (Democrats) stood by, almost passive. Governor Seymour asked the postponement of the draft. The President refused, and on the 19th August it was resumed, and carried out without opposition. The New York riots bore exactly the opposite result to what the plotters of them intended. They raised the indignation of the country, heightened the anti-slavery feeling, and crushed the Democrats. In Ohio, Mr. Vallandigham was defeated for the governorship by a majority of nearly 100,000; New York was won by the Republicans; in short, every state except New Jersey recorded by its votes its approval of the Government policy. To this electoral campaign belongs a memorable letter of Mr. Lincoln's in reply to an invitation from the Republican State Committee of Illinois to attend a State convention at Springfield. "Unconditional Union men," they were yet dissatisfied with the President "about the negro," and disliked his emancipation proclamation." After various arguments in its defence, the President said:—

> "You say that you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight for you; but no matter. Fight you, then, exclusively to save the Union . . . Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us, if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom. *And the promise, being made, must be kept* . . . Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay: and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it. Still, let us not be over sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result."

The autumn of 1863 saw one serious Federal reverse. General Rosecranz had crowned his already great military reputation by his pursuit of General Bragg through South-Eastern Tennessee, till he had at last compelled him (9th September) to evacuate the Confederate stronghold of Chattanooga. But ten days later, at Chickamauga (19th September), Rosecranz received a terrible defeat from Bragg, reinforced by Longstreet, Lee's best lieutenant, losing upwards of 16,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing.

Under these somewhat gloomy circumstances President Lincoln had to speak (19th November, 1863) on the dedication of a national burying-ground on the field of Gettysburg. His speech on this occasion appears to me simply one of the noblest extant specimens of human eloquence :

> "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The reverse of Chickamauga might have added solemnity to the President's words. The words themselves were heralds of triumph. Grant had taken in hand the beaten army, adding to it his own veterans. On the 23rd, he moved out to attack Bragg, and on the 25th, in great measure through Sherman's desperate valour, the Confederates were driven from their strong positions, and pursued by Thomas and Hooker into Georgia, whilst Granger and Sherman were sent to relieve Burnside at Knoxsville. But already Longstreet had been beaten off in an assault ; he now raised the siege, but effected a masterly retreat into Virginia.

I need not dwell upon Mr. Lincoln's third annual message (9th of December, 1863). Appended to it is, however, a remarkable proclamation (8th December), containing his scheme for reconstruction of the Union. With certain exceptions, a full amnesty was tendered to all who should take an oath of loyalty to the United States. Mr. Lincoln then provided that any number of persons, not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in the ten States of the original secession in 1860, having taken and kept the oath of loyalty, and being qualified voters under their respective State laws before secession, might re-establish a State government in conformity with the oath ; adding that any provision to be adopted by such State government in relation to the freed people of such State, which should "recognise and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education," and might "yet be consistent, as a temporary arrangement, with their present condition as a labouring, landless, and homeless class," would "not be objected to by the National Executive."

Among the measures of Congress passed this session, I will only mention the establishment of a "Bureau of Freedmen's Affairs," to determine all questions relating to the coloured people, and regulate their employment and proper treatment. A proposed amendment of the constitution abolishing slavery absolutely was adopted by the Senate, and by a majority of the House of Representatives, but did not obtain in the latter the two-thirds vote required by the constitution.

The military operations of the early part of 1864 were unsuccessful or unimportant.

I must not overlook a letter (4th April) written for the purpose of putting on record his previous verbal reply to a deputation from Kentucky on the subject of the draft. After saying, "I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel," he explained the causes which had prevented him as President from acting on this feeling until such time as, through the failure of his appeals for compensated emancipation, he felt himself "driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hold upon the coloured element." He chose the latter, not "entirely confident" in so doing of greater gain than loss. But "more than a year of trial now shows no loss by it in our foreign relations, none in our home popular sentiment, none in our white military force, no loss by it anyhow or anywhere."

On the 5th May commenced the final campaigns of the war, consisting, the one of a renewed march of the army of the Potomac upon Richmond, under Grant and Meade, the other of Sherman's successive advances from Chattanooga toward the Atlantic coast, and from thence again northwards—campaigns on the details of which I cannot dwell, although each is of surpassing interest. In Virginia a veteran and consummate general, Robert Lee, operating, as he indeed always has done throughout the war, not only within his own territory, but upon carefully studied, carefully fortified ground, every inch of which almost is personally familiar to him, and leading an army, small comparatively in numbers, but used to victory, finds himself confronted by a much younger chief, Ulysses Grant ; new indeed to the country, but who has fought his way through a thousand miles of hostile soil, and has won almost each successive victory on fresh ground ; new to the oft-defeated army he commands, but whose most recent achievement has been to lead beaten troops to victory. Between these foemen, each full worthy of the other's steel, the scales to many seem long to tremble equal. Flinging himself across the Rapidan before his enemy can oppose him, Grant enters that terrible "wilderness,"—a broken, wooded country, where artillery cannot manœuvre, where every knoll and clump and patch of scrub may hide a murderous ambuscade. He is met here by the enemy, confident of winning new triumphs. The slaughter is immense ; but on the third day (May 5—7), Lee falls back on his second line of defence. By a series of flank marches, Grant forces Lee, step by step, back upon Richmond, yet without being able to reach the oft-approached goal, until at last (June 18th), by a movement less expected than any, he swings round to the south, and takes up that position before Petersburg, which he is to hold during so many months.

Sherman, on his part, was performing the first, and only really contested one, of his three great marches—that from Chattanooga to Atlanta. His army was numerous, but the country was most difficult, and he had in front of him, at the head of forces perhaps not more than half his own, but superior in cavalry, a skilful and wary adversary, Joseph Johnstone, who on one occasion (Sherman's unsuccessful attack at Kenesaw, June 27), inflicted on him a loss of 2500 men. But, Sherman compelled Johnstone to evacuate one strong position after the other, till at last, when nearly within reach of Atlanta, his success was hastened through Johnstone's supersession (17th July) by the gallant but shallow-headed Hood, who took the offensive, got several times beaten, and soon saw Sherman in Atlanta, and himself out of it (2nd September).

Meanwhile another momentous campaign was proceeding. The four years' term of office of Mr. Lincoln, as President, would expire in March, 1865. The new Presidential election would take place in November. Who was to be the next President? The Democrats put forward General M'Clellan; the ultra-abolitionists, General Fremont (who, however, resigned his candidateship before the election). But the "National Union" Convention at Baltimore (June 8th) unanimously adopted Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson as candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, on a "platform" embodying a hearty approval of his emancipation proclamation, of the military employment of former slaves, and recognising the duty of affording protection to all persons of whatever colour employed in the national armies. This nomination, accepted by Mr. Lincoln on the 27th, gave great strength to the Republican, or as it may now be called, the National party, and weakened to a corresponding extent whatever hopes the Confederates might have built on Northern dissensions. It was accordingly followed, not long after, by an attempt at negotiation. Three semi-official Confederate Commissioners applied for a safe conduct to Washington, there to treat of peace. There was a trap concealed in the offer, which deceived even old Republican Abolitionists. If the President consented to treat, without any stipulation as to the restoration of the Union, he forfeited all title to support as a Union candidate. If he did so without any stipulation as to the abolition of slavery, he forfeited all title to support from the Abolitionists and the coloured people. And if the self-proposed Commissioners were not accredited by an authority controlling the war-power, the only result of admitting them might be to introduce into the capital, at a time of political crisis, a set of dangerous intriguers. Mr. Lincoln saw through the plot, and baffled it by a safe-conduct (July 18th) combining in a marvellous manner the harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent:—

> "To whom it may concern:—Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways."

Utterly discomfited, the plotters went their way, writing indignant letters to the newspapers. The Democratic party did not, however, abandon the attempt to carry M'Clellan's election.

The month of September, besides witnessing severe fighting in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, where Grant was establishing his own position, and gradually obtaining control of, or destroying, various railway lines by which Richmond communicates with the South, saw the rise into prominence of a young commander hitherto known only as a cavalry leader by various dashing raids through Virginia. Placed in command of the general Federal forces in North-Western Virginia, Sheridan in a couple of brilliant battles (September 19, 23) defeated and drove before him the Confederate General, Early. Undaunted by defeat, Early took advantage of a temporary absence of Sheridan, and of a dense fog, to attack his army before daylight (October 19). The news reached Sheridan, fortunately not very far distant, hastening to his army. Without bringing with him so much as a company to reinforce it, he yet brought victory with his presence; attacked Early that afternoon with his routed troops, and routed him, retaking all captured guns, and as many besides, with some 1600 prisoners.

To divert Grant from Richmond, and Sherman from Atlanta, were now the chief aims of the Confederates. Missouri was for the third time invaded by General Price in October; and, though Rosecranz did little to check it, the Confederates were routed, chiefly by Kansas militia, seconded by 5000 Federal cavalry under Pleasanton, and withdrew, to return no more. Forrest, who had long succeeded in maintaining himself in Western Tennessee, was scouring with his cavalry to eastward, in order to destroy Sherman's communications. Acting in concert with him, Hood, with about 45,000 men, was operating in Sherman's rear, destroying the railway line from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and attacking detached garrisons.

To the same month of October belongs an important event in the civil history of the time,—the adoption of an anti-slavery constitution by Maryland.

And now came the fated 8th November with its Presidential election, which emphatically stamped the seal of national approval on Mr. Lincoln's policy, his term of office being renewed, not only by the votes of all the loyal States but three (Delaware, New Jersey, Kentucky), forming a majority sufficient to have carried his re-election had all the States in secession taken part in the election and voted against him, but by a larger popular majority (upwards of 365,000) than had ever been given in a contested Presidential election. Mr. Lincoln was serenaded, and replied as follows (10th November):—

> "It has long been a grave question whether any Government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its own existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion has brought our Republic to a severe test, and the Presidential elections occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fall when divided and partially paralysed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have a free government without elections; and if a rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered us. . . . But the rebellion continues, and now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstruction in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn for any man's bosom. While I am duly sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful to Almighty God for having directed our countrymen to right conclusions, as I think, for their good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed by the result. May I ask those who have differed with me to join with me in this same spirit to those who have not?"

Those who may turn back to Mr. Lincoln's early speeches before and upon entering on the Presidential office, will feel the beautiful consistency with himself which the comparison exhibits throughout. Office has indeed now given him confidence in his own powers, yet without imparting the slightest tinge of vanity, self-seeking, bitterness. His aim is still, as at the first, to lift men above the separating influence of party politics, into that sphere where they may unite their efforts for a common purpose. Moving in that higher sphere himself, his own pure spirit literally knows no political adversaries, but only fellow-countrymen, with whom he longs to work in fellowship.

I left Hood busily engaged in destroying Sherman's communications with Chattanooga. After a period of seeming inaction, Sherman began following his enemy, not very closely pursuing him, but rather pushing him before him, and off the railway line to the westward. Then sending on General Thomas with all superfluous baggage and part of his artillery to Nashville, which he foresaw would serve as a bait to the Confederates, he rapidly doubled back, destroyed effectually that railway line which Hood had only destroyed imperfectly, destroyed Atlanta itself so as to prevent its serving any more as a stronghold or a rallying-point, and with about half his forces began (November 16) the second of his great marches, this time from Atlanta towards the ocean, plunging into the heart of Georgia with ten days' rations, the troops marching in two bodies on a line sometimes fifty miles wide, foraging and destroying the railways as they went.

For a month no certain news reached the North of his whereabouts, nor was the final development of any of these various movements known when Mr. Lincoln addressed to Congress (6th Dec.) his fourth—his last "annual message;" not of undue length, but too long to abstract. I may notice a kindly reference to England and France, in speaking of the efforts of "disloyal emissaries" to "embroil our country in foreign wars." He said, "The desire and determination of the maritime States to defeat that design are believed to be as sincere as, and cannot be more, earnest than our own." He briefly noticed the war, the general advance of the army, the reorganisation of Arkansas and Louisiana under free constitutions, movements to the same effect in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee; the free constitution adopted in Maryland, "to secure liberty and union for all the future;" the proposed amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery, which he recommended to be reconsidered and passed. He dwelt on the late election, on "the extraordinary calmness and good order" which marked it; on the fact that no candidate for office, high or low, had "ventured to seek votes on the avowal that he was for giving up the Union;" on the growth in population shown by the result of the polls; on the abundance of material resources possessed by the nation. He then passed to the means of re-establishing and maintaining the national authority. It did not seem to him that any attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leader could result in good, since he would accept nothing short of the severance of the Union. But his followers could at any time "have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority." And he concluded thus:—

> "I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the emancipation proclamation; nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress. *If the people should, by whatever means or process, make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it.*"

Now came glorious news from Georgia and Tennessee. Sherman had at last debouched on the coast. Followed by droves of cattle and by thousands of fugitive slaves, his unthinned troops, "fat and well-liking" with the good cheer of Georgia, had completed that marvellous "retreat" which was to result in the reduction of well-nigh all the Eastern sea-board of the Confederacy. After deceiving the enemy by a cavalry feint against Augusta, Sherman had presented himself before Fort Macalister, the only obstacle between him and Admiral Dahlgren's fleet, which was waiting for him off the coast, stormed it (Dec. 13), and after a few days' siege entered Savannah, which Hardee had evacuated (Dec. 21). Meanwhile, Thomas had justified Sherman's confidence, and his title to a chief command; had lured on Hood to destruction—staggered him by a first blow on the road to Nashville—then withdrawn still further under the very walls of the city, then turned on his enemy and crushed him (Dec. 15). Sherman meanwhile had commenced the third of his marches to the northward. Charleston, which had so long baffled the utmost efforts of the Federals, fell at last without a blow, the destruction of a few railway lines causing its evacuation; and Sherman, after penetrating to the very heart of South Carolina, and occupying its capital, Columbia (17th Feb. 1865), turned eastward, to effect a junction with Terry and Schofield, advancing from Wilmington.

A fresh negotiation was now opened by the Confederates, through Mr. A. H. Stephens, their Vice-President, Senator Hunter of Virginia, and Judge Campbell. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward met them personally on a steamer, in Hampton Roads (Feb. 4). The bait was held out, if only the question of separation were postponed, and an armistice granted, of an alliance, offensive and defensive, a war of conquest on Canada or Mexico. The Federal statesmen insisted on re-union, with an acceptance of all measures hitherto taken against slavery. The conference broke up, a failure—no doubt intended to be such by Mr. Davis—and the failure was immediately made use of by himself and his Secretary of State, Mr. Benjamin, to provoke a revival of the war-fury in the South, and to carry what both now saw to be their last resource—the arming of the negroes.

But the time was long past when the South could have outbid the North for the support of the slaves. The amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery, had been carried by the requisite majority in Congress, and awaited only the necessary ratification by three-fourths of the States—almost all the most important of which, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois, &c., ratified it almost at once.* Mr. Lincoln, serenaded on the evening of the passing of the measure, spoke of the occasion as "one of congratulation to the country and to the whole world," and of the amendment itself as "a fitting, if not an indispensable, adjunct to the winding up of the great difficulty."

A final defeat by Sheridan of his old antagonist Early, nearly the whole of whose force were taken prisoners, heralded brilliantly Mr. Lincoln's resumption of the presidential office (March 4, 1865). From the text of his brief "Second Inaugural" I give an extract:—

> "On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it. All sought to avoid it. . . . Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and war came.
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> "One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the Southern part. These slaves contributed a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew the interest would somehow cause war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or duration which it has already attained; neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astonishing. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God. Each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces; 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 American slavery one of those 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 was due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern that there is any departure from those divine attributes which believers in the living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if it is God's will that it continue until the wealth piled by bondmen by 250 years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3000 years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
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> "With malice towards none, with charity for 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 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."

Side by side with this message I would fain place, by way of contrast, a speech of March 17, on the occasion of the presentation of a captured flag, in reference to the attempt then being made by the Confederates to enlist the coloured men, from which Mr. Lincoln truly concluded that his countrymen now saw "the bottom" of their enemy's resources. "I am glad," were his last words, "to see the end so near at hand." It is indeed. Sherman has reached Fayetteville (11th March), within 200 miles from Grant, Hardee evacuating it on his approach, and is marching upon Goldsborough. His old antagonist, Johnstone, has been restored to command, and fronts him once more; strikes one somewhat vigorous blow on Sherman's left wing at Dentonville (18th March), but it is the last. Goldsborough is occupied (21st March). Sherman is within 140 miles of Grant. All now turns upon Lee. A night attack on Grant's right is momentarily successful (25th March), but the Confederates have to withdraw at daybreak, leaving 1200 men behind. Meanwhile, the Confederate forces in the Shenandoah Valley being annihilated, Sheridan has come round to City Point on the James with his troops, victors in so many fights (28th March). Sent to the extreme right of Lee's line, to cut off the last line of communication between Richmond and the South, he wins his wonderful victory of Five Forks, chiefly with dismounted cavalry (1st April), thus severing Lee from Johnstone. The main body of Grant's army now attacks the Confederate lines, and forces them; Petersburg is evacuated, then Richmond (3rd

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* One or two votes are still wanting to make up the requisite number.

April). Lee tries to escape by the south-west, but is pursued by Sheridan, who on the 6th April strikes one of his retreating columns, and takes 6000 prisoners, including six generals. Grant immediately opens negotiations for surrender with his worthy but unsuccessful antagonist, and after a correspondence equally honourable to both parties, the Confederate army of Northern Virginia is surrendered by its veteran commander (9th April). Two days later, Abraham Lincoln made his last speech (April 11th, 1865) :—

> "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hope of a righteous 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 the cause of rejoicing be overlooked; their honours must not be parcelled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you; but no part of the honour for the plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers, and brave men, it all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part. By these recent successes the reinauguration of the national authority, the reconstruction of which has had a large share of thought from the first, is pressed most strongly upon our attention. It is fraught with great difficulty. Unlike a case of war between independent nations, there is no authorised organ for us to treat with, no one man has authority to give up the rebellion for any other man. We simply must begin with and mould from disorganised and discordant elements. Nor is it a small additional embarrassment that we, the loyal people, differ among ourselves as to the mode, manner, and measure of reconstruction."

And now, to the astonishment of many, no doubt, and probably to the disgust of some of his hearers, he goes into the question of the Louisiana State Government, and never gets out of it during the rest of the speech. He concedes that it would have been more satisfactory if the constituency had been larger, and if the franchise had been granted to the coloured race. Still the fact remained that some 12,000 votes in this heretofore slave State had adopted a free state constitution empowering the Legislature to give the coloured race the franchise; and this Legislature had already voted to ratify the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.

When we consider that only three days later (April 14th) the speaker met his tragic death-stroke, we may be tempted to wish that some grander, larger words had fallen from his lips on such an occasion. And yet the speech has a quiet majesty of its own. Surely no man ever more perfectly realized those words of St. Paul, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Behind is a four years' struggle for the very life of the nation, gigantic, world-famous; behind are Sherman's strides of triumph, and Grant's patient strategy, and Sheridan's meteor-like successes, and the fall of the rival capital, and the surrender of a great general and of a long-victorious army; yet all is forgotten in a moment by him who more than any other has the right to rest upon present blessings, since he has borne the whole burthen of past anxieties and sorrows, whilst he reaches forth to the things before, —to the reconstitution of the South on its new basis of freedom, and in particular to this Louisiana State Constitution. There lies his present duty, and how to fulfil that duty is now all his care. That he judged rightly as to the importance of the question of negro suffrage it is impossible to deny. Surely no one could have uttered such a speech at such a moment, but one in whose soul duty was a fixed, dominant, nay, all-absorbing principle; one who, simply and without effort, was fulfilling the wise man's precept: "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

I know of no further public utterances of President Lincoln before his murder, beyond the brief and touching record of his last Cabinet Council :— "He spoke very kindly of Lee and others of the Confederacy." But no notice of his state-papers and speeches can be sufficient which does not include that voice from his grave, President Johnson's reply (20th April) to Sir F. Bruce on his first presentation as British Minister, known to have been drawn up by his predecessor—the last solemn token of Abraham Lincoln's friendly feeling towards our country and our sovereign :—

> "Sir Frederick Bruce,—Sir: the cordial and friendly sentiments which you have expressed on the part of Her Britannic Majesty gave me great pleasure. Great Britain and the United States, by the extended and varied forms of commerce between them, the contiguity of positions of their possessions, and the similarity of their language and laws, are drawn into contrast and intimate intercourse at the same time. They are from the same causes exposed to frequent occasions of misunderstanding only to be averted by mutual forbearance. So eagerly are the people of the two countries engaged throughout almost the whole world in the pursuit of similar commercial enterprises, accompanied by natural rivalries and jealousies, that at first sight it would almost seem that the two governments must be enemies, or at best cold and calculating friends. So devoted are the two nations throughout all their domain, and even in their most remote territorial and colonial possessions, to the principles of civil rights and constitutional liberty, that on the other hand the superficial observer might erroneously count upon a continued consent of action and sympathy, amounting to an alliance between them. Each is charged with the development of the progress and liberty of a considerable portion of the human race. Each in its sphere is subject to difficulties and trials not participated in by the other. *The interests of civilization and humanity require that the two should be friends.* I have always known, and accepted it as a fact, honourable to both countries, that the Queen of England is a sincere and honest well-wisher of the United States, and have been equally frank and explicit in the opinion that the friendship of the United States towards Great Britain is enjoined by all the considerations of interest and of sentiment affecting the character of both. You will therefore be accepted as a Minister friendly and well-disposed to the maintenance of peace and the honour of both countries. You will find myself and all my associates acting in accordance with the same enlightened policy and consistent sentiments; and so I am sure that it will not occur in your case, that either yourself or this Government will ever have cause to regret that such an important relationship existed at such a crisis."

J. M. LUDLOW.

EASTWARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

XI.—OUT OF PALESTINE.

On our march to Safed on Saturday morning, we again passed the town of Tiberias, and crossed the slope of the steep hill that descends to the portion of the lake beyond it. This promontory is the southern boundary of the famous plain of Gennesareth, which is three or four miles long and about one broad, and skirts the north-west corner of the lake. In all Palestine there are no three miles more interesting. The richness of the plain itself cannot be surpassed, though it is only partially and poorly cultivated by a few oppressed and miserable-looking armed peasants. Yet the glory of its vegetation, and the splendour of its flowering shrubs, suggest a vast "hothouse," whose walls have disappeared, but whose precious exotics remain to beautify the earth. Its tropical heat, the excellence of its alluvial soil swept down from neighbouring hills throughout long ages, the streams of living water that flow through it, sufficiently account for its luxuriant fruitfulness. It is bordered by hills of picturesque form, imposing height, and varied outline. A noble gorge (Wady el Hymâm), with precipitous rocks, descends in one place, while others less wild open their green sides and pour in their fresh streams; and the mountain mass topped by Safed rises 3000 feet above all. On this plain, too, and along a line of about seven miles north from Midjel, were those populous and thriving cities with whose names we are so familiar, and where such busy and momentous hours of our Lord's life on earth were spent. The sites of none of them have been certainly fixed,* with the exception of that of Magdala —whose name of Midjel is preserved in the present miserable cluster of huts at the very entrance to the plain, and which is for ever associated with her who was delivered from a mysterious possession of seven devils, and became full of love and devotedness to Jesus. But I have no doubt that with more time and better means of investigation, every site on the plain could be accurately determined. As it is, however, we know that within the space of a very few miles those lively and bustling cities described in the Gospel narrative once flourished; and we can to some extent restore, by the power of fancy, guided by history, the scenes which make this plain and its shore the most famous in the world.

Passing a stream above Khan Minyeh (the Capernaum of Robinson and others), we began the long and steep ascent to Safed, along a path disclosing views really beautiful, and in some places actually grand, as in the Wady Leimun, where the precipices attain a height of 700 or 800 feet.

An hour or so before reaching Safed, we were overtaken with such a deluge of rain as would have surprised even Glasgow and the west of Scotland. It combined the "pouring down in buckets" of England, with the "even-down pour" of Scotland. Where had our muleteers encamped? Were our tents floated off, or were they only soaked with water, and our beds and bags and portmanteaus reduced to a state of pulp? Hadji Ali, anticipating the worst, wisely suggested that we should proceed at once to the only house in the city where we were likely to get shelter and tolerable accommodation on fair terms. It was the Austrian Consul's. We consented to enter any ark, if we could only get out of the deluge. So for the Consul's we made, with dripping horses, dripping hats, dripping clothes, and dripping noses. We entered the city by the channel of what seemed to be the common sewer rushing like a mountain rivulet, and halted at the rough steps which led to the door of a house, whose outward appearance was characterised by a humble disregard of all pretence to architecture, beyond what was actually needed to place one rough stone upon another, leaving spaces for a door and a few small windows. The chamber into which we were ushered was sufficiently cool. It had stone floors and stone-vaulted roof, but no furniture, save a Consular coat-of-arms, suspended on the wall, and bearing an eagle with two heads, which, by the way, seemed much more puzzled, distracted, and stupid than any eagle with only one head I had ever seen. We found that, although our tents were soaked, our luggage and beds were safe. So in a short time we managed to give our vault some signs of life and comfort. Another room into which ours opened was a kitchen — that is, it had a large chimney, and was full of smoke. Here Hadji and Nubi spread their mats and cooked our victuals, making themselves and us equally comfortable. Most thankful were we for our stone retreat, and not the less so when Consul Mierolowski presented himself, and proved to be a simple-hearted, frank, thoroughly kind man. He was delighted to let his lodgings to us, and thankful for the storm which had driven us his way. He is the only Christian in the place, and very seldom sees any civilised Europeans. Travellers, in ordinary circumstances, live in their tents, and pitch them outside the town, passing him by. Speaking of the rain, he comforted us by remarking, in an off-hand, consular, and statistical way, that an earthquake was due about this time, as they generally come periodically, and the state of the atmosphere was an unmistakable warning. There had been a shock, moreover, three days before, which had made all the inhabitants rush out of their houses; and it was apt to repeat itself, he said, on the third day. We looked at the vaulted roof and stone walls, but said nothing. Earthquakes, the reader must understand, have been a familiar subject of conversation in Safed since 1837, when from two to three thousand persons perished in a few minutes. The houses circling the hill—like the terraces of the Tower of Babel in the old Bible pictures—then fell pell-mell on each other, crushing Jew and Mahommedan into one mass of dead and dying. But as the Consul in announcing the probable return on this day, not necessarily of such an earthquake as would destroy the "Schlupwinkel," as he called Safed, but of such a tremor or shock as might throw us out of our beds—asked a light for his cigar, exclaiming when a few damp lucifers refused their light, "Tausend donnerwetter, noch einmal!" his coolness made us pluck up courage and think of dinner.

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* I do not attempt to enter on the question of sites, discussed so fully by Robinson, Stanley, Thomson, Wilson, Porter, Buchanan, and others; I must refer my readers to their works for full and ample information on the point.

The consul dined with us, and was both intelligent and communicative, his German being very good. He entertained us with stories about the Jews, and the conduct of the Turkish officials towards them, and towards all whom they can swindle or oppress. "For," as he remarked, "these fellows who govern here, such as Abdul Kerim Effendi or Moodir Bey, know not how long they may be in circumstances to make money. An intrigue by anyone who has a larger purse to bribe the bigger purses, may take the prey out of their hands; so they must pluck and eat it as rapidly as possible. If they only gather and remit the amount of taxes which they bargained for, good; all above that sum which they can cheat the miserable people out of, or force from them, is so much gain to their own pockets."

"For example?" I said.

"For example? Well. A Jew not long ago bought a piece of ground here, and began to erect a house upon it. The Turkish official sent for him and told him, that one of the workmen had brought to him a bone, dug up accidentally from the ground. It was evident therefore that some true believer had been buried there, and that the house of a Jew could not possibly be erected on so holy a spot. The Jew must stop the building. 'And lose all my money!' pleaded poor Moses in vain. But Moses knew his man, and expressing his deep regret for the mistake which he had so unintentionally committed, begged to know if a fine, say of 1000 piastres (that is, a bribe of course to the official) for his sin, would be a sufficient atonement? The official replied that he would consider. Having made up his mind to pocket the money and his orthodoxy, he forthwith got a stone cut with a cross upon it, and this he ordered to be buried in the supposed Mahommedan graveyard. The 1000 piastres being paid in the meantime by the Jew, the Turk assembled some of the orthodox Gentiles along with the orthodox Jews, and expressing his doubts regarding the Mahommedan origin of the bone, and his sincere wish to do justice to the Jew, suggested that they should dig and examine the earth with care. Soon the stone with the cross was exhumed. 'Ah!' said the Turk, 'I rejoice! It has been a Christian burial place: and what care you or I for the dogs? Proceed with your building!'"

The Consul described the Jews as being sunk to the lowest point of morality. Here let me remind the reader that there are in Palestine four cities called "holy" by the Jews;—Hebron, Jerusalem, Tiberias, and Safed. In each there has been a school of Jewish learning, which produced some great scholars—men whose names are famous in every synagogue, and some of whom, such as Maimonides, whose tomb is outside Tiberias, are known to all students. Now the longer one lives in the world the more is he disposed to make exceptions to any generalisation affecting the character of any whole party, class, or sect. But, not forgetting this, I must admit that it is more than likely, from the circumstances in which the Jews of Palestine are placed, that they are, as a whole, very degraded. They live chiefly on the charity of their brethren in Europe, to whom appeals are annually made by men appointed for the purpose—and who receive a "consideration" in the way of per-centage on their collections. This of itself is a strong temptation on the part of the recipients to be idle, lazy, and suspicious; and on the part of the Rabbis, who collect and distribute the alms, to be tyrannical and dishonest. Besides this, according to a principle of the Turkish government, each religious persuasion, other than Mahommedans, are allowed to manage their own affairs—their officials enjoying the power of life and death over those subject to them in ecclesiastical matters. This system saves trouble to the Government, which would derive no profit from saving men's lives, far less from executing justice. Thus it happens that the Jews in Palestine are, as far as we could learn, very fanatical and degraded—the Rabbis ruling with a rod of iron, or of pickle.

The Consul gave us some facts touching the morality of the Rabbis, the truth of which he solemnly vouched for as having come under his own eye; but they are far too terrible and disgusting to be told in these pages.* Of their oppressions and robberies, I may, however, give one or two instances. It is the law, we were given to understand, of the

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* One terrible story was to the effect that the punishment of death had been inflicted on a Spanish Jewess the day before we reached Safed, for a crime in which *one of the Rabbis who tried and condemned her was himself notoriously implicated.* We begged the Consul to make further inquiries on this subject. This he did, assuring us that all he heard was confirmed by an intelligent Jew, who, though he hated the proceeding, feared to speak. Such is the reign of terror.

Jewish community, that any money which enters a holy city belongs to the Rabbis on the death of its possessor. Now an Austrian Jew, with his son, had lately come, in bad health, to try the virtue of the baths at Tiberias. Feeling worse, he removed to the town of Tiberias itself, where he died. He left a considerable sum of money in a belt round his waist, of which his son and heir took possession. "It is ours!" said the Rabbis, "for he died in a holy city, and his personal property is thereby consecrated to holy purposes." "It is mine!" answered the son, "for I am his lawful heir by the laws of my country." The Rabbis urged, expostulated, threatened, bullied, cuffed,—but all in vain. "Refuse," they said, "and we won't bury your father, but shall cast his body into a cellar." The son remained obdurate. "You must, then," said the Rabbis, "lodge with your father,"—and they locked him up in the cellar, in hot suffocating weather, with his father's dead body! Next day he was taken out, but still refusing obedience, he was seized and robbed of all he had. He then fled, and, as an Austrian subject, cast himself for protection on the Consul, who got him safely and speedily conveyed out of the country, where he ran the risk of being assassinated for daring to rebel against the Rabbis. The Consul was at this time engaged in seeking to get redress.

Mr. Rogers, our well-known and excellent Consul at Damascus, who was formerly in Safed and Jerusalem, informed me afterwards that, upon claiming the property of a British Jew who died at Jerusalem, for the behoof of his family in England, burial of the body was refused by the Rabbis until the property was acknowledged to be theirs. This Mr. Rogers resisted, and determined to get the body buried himself. But when about to lower the Jew into his grave, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, so hot a fire was opened on the burial party from concealed foes on both sides of the valley, that they had to fly for their lives, and secure a strong Turkish guard before they could accomplish their purpose!

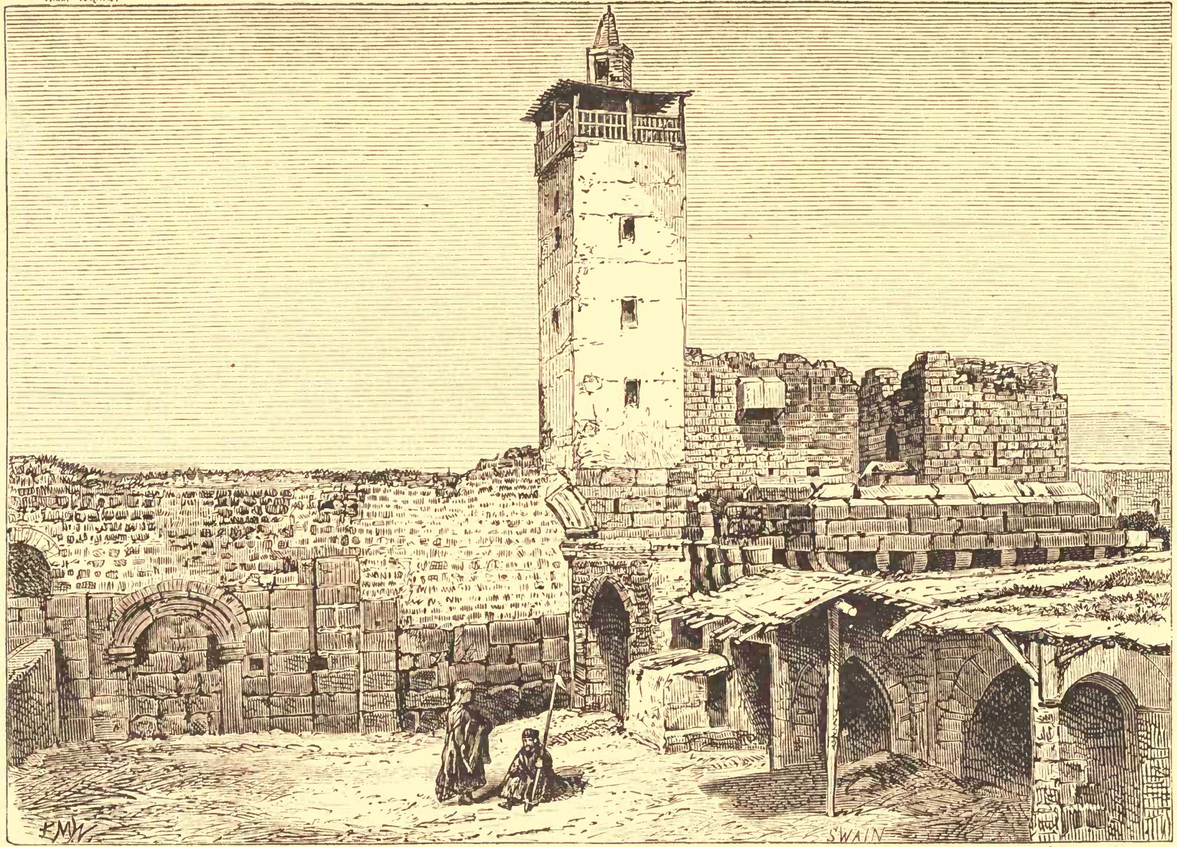
Another story, and I am done. One of the Rabbis in Safed got a false key for the treasury from which the small weekly allowance to the "saints" is distributed, and daily helped himself from it. He was detected in the act by the daughter of the treasurer, but she allowed him to escape on the promise of his resigning to her the blessed privilege of the seat in heaven which he as a Rabbi was entitled to. The girl was grateful for such a prospect of promotion after death. But soon after, he was detected at his old practices by her mother, who was ignorant of his previous delinquency. He then offered her also his seat in heaven, but for some reason it was declined, and she denounced him to her husband. The affair was finally settled by the honoured Rabbi being compelled to satisfy the people whom he had robbed, by publicly giving up to them as a free gift—to be divided as Providence might direct—his seat in heaven! It must have been a large one.

Such is the state of the Jews in Palestine. Cannot the respected and intelligent Jews of Europe and America try to remedy this? It is in their hands to refuse supplies, unless for the encouragement of industry. If they must give alms, these should be administered by some faithful agent, whom they could trust, and not by the Rabbis. This is not a question between Jew and Christian, but between right and wrong, honesty and injustice; and if a tithe of what was told me in good faith and by those well-informed be correct, surely there are Jews in this country who will deal with the matter justly and sensibly. The commercial cities of New York, London, Paris, or Frankfort, could very soon revolutionise for good the "holy" cities of Hebron, Jerusalem, Tiberias, and Safed.

But to return to our Consular conversation. The Consul read to us in German an official report made by him to the Government regarding the country, and enumerated in detail the several villages and towns within his circuit, mentioning the name of "Kaffirnahum." "What!" I exclaimed, "is there any place hereabout so called now? That would go far to set at rest a *questio vexata*—the site of Capernaum." "Sometimes," he said, "it is called Tel Hum, but just as often Kaffirnahum, by the Arabs. There is no doubt about it." To determine this fact, I resolved to ask him to call in a few natives whom I might examine; but, as it was suggested by one of our party that he might misunderstand this procedure as if we doubted his word, I did not prosecute inquiry in this way. Had I reported on my return home, however, that a Consul who has for years lived within a ride of three hours of Capernaum, had assured me that Kaffirnahum was always applied to an old site by the peasants who resided on the spot, such evidence would seem conclusive. Yet from subsequent conversations at Beyrout with Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," and with Mr. Rogers, our Consul at Damascus, formerly, as I have said, Consul in Safed, I am persuaded that the worthy Austrian was mistaken, and that neither Tell Hum nor any other place on the shore of the Lake of Tiberias is now called Kaffirnahum by the native population.

The Consul mentioned what, if true—and on inquiry I did not hear it contradicted—would be interesting, namely that Safed and the district immediately around it is called *Canaan* by the natives, who often speak of their "going to" or "coming from *Canaan*," when met journeying to or from the district of Safed. If this on further inquiry be found correct, may it not possibly account for the name of "Simon the Canaanite"?

The day on which we rested at Safed was Easter Sunday, and we had divine service, attended both by English and American friends, who had more or less travelled with us from Jerusalem. In the afternoon we walked up to the ruins of the Crusader Castle of Safed, which immediately overhangs the town. The great earthquake shook



J. Graham, Photo.

THE EAST GATE OF DAMASCUS.

and overturned even its rock-like walls, and completed the destruction which the Turks and Time had long since begun. The evening was glorious. A holy Easter calm rested on mountain, plain, and sea. The view, too, was magnificent; and the thought that this was almost our last look at Palestine, deepened the feeling of sadness with which we gazed on the scene which was so holy to us all. To the south we saw Tabor, and Gilboa, and Hermon ; and beyond them, the hills of Samaria. To the west, the long ridge of Bashan lined the sky, dotted with the characteristic moundlike remains of extinct volcanoes. Beneath us, 3000 feet down, lay the sea of Tiberias, calm as a mirror, shining from its northern end onwards to its southern, where we saw the long depression of the Ghor leading to the Dead Sea. The plain of Gennesareth, and the shore on which Capernaum, Chorazim, and Bethsaida must have stood, were mapped out below. The longer I gazed on this scene and endeavoured in silence to receive the spirit which it breathed, the present became like a dream, and the dreamlike past became present. We came away praising God for His mercy in giving us such an Easter day ; and praising Him still more for giving an Easter day to the whole world by which we are "born again to a living hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead." Next morning we began the day's journey that was to take us out of Palestine.

The night after leaving Safed we encamped at Maas. The first portion of our journey was through scenery, not only far surpassing anything we had seen in Palestine, but such as would attract attention and excite admiration if seen amidst the glories of Switzerland itself. The road which we followed during part of the day passed through extensive forests, luxuriant in spreading foliage and carpeted with brilliant flowers, revealing nooks of beauty that reminded me of the natural woods clothing some of our Highland hills and glens. There were many devious and perplexing paths, one of which was followed by our ardent flower-gatherer, and which, perhaps for the first time in his life, led him astray. It was some time before he was recovered by the habitual wanderer, Meeki. We rode along the summit of a ridge running north and south. Suddenly, when emerging from the forest into one of its open glades, a scene of great beauty burst upon us. The ridge on which we stood descended for at least 2000 feet in a series of plains, green with crops, and clothed with underwood; until the hill-side rested on the dead flat valley which extends for twenty miles from the Lake of Tiberias to the roots of Hermon. This plain is occupied by a marsh, through which the Jordan flows into lake Huleh, or Merom, which lay beneath us far down,—a bright eye, fringed with a broad circle of reeds, like eyelashes.

The situation of the ancient Kadesh Napthali on the same ridge is very beautiful. I do not remember having seen such noble olives elsewhere. One which I measured was about 18 feet in circumference. The remains of columns, sarcophagi, and buildings—whether Jewish or Roman, I know not—are numerous and impressive. Kadesh was one of the cities of refuge, and it was comforting to think of even the temporary rest and peace that many a "ne'er-do-weel" got by flying to it. It was also the birth-place of Barak; and nobly did its 10,000 Highlanders second their chief in his brave attack on Sisera, when the more comfortable Lowlanders kept to their fertile fields or profitable shipping. Joshua also penetrated these inland solitudes when he fought the battle of Merom—just as the brave Montrose, who, fighting for a worse cause, entered our West Highland fastnesses, and by his very daring secured the victory. Here, too, Sisera was slain in the tent of Jael—a vile, treacherous act, done by a bold, enthusiastic, ignorant, well-meaning woman, and an act which we cannot but condemn, even when feeling no pity whatever for the brave but tyrannical Canaanitish *Cateran* whose death restored to liberty thousands better than himself.

On our journey this day we passed a settlement of Zouaves from Algeria. It is on the side of a most romantic glen, near a hill which Dr. Robinson supposes to have been the site of the capital of Hazor. It was curious to see this village, inhabited by men who have come all this distance from their homes rather than submit to the French. It is probable that they had "compromised themselves" by a too great devotion to their country. But I was glad to see that they appear to have a most comfortable "location," and to be very prosperous in sheep, goats, and cattle.

I must also mention an incident of this day which greatly touched us. After passing through a prettily situated village—I forget its name—we came upon a rather excited crowd, composed chiefly of women, who were weeping and wringing their hands, as they accompanied our cavalcade of muleteers. We discovered, on inquiry, that one of Meeki's servants—unfortunate wretch!—was a native of the village; and that the chief mourners on the present occasion were his mother and sisters, who had received him with joy, and, as the phrase is, "pressed him to their bosoms," as he suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in the old home. The excitement in the village, the honest tears of the women as they gazed after our lad, the eagerness with which relations and old companions accompanied him some way on the journey, I confess "did my heart good." I was thankful for such evidences of the love which exists everywhere (in some hearts) and makes us all akin. The object of all this tender solicitude, was a remarkably nice youth, whose character might be summed up thus, "good-looking, active, and obliging"—a wonderful contrast to Meeki! I heartily expressed my sympathy with him by giving him the handsome *backsheesh* of a paper of good needles, some excellent thread, some artistic buttons, and a pair of glittering steel scissors, all of which I begged him to present, with my love of course, to his amiable and affectionate mother and sisters. The muleteer gratefully received, and as they say of the reply to all toasts, eloquently acknowledged, the gift, and the manner in which it was conveyed.

But my subject changes, and with it my thoughts. When opposite Hermon I could not forget that this magnificent mountain, which towers over Palestine, and whose pure and eternal snows join its landscape to the sky, was the scene of the transfiguration of our Lord.

A true poet has beautifully expressed what until lately was the general belief :—

"What hill is like to Tabor's hill in beauty and in fame?
There in the sad days of his flesh o'er Christ a glory came;
And light o'erflowed him like a sea; and raised his shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved bow." *

But the whole narrative, as is now generally admitted, suggests that it was Hermon, and not Tabor, that was for ever consecrated by this sublime event. I was thankful, when passing out of Palestine, to be able to associate with this the last and most sublime view from its sacred soil, one of the most impressive events which occurred in the history of Him whose life is the light of the whole land. That transfiguration, like Hermon, almost seems alone in its grandeur. It first of all united the old dispensation with the new. For Moses the representative of the law, and Elijah the representative of the prophets, appeared with Jesus in glory, and thus witnessed to Him who had fulfilled both the law and the prophets. Their work was finished. The stars which had illumined the old night were lost in the blaze of this risen sun. A voice from the Shekinah now said, to Jew and Gentile:—"This is my beloved *Son*—hear *Him*." Moses and Elias therefore depart, and leave the disciples with Jesus alone. Henceforth he was to be all and all. Hermon as connecting Palestine geographically with the Gentile world beyond, was a fitting place for such a Revelation of Jesus, in whom alone Jew and Gentile were to become one. The transfiguration also united this world with the next. Moses and Elias had been in glory for many centuries, yet they remained the same identical persons, retained the same names, and spoke the same language, as when on earth. A most comforting thought to us! For while Christ will "change our vile bodies, and fashion them like his own glorious body," yet to our human hearts it allays many fears, and answers many questionings to know that we shall for ever be the same persons; preserving our individual characteristics—all that is imperfect excepted; retaining possibly our old names and old language, as Moses and Elias did; anyhow that we shall know prophets and apostles, and our own dear ones, even as we are known of them. This thought makes parting from friends endurable, "which else would break the heart." How soothing to be assured that as certain as Jesus on the sides of Hermon conversed with Moses and Elias from heaven, and with Peter, James, and John from earth, so all who are united to the One Lord are united to each other; and that, though we cannot make enduring tabernacles here, or abide in any place here below with our friends, however dear, we shall yet in spirit, in heaven and earth, live together with Christ and His whole Church. The Death which Christ accomplished at Jerusalem, the only subject, as far as we know, of converse between Him and those heavenly visitants on this day of triumph, is the pledge of this very blessing. And when in leaving Palestine a feeling of despondency deepened the fear as to our ever joining that grand army, the traces of whose conflicts and triumphs we had been following with such eager interest—Hermon once more supplied us with comfort, refreshing as its own dews, not only from faith in that Death which He *has* "accomplished at Jerusalem," but from the story of that distressed parent, who, disappointed in all other men, had brought his child to Jesus as He descended from the mount, and cried, with mingled hope and doubt, "If thou canst do anything for us, help us!" Oh, blessed reply! "If thou canst believe!" As if He had said, there is no barrier in me—only in thyself. Believe and live! Oh, blessed confession and prayer, which were accepted and answered:—"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." With this prayer in my heart I turned away from Hermon though not from its memories.

Our journey out of Palestine ended as we crossed the Litâny. This river is as impetuous as a glacier stream, without a calm pool, or rippling ford. But we had a good old bridge to cross by, which saved us from all danger and trouble. High above to the left, on the top of a grand precipice washed by the raging stream, are the magnificent ruins of the Crusaders' stronghold, Kelat-el-Shukeef (Belfort). There is no ruin on Rhine or Danube so imposing.

We passed the Bridge and were *out of Palestine!*

Some of our party ascended to the castle, and came back in raptures with the majestic pile itself, and the majestic view from its walls. I jogged on with Hadji, and occupied my time in giving him what as a mere dragoman he ought, as I told him, to know, but which, to my astonishment, he was profoundly ignorant of. That was the leading facts of the Bible which make the land so interesting to those travellers on whom he depends. He listened with great patience, and seemed grateful for the information, wondering at the Bible stories connected with the places which we had visited together. Let other travellers give similar lessons, and dragomen will thereby become more intelligent and useful; nay, they may be able in their turn to instruct travellers who are very ignorant of their Bibles, and who do not even take the trouble of honestly reading the portions of Scripture referred to in Murray's accurate pages.

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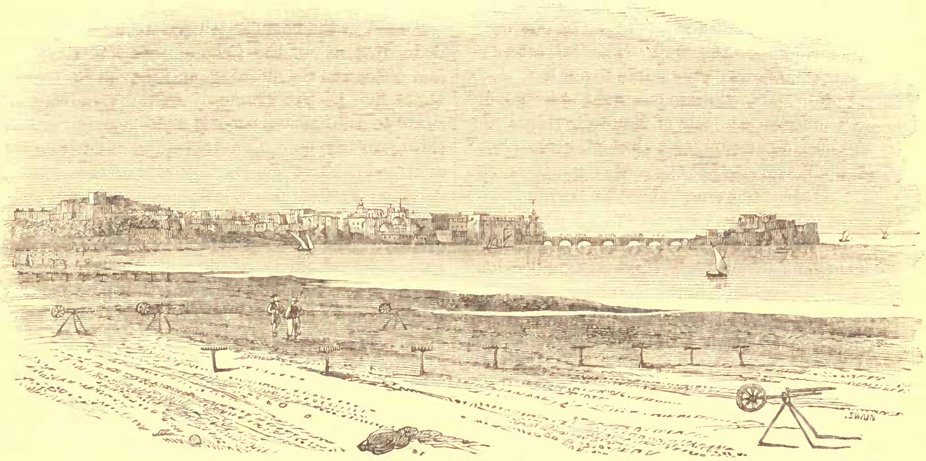
* "The Devil's Dream," by Thomas Aird.

We encamped at Nabathieyeh the Lower—our next stage after Maas. The whole aspect of the country is now changed. Groves of mulberries begin to cover the valleys. The houses of the villages are built more substantially, and with some attempts at art. This can be easily accounted for by the fact that the country is beyond the region preyed upon by the Arabs of the desert. There being here some security for property, there is consequent industry, with comparative comfort.

At no place did our presence attract greater attention than here. Most persons go to Damascus by Banias, or pass on to Sidon. The tent of the traveller is not so hackneyed then at Nabathieyeh as elsewhere. Crowds accordingly gathered round it, sitting in a circle three deep, the young in front and the old behind, as if gazing on wild beasts from another clime; but all were most civil and orderly. As usual, the musical box produced the greatest excitement and interest, as did also the performance which I generally added, on the jews' (or jaws' ?) harp.*

I never saw so many perfectly beautiful boys and girls as here. And this is especially true of the boys of about ten or twelve years of age. The symmetry and elegance of their features, the exquisitely chiselled nose, lips, and chin, and the calm lustrous eyes, quite riveted me. One boy particularly struck us as possessing a face quite as ideal as that of him who, in Hunt's noble picture, represents the boy Jesus in the Temple.

The Turkish governor, in an old shabby surtout, and a shirt that seemed to have been washed in pea soup, paid us an official visit; and was wonderfully high bred in his whole manner, in spite of his garments. He was delighted with some photographs of my children, which I showed him with paterfamilias fondness, and he introduced some of his own "toddling" young ones to us. I was praising their appearance when Hadji told me that he dared not translate my words, as they would give offence. Such praises are feared as signs of an evil eye. I therefore simply echoed his pious wish expressed in regard to myself, that he might have many; although for aught I knew he may have had, like myself, almost as many as his nursery can well accommodate. We both salaamed, however, to the mutual compliment.



J. Graham, Photo.

Sidon, from the North-east.

The next day's journey was not very interesting. We wound down to Sidon, among stupid low hills with nothing worth looking at which I can remember. We were glad to hail the old seaport at last. As we approached it, the air for a considerable distance was loaded with delicious perfume, which in this case we found came from orange-trees in full and glorious blossom. I had no idea that the odour of any flowers, even those of "Araby the Blest," could be carried so far on the breeze.

We spread our carpets among the orange-trees for lunch and repose, enjoying the smell and the exquisite fragrance from the white masses of blossom overhead. The whole neighbourhood is one great garden filled with every kind of fruit-bearing-trees—oranges, figs, almonds, lemons, apricots, peaches, pomegranates—to nourish which abundant streams of water are supplied from Lebanon. Our stay unfortunately was short. We had barely time to visit the old port, within the long line of the wall and castle which protect it from the north. As at Jaffa, the selection of the place as a harbour was evidently determined by a reef of rocks forming a deep lagoon within, and defending it from the waves of the outer sea. But beyond the usual attractiveness to the eye of everything oriental, and the old associations of the place, we saw nothing worth noticing, though there must be much in the town and neighbourhood. There is an efficient branch of the American Syrian Mission here, labouring among the 5000 inhabitants of the town, and also in the upland valleys of the overhanging spurs of the Lebanon. It seems a thriving place, and survives in spite of its old wickedness. The sinners, not Sidon, have been destroyed—yet how has its former glory passed away!

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* The Arabs are easily amused, and seem to have a keen sense of the ludicrous. A clever toy, an absurd mask, or whatever excites wonder or laughter in children, would stir a whole village, and in most cases be a far better passport for a traveller than the Sultan's firman or ugly revolvers. Laughter and merriment form a better and much more agreeable bond of union between the traveller and the "children of the desert," old and young, than pomposity and powder.

Our camping ground for the night was on the river Damur, which occupied us five hours from Sidon. The road from Sidon to Beyrout is described in "Murray" as being "one of the most wearying rides in Syria." We did not find it so. The two voices, "one of the mountains and the other of the sea," never were silent all the way. The "Great Sea" was dashing its billows on the sands to our left, along which we often rode, while to our right the "goodly Lebanon" contributed some of its lower ridges broken with rock and stream, and clothed with trees. I must admit, however, that the route for many hours is, on the whole, tame; and that the traveller who has time at his command should branch off to such places as El-Jun, not far from Sidon, near which is the old convent which Lady Hester Stanhope long occupied as her private lunatic asylum; and Deir-el-Kamar, one of the most picturesque villages in the Lebanon. We reached our tents about sunset, rather fatigued after our ride from Nabathieyeh; but we enjoyed the luxury of a swim in the "salt sea faem," which made us all fresh again.

The scenery of a considerable portion of the road next day on our way to Beyrout was extremely fine. The lower ranges of the Lebanon running parallel to the sea, with their slopes and glens clothed with mulberry and fig-trees, and covered by white houses and villages high up on their steeps, and with old convents crowning all, reminded me of the road along the Riviera, between Genoa and Spezzia, and in some places was quite as beautiful. After passing through sandy dunes, through large olive groves, and an extensive forest of dwarf pines, we entered Beyrout, and found ourselves in Basoul's most comfortable hotel, and once more in the region of Boots and Waiter, table d'hôte, and civilisation.

Our party broke up at Beyrout. Our friends Mr. Lundie and Mr. Barbour, who had travelled with us from Marseilles, and contributed much to our happiness, resolved to visit Baalbek. My brother, who had been in the country before, remained at Beyrout; while Mr. Strahan and I, whose time was limited, found that we could get a glimpse of Damascus—but no more! Hadji Ali and the tents therefore passed into the service of our friends, and it was not without some feelings of pain that, after settling accounts and *backsheesh* to the satisfaction of all parties, we bade our dragoman and suite farewell. The slight clankings of the chain which had heretofore bound us, were forgotten in the mutual salaams with which we parted.

To our surprise, we learned that a French company had engineered an excellent road to Damascus, a distance of about ninety miles, and ran on it a well-horsed, well-appointed, comfortable diligence! No doubt this was very different from the poetry of a tent, and of a long cavalcade of mules and horses winding among the mountains of Lebanon, and along its old historic paths. But I must confess that the prosaic and much more rapid and comfortable mode of travelling was heartily welcomed and appreciated by us. Had we been obliged to depend on Meeki and his cavalry, we never could have seen Damascus, and consequently would have lost one of the most fascinating scenes in our journey.

Seated in the coupé, with six strong horses before it to drag us up the Lebanon, we left Beyrout at four o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Damascus about five in the evening. What a railway is in speed to a diligence, such is a diligence to ordinary riding in Syria. The travelling was admirably managed: short stages; good horses; excellent driving; resting places at proper intervals, where "meat and drink" were nicely served, with French civility. We had a tolerable view of the country as we jogged along, at first slowly, up the steep ascent of the Lebanon for a few thousand feet, then in full swing down its eastern slopes, then briskly across the flat of the Cœle-Syrian plains, then another long drag over the shoulder of the Anti-Lebanon, until finally, after passing along streams and canals, through cultivated fields and rich gardens and orchards, we entered Damascus, with the horses trotting, and the whips cracking in a way which reminded one of the olden time of the *dillies* and *pavés* of Belgium or France. There was nothing eastern in it. I presume that no carriage wheels had until recently marked those hills or valleys since the days of the Romans.

The scenery of the Lebanon is among the finest in the world, and has been described in the most enthusiastic terms by all who have had time to penetrate its innumerable valleys or gaze on the glorious views from its many commanding heights. The picturesque villages and hoary strongholds, the bright verdure, farms, corn-fields and pasture lands; the fine wooding, from noblest cedars to every fruitful tree, are all worthy of the "goodly Lebanon." But those who get glimpses only of scenery from the prison cell of a coupé, can hardly presume to describe it. What we saw was, however, sufficiently interesting and varied to make the journey agreeable. The finest view we got was that of the silvery Hermon closing up the Cœle-Syrian plain to the South. We again crossed the Litâny as it rolled on to foam past Kelat-el-Shukeef, and empty itself in the Mediterranean near old Tyre.

Our Damascus hotel — the best "Laconda"— combined the comfort of the West with the picturesqueness of the East. The inner court and the fountains open to the heavens; the balmy air, brilliant bright blue sky, fresh water, flowering plants, —all gave it an aspect of comfort and luxury which made it a most welcome and unexpected retreat.

Our first expedition in the morning was to a well-known spot, the Wely Nasr, half an hour's ride from the city. My old acquaintance, Mr. Ferrette, was our guide. Mr. Rogers, the able and learned consul, and the patient, kind friend of every traveller, put his horses at our disposal. The Wely Nasr is a spot which has been visited by every traveller as affording *the* view, which, once seen, will ever be remembered as the finest of the kind on earth. It is a quiet Mohammedan chapel, reared on the shoulder of the ridge of hills which rises immediately above the town, and close to the path by which travellers have for ages entered Damascus. By coming in the diligence we lost the impression which is made when the whole scene is beheld through an open arch which frames the marvellous picture. But although the landscape did not burst thus suddenly upon us, it was, nevertheless, far more glorious than we anticipated, in spite of all we had read and heard about it.

The one feature which arrests the eye is that wondrous oasis, that exuberant foliage of every hue of green, contributed by various tints of olive, walnut, apricot, poplar, and pomegranate. This is interspersed with fields of emerald corn, topped here and there by the feathery palm, that always witnesses for the clime in which it grows; and with silvery flashes from the streams which circulate amidst the "bowery hollows" and through every portion of this vast garden, covering a space whose circumference is thirty miles, though in the pellucid atmosphere it seems to embrace but a great park. In the midst of this green sea there rise domes and minarets above the half-revealed and far-spreading houses and streets, like line-of-battle ships moored in some inland harbour; while beyond it all is brown rock or plain, hot and sultry-looking, as if beating back in despair the sun's rays that attack it with furnace heat. The gardens begin at the very foot of the bare white limestone ridge on which we stand, as the green waves of the deep sea roll along a rocky shore. Far in the distance and beyond the limit of the verdure, the flat plain sweeps to the horizon—here towards Palmyra and Bagdad, there to the Hauran, unless where it is broken by barren hills that rise above the shimmer, like islands amidst a shoreless ocean. It was apparent what gave life to this fruitful spot. Close beside us, and at the bottom of a deep gorge to our right, through which we had passed in the diligence, the river Barada rushed clear and strong; and parallel to it were several narrow deep canals, cut out of the rock, which convey the water at different levels to the city, gardens, corn-fields, and houses, until, having blessed the earth and the homes of men, it disappears into the lakes and marshes seen in the far distance.

But it is not alone what the eye sees which gives the charm to Damascus, but what we know, or what the imagination creates from the elements supplied by authentic history. Beautiful as the spectacle is, yet how would its glory almost pass away if it had no "charm unborrowed from the eye!" We can conceive of some city equally beautiful outwardly, erected in a desert, whether of Australia or California, and made the capital of diggers and men successful in their "prospecting." But could it ever, in the nature of things, look as Damascus does? It is impossible to separate the glory of any earthly scene from the magic charm with which human history invests it; and Damascus is the oldest city on the face of the earth. It remains a solitary specimen of worlds passed away: it is like a living type of an extinct race of animals. It was historical before Abram left Mesopotamia. For a period as long as that which intervened between the birth of Christ and the Reformation, it was the capital of an independent kingdom. For a period as long as from the dawn of the Reformation till the present time, the kings of Babylon and Persia possessed it. For two centuries and a-half later the Greeks governed it; the Romans for seven centuries more; and since their departure, 1200 years ago, Saracens and Turks have reigned here. The mind gets wearied in attempting to measure the long period during which Damascus has survived, as if it were destined to mark the beginning and end of history, to be at once the first and last city in the world!

It is remarkable, also, how many distant parts of the earth are linked to this sequestered and solitary town. It is linked to Palestine by many a cruel war. The soldiers of King David garrisoned it. Nor can we forget how, in connection with Jewish history, there once passed out of these gardens on his way to Samaria a Commander-in-Chief, yet a wretched leper, guided to a poor prophet of the Lord in Samaria by a young, unselfish, God-fearing Jewish captive, stronger than Naaman in her simple faith and truth; or how the same man, who went forth with talents of gold and silver and goodly raiments as his precious treasures, returned with them, but valuing most of all some earth from the land whose God had restored him to health; and thinking more of the wild and fierce Jordan than of his own Abana and Pharpar. To this Damascus also Elisha, the great prophet who had healed Naaman afterwards came,* when that remarkable scene occurred in which the prophet, seeing the false heart of Hazael that was too false to see itself, "settled his countenance steadfastly, until he was ashamed; and the man of God wept!"

Damascus is connected, moreover, with the whole Christian world, for somewhere in this plain the

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* 2 Kings viii. 7.

Apostle Paul, at that time an honest Jewish-Church fanatic, under the strong delusion which "believes a lie," and thinking he did God a service, was journeying to extirpate by the sword a dangerous heresy which had arisen. There, beneath a bright noon-day sun, he spoke with Christ, and became "Paul the Apostle," a name for ever hallowed in the heart of the Christian Church. From Damascus in later years there went forth another power than his, an army which penetrated beyond the Himmalayah, and established a dynasty at Delhi which, but as yesterday, after revealing the true and unchanged spirit of Islam, was swept away by British bayonets, so that at this moment the last rays of the sun which, rising in Damascus, so long shone in India, is setting in the person of the last Mogul, who is a transported convict in the Andaman Islands! From Damascus other conquering bands poured forth a stream of flashing scimitars and turbaned heads along the Mediterranean; crossed to Europe; and but for the "hammer" of Charles Martel, verily a judge in Israel whose arm was made strong by a merciful God, the crescent might have gleamed on the summit of great mosques in every European capital. The whole history of the city is marvellous, from the days of the soldiers of Babylon to the Zouaves of Paris—from early and oft-repeated atrocities committed on its inhabitants by successive conquerors down to the late massacre of Christians by its own citizens. But, strange to say, we cannot associate one great action which has blessed the world with any one born in Damascus: the associations are all of idolatry, cruelty, and bloodshed. Yet Damascus lives on, while the site of Capernaum is unknown! Let the traveller review all this strange history as he sits at the Wely gazing on the ancient city, and then, ere he goes to rest, himself a small link in this chain stretching into the darkness of the past, let him thank God that he has seen Damascus!

We spent a happy day in wandering through the city. I need not attempt to describe its famous bazaars. I cannot say that I admired them more than those of Cairo, but I thoroughly enjoyed them as a theatre exhibiting out-of-the-way life, and as at every yard revealing such strange oriental groups of human beings gathered out of every tribe, such pictures of form and colour, of man and beast, of old fantastic buildings and Arabian-Night-looking Courts and Khans, of shops for every sort of ware and for every sort of trade; such drinks, with ice from Lebanon to cool them; such sweetmeats, the very look of which would empty the pockets of all the schoolboys in Europe; such antique arms, beautiful cloths, dresses, shawls, carpets of every kind and colour, as would tempt the fathers and mothers of the boys to follow their example;—all this, and more than I can describe, kept me in a state of childlike wonder and excitement as I moved through the bazaars.

My old friends the dogs seemed to me to make Damascus their capital. I was amused at the *table-d'hôte* of the hotel in hearing a dispute regarding the number of the canine race in Damascus. The question, discussed between two gentlemen who had for years resided in the city, was whether the number of dogs amounted to 200,000, or only 100,000 or 150,000. Some suggested larger numbers, but all agreed that 100,000 did not fully represent the grand army, the possibility of being a soldier in which so shocked the high-minded Hazael. An illustration, moreover, was given of Mahommedan custom as applied to dogs. The law is, that any one accidentally killing another person must pay a fine as blood-money to his relations. But can this law apply to the killing of a dog?—not a Christian dog, who is worthless, but a bazaar dog, who is a useful scavenger? It must apply to dogs—so say the dogmatic Damascus police—but how? In this way:—a dog's blood-money is valued at sixteen piastres. Well, the murderer of a dog must forthwith report his crime to the police. The district in which the dog usually resided is then discovered, and the murderer must forthwith purchase bread with the blood-money; and as the dog's relatives are very many and not easily ascertained, he must divide the bread among all the hungry mouths that, backed by wagging tails, may wait to receive it. We give this illustration of canon, or canine, law as we heard it.

One object seen in passing along the streets I cannot forget, and that was a famous old plane-tree forty feet in circumference. There were others less noticeable, but adding beauty and shade to the thoroughfares and open paths.

We went along the dreary and stupid "Bazaar street" once called "Straight;" for it is more than probable that it represents the old street made famous by the history of St. Paul. Yet this must have been a stately thoroughfare in the time of the Romans. The remains of pillars indicate that a colonnade once ran along each side. The old Roman gate in the south wall, by which the Apostle probably entered, now opens to one side only of the old street. The central archway, and the other side-gate are both built up.

Among the "sights" which engaged our attention was the great mosque. It is needless, judging from the light—or darkness—which I have myself gathered from minute descriptions of buildings, to enter into any details regarding its fine court and cistern, its surrounding cloisters, noble pillars, and all the evidences which it affords of having been once a grand Christian church. This fact is unquestioned. There can, moreover, yet be seen on a portion of the old building an inscription in Greek, which fills the traveller with many strange thoughts of the past and future, as he reads it. Being translated it is this: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations!"

A much-valued lady friend who had accompanied us during portions of the journey in Palestine, visited the mosque along with us, guided by the

Consul. That we were permitted to penetrate into the Holy Place without fear—in spite of some ugly-looking faqueers from India, who seemed to growl hate out of their rags and vermin—indicated a very remarkable change in Islam. It arose out of political events which those most affected by them could no more understand, than a child can connect the ebb of the tide in an inland arm of the sea, with the great ocean beyond or with the moon above. A distinguished American missionary, Dr. Thompson, of Beyrout, told me that he had accompanied the first British Consul into Damascus on horseback. They were protected by a strong guard. Before then every "Infidel" had been obliged to enter the Holy City bare-headed, and on foot! Every Christian merchant, though possessing a fortune, was also compelled to rise in the presence of his Mahommedan servant! Long after this, and as late as the Crimean War, no one, except a Moslem, could enter the great mosque on pain of death. Yet so great is the revolution caused either by the power of opinion, or by the fear of foreign bayonets, that, as I have said, we walked undisturbed through the mosque, simply paying backsheesh—a guinea, I think—to oil the tender consciences of its orthodox guardians. What a change is here!

We visited what was once the Christian quarter of the town. A more impressive sight I never witnessed. Oh, how different is reading or hearing about any horror from actually witnessing it. I often, for example, had heard of slavery, and theoretically loathed it. But when a mother was once offered me for sale in America, and when, with honest tears, she begged me that if I bought herself I would buy her child, round which her arms were entwined, and not separate them, what was the burning shame and horror I felt for a crime to destroy which millions of money and hundreds and thousands of lives have been sacrificed? And so, I had heard with sorrow of this massacre, and of the undying hate of orthodox and fanatical Islam. Yet how much more intense was my sense of this hate when I saw a large quarter of a great city reduced to powdered fragments of stone and lime, and walked through or stumbled over street upon street in a chaos of ruin—hearing in fancy the loud or stifled cries for mercy, and the unavailing shout of desperate defence, from nearly 3000 Christians, who for a fortnight were being butchered in cold blood by these Mahommedan demons! That fearful massacre was the true expression of Islam, the logical application of its principles. From Delhi to Jeddah, wherever it dare reveal itself, its spirit is the same. Nor can I agree with those who think that this is the last of the massacres. The last sacrifice by Islam will be coincident with its last breath; though there are, no doubt, Mahommedans whose hearts practically correct their creeds, and who are better than their beliefs.

But let me pass to more pleasing topics. We visited one or two private houses in Damascus, the Consul's among others, to form some idea of the oriental style of domestic architecture. One has no suspicion when passing a common plain wall in the street, that on the other side of it may be a splendid palace. Every sign of what is within seems to be carefully excluded, lest it should attract the attention of the mob. A small door and narrow passage which might conduct to the obscure home of an artisan, lead to a dwelling in which any prince might reside. Few things struck me so much as the beauty, stateliness, and luxury of these houses. In the centre is a large court, floored with marble. A fine fountain bubbles up its crystal water, and trees fill the air with perfume, and cool the ground with their shade. Above is the blue sky, with here and there a distant fleecy cloud. Into this court the public rooms open—not by doors, but by noble archways. If we pass through one of these archways we find ourselves in an apartment with its own marble entrance and fine fountain, and three high arches, opening into recesses on the right and left and in front. The floors are covered with rugs elevated above the level of the court. There are grand divans along their sides, with windows of coloured glass, while exquisite arabesque ornaments in purple, blue, and gold cover the walls and high roofs with intricate traceries and richest colour. Behind one couch we saw a fall of purest water, cooling the air, and passing under the floor to reappear in a fountain below. I have never seen any mansions which so fully realise the idea of a summer residence of perfect beauty. How much more might be made of this style amidst English scenery, and with an English family to give life and comfort to the rooms!

Anxious to overtake the Austrian steamer from Beyrout to Smyrna, and finding that we might miss her if we waited for the diligence, we resolved to post back during the night. The only kind of conveyance which is placed at the disposal of the traveller is a four-wheeled waggonette, with roof and curtains, and a seat along each side capable of accommodating three persons. We had two and sometimes three horses, and were driven by a tall jet black Nubian. The Consul and a few friends saw us off, and with kind consideration furnished us with an additional wrapper, as night on the Lebanon might be very cold or even very wet. But all looked bright and promising for an hour or so after we started. Then however the wind began to rise, until as we faced it on the ridge of the Anti-Lebanon it blew a hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. I never was exposed to such a storm. Very soon the curtains, which partially sheltered us, were torn into ribands, and the roof did not protect us from the rain, which soon became sleet, and blew with a fierce and bitter blast through the carriage. We had a strong double umbrella, under which we sought shelter for our heads as we spread it behind the back of the driver; but soon the umbrella was also shattered and torn. My companion, who was not so well rigged as me for the gale, began to suffer greatly from the cold; but as

I had fortunately some spare clothes in a waterproof bag, I drew a pair of stout trousers over his, (and he did not find them too tight!); a woollen shirt was tied over his head; worsted stockings were supplied for gloves, and with one of the long cushions thrown over him he was enabled in this picturesque garb to weather the tempest. The Nubian showed marvellous endurance, as he drove his two-in-hand or three-in-hand for thirteen hours. They were generally fine strong cattle, but once or twice they stopped, with a disposition to turn tail to the wind, and were with difficulty forced to meet it. The Nubian would not "*taste*," as we say in Scotland, but was thankful to have some brandy poured over his hands when benumbed by the snow on the mountain-top at midnight. We also, once or twice, when things looked very bad, gave the poor fellow some good backsheesh to keep up his heart and spirits. Wet, cold, and miserable though we were, yet the wonderful appearance of the landscape at sunrise roused us up. We were then winding our way over the Lebanon, and looking across the Cœle-Syrian plain to the ridge of Anti-Lebanon. The sun, with a red glare, was breaking through the wild rack of storm-clouds which were rolling over the mountains. Above, to the zenith, they were black as night, but gradually passed into a dull grey, and then into purple, that with ragged edges and long detached locks of streaming hair, swept along the ground, on which ever and anon bright sunbeams lighted up green fields or some bit of mountain scenery. Had the forests of all Lebanon been on fire, and had their smoke, illumined by their flames, been driven by a hurricane across the fields and hills, the effect could not have been stranger or wilder.

As we came in sight of the Bay of Beyrout, about nine o'clock on Sunday morning, we saw evidences of the gale, in a French line-of-battle-ship with struck masts, rolling her guns under; while the other vessels, with less majesty but with equal discomfort to their crews, seemed in danger of rolling their masts over.

It being thought prudent to delay the sailing of the steamer in consequence of the storm, we had a refreshing sleep at the hotel, and then spent the evening at the American mission house, where I had the happiness of conducting worship, and of meeting brethren with whose names I had been familiar, and whose labours for many years have been earnest and full of blessing. Next day we visited Dr. Vandyke in his literary den, where we found him engaged in bringing to a conclusion his great and learned work, the translation into Arabic of the Holy Scriptures. We also visited several schools, male and female, and were deeply interested in seeing such proofs of eager desire for superior education on the part of boys and girls of every class, and of every faith; and with the thorough and efficient manner in which this desire has been met. The American mission prepared the way, quickened a taste for education among the people, and furnished good books and good teachers, yet for years found it up-hill work.

It is the rapid development of commerce, which has been falling into the hands of the Christian population, that now compels every young man, whether Jew or Greek, Druse, Turk or Maronite, to be educated, and to acquire some knowledge of English, French, and Italian. The American war, by stimulating the cultivation of cotton wherever its fibre will grow or labour can be found, has helped on education, which in its turn will produce results that may lead to the fall of Mahommedanism in Europe at least, and to the political supremacy of the Christian races, so long its slaves. The education of young women has followed the education of young men. Rich Christian husbands, who can marry but one wife, must have one who can be an intelligent companion; "and so on it goes," with wonderful and increasing rapidity.

The projected Syrian College will, when erected, as I hope it shall soon be, complete the work of education. Let me also presume to express the hope that the learned and admirable native of the Lebanon, who is now at the head of the largest and best-taught school and boarding-house in Beyrout, may find a place in the College worthy of his Christian character, talents, and past labours.

But the storm had now moderated, and we had to leave the Syrian shore. The view from the landing-place in the harbour of Beyrout has probably been painted by some artist capable of doing justice to it; but if not, it is worth his journey to do so. The foreground of the harbour, with such studies of form and colour as cannot be found in Europe; the quaint-looking boats, ships, and houses; and the glorious Lebanon rising over the ruined castle or battery that shuts in the port from the North, form a rare subject for a picture of Eastern life and scenery. I could, like some romantic lady, have kissed the old land ere I parted from it; but satisfied with pocketing a pebble from its shore, I stepped into the boat, and with many thanksgivings for the past, exchanged Eastward and the Holy Land for Northward and Home!

Here I must part with my readers, who have been kind enough to accompany me "Eastward." I told them frankly at the beginning of our intercourse that I had kept no journal, having had no intention of ever writing on the hackneyed subject; and I warned them besides to expect no "information" from me, such as is afforded in so many admirable and learned volumes of Eastern travel. But I promised to describe what I saw in the land, and the real impressions made on my mind; and I have endeavoured to fulfil my promise. I shall feel thankful if the intense enjoyment and lasting good which I myself derived from this short tour have been shared in any degree by others.

OUR INDIAN HEROES.

By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

XII.—MAJOR D'ARCY TODD.

Elliott D'Arcy Todd was born on the 28th of January, 1808, in Bury Street, St. James's. He was the third and youngest son of Mr. Fryer Todd, a Yorkshire gentleman, of good family and fortune, who, seeking to increase his store by speculation, had the ill fortune to reduce it. The undertakings in which he embarked were wholly unsuccessful, and when little D'Arcy was three years old, his home was broken up and swept away by the tide of misfortune, and it devolved on others to provide for the education of Mr. Todd's children. It happened, fortunately, that there were those who were both willing and able to undertake the charge. Mr. Todd had married Mary Evans—known in our literary history as the "Mary" of Samuel Taylor Coleridge;* and her brother, Mr. William Evans, held an important office in the home service of the East India Company.† He was very much attached to little D'Arcy; and when he took upon himself the charge of the boy's education, he did so with the assured belief that the seed would fall upon good soil, and that there were in him the making of both a good and a great man. Almost from his cradle, D'Arcy had evinced, in his childish actions, the kindling of that martial enthusiasm, which afterwards so unmistakeably developed itself. It is remembered that, when only two or three years old, he would march about the house drumming, and would convert all the chairs in the nursery into soldiers, or cannons, or other insignia of war. In due time, however, he was sent by his uncle to school—first to a preparatory seminary, kept by Miss Dawes, at Turnham Green, and afterwards to an academy at Ware, in Hertfordshire, where, although he developed no great amount of precocious genius, he made good progress, and took a respectable place in the school. He was always, indeed, fond of reading, and the books in which he most delighted were books of adventure, illustrative of self-help and self-reliance, or those which were largely tinged with the glowing imagery of the East. "I have been reading *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Tales of the Genii*," he wrote to his brother Frederick, when he was ten years old. "They have amused me very much. I hope that you love reading as I do, and also that you remember what you read."

From the year 1818 to 1822, D'Arcy Todd resided with his uncle in London, and attended a school in Poland Street. In the latter year, Mr. Evans, who had good interest with the Court of Directors, obtained for his nephew an Addiscombe Cadetship. He joined the Company's Military Seminary when he had just completed his fourteenth year. He was, at that time, a very little fellow, and he was commonly called, "little Todd." But, young as he was, he passed through Addiscombe with credit to himself, and obtained a commission in the Artillery. He was much esteemed by the professors and masters of the college, and beloved by his fellow-students. The progress which he made had greatly delighted his uncle. "D'Arcy continues to get on at Addiscombe," wrote Mr. Evans, in March, 1823, "beyond anything I could have expected. He is now high in the second class—a very unusual progress at his age. He is an excellent draughtsman, and well skilled in mathematics. I expect great things of him when he arrives in India."

He passed his final examination in December, 1823. A few weeks afterwards he sailed for India, on board the *Duchess of Athol*. In the fiery month of May, young D'Arcy Todd, then little more than sixteen years old, landed at Calcutta. It has been a happy circumstance in the lives of many young officers in the Bengal Artillery that their first glimpses of military life were caught at the great head-quarters station of Dum-Dum. There were then, and many years afterwards, stationed there, an unbroken succession of Christian men, whose care it was to preserve from evil the inexperienced youngsters who joined the regiment.* Young D'Arcy Todd fell into their good and kindly hands; and we soon find him writing thus seriously to his brother:—"I hope you think sometimes about death, for it must come, and will seize you when you least expect it, if you are not prepared to meet that Saviour who died for you; for it will be too late on our death-bed to begin to repent. Do not call me a Methodist, my dear brother, for speaking thus to an elder brother, but I love you so much I cannot help speaking to you, as I have been spoken to whilst I have been here; for, when I arrived at Dum-Dum, I met an old friend of the name of Cookson, whom I formerly knew at Addiscombe. He asked me to his home, where I met a clergyman of the name of Crawford, who taught me that the paths of sin are unhappiness and misery, and that the paths of righteousness are happiness. . . . May God bless and sanctify with his presence our meeting, and, short as the time will necessarily be, let it remind us that short is the space between the present and that when we shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ." And again:—"You well know, my beloved brother, I would willingly and with delight, pursue many a long and weary journey, in the hope of enlivening you. My heart fails me when I think of our approaching meeting, my brother, the being nearest and dearest to me on earth, whose love I prize more than my lips or my pen could express. 'And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved David as his own soul.' This, dearest, expresses, I think, what we feel towards one another. Oh, that the Lord may bless that love which exists between us, and perfect it in that blessed abode where partings shall be no more."

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* Coleridge was acquainted with, and attached to, her from a very early period of his life—even from the days when he was a blue-coat boy at Christ's Hospital. Years afterwards, Mrs. Todd sometimes visited him with her children, at Highgate, where I often myself saw him when a child, and sometimes sate upon his knee.

† Mr. Evans was "Baggage Warehouse Keeper," an office of some importance in the old commercial days of the Company.

* Foremost amongst these was the late General Powney of the Bengal Artillery—better known to his brother officers, both at Dum-Dum and in Fort William, as "Major Powney"—a man of much Christian piety and great kindliness of heart, hospitable and courteous, who, both by precept and example, led many young officers into the saving paths of truth.

At Dum-Dum D'Arcy Todd remained until the rainy season of 1825, when, all his beloved friends having preceded him to the Upper Country, he was glad indeed to see his own name in orders for a march northward. He was posted to a company of Foot Artillery at Cawnpore; but he had served with it only a little while, when it was ordered to Bhurtpore to take part in the operations of that great siege which has made its name famous in history. There, for the first time, he stood face to face with the stern realities of actual warfare. On the 18th of January the great Jat fortress was carried by the British troops. "I went round the ramparts directly after the storm," wrote the young artilleryman to his brother, "and to me, who had scarcely ever seen a dead body before, the sight was most horrible." The work done, the battery to which he was attached was ordered back to Cawnpore; and there, for a time, young D'Arcy Todd found a home in the house of Major* and Mrs. Whish, whose society was as pleasant as it was profitable to him.

In the course of this year (1826), Second-Lieutenant Todd was posted to the Horse Artillery; but on his promotion in November, 1827, to the rank of First-Lieutenant, he was attached to a battalion of Foot. These changes are always ruinous to the finances of a young officer, and D'Arcy Todd, who had been anxious to remit money to England for the use of his sisters, was sorely disquieted by the heavy expenditure which it was necessary to incur for the purchase of uniforms and equipments. He determined, therefore, to make an appeal to the Commander-in-Chief, in the hope of being re-posted to the mounted branch of the regiment. "Thus far will I go, and no farther," he wrote to his brother. "If this attempt fails, I shall renew (I hope, contentedly) my duties in the Foot, and leave the direction of my affairs to the hand of unerring wisdom, feeling assured that all things work together for good to those who fear the Lord." And not very long afterwards, he obtained what he sought, for he was appointed to a troop of Horse Artillery stationed at Muttra. "From what I have observed of the different services," he wrote, "I now say that I would rather be in the Horse Artillery than any service in the world." He was very happy at this time, for he was domiciled with friends who were both pious and intellectual, and in their society time passed pleasantly away. "I have abundance to occupy both mind and body," he wrote to a member of his family in 1828, "from six in the morning to eleven at night. I divide the day regularly, and endeavour each hour to have a fixed employment. Adam, my favourite Christian author, says, 'Have a work to do daily, with a will to do it, and a prayer on it, and let that work be God's.' I meet the Lewins every morning at half-past eight, when we read and pray together. We then breakfast; after which we separate to our several studies until two P.M., when we read *Russell's Modern Europe* till four P.M. Then we dine; after which we separate till half-past six, when we read *Milner's History of the Church of Christ*—an admirable work. We separate at nine—having read and prayed together. In the hospital and school of the troop we have also a wide field for exertion, to the glory of God."

In November, 1828, Lieutenant Todd went down to Calcutta to be present at the marriage of one of his sisters; but though he moved with all possible despatch, he was too late for the ceremony. He was cheered, however, by the thought of meeting a beloved brother from whom he had for some time been separated. The claims of his profession, at that busy period of the year, rendered the intercourse between the brothers only too brief. In January, 1829, D'Arcy Todd rejoined the Horse Artillery at Kurnaul; but, shortly after his arrival, ill-health compelled him to proceed to the Hills. In this illness, he received unspeakable comfort from the ministrations of his friend, James Abbott, of the Artillery—one whose life has since been a career of romantic adventure brightened by heroism of the true stamp. "My dearest friend, James Abbott," wrote D'Arcy Todd to his brother, "was unceasing in his brotherly attention. He never left my bedside. Oh! the goodness of God in giving me such a friend to smooth my pillow and to cheer me by his presence. He is the dearest friend of your brother. From the time we left the foot of the Hills, he attended me on foot until we arrived here; and when he departed, my heart was agonised." No man ever made more or faster friends than D'Arcy Todd—a blessing for which he was profoundly thankful. In another letter, he wrote:—"Indeed, as to friends, I have been wonderfully blessed; for, when I look back upon the time spent in this country, it appears to me that every one I have met has become a kind friend, and when I look within to see such unworthiness, it is really wonderful."

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* Afterwards Sir Samson Whish, K.C.B., the captor of Mooltan.

From this illness, by God's blessing, he recovered perfectly; and he returned with renewed zeal to his regimental duties. In his leisure hours he cultivated poetry and painting; but, after awhile, he began to think that he might more profitably devote himself to the study of the native languages. "Having been nearly eight years in the country," he wrote in 1831, "without being on speaking terms with the natives, I have at last determined to conquer the languages." He had no very definite object in view; but he addressed himself very earnestly and assiduously to the work, and made considerable progress, especially in his study of Persian. And it was not long before his industry was amply rewarded. The weakness of Persia, and the manifest designs of more powerful (European) states, had suggested to the British Government the expediency of doing something to arrest what seemed to be the approaching downfall of her independence. So, in 1832-33, large supplies of arms and accoutrements were forwarded to the Shah, for the use of his army; and, in the latter year, it was determined to send out a party of officers and non-commissioned officers to drill and discipline the Persian army. Among the officers selected for this duty was Lieutenant D'Arcy Todd, whose especial duty it was to instruct the Persian gunners in the use and management of artillery after the European fashion.

The appointment was gratifying to him in the extreme. "I look upon it," he wrote in April, 1833, "as a grand opening for the development of whatever may be within. Is it not strange that I should have been studying Persian for the last twelve months, without any definite object in view? If I receive 500 or 600 rupees a month, I shall think the situation well worth the trouble of travelling so far for it; but it is not the cash I think most about; it is a grand opening from the apathetic and dull routine of Indian life. There will probably be a good deal of fighting, and abundance of opportunity of displaying the stuff a man is made of; oh that Fred were to be my companion. Wonderful are the ways of Providence. In the morning we rise, and before evening our prospects, our hopes, our fears, receive new impulses and new features. What a scene is opening before me."

A little while afterwards, he wrote from Calcutta, saying:—"The excitement caused by the first communication regarding my appointment to Persia, is fast wearing away, and I am now able to view all matters connected therewith in a quiet sober light; the glare of romance, the lightning flash of novelty, the bright gleams of warm anticipation have all passed away, or rather have been softened down and mellowed by the pencillings of truth; the picture still remains in all its breadth and colouring. Lord William Bentinck is indifferent to the concerns of Persia, and takes but little interest in anything connected with that country. Time will show whether this be wise policy or not. Lieutenant Burnes, the traveller, a very intelligent and pleasant man, is living with Trevelyan,* at whose house I am now staying. He has lately travelled through Persia, and kindly gives me every information in his power."

During five years, D'Arcy Todd dwelt in Persia, instructing the Persian artillerymen in the details of his profession, and instructing himself in the politics of the country and the adjacent territories. The letters which he wrote to his brother during this period, give an animated picture of his life in Persia. "The first news that greeted us on our arrival at Bushire," he wrote in December, 1833, "was the intelligence of Abbas Mirza's death. No official report has as yet been received here announcing this event, but it is everywhere believed, and is, I have no doubt, *true*,—too true for us. There are three courses before us—we shall either retrace our steps to India (which people seem to think the most probable), or march to Tabreez viâ Shiraz and Ispahan, or re-embark for Bussora, and thence proceed by the way of Baghdad. . . . The country is in a dreadful state of disorder and insecurity, and we have, I think, but little prospect of prosecuting our journey through Persia without loss of property, if not of life." In February, 1834, still writing from Bushire, he said, "At last we are on the eve of departure, and we hope to make our first march, of about a mile, this afternoon. . . . It is impossible to describe the annoyances of making a first march in Persia; it is bad enough in India, but here, where the servants are few and bad, and the people independent, obstacles are thrown in the way at every step. . . . The expenses of travelling are enormous—we have only been able to procure mules at *double* the usual rate of hire. Every servant *must* be mounted, and the expense of feeding animals on the road is more than they are worth. I have five horses, only two of which are for my own riding; the others are for servants who would not move an inch without being provided with a horse! No man, woman or child *walks* in Persia. . . . Unless I receive compensation, I shall be ruined, and there are but faint hopes of our receiving anything beyond our 500 rupees, which will cover about half of our expenses in this country."

At the end of March, he arrived at Teheran, and on the 24th of April, he said, "We left Bushire on the 14th of February and arrived here on the 28th of last month—this is my first opportunity of sending a letter, or you should have heard from me before. Our journey was anything but a pleasant one; the mountains between Bushire and Shiraz were covered with snow, and the passes were difficult and dangerous: however, a few mules and horses were our only casualties. We were often fifteen hours on horseback, with no rest and little food, but the health and spirits of the detachment seemed to improve as we overcame our difficulties. . . . Since our arrival at Teheran we have had the honour of an audience with His Majesty the Shah-in-Shah, the centre of the Universe, &c., &c.—he appeared to be greatly pleased with the show we made, and from his royal lips fell all manner of kind and gracious words." A month afterwards he wrote, "The old king has lately had several severe attacks of illness, and it is more than probable that he will die suddenly. Great commotion in every city and town of Persia will be the immediate consequence. Last Sunday it was reported here that he was no more—the price of everything rose in half-an-hour—some shops were plundered, and many were closed. . . . I have found *one* in Persia with whom I can hold sweet converse on the things that belong to our everlasting peace. Dr. Riach has lately arrived from England with despatches, and he is to be attached to the Envoy in Persia. I find in him a delightful companion—his heart is deeply embued with religion, and I trust that whilst we are together, we may be the means of strengthening and comforting each other. I felt *very* lonely before his arrival—there is scarcely *one* in the country with whom I have a thought or feeling in common. Suddenly and unexpectedly one has appeared." In August, he again wrote, "I consider the Persian appointment as *sheer humbug*—the climate is the only desirable thing in the country. I would never have left Cawnpore had I known what I now know of the prospects of an officer in Persia."

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* Now Sir Charles Trevelyan, K.C.B.

But there was soon some stirring work to interest him. The King of Persia, Shah Futteh Ali, died, and then ensued, according to custom in those countries, all the troubles of a doubtful succession. "When," wrote D'Arcy Todd, "the intelligence of Futteh Ali Shah's death reached Tabreez, the British detachment were encamped at the town of Khoi, eighty-eight miles north-west of Tabreez, employed in drilling four regiments of infantry and some artillery. We had been engaged in this duty for about a month, and had, in the first instance, formed a camp on the frontier of Turkey, near the Turkish frontier town of Byazeed. Mahomed Mirza, Abbas Mirza's eldest son, was immediately proclaimed at Tabreez King of Persia, by the name of *Mahomed Shah*, and our small force marched without loss of time to that place. Amongst a progeny of several hundred princes, there were of course many competitors for the throne; and it was said that three, the Governor of Fars, the Governor of Mazanderan, and the Governor of Teheran, had each proclaimed himself king. We prepared for an immediate advance upon the capital, notwithstanding the near approach of winter. Our Envoy had been authorised by Government to assist Mahomed Shah by every possible and available means. The new King's treasury was empty, but Sir John Campbell came forward with the requisite sum; warlike preparations went on with amazing rapidity; troops were assembled from all quarters; and in the course of a very short time after the intelligence of Futteh Ali's death reached Tabreez, a respectable force (for this country) of six regiments and twenty-four guns was put in motion towards the capital. We approached within five or six marches of Teheran without meeting with the slightest opposition: on the contrary, our numbers were augmented at every step. Mahomed Shah was everywhere acknowledged as King, and the chances of opposition seemed to diminish as we approached the capital. We did not, however, enter the palace for some days: the astrologers could not fix upon an auspicious hour for the royal entry, and we therefore pitched our camp near the garden palace of Negaristan, in which the King took up his temporary abode. Thus ended our first bloodless campaign!"

Shortly after the accession of Mahomed Shah to the throne of Persia, the Prime Minister was seized by order of the King and put to death. The outbreak of cholera at the capital followed closely on this event, and the court with the army were removed to a village on the slope of the mountains which separate Iran from Mazanderan. Here the Persian Commandant of Artillery died of the pestilence which was raging. "When the King heard of his death," writes Todd in a letter to his brother, dated Teheran, 31st July, 1835—"he sent me a *firman*, placing the control of all matters connected with the Artillery in my hands, until a Persian 'fit for the situation' should be appointed. He will have to wait some time before he finds such a person. If a man like the late Commandant is appointed, I shall give up all hopes of making myself useful in my profession so long as I remain in the country."

But better prospects were now opening out before him. Mr. Henry Ellis was appointed, about this time, British Ambassador at the Court at Teheran. He soon perceived that D'Arcy Todd had capacities which required a wider sphere for their full development than the military routine work on which he was engaged; and he determined, therefore, to employ him in the diplomatic service, as soon as a fitting opportunity should arrive. On the 5th January, 1836, Todd wrote to his brother saying, "Since the day of Mr. Ellis's arrival he has kept our pens and brains *constantly* at work. I have written some quires of foolscap during the last three months in the shape of memoranda, memoirs, plans, and public letters on the subject of the employment of the British detachment, and the improvement of the Persian army. My pen has done me good service, as you will learn by the sequel. My tongue also has not been wanting. I shall now throw off all affectation of modesty, for I am writing to old Fred, and give you an idea of my standing in the opinion of Mr. Ellis. I had from time to time received *hints* of the satisfaction which the Ambassador invariably expressed with my communications on the subject of Persia, both written and verbal.

You will understand this when I tell you that the Acting Secretary of Legation, Dr. Riach, is my very particular friend. A few days ago, His Excellency summoned me into the Palace Garden, and informed me that he had at length come to the conclusion, that our connection with Persia was worse than useless, that Afghanistan was the field for our exertions, that we should connect ourselves closely with that country, that he had written a letter to Lord Auckland, his intimate friend, strongly pressing the necessity of sending a Political Agent to be stationed at Cabool, and recommending no greater or no less a personage than your little brother Elliott D'Arcy, as an officer, whose, &c., &c., eminently fitted him for that important situation!' The announcement, as you may imagine, astounded me. I will pass over the flattering sensations which fluttered through the crimson piece of flesh under my left ribs. I looked the Ambassador full in the face, and when I found that he was not joking, I stammered out a few lame expressions of the gratification which I felt at finding that I had attained so high a place in his good opinion. What think you, Master Fred, of my being *Political Agent* in Cabool? I do not, of course, expect that the prospect which has been thus opened upon me will be realised. Better interest and higher talents will be in the field against me, but I feel certain that Mr. Ellis's recommendation will be of service to me, and that I shall not have to return to regimental duty on my leaving Persia. . . . One of the papers which gave so much satisfaction to Mr. Ellis was a lengthy article of fifty pages on Burnes' Military Memoir on the countries between the Caspian and the Indus, in which I took the liberty to handle somewhat roughly the opinions and reasoning of the intelligent and enterprising 'traveller.'"

In the autumn of this year, 1836, Todd was residing at Tabreez, in the capacity of Military Secretary to General Bethune, who then commanded the legions disciplined by the English officers. "My last was dated Teheran, October 4th," he wrote on the 24th of November, "since which time I have transferred my body to the delightful capital of Azerbijan. . . We have a large society here for Persia. . . We have, besides others, Major-General Bethune, who has appointed me, as I think I have mentioned, his Military Secretary." On Christmas-day he wrote again, saying, "I have just been ordered by the Ambassador to undertake a difficult and somewhat dangerous journey into one of the wildest parts of Persia, on my way to Teheran. I hope to leave Tabreez the day after to-morrow, and shall not arrive at the capital in less than fifty days. My journey is an honourable one, and, if carried through, will bring me to the notice of Government. Mr. M'Neill's choice of me for this journey is not a little flattering." In the third week of February he reached the capital, and reported that he "had ever since been fully employed in writing reports, mapping, &c."

The year 1837 saw him still resident at Teheran, in his military capacity; but he was steadily preparing himself all the time for employment in the political branch of the service, and at last the opportunity came. The following extracts from the correspondence of this year carry on the story of his life:—"*Teheran, September 3rd*, 1837.—By the bye you will have seen ere this that His Majesty has conferred the local brevet of major on the officers serving in Persia. We receive no increase of *pay*, but as formerly all the officers who were made local field-officers in Persia, were *paid* as such, we are about to address a memorial upon the subject to the authorities in India. This local rank is not of much use, but there is something in a name, notwithstanding what the Bard of Avon has said regarding it. There is a possibility, although remote, that 'I may be sent to England on duty.' I shall do my best, you may be sure, to effect this, for although I could not remain at home more than a few months, I feel that it would be of great service to me in every respect, and the prospect of embracing you under such happy circumstances is indeed delightful. . . You will be glad to hear that I have received a complimentary letter from Lord Palmerston, in consequence of my reports regarding the frontier. I have sent home lately some other maps and papers which may be of use to me. . . . *Teheran, December 26th.*—The Secretary of Legation, Colonel Sheil, has gone home with despatches, and will be absent probably nearly a year. You will be glad to hear that Mr. M'Neill has appointed me to act for him, and has done so in a very flattering manner, as you will perceive in perusing the copy of his letter to me on the occasion, which I have sent to our beloved mother. The appointment will not give me anything in a pecuniary point of view; indeed it is possible that I may lose my Persian allowances whilst employed with the Mission; but you must be aware that the honour of the thing is great, and that my being selected for such a situation *may* be of great use to me in my future prospects. My great ambition is to have *political* employment, either in India or in these countries, and I have now made the first step towards my aim and object."

The next year found the Persian Government and the Persian army busied with the siege of Herat, and on the 8th of March Todd wrote with reference to that event, and to the views held by the British Government, that the possession of Herat by Persia would make a dangerous opening for Russian intrigue in the direction of India. "The British Government," he added, "have at last bestirred themselves, and Mr. M'Neill is about to proceed to the scene of operations to mediate between the contending powers, and to put a stop, if possible, to further hostilities. The whole of the orchestra will not accompany the leader of the band, but the acting second fiddle must, of course, be in attendance, and I am preparing to start from this in about four days, with Mr. M'Neill and Major Farrant, who is acting as his private Secretary. . . Should Mr. M'Neill wish to communicate with Lord Auckland, who is now in the north of India, it is possible that I may be sent across with despatches, and then—*then*—oh Fred the magnanimous, what countries shall I not see! Look at the map again, and tell me whether you would not like to be with me; but first read, if you have not read them, Burnes' Travels, Arthur Conolly's journey overland to India—a dear friend of mine is that said Arthur Conolly, now a sincere Christian, and one with whom I have had much sweet fellowship—Elphinstone's Caubul, and Forster's Travels, 1798. I should also for many reasons, which must be apparent to you, much like to see Lord Auckland, and I could not do so under better auspices than as the bearer of despatches, and I may say, though I say it myself, as the possessor of some information that would be useful to him."

In the Memoir of Eldred Pottinger I have spoken so fully of all the circumstances of the siege of Herat, that I need not now again recite them. During a part of the time occupied by the investment of the place, Todd was in the Persian camp; and he was employed by the English Minister, Mr. M'Neill, to negociate with the Heratees. He was the first English officer who had ever been seen by them in full regimentals, and it is recorded of him that when he entered the city, "a vast crowd went out to gaze at him. The tight-fitting coat, the glittering epaulettes, and the cocked hat, all excited unbounded admiration. The narrow streets were crowded, and the house-tops were swarming with curious spectators. The bearer as he was of a message from Mahomed Shah, announcing that the Persian sovereign was willing to accept the mediation of the British Government, he was received with becoming courtesy by Shah Kamran, who, after the interview, took the cloak from his own shoulders, and sent it by the Wuzeer to Major Todd, as a mark of the highest distinction he could confer upon him." The attempt at negociation, however, failed; and the siege was continued. But when, in the month of September, it was finally raised, in the manner already recorded in the last of these sketches, Todd was sent by Mr. M'Neill, the British Minister in Persia, to convey his despatches to the Governor-General of India. At Simlah, he met Lord Auckland, who saw at once that in the approaching struggle in Afghanistan, Todd was a man whose services might be turned to good account. When, therefore, the famous Simlah Manifesto of November 1st, 1838, published to the world a declaration of war against the *de facto* rulers of Afghanistan, and the official arrangements for the conduct of the Caubul Mission were completed, Eldred Pottinger was appointed Political Agent at Herat, and D'Arcy Todd was gazetted as Political Assistant and Military Secretary to the Envoy and Minister, at the Court of Shah Soojah, the restored king of Caubul. But Pottinger remained only for a short time at Herat; and then Todd was dispatched thither, originally on a special mission, under the supposition of Pottinger's return, but afterwards was definitely appointed to the post of British Agent at Herat. The office was one which demanded not only high courage and resolution in the representative of the British Government at that semi-barbarous Court, but also consummate tact, and a temper cool, patient, and forbearing. It was, indeed, a post in which success was so difficult of attainment, that Sir Alexander Burnes, ambitious as he was, and little fearful of responsibility, declined it. The nominal ruler of the place, Shah Kamran, was a puppet in the hands of an unscrupulous Minister. Perhaps there was not in all Asia a worse man than Yar Mahomed, or one with whom it was more difficult for an honourable high-minded Christian officer to contend. It must be admitted that, after his own fashion, the Vizier conducted his negociations on behalf both of Herat and of himself with remarkable ability. His one object was to turn to profitable financial account the presence of the British Mission at Herat. He was treacherous and avaricious to an excess even beyond the extensive limits of Afghan treachery and avarice. All this was soon apparent to Major Todd. "The treaty with Shah Kamran," he wrote to Sir W. Macnaghten, "had been signed but a few weeks —a treaty which secured to the authorities of Herat solid advantages, but prohibited them from negociating with foreign states without the knowledge of the British Agent, when it was discovered that Yar Mahomed Khan, the *de facto* ruler of the country, had secretly made overtures to the Persian authorities at Meshed, expressing his hatred towards the English, and offering to place himself under the protection of the Persian Government." From bad to worse; from worse to worst; so passed the conduct of the unscrupulous minister; until, in November, 1840, the patience of the British Minister was well-nigh exhausted. "During the past month," he wrote to Sir W. Macnaghten in November, "the most aggravated and absurd reports of the advantages gained by Dost Mahomed Khan, the Kohistanees, and Beloochees, over our troops, and of the weakness of our position in Afghanistan, had acquired ready credence in Herat. Urgent and repeated demands for extra assistance in money have been made by the Vizier and others, but without effect. The opportunity has been thought favourable for attempting to work on our fears; and a foray on Candahar was seriously discussed and I believe ultimately decided upon by the Minister and his advisers, letters having been received by him from the city dwelling on the weakness of its garrison, and inviting him to make the attempt. The extravagance of the Vizier about this time involved him in debt to a considerable amount; and finding that I was not disposed to advance more money than had been sanctioned by Government, he endeavoured to obtain my consent to his chappowing the Persian territory. Failing in this he proposed to foray some of the districts nominally subject to his own authority; and at length, discovering the futility of attempting to obtain money from me on these pretences, he thought that by giving publicity to his intention of attacking Candahar, he might intimidate me into purchasing his forbearance. The enterprise was, I believe, resolved on; and though the timely surrender of Dost Mahomed Khan caused this project to be laid aside for the time, it was not fully abandoned." In truth Yar Mahomed was only waiting for another opportunity to renew his efforts at extortion, and an opportunity soon came. There were symptoms of a state of feverish unrest in Western Afghanistan. The Douranee tribes were breaking into rebellion. It then became Yar Mahomed's game to foment the popular discontent. He sent emissaries among the disaffected tribes, urging them to open resistance of the foreign yoke; and at the same time he continued his intrigues with the Persian authorities at Meshed, inviting them to combine with him in an attack on Candahar whilst the communications with Caubul where cut off by the snow.

All this was soon known to Todd. He saw plainly the objects at which the astute Vizier was aiming, and he was determined to thwart the machinations of his unscrupulous opponent. Often have our political officers, at the remote courts of semi-barbarous potentates, found themselves surrounded by a surging sea of difficulty and danger, without any succour at hand but that to be derived from their own cool heads and their own brave hearts. But never, perhaps, was an English officer surrounded by so many difficulties as now surrounded the British Agent at the Court of Shah Kamran at Herat. Yar Mahomed hated D'Arcy Todd, because he was a humane, high-minded English gentleman, who set his face stedfastly against that abominable system of man-stealing and trading in human flesh which was so rife in all parts of Central Asia, and from which Yar Mahomed himself derived a large profit.

And here I must pause for a little space, to speak of the great work which Todd accomplished, on his own responsibility, in rescuing the Russian prisoners from the hands of the Khan of Khiva. It was one of the compensations of the earlier part of his residence at Herat, that his beloved friend James Abbott was stationed there also; and that they took sweet counsel together. Abbott was an enthusiast for good, running over with ardent humanity, and there was no possible service on which he could have been employed so grateful to his feelings, as one which promised to enable him to liberate from cruel bondage the "prisoner and the captive" of a Christian nation. How it fared with him he has himself told, in a book which it is difficult to read without delight and admiration. "When the Russians were advancing upon Khiva," wrote Todd, some time afterwards, "I dispatched on my own responsibility, first, Captain James Abbott, and afterwards Sir Richmond (then Lieutenant) Shakespear, to gain information regarding a most interesting country never before visited by an Englishman, and to endeavour, by persuading the Khan Huzrut to release the Russian captives in his dominions, to take away the only just ground of offence against Khiva on the part of Russia. I am not aware," he added, and in the truthfulness of the words there was bitter significance, "of any other object of unmixed good which has resulted from the ill-fated expedition (into Afghanistan), and I claim the credit of this as having originated it on my own responsibility, and without reference to higher authority."

But, returning now to the contemplation of Todd's difficulties, we find that early in 1841 a crisis was rapidly approaching. Shah Kamran was seriously alarmed for the lives of the English gentlemen, and he told the officers of the Mission that but for his intervention they would all have been murdered and their property pillaged. That this might any day happen was still only too probable. What then was it best in such circumstances? If the officers of the British Mission were murdered at Herat, it would be necessary to dispatch a British force thither to chastise the murderers, and most embarrassing political complications would have arisen. It appeared, therefore, to D'Arcy Todd that, in the interests of his Government, his best and wisest course was to withdraw the Mission. So, on the 9th of February he departed; and twelve days afterwards he had reached the confines of the Heratee territory.

"We left Herat (he wrote to a friend) on the 9th instant (February, 1841), made our first regular march on the 13th, and arrived safely at Ghiresk* on the 21st, with the greatest part of our property. We have had a dangerous and most fatiguing journey . . . . Lieutenant North of the Bombay Engineers, and Dr. Login, are with me, all well." A few days afterwards he wrote to his brother:—"We have, indeed, had a most providential escape from the hands of Yar Mahomed, who was urged by his confidential advisers to seize and plunder us; and our journey to this place with nearly the whole of our property was almost miraculous. There were certainly not five persons in Herat who believed that we should reach our destination in safety." So little at this time did Major Todd think that he could be blamed for what he had done, that bethinking himself as to whether the treatment of the British Mission might not necessitate some armed intervention at Herat, he came to the conclusion that it would devolve upon him to superintend the operations of the army so employed. "Should an expedition against Herat," (he wrote) "be determined on, it is possible that I may be sent as Political Agent with the force. Indeed, unless Sir William goes in person, I should hardly think that any one else would be sent."

But after the lapse of a few weeks, the truth became apparent to him. Lord Auckland was exasperated by Todd's withdrawal from Herat. He wrote that he was "writhing" under his vexation; and though ordinarily a calm, unexcitable man, it was plain that he had lost his temper, and cast aside his habitual moderation. "Lord Auckland," wrote D'Arcy Todd in April, 1841, "on receiving intelligence of my quitting Herat, without waiting for my account of the circumstances which led to that event—without one word from me in explanation or defence of the measure—directed a letter to be written to Sir W. Macnaghten, condemning in the most unqualified and unmeasured terms the whole of my proceedings connected with the rupture—removing me from the political department, and ordering me to proceed to India immediately and join my own branch of the service."

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* The frontier part of Shah Soojah's dominions.

The decision of the Governor-General wounded him deeply. As he passed through Afghanistan, on his way to Caubul, his mind was rent by distracting thoughts of the degradation to which he had been subjected by Lord Auckland and his Council. But there was at least one drop of sweetness in the bitter cup of his affliction; for his official chief, Sir William Macnaghten, wrote to him, that his "conduct had been as admirable as that of Yar Mahomed had been flagitious. And so," he added, "I told the Governor-General." In the second week of June, Todd was at Caubul; and he wrote thence to his brother, saying, "This affliction—for it is an affliction to be held up to the scorn of men as a demented coward—was doubtless intended for wise and merciful purposes, and I will endeavour to look upon it as a message of love. I have set up many idols and have worshipped them with mad devotion, but they have been thrown down before my face by an invisible hand; and I have been taught that God will not brook a rival in the heart of man . . . The final decision of Lord Auckland arrived about ten days ago. His Lordship is not to be moved, and I see clearly it would not be of the slightest use attempting any further explanation or deprecation. Both have been already offered in a manner to an extent that would have moved a heart of stone."

At this time, it was his intention to proceed to England by the Bombay route, but he afterwards changed his mind, and went down to Calcutta, which he reached early in November. There he had the unspeakable pleasure of meeting his dear friend, James Abbott. He had prepared a memorial to the Court of Directors, to be transmitted to them through the Governor-General, and he hoped by a personal interview to move the heart of Lord Auckland—but he did not succeed. "I have been admitted to an audience with the Governor-General," he wrote on the 13th of November, "and have seen most of the people in authority. His Lordship received me with kindness, and expressed regret at what had occurred, but did not give me an opportunity of explaining fully the motives under which I had acted at the period of my leaving. I have been assured, and I believe the assurance, that every possible facility will be afforded me of speedily adjusting my accounts. The officials, high and low, have been exceedingly civil to me."

The New Year dawned, and ever affectionately mindful of absent friends, D'Arcy Todd wrote to his brother and sister:—"Although this is the 2nd of the month (January), my New Year's greeting is not less sincere or heartfelt, than if it had been penned on the 1st day of the New Year. May every blessing attend you and yours, my dearest J——, throughout this and every succeeding year of your earthly pilgrimage. A poet has said:—

"'As half in shade, and half in sun,
  This world along its path advances;
May that side the sun's upon
  Be all that e'er shall meet the glances.'

I will not, however, express so extravagant a wish, though I love you well enough to desire that your cup of joy may be ever full to overflowing, and that your lot may be always cast in pleasant places. But I know that such is not, and cannot, be the experience of one looking to a 'better land,' and I pray that your joy may be the joy of one who feels that brighter and more enduring things are in store for her, and that your sorrows (light as they may be) may be the sorrows of one who knows that it is but for a moment. I shall ever look back to the few days we were together, as the happiest and brightest of my life."

A month afterwards, he wrote to the same beloved correspondent that he had received no answer to his memorial. But a great trouble had fallen upon the nation; and in the contemplation of the national calamities he soon forgot his own. "No answer," he wrote on the 2nd of February, "has as yet been sent to my memorial, but the receipt, by the authorities at home, has been acknowledged. I expect the whole matter has been referred to the new Governor-General (Lord Ellenborough); but how petty, how insignificant does the subject of my individual wrongs appear, when we think of the terrible scenes that have lately taken place in Afghanistan, or attempt to peer into the future. I cannot write calmly on this subject; I find it impossible, as yet, to think calmly of it; it is difficult to believe that this awful calamity has really fallen upon us, or to realise what we know, with but too painful a certainty, has happened. Of course I have given up all thought of going home; every soldier must now be at his post. I should wish to be as near the North-West Frontier as possible."

On the 28th of February the new Governor-General arrived; and D'Arcy Todd began to hope that he might meet with justice from one who brought a fresh eye and an unprejudiced understanding to the consideration of his case. But the times were unpropitious for the investigation of individual wrongs; and Lord Ellenborough, with his strong military sympathies, had small love for the political service. So, little light gleamed from this quarter; and, in the middle of March, D'Arcy Todd was compelled to acknowledge that all hope was at an end. "I have seen Lord Ellenborough," he wrote. "At the first public levee his lordship addressed me, and said that he was acquainted with my case, but that he had not leisure at present to enter into it. At a formal audience on Thursday last, although he received me kindly and cordially, he told me he could give me no hope of immediate re-employment in the political department, and advised me, as a friend, to rejoin my regiment. I am, therefore, going out to Dum-Dum in a day or two. All will doubtless be ordered for the best, and I would cheerfully and thankfully acknowledge the hand of God in all that befalls me. To show how much Lord Ellenborough knew of my affairs, I may mention that he asked me, amongst other things, whether I had been much amongst Mahomedans, and whether I had ever been to Persia; how I had got to Herat, and whether I *remained* there after the retreat of the Persians in 1838!!* On my answering these strange questions, I was told to give a statement of my services to the private secretary. I represented that every particular would be found stated in my memorial, and asked whether his lordship had received that document; the answer was, *No!* So much for his lordship's being well acquainted with my case. I have taken his lordship's advice, and have joined my company at Dum-Dum. Now that I *know* the worst, it may prove the *best*. Now that all hope of being re-employed in the political department, or any other department, save my own, has vanished, I feel happy and contented. Doubtless, all has been ordered for my good, and I would recognise the hand of a merciful God, of an all-wise friend, in all that has befallen or may befall me."

So he joined the battalion, to which he stood posted, at the head-quarters of the Artillery at Dum-Dum, and subsided into the quietude of regimental life. No man ever descended more gracefully than he did. He took command of a company of artillerymen, and entered into all its professional details with a minute conscientiousness, which showed that he thought nothing beneath him that lay in the path of military duty. He was perfectly resigned, and, except to one or two chosen friends, he never spoke of the injustice that had been done to him—never repined or murmured at his lot. He was very modest and unassuming in his demeanour; and it would have been hard indeed, for any one, who had been admitted to the privilege of familiar intercourse with him, not to regard him with affectionate admiration. He was right when he said that all was for the best; for abundant solace soon came to him from an unexpected quarter; and he was happier than he ever was before. Some years before, a blight had fallen on his life, as it fell upon the lives of Henry Martyn and Arthur Conolly; and he now, therefore, wrote to his sister, in answer to a suggestion that he might be happier, if married:—"No, dearest J——, there never will be any one whom I may call mine, beyond those who are already so. I am, to all intents and purposes, a childless widower. Let this be our last allusion to the subject. I thought F—— might have told you the story, with the heads of which he is acquainted. The wound is an old one, but is still tender to the touch."

But, by the beginning of August, he had discovered that all this was a mere delusion. His heart now belied the words that he had written; and he was eager to recant:—"Dearest sister, what will be your surprise after what I have said to you on the subject of love and marriage, to hear that I, your brother D'Arcy, *am* about to be married? Many considerations have kept me silent on the subject for some time past; these shall be explained to you when we meet, and they may form a chapter in the romance of life. Marian Sandham, the eldest daughter of the surgeon of H.M.'s 16th Lancers, and grand-daughter of dear old Mr. Fisher, our Senior Presidency Chaplain, is the dear girl who yesterday promised to be mine. I have long known her, and yesterday she confessed—but I will not now tell you how or what she confessed. We are to be married in about a fortnight! She—how shall I describe her, or with what shall I commence? You will find in her a worthy sister. She is a child of God, and one of the sweetest of God's children. Her age is little more than twenty—a few months. She came to this country about six months ago; but I cannot go on." And again, on the 15th of August, he wrote:—"I told you in my last that I had long known Marian. During the last six months I have had constant opportunity of seeing her; the matter, therefore, has not been lightly, or hastily, undertaken, and I believe that the blessing of God will be with us . . . Although it was only ten days ago that she consented to be mine, we have agreed that it would be unwise to delay the ceremony longer than is absolutely necessary. Her father is about to leave Calcutta, and we are of course anxious that he should be present. Monday, the 22nd of this month, has therefore been fixed upon as the happy day. I cannot hope that you will be present, but I know, however, that you will be present in the best sense of the word; we shall have your prayers and your sweet congratulations."

On the 22nd, he wrote again, saying:—"Dearest J——, this is my wedding-day! At six o'clock this afternoon, the ceremony will be performed which makes Marian mine, and gives you a noble sister. I am sure you will look upon one another, and love each other as sisters; you are worthy the one of the other, and I cannot pay you a higher compliment; but this is not a time for paying compliments; the word sounds horribly." And then a week after the marriage, he wrote to the same sister:—"I did expect, by God's blessing, to be happy; but I am a thousand times happier than I expected to be."

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* I well remember the amused look on Todd's face, when coming straight to me from Government House, he told me that the Governor-General said he knew all about his case, and asked him if he had much intercourse with Mahomedans.—"As if he thought that the Persians and Afghans were Christians." Of course Lord Ellenborough had no such thought; but Governors-General are obliged sometimes to say that they know all about that of which they know nothing.

There is not the least doubt that this was the very happiest time of his life. I have seen it recorded of him that his remaining years were embittered by a sense of the injustice that had been done to him; but as I was, at this time, in almost daily communication with D'Arcy Todd, I may say, with the force of more than conjecture or hearsay authority, that not a feeling of bitterness was left in his mind. It is but little to say that he was resigned. He was the most serene, the most contented, the most cheerful of men, in a society which numbered at that time several married families, which had in them the best elements of happiness, and which were in constant intercourse with each other of the most friendly and pleasurable kind. There are, besides myself, some still living, who look back with the most affectionate recollections to those years at Dum-Dum, when D'Arcy Todd and his Marian were winning all hearts by their gentle and endearing ways. In the enjoyment of such home pleasures as were then beneficently vouchsafed to him, he felt that he could live down official injustice and neglect. Assuredly it did not much matter, for he enjoyed, in full and overflowing abundance, the respect, the admiration, and the affection of his brother officers, and the verdict of the public had been pronounced in his favour.

It would have been well indeed for him if this happiness could but have endured. Regimentally, officially, there were better things in store for him than the command of a company of Foot Artillery at Dum-Dum. But he was harboured securely there, and when he left that happy Head-quarters station the storm began presently to gather over his life.

In December, 1843, he was appointed to the command of a Company in the Upper Provinces, and was compelled, with sore regret, to turn his back upon Dum-Dum. "I was quietly sowing my last peas and beans," he wrote, "when the intelligence reached me. In leaving Dum-Dum, we almost felt as if we were leaving home. I had never been before so much attached to a place. Indeed, in former years I had looked upon my dwelling-place merely as the ground on which my tent was pitched. The charge is easily accounted for, and I need not enlarge upon the subject." In the course of the following March, he was appointed to a Horse Field Battery at Delhi, and he proceeded with his beloved wife to the imperial city. But he was now disquieted by thoughts of Marian's failing health; and as the hot weather came on, he was compelled to make arrangements for her residence in the hills. He obtained a month's leave and accompanied her thither, observing that he might have obtained "sick certificate" for himself, but that he wished to be able to rejoin his post at a day's notice; for stirring times were at hand. Again the peace of India was to be broken; and England had need of all her best soldiers. The Sikh legions, no longer restrained by the strong hand of Runjit Singh, had been for some time past dominating the State, and now at last they had risen to such a height of lawlessness, that they threatened to invade the British frontier, and to stream down in a heavy flood of conquest and rapine, to the sack of Delhi, and the pillage of Calcutta. Averse to war and bloodshed, and resolute not to kindle into activity by any signs of intended aggression from the British side of the frontier, the ill-suppressed hostility of our dangerous neighbours, Sir Henry Hardinge, who had succeeded Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General of India, was quietly massing his troops in the neighbourhood of the Sutlej, but outwardly only for peaceful exercise. At this time the high military character of D'Arcy Todd was recognised by the bestowal upon him of that great object of regimental ambition, a troop of Horse Artillery. It was the troop too with which he had served as a subaltern; so the appointment would have gratified him greatly, if any earthly solace at such a time could have touched his heart. But he was grieving then for his beloved wife, whose mortal ailments made his life one of painful anxiety; and he was not to be cheered by any professional success.

On the morning of the 9th of December, all hope had passed away; and at noon Marian Todd was with the angels. "The hand of God is heavy upon me," he wrote on that day to his brother; "but I believe that such an affliction cannot spring from the dust. Pray, pray fervently for your deeply afflicted brother. She fell asleep a few minutes after noon." But it was not permitted to him to fall into a stupor of grief. The Sikhs crossed the Sutlej. His troop was called into action; and he went, as he touchingly said, "from the open grave," not wishing ever to return to it, into the midst of that bloody warfare. He survived the conflict of Moodkhee, but at Ferozshuhar, on the 22nd of December, D'Arcy Todd, broken-hearted, believing that his end was approaching, and declaring that he "only wished to live that the grace of God and the love of Christ might prepare him to leave a world in which there could be no more joy for him," led his troop into action, and perished in the unequal conflict. A round shot, from the Sikh batteries is said to have struck him down, as he was charging at the head of his men, and to have carried instant death with it. And, as I have said elsewhere, "Among the many who fell on that mournful day, there was not a braver soldier or a better man."