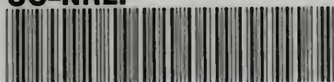
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LIONEL TENNYSON

# LIONEL TENNYSON

"Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being true as he was brave,
Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he look'd beyond the grave."
T.

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1891

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# ON THE CENOTAPH IN FRESHWATER CHURCH

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In Memoriam

LIONEL TENNYSON

FILII, MARITI, FRATRIS CARISSIMI,
FORMA, MENTE, MORUM SIMPLICITATE,
LAUDEM INTER AEQUALES MATURE ADEPTI,
FAMAM QUOQUE IN REPUBLICA, SI VITA SUFFECISSET,
SINE DUBIO ADEPTURI.
OBDORMIVIT IN CHRISTO
DIE APR: XX. ANNO CHRISTI MDCCCLXXXVI. ÆTAT. XXXII.
ET IN MARI APUD PERIM INDORUM
SEPULTUS EST.

# MEMOIR

Lionel Tennyson was born on March 16th 1854, at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. From his babyhood he was always an affectionate, joyous, and beautiful child. As he developed, he was imaginative, and very fond of music, and of fairy stories, legends, and old ballads, read at his mother's knee. One day he was so much affected by some sad song which Mr. Lear was singing that, my mother has told me, she had to carry him out of the room. Our delight was great when Mr. Jowett used to tell us stories out of the Odyssey, or when our father read aloud about King Arthur, in the long winter evenings, as we sat in front of the yule-log fires. Then came the time of tutors; to some of these he was much attached, and would weep passionately at their departure. Our life in those early days was very simple, and one of the happiest imaginable. After lessons we used to walk with our father and mother

in the garden, or we helped our father to pull our mother in her chair on the down , or we built and demolished chalk castles with them, or we planted primroses and ferns on the banks, or made bon-fires, or cut down trees, or sawed up wood, or gathered leaves for the leaf heap, or dug in the little plots of ground set apart for our special use. He was always a very plucky boy, both in games and out of door sports, and we had some great adventures while scaling the trees, climbing the rocks by the sea, boating, and swimming, and riding on our ponies. At thirteen he went to school at Eton. There he did not work very hard, but made staunch friends, to whom he clung in after life, and read a good deal of history to himself, and was especially fond of the poetry of Keats. His Latin verses were often commended, "*albescente susurro*," a master quoted to me once as a singularly imaginative phrase for so young a boy (describing the wake of a vessel sailing through the sea). After Eton he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his imaginative qualities, his unselfish and open-hearted nature, and his humour were widely appreciated. At that period he chiefly studied history, music, and the drama. He was engaged to be married to Eleanor Locker at twenty-one, and con-

sequently worked studiously at modern languages, going eventually to Mr. Scoones to be coached, and travelling abroad in Germany and France. He passed well into the India Office, which enabled him to marry. All the higher official work given him to do he enjoyed, but he unfortunately disliked the routine work. None of his age there knew more about India, and I have not a few letters from his "chiefs" speaking in the warmest terms of his ability, and of the high place that, had he lived, he was destined to make for himself. With the natives of India themselves he was popular, and his home (4, Sussex Place, Regent's Park) was always open to those who happened to be in England. His Blue Book on India is a model of vigorous style and condensation. As a relaxation from official work he wrote articles for magazines, and for the *Saturday Review* and occasional poems, and took a great interest in music for the working classes. In 1885 at the invitation of Lord Dufferin he went with his wife on a tour to India, in order to see as much of India as he could for himself. The part of his tour to India which he seemed to enjoy most was that in the old-world Rajputana. He caught jungle-fever while shooting in the jungles of Assam, and this was the cause of his death. The fever was in his system when he

attended the camp of exercise at Delhi, where he was exposed to very inclement weather during the military manœuvres. On his return to Calcutta he fell dangerously ill, and never recovered, but hung between life and death for three months and a half, and bore his sufferings with the utmost fortitude and with uncomplaining resignation. In the words of Lord Dufferin, "Nothing could exceed his courage and his patience and his goodness to us all. He was never irritable, and was so grateful for any little thing that my ladies could do for him." On the other hand, he wrote in his last letter home that the kindness of Lord and Lady Dufferin and Lady Helen Blackwood was "unspeakable." Our friends Gerald and Margie Ritchie wholly devoted themselves to him. When he started for home from Calcutta at the beginning of April, Gerald Ritchie came with him as far as Madras, Margie as far as Colombo. Gerald, on saying "Good-bye," to him, asked him whether he had any messages for home; he answered, "It is all right." Gerald adds, "How Hallam must have envied me having been on board that ship with him. If he could have seen the sweet kind smile on his face (he had the sweetest smile I ever knew, the 'high sweet smile' of Lancelot) as he said 'Good-bye' to me, I think it would have taken away the

bitterness of parting." Then came the last days. He spoke little, but did not suffer much pain. The last morning, when they had reached the Red Sea, he suddenly moved his head up, and began to sing "Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His——last farewell." He could not remember the word "tender," so his wife brought a hymn-book and told him, and he kept repeating "*Tender, last farewell.*" Then she read the rest to him, and "Lead, kindly light," a favourite of his. At the words, "Far from home," he said, "*Yes, far from home.*" She knelt by his side and said the Lord's Prayer, and read some Psalms. He passed away quite peacefully: the breathing became slower and slower, until it quietly ceased at 3 P.M., April 20th. The burial service was at nine that same evening under a great silver moon. The ship stopped—the coffin was lowered into a phosphorescent sea—and all was over.

H. T.

LIONEL TENNYSON

# LIONEL TENNYSON

## DIARY

*October* 16, 1885.—I cannot say that I am not somewhat melancholy at going, but I suppose it is all for the best, and that I shall enjoy it when I once get there. In the meantime I feel parting with you all very much, as you know.

*October* 17.—Started from London. The Locker Lampsons, Hallam and Audrey, Henry Cameron, and Hameed Ullah, came to see us off.

*October* 18.—Got to Basle about 6 A.M. and went for a drive. I understanding the conductor of the *wagon-lits* that the train came up at 7.15, and Bradshaw putting the time at 7.30. In consequence, we missed the train and had to wait till ten for another to Lucerne. In the meantime I had a walk. Arrived at Lucerne about two. Eleanor had a bad headache and went to bed. I went for

a drive to the top of a small hill near the town, with a lovely view over the town and lake to the mountains. Had dinner and walked by the lake. A lovely night. The light and the music came dancing along the water from the town, and the moon sent a pure stream of silver over all. The lake reflected everything, like the mind of a man of the world : and high over all a quiet mountain-top stood in the clear heaven with soft white clouds nestling on its bosom, like thoughts in a virgin's breast. About eleven o'clock we started for Milan. Bothers of changing carriages, &c. We only got a sleeping-berth from Lugano to Milan. Usual custom-house bothers at Chiasso. The foreign railway system is excellent if you do everything you ought to do, like Positivism ; but if you stray from the proper path, your sin haunts you for days, so at Milan station we found our luggage had been left at Chiasso.

*October* 19.—Great jabbering in all sorts of tongues, and luggage is to be sent on to Venice. Spend morning in seeing Milan. Much more pleased with the cathedral than I expected. The architecture is, of course, bad in detail, the caryatid capitals being strange and offensive to the eye ; but the whole is so vast and airy and spacious that the impression it gives is one of grandeur. The church of St. Ambrose, with its old cortile, is especially interesting. A curious old-faced acolyte showed us over, but spoke so much like a deaf person, who imagines all deaf

people speak too loud that it was difficult to hear him. He said everything was of the third century, which was, of course, bosh. There are, however, things quite as old. There is a beautiful collection of illuminated Psalters. Saw Philippa Baillie and her father at the hotel, who told us, but too late, of the Da Vinci's "Last Supper" that we had not seen. Start for Venice, and arrive about eight, where we find Dawkins and MacKail waiting for us with two beautiful gondoliers. We do not understand what people mean by being disappointed with their first sight of Venice. (I remember well a dramatic description Jenny Lind gave of her first arrival at Venice in a thunderstorm.) We had a moon, and the night was cold. After dinner at the Grand Hotel we went for a gondola, our beautiful Ovaldo Fabrio Traghette Danieli Gond. No. 34 conducting us. Then we retire, weary and grateful, to bed, which we have not visited since we left England.

*October* 20.—Went with Dawkins and MacKail to Academia. Bellini's throned Madonna. Three angels fiddling, &c. Power and sweetness. Titian's "Assumption." Very fine picture, Ruskin notwithstanding. Attitude of Madonna too dramatic, perhaps. But crowd below very justly dramatic. Tintoret, "Saving of man about to be flogged." Very fine descending figure of St. Mark. "Adam and Eve." Don't see its beauty. Gentile Bellini "St. Mark," and Carpaccio "Saving of Relic." Paul Veronese's "Last Supper." Very skilful the way in which the separate groups at

the back are united by the action of the figures in the foreground. Titian's "John the Baptist." Very fine and dramatic figure, with lovely landscape. Boccaccino di Cremona. Lovely, and, to my mind, the most perfectly sweet picture in Venice that I have seen. Not mentioned by Ruskin. B. d. C. is considered a boastful humbug by Vasari. Lunched at a small café, and saw Penn Browning. After lunch went to St. Mark's. Not to compare architecturally with Westminster Abbey, though proportionately perfect. Simply because the early English is a much more beautiful style. Its characteristic and unique beauty consists in its colouring. The effects of light and shade vary as in a spring wood. Went up Campanile. Wonderful view, though we could not see the mountains. Dined at the Quadri, Scampii di Mare, Beccafichi, &c. Gondoled up till 11 P.M. afterwards. Moon and delightfully warm night. Effects of light in side canals. Sts. Giov. and Paulo.

*October* 21.—*San Rocco.* Tintorets. "Massacre of Innocents" very hard to see. Confused *mêlée* in foreground. Five groups of mother with dead infant in background. "Crucifixion." Wonderful picture. Intensely lifelike and pathetic group under cross. Donkey eating dead palm leaves. Fine horses and men. *Frari.* Tombs. Meet Freshfields. *Ducal Palace.* Agree with Ruskin in thinking it the finest of secular buildings. "Bacchus and Ariadne," Tintoretto. One of the most

perfectly beautiful pictures I know. Wonderfully mature in feeling. "Mars, Wounded Nymph and Minerva." The action of Minerva pushing away Mars is characteristic of Tintoret, who, more than any other painter I know, was felicitous in representing action at the moment of repose. "Paradise" T.'s largest picture. Wheel within wheel of beings containing beautifully drawn groups. A picture that gains in depth as you look at it, until you feel that you have struck haphazard into circling millions. Lunch at German restaurant. Dine at Quadri with Freshfields, Dawkins and M. Yoeff.

*October 22.* — *S. Maria del' Orto.* Tintorets. "Golden Calf." "Last Judgment." "Presentation in the Temple." Finest figure in this picture I know anywhere. *S. Giorgio.* More Tintorets. "Manna." "Last Supper." Very fine shadowy picture with angels. Start in *Mongolia* at three o'clock. Freshfields lunch and see us off. Tintoret seems to me by far the finest painter I know. Indeed, I could hardly look at any other pictures in Venice. His wonderful variety and perfect felicity and colossal execution and imagination never, as far as I know, have been touched. We see him now at a disadvantage because his colour, and especially his blue, has faded. But the colours where they survive are splendid. Nothing could be more perfect than the colour of two small pictures in the Ducal Palace. I have omitted the Pesaro Titian, which is a very fine picture, and I do not agree with Ruskin as to the Madonna's being a lay figure. No

one is a worse censor than R., valuable as his praise is.

*October* 23.—At sea. Generally bored: play chess, and make acquaintance with Strovers. He was Political Agent at Mandalay for some years, and still serves in Burmah. She has had trins, and so is rather a lion in her way. Has much native wit, and is takingly pretty. In the morning we stop for some hours at Ancona, but do not go ashore. Ancona, they said, sends twenty-five million eggs annually to London. It is a pretty little harbour.

*October* 24.—Arrive at Brindisi early. Frightfully dull and hot place. Walk about town in afternoon with Strover and Walker. The town is Oriental in appearance. Fine column marking end of Appian Way, and other Roman ruins.

*October* 25.—Have a stomach-ache, but go for a drive. Very flat and dull and hot. Go to what is called a public garden. It is neither public nor a garden. Fees are necessary. Passengers arrive from London. Two or three trains, and much noise during night.

*October* 26.—Rough, and most passengers downstairs. E. and I. are all right.

*October* 27.—Calmer. Make acquaintance with some of the new passengers. General Hancock Smith, of railways Bombay. Charming fellow. Major Leacocke, &c.

*October* 28.—Still at sea, and quite calm. The moon is lovely.

*October* 29.—We arrive at Port Said, but being in quarantine are not allowed to land. There is a picturesque sight in the evening of the coaling of a troopship. Flaming braziers to keep off the cholera we are supposed to bring, and streams of shouting coolies. Music in the evening. I sing. Pretty girl accompanies, but do not know her name. Ship's officers sing: have good voices, as is the case with many sailors.

*October* 30.—Start at daybreak in canal. Rows of flamingoes in the shallow lakes. Beautiful effect of rising sun on the pink breasts of a flight of them. After breakfast mirage. Lifelike appearance of water. Little dust-storms roll up like the smoke of a sacrifice. We pass a caravan of camels and ponies, which is really Eastern. We get on but slowly, and not much respect seems to be paid to H.M.'s mail. It is hot, but not at all too hot, and the air of the desert has a peculiarly invigorating effect, like the air of Switzerland and Scotland. Talk to the pretty musical girl: very intelligent and simple; fresh and unspoilt from school. Also talk to Italian General Gene, who is going to Massowah, and thence to Abyssinia on a mission. He is very handsome, and a dear creature, with a pretty shy manner. A sort of much modified Othello. I can't make much of his two tall *aides*. The sunset is splendid, and we can see the orb literally running down behind the mountains. Then an orange horizon, with a delicate pink canopy, and a wonderful

afterglow on the lake of Tarusi, where we stop for the night, close to Ismailïa, which we cannot, however, see ; but anchor in front of Khedivial palace. Wonderful stars. Dancing at night, but I do not join in it. Life on board ship is singularly free from restraint, and the Englishman loses his insularity, and determines to make the best of the situation. The captain is an autocrat and rules—at least he did in the *Mongolia*, with a hearty and beneficent despotism. We are now, I should mention, in the *Mirzapore*. There was a touching incident in the *Mongolia*. The stewardess, an ugly old lady, with the ruins of boils all over her face, told Mrs. Strover that an oculist had told her she would be blind of cataract in two years. She has an infirm daughter to support, and consequently was distracted at the thought, and used to wander up and down the saloon all night. She is to come to London and stay with us, and see an oculist. She was touchingly grateful. The captain is coming, too, when he is in town, which is seldom. In the morning I sing Schubert with the Bretts. Very nice people, and good musicians. The daughter, poor girl, seems very nice and clever, and sings beautifully. Mrs. W. Fowler sings in the evening. A powerful voice and coarse style, but can sing a ballad better than most amateurs. Sit at dinner with the Strovers, Graham, and next to Miss Oldfield (I think the name is). Her father is on board, and is judge at Allahabad. She is simple, rather pretty, and nice. Other people

on board are Mrs. Storey and Mrs. Money, a friend of Willie Aikins, Captain Losack, Forest officer, who lends me £5.

*October* 31.—Still in the canal. Many stoppages. We reach Suez about 5.30. The town looks very pretty, a spot of green in the desert lying on a blue gulf, with bare hills behind it, and connected with its port, which lies on an island by a causeway. Talk most of the day to Miss Grant, the young lady whose name I did not know. Very charming. She told me all about her ideas of life and society, &c. We start at night about nine down the Red Sea.

*November* 1, 2, and 3.—Very hot; about 90°. See a waterspout, an opaque funnel of cloud reaching almost to the sea, making a "gerbe" of gigantic dimensions. Also the lonely Brothers, with a lighthouse on it, tenanted by old P. and O. quartermasters for three months at a time. There is a planet, Venus, I think, which makes a sheen on the sea like the moon. When we started from Suez the Sinai range was very grand, with its jagged basaltic peaks and desert colouring. And there was a very beautiful effect of the indented sky-line of mountains seen through the morning haze. It is difficult to describe, but it gave an impression of fairylike unreality that perhaps was more striking after the Balzac-like prose of the desert. There was a grand sunset, a black thunder promontory projecting into the usual calm glow of an Eastern sunset. The Southern Cross is poor. Slept on deck, and

was awakened, as everybody else was, by the shriek of somebody in a nightmare. Very hot, but not unpleasant. One day being exactly the ditto of another on board ship I have not thought it worth while to distinguish them.

*November* 4 to 10.—We arrive at Aden in a tempest of rain. It is the common saying that they have rain at Aden only once in four years, but this is not true. The canal has, I believe, modified the climate. Somebody possesses an air-gun, and there are shooting competitions. The ladies' match provokes great heart-burnings. On Friday night we have a Christy minstrel entertainment, desperately dull. On Saturday a concert, at which I sing *La ci darem* with Mrs. Fowler—the only encore—and "Father O'Flynn." On Monday the stewards give an entertainment, at which Hamid Ali Khan, who has been the butt of the ship on account of his conceit, is persuaded to recite the "Dying Gladiator" and his "Farewell to the *Mirzapore*." He is greeted with shouts and enormous applause, which he swallows as his due, and is ultimately removed by a sham policeman at the instance of the purser. I do not witness this performance, as I think it is altogether *infra dig.* of sahibs to make a butt of a foolish young native. Miss G. tells me of her engagement to Mr. B. They are both charming people, and should be happy. She had almost confided in me her love for him before, and I am much interested in them both. I suppose it is a weakness

of mine to become attached to people with whom one comes in contact, and who are more or less congenial ; but I certainly feel sorry to say good-bye to people on the *Mirzapore.* A voyage is a life in itself, and the ambitions, affections, triumphs, &c., of life are repeated here in miniature, and intensified by the cramped conditions of existence, so that people who are associated with one in this burning little world are really part of one's life for the time being, and not to be lightly and selfishly cast aside afterwards.

*November* 10.—We arrive in Bombay about 12 P.M., and I get letters from various people. Am bewildered by the simultaneous arrival of four black Chuprassies, who don't talk a word of English ; but I arrange matters somehow. It is an appallingly hot night, and sleep is almost impossible. I got about two hours on deck. In the morning Francis, our servant, arrives. Jehangur Dosabhoy Framji comes with our host Mr. Hart, Judge of the Small Cause Court, and we go off in comfortable state in a customs house launch, supplied by J. D. F. The moment one sets foot in Bombay one realizes that one is in India ; from the children carefully dressed, and with bangles and necklaces, to the sturdy, swarthy forms of the Kalis. Colours marvellous. Every yard seems to possess a characteristic feature, and every shop, with its open fronts of little industry in active operation, is deeply interesting to me. The pride of race has also influenced the English architects, and the public build-

ings are both original and handsome. Mr. W. F. Hart's house is on Cumballa Hill, in a breezy situation, in a compound full of palms, mangoes, butterflies, parroquets, &c. In the morning I shop with Jehangur, &c. Go into a café, not a reputable one, I believe, and see curtains drawn around a box; am curious, and discover at last that it is the parson and his wife whose shadows were visible on the awning of the *Mirzapore* engaged in a conjugal embrace. Play billiards, and go after with Strovers to a curious place called Wellington Hotel, then go to Apollo Bunder, the fashionable resort of Bombay, in the evening; and General Hancock takes us into Yacht Club. Magnificent sunset; lurid bastions of cloud, with lightning illuminating them.

*November* 12.—Go to Crawford market with Jehangir. Fruits a wonderful sight. Vendors seated in the midst of fruit with more or less clothes on. We tasted various fruits, most of which one knew by name. There is an affectation about them all. There is no sub-acid flavour, and the taste is almost perfumed. Breakfast at Apollo Bunder with Graham. Pomphlet, speciality of Bombay, an excellent fish. In the afternoon I see Strovers off, and hosts of my fellow passengers. We then drive to the Bunder. In the afternoon of 11th we go to see the university library, and Prof. Peterson, who is a pleasant Scotchman, showed us Sanscrit palm-leaf MSS. Cammo Suliman calls on us: fine old Mahommedan with original tone of ex-

pression; made his own way entirely. Kind and generous Indian Whiteley. A Parsi funeral passes all in white, each couple connected by a white handkerchief, symbolic of sympathy.

*November* 13.—Drive to Malabar Hill and see the Governor's residence, a pleasant country house with a lovely view. In afternoon see Towers of Silence. The whole thing interesting. "None but Parsees may enter here" is at the entry. The secretary bowed and said to us, "The lords of the land are everywhere welcomed." A lovely garden, with a beautiful view of Bombay. Tower excellently described by M. Williams. Sec. insists more on the sanitary than the religious character of the operations. We saw the great indecent, melancholy birds sitting in the tower waiting for the next funeral. Went afterwards to the bazaars. A wonderful picturesque sight; motley merry crowds of pedestrians in every sort of costume and nakedness; and ladies in their bullock gharis (brightly-painted carriages). It is too dark to go into shops. Drive home by Bunder.

*November* 14.—In afternoon go to Nautch at Jaal Dboy Sett's, a house in a low quarter of town overlooking docks. J. S. very proud of his plants. Statuary of Parian, coloured, which he boasts of having procured from Manchester. Rape of Sabines, &c. Two negro figures of art and agriculture. Upstairs we find three men and a Nautch girl squatting on the ground. Men play two native fiddles and

a double drum with fingers. Nautchi imperfect in words only; has one step—a sort of slow double shuffle—with which she canters round between each stanza. Is swathed in garments from head to foot. Is an Armenian, but sings Hindustani. Old Dosabhoy, a fine old fellow, who has been sheriff of Bombay, tells me he had a suit before him concerning this girl between two parties, one of whom promised her 200 Rs. and the other 400 Rs. a month. Not ungraceful in movement, and her high notes powerful, but thoroughly Oriental in singing. Her songs love-songs, and in praise of toddy, descriptive of castes, &c. Supper in middle, jellies and champagne. Take in Mrs. Jehangir, handsome. Stay afterwards, having received garlands and bracelets of flowers after the Parsi custom, and betel nuts in betel leaves. Play billiards, and go to Hindu theatre. Drop-scene consists of Queen and P. W. and Ripons, vilely painted. Play semi-religious. Chorus in praise of friend, the Nautchee Jamila, every verse ending with the name of God. Frightful European band, brass, out of tune and time, and awfully wild. Go through slums with Jehangur and Sett. Taste *Mhowra*, a really excellent liqueur, at Sett's.

*November* 15.—In afternoon we go to Elephanta caves and Cormingi. Cammo Suliman's headman takes us. Steam-launch, champagne, &c. A mass of luxuriant vegetation. E. caves often described. Enormous pillars cut out of rock. Niches in temple

filled with gigantic figures of Siva, Gaupati elephant god, Parwali, Trimurti ; and two inner chapels. Too dark to see much. A lovely view in setting sun of Salsette across the harbour. Rough having to go off in small boat. On way up we see a fight between coolies, chiefly a war of vituperation applied to respective ancestors. Moonlight view of sea and palms from bungalow.

*November* 16.—Drive with Bhownagree, through delightful palm groves, with native villages (waste) beneath their shady leaves. Each little hamlet has its Marwari, which sticks to it like a leech. Taste toddy, sweet and nasty. The better sort is bitter, and there are toddy cures. See Persian waterwheel in operation. Altogether the best bit of India I have seen. Missionary called Macgort comes to breakfast. He works amongst Sonthals, describes them as a loving and simple people, who are being converted to Christianity. Took a Hindu servant with him, who said to natives, " I and master are of one heart. I heard all their stories. Do not want to be baptized ; you simple people, &c." Tells us how he frightened away fifty Bengal lathi wallahs with his umbrella. I suppose he speaks truth. In the evening we go to a party given by Dosabhoy in our honour. We are introduced to everybody. I sing, but every one talks, as is the native habit. The Parsi ladies look very pretty, coloured nun-like dress. Miss Pechey, lady-doctor, a taking and capable-seeming person. Sir W. Wedderburn unpopular,

because he has recently enhanced sentences. Mr. Sidney Smith very jovial, and countless Parsis. A Miss Branson, trained at our dramatic school, sang. She seems to despise everybody ; so shocked a bishop by her infidelity that he wrote to her father, though a stranger. Curious phenomenon. Old Dosabhoy winds up with a little speech in our honour, and three cheers for us and father. Party interesting—humorous.

*November* 17.—Go to Dosabhoy's court ; assault case going on. Proceedings in English with interpreter. After he takes me to Parsi Club, called Ripon Club. All Europeans excluded in revenge for our excluding natives. I am rather disgusted with this mutual intolerance, which is worse than I expected. Afterwards I inspect a Parsi school, built by Mrs. Jehangir's father. About forty of them sung an ode in his honour, clapping hands to mark the time. After God save the Queen. The native tailor's shop where I bought clothes possesses an English cutter, who informs me that his wife was governess to the mayor's daughter in the I. of W., and so knew me. The P. and O. steward was waiter at Totland Hotel, and also knew me. How small is the world! In the evening we start for Jeypore, and Dosabhoy, Jehangir, and Cammon's headman, come to see us off. Affectionate farewells. These people's kindness is astonishing.

*November* 18.—Ahmedabad, 310 miles. Arrive at 9.15. Find Professor Daiut Parsi and Miss Bhow-

naggree to meet us. They have ordered breakfast of which I partake hastily, and then drive with George Reed, collector, and his brother, to big tank and through part of city. Fine queenly women. Beautifully carved houses and fine trees. Droves of donkeys. Start again. Monkeys. Graceful storks, and bright-coloured birds. Tobacco, sugar-cane, castor-oil fields. Man stark naked washes in station tank. None of the lotos feeling in the air here that there was in Bombay. Reed tells story of Jan, who destroyed mangolds infested with aphides because they caused life, and life caused death. A curious argument against marriage. Through the Aramth mountains. A picturesque chain, field of battles between Rajputs and Mahomedans, from one to three thousand feet high.

*November* 19.—Arrive at Jeypore at 9.17. Find all preparations for receiving Viceroy. Jacob, whom we knew on P. and O., coming from Gibraltar eight years ago, receives us. All the Thakirs sit on chairs, and blaze with gold and jewels. Then a regiment marches in with bagpipes. After the Maharajah comes a bearded, black, burly, melancholy man. Was quite uneducated when he came to his own two years ago, being the son of a poor Thakir in exile. Has pleasing, shy manners now. We join in procession. The residency is 3½ miles from the station. The whole route is lined with troops and servants in livery and armour, men from the hills in white dresses dance a warlike dance between the carriages. Numerous bands play "God save the

Queen" excruciatingly, and native instruments, long horns, like fog-horns, fiddles, tom-toms, all mingle. At intervals are brilliantly painted elephants, tongas, with bullocks, their horns and backs covered with bright green cloth. Gilded palkis also, and streets, houses, &c., lined with many-hued dresses of the citizens. Dr. Stratton is the Resident, Sir Edward Bradford, Agent. Colonel Jacob, P.W.O., and Colonel Trevor on his way to take up office at Ajmere, are all here. The Viceregal party consists of their Excellencies, Lady Helen, Miss Thynne, Lord W. Beresford, Mr. Wallace, and F. M. Durand, Evans, Gordon (friend of Tennant's), Daly, Captain Cooper, J. Harbord, &c. After breakfast H.R.H. comes to call. Very formal, and conversation flags, as it is the proper thing to say little. The Diwan is Bengali, but is a very able and straightforward man. In the afternoon we go to Durbar, which all say is the best they have seen. An open pavilion with chiefs ranged round three sides of a square. The fourth, fronting the throne, being a large court-yard, in which are ranged the nobles in green and scarlet dresses and jewels. His Excellency is carried in on a palki, being, as he says, like a letter on a tray. The girls present chant, and a Nautch follows. After we drive to gardens, small shady courts with water.

*November* 20.—Go early to see Exhibition. Collection at Albert Hall managed by Dr. Hendley. Wonderful carriage by villagers—wealth of design. Collection of gods and models of turbans. A large

model at an enormous cost is being made by a devotee of some temple in order that he may secure accommodation like this in heaven. The afternoon we go to Amber, about five miles off. It was the old city before city was moved to its present site in beginning of present century, on account of insufficient water and want of space. The old buildings crown a hill overlooking the bend of a narrow valley. Acres and acres are covered with ruins of houses and temples. In the old temple there is a shrine to Kali ; and I think the only place where there is a daily sacrifice : a kid is offered up every morning. There is some fine open stonework in the courtyard gate, and a great deal of glass and colour ornamentation. The coloured glass is, I am told, done by squeezing fine powder between two pieces of glass. We ride a couple of miles to the palace and back.

*November* 21.—We go to see beast fights, the first of which is an elephant fight, one with a Mahout and the other without, the trunks carefully soaped to prevent their catching hold of each other, and the loose elephant is enticed into an open arena, the boundary walls of which are crowded. Then one elephant catches sight of the other, and with uplifted trunks they rush at each other, head to head. A frightful shock that seems to make the ground tremble. The Mahout nearly falls off ; if he does, it may go hard with him. At length, after one or two encounters, the one with the Mahout wins, and they

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are separated by squirts with sulphur and fireworks. The beaten one returns with bloody tusks. If one of these animals gets into the town the shops have to be closed until he is caught, which is sometimes two or three days. We go over the palace and then see the horses exercised. Some of them are fine creatures and have pretty tricks. Then we have more animal fights, quails, cocks, boars, rams, buffaloes, hogs, deer, Sambbren deer, &c., &c. The deer placed their heads together in a melancholy way as if bored with the whole thing. The pigs fought like dogs, and one of them had a large scar. The rams butted each other with terrific force, and one of them seemed to be stunned. The buffaloes were the finest, and gave the greatest impression of savage strength, their thews starting out with their efforts. One of them had his horn broken. All the animals are held by cords, and separated when the sport waxes hot. If it were in earnest I can imagine its being the finest (though brutalest) sport in the world. In afternoon we went to Albert Palace. An Italian, Count Gubernati, a Sanscrit scholar, who always turns up late in an appropriate costume, tells me some interesting things. Then to hospital, and after to see Chitar hunting—a grisly spectacle. We got within eighty yards of a buck, and the Chitar pulled him down in one hundred yards. The spring was fine, and the animal, as he lay sucking the blood of the buck, was a savage spectacle. The whole thing was too bloody. Then we had hawking. A

black curlew, or ibis, was the bird hawked. It is a pretty sight. H.R.H. looked well in his green uniform on his horse. At night we dine with H.R.H. The whole city is illuminated with coloured oil lamps. Endless gaping crowd ; the hill behind the city, with its towers and battlements—a gigantic "Welcome" —is lighted up. The dinner is a pretty sight in the pavilion. The *menu* at a little distance looks like the first sheet of an epic poem—it is so long (generally quaint mixtures of French and other languages). Then we go to a court, and see a Nautch of about 100 girls. People said it was unusually good. The peculiar movement is new to me ; but something in movement of the stomach like the Spanish gipsy dancing. The "snake-charming [1] Nautch" is a pretty one, and the girls playing on the hem of their bodices as if they were musical instruments. They are all hideous. Then we go to an open gallery overlooking the gardens, and see fireworks. There is a long vista of fountains and fireworks (all made in Jeypore some say, others not). It is a very pretty sight. Brock came to see them one year. The colours are much better than the designs. Jeypore is my first experience of a native town. It is not, I believe, characteristic among native towns, as it has broad streets, and was laid out, I hear, by an Italian ; and there is an Italian

[1] The girls are supposed to charm the snake in this snake dance, the snake is represented by a long veil held in their mouths.

element in the architecture, but the whole thing to my unpractised eye is Oriental in appearance; and the effect of the streets, battlements, and walls crowded with Oriental colour, is marvellous. Wherever the Viceroy goes he has a salute of thirty-one guns, which invariably gives me a headache.

*November* 22.—We go in special train with Viceroy to Bhurtpore. State has 1,974 s.m.; 743,710 pop.; income a quarter of a million. I play chess with Lady Helen. We arrive about 4.30 in afternoon. It is a much more really Oriental town than Jeypur, but there is nothing fine in an architectural way to be seen. The walls which defied Lake in 1805 are mostly demolished. Town has population of 60,000.

*November* 23.—We shoot duck and geese lining a *jhil.* The right sort fly very high, and nobody makes very good practice. We got about 236. It is very interesting to me to see all the birds. The brilliant jays, the flashing kingfishers, soaring hawks, and Khand cranes, and long-headed birds of which I do not know the name. I talked with H. E. about politics, &c., for a long time at luncheon. In the evening we dined at the palace. The dinner was under the management of Dr. Tyler, who is Superintendent of the Agrajarl, and has a passion for cooking. The palace is not worth seeing. H. H. has the reputation of having exhausted all his capacity for pleasure by the most vicious and ingenious excesses. He has also the reputation of talking English, which apparently he cannot do, so he only grunts. He has a passion

for carriages, and possesses 150. One day the carriage in which he himself drove was tied up with string. Colonel Euan Smith, the Resident, a good fellow and his wife an excellent pianist. The fireworks were very original and striking, but were all from Calcutta. Two or three houses caught fire, but nobody seemed to think anything of it. The Raja will compensate.

*November* 24.—We drive to Deeg. I go in carriage with Mr. Wallace, and have interesting conversation with him about Indian and other matters. Deeg is twenty-two miles from Bhurtpore, and we have fresh relays of horses every seven miles. The road has been watered all the way. On the left hand we pass just before getting to Deeg the Deeg fortress, a fine angle of bastioned walls about eighty or ninety feet high. I never saw any of the kind grander. The palace itself is what might be described as an elegant arrangement of gardens, fountains, and buildings. The marble palace is more of a trinket than a building, its peculiar beauty residing in its double cornices. They turn on the water in a pavilion in the garden, which possesses jets in every conceivable corner, and takes a long time to stop, during which the Viceregal party have to stand on a raised step in the corner of the balcony. Lunch is half an hour late, and every one gets a little bored. After lunch we have an elephant fight, a tame affair, and no impression of force is given except by the splintering of the tusks. Lake fought his hardest battle against Holkar here.

*November* 25.—We shoot at the *jhil* before break-

fast. Great fun, though I don't shoot well. At 10.30 we start for Futtehpur Sikri on our way to Agra. It is about fourteen miles off. We start by our horses giving out; no wonder, as one of them is with foal, and was on dâk yesterday. We get on however with camels. Our travelling companion is Colonel Graham. We get to F. S. about half an hour after the rest of the party. F S. is on the top of a hill overlooking a dreary expanse of flat country, and is one of the hottest places in India. It was built by Akbar. Its glory is the great mosque, the façade of which is a splendid gate. There is a fine inscription on it: "The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there; he who hopeth for an hour, may hope for eternity, &c." (see Keene's *Guide*). It was in this mosque that the great Akbar, wishing to appear in public as the great "Mujáthid," or religious leader of the age, was overtaken by nervousness while reading the Khutbah and obliged to stop. (His divine Monotheism [1] was

[1] In the Ibádat-Khána here Akbar had weekly meetings and discussions of the wise men of all religions: his motto was Toleration, and he hated the word "infidel." "Thus," says Budauni, "a faith based on some elementary principles traced itself on the mirror of his heart, and as the result of all the influences which were brought to bear on his Majesty, there grew gradually, as the outline on a stone, the conviction in his heart that there were sensible men in all religions, and abstemious thinkers and men endowed with miraculous powers among all nations. If some true knowledge were thus everywhere to be found, why should truth be confined to one religion or to a creed like Islám, which was comparatively new,

an eclectic religious system.) Its date is 1571. The great hot quadrangle (433 ft. by 366) is very fine in its desolation. The tomb of the local saint, Sheikh Sulim, is another of those marble gems peculiar to India. A curious custom obtains of tying a piece of coloured string in the open marble work of the doors as an offering for sin. On one of the great doors leading from the square are nailed horse-shoes as votive offerings, on account of the recovery of horses. The divers who plunge from a height of eighty feet into a green water tank are curious. The council room is a small chamber with a central pillar, on the top of which is a seat connected by gangways with seats at the four corners of them. On this the legend is, Akbar's four ministers for lands lying to the four corners of the compass used to sit, himself in the middle. The Hide and Seek House was probably a Treasure House. In front of it there is a quaint piece of Jain architecture. "A painter," said Akbar, "in sketching from life or designing parts of a living subject must become aware that he is incapable of real creation, and so his mind is turned to God the giver of life, and the knowledge of his heart is enlarged." We drive on twenty-four miles to Agra, stopping two miles out to put on official clothes. Are met by a body-guard of the Dragoon Guards, each 6 ft. 2 in., about sixty of them, and are received by Sir A.

and scarcely a thousand years old; why should one sect assert what another denies, and why should one claim a preference without having superiority conferred on itself?" (See Malleson.)

Lyall, and troops. The camp is a town of tents. Dine at the mess, and go afterwards with Evans Gordon to see the Taj by moonlight. The Taj eclipses all my expectations. It is called a "dream in marble," and a "bubble in stone," and various fantastic and clumsy metaphors have been applied to it. But its peculiar beauty cannot be analysed or described.

> To each inward part
> With gentle penetration tho' unseen,
> Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep.

It is said to be architecturally bad. I dare say it is. Much of the beauty of the effect it produces is derived from the contrast between the white or rather grey marble and the dark green of the cypresses that lead up to it. The extraordinary fineness and beauty of its inlaid decoration or *pietra dura* makes it worthy of close inspection, and an angel echo lives inside it. When the separate notes of a chord are sounded, it takes up the harmony into the perfect chord, and it repeats a shake perfectly. The resonance is so perfect that you cannot tell when the sound stops. Palace outside the Fort beautiful. Saw a grated door opening on a passage where the wives were thrown in sacks into the Jumna.

*November* 26.—We visit the Taj and the Fort with their Excellencies. The Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, is a very beautiful simple building, in white marble. There are also numerous halls of beautiful carved work and glass ornamentation. Afterwards we went to the Taj, and it looked beautiful in the warm light of the afterglow. Lord D. says the only

thing he knows that rivals it in its full style, so to speak, is a Greek temple. In the evening there is a *levée*. Taj afterwards.

*November* 27.—We call on Lady Lyall and the Euan Smiths, and go for a short drive in the afternoon, dining with their Excellencies in the evening. Synd Mahmoud calls.

*November* 28.—Lunch with Euan Smiths, and drive afterwards to meet Sir F. Roberts. Dine with Th. E. at night. Sir F. R. is there, has lost his luggage notwithstanding aides-de-camp and staff.

*November* 29.—Go with H. E. to visit St. Paul's School, founded in time of Akbar. Roman Catholic College, the only western sect that does, I hear, real good in India. Attached is a nunnery with school. A Silenus-like old Italian Bishop Jacopi shows us over. I met him at the *levée*. Then we visit the central jail, and see the making of carpets—very interesting, and the carpets very good. A row of men sit in front of a web and weave in threads as told by a man who calls out so many threads of whatever colour to right or left. We saw a lot of Dacoits sentenced to transportation ; very mild inoffensive-looking men compared with English criminals.

*November* 30.—Ride out with Maharana of Dholpore's jackal hounds in morning, on horse with which Baker Russell headed charge of Kassassin. Lunch with Euan Smiths. Sir Thomas Butler, Adjutant General, General Chapman, Quartermaster-General and Captain, are there. The latter sings. Drive on

afterwards to Sikundra, the tomb of Akbar, with Mrs. E. S. Large dinner and reception. Sit between Sup. Laspert and Quinton, and make acquaintance with Synd Mahmoud's father. See wolf boy taken at three or four years old. Only joy smoke, has wolf-like attitudes and noises, still : now twenty-two.

*November* 30, *evening.*—H. E. jubilant at the news of the capture of Mandalay and Theebaw.

*December* 1.—Leave Agra by special train for Gwalior. Play chess with Lady Helen. Quite cool for India. Scindia meets us at station, very shrunken from what he is represented in his portraits. His troops are strange. Trousers of all hues and all sizes, with no regard or relation to the men inside them. Good houses all mixed up together. A file of men as we arrive at palace are marched off with one very tall fifer and a short fat drummer. The palace in which the Viceroy is lodged was built to receive the Prince of Wales. Not a bad building in the French style. (Lord Dufferin has a silver bath, Lady D. a solid gold basin and jug). The Durbar rooms blazing with looking-glasses and gilding. Furniture of stuff of every brilliant hue and a large orange-patterned carpet. We lunch and afterwards drive with Petre whom I met at the Gatty's to the Merar Cantonment—a pleasant, shady, straight-streeted suburb.

*December* 2.—We start early for the Fort, a precipitous bluff about three-quarters of a mile long, and about a mile and a half from town. We ascend the hill on an

elephant. Mem Sing's palace, 1480, one of the best early examples of a palace. Curious corbels of a dragon swallowing an elephant; graceful balustered pilasters and beautiful capitals. A Jain temple of eleventh century. A curious mass of building outside: finely carved running mouldings, and endless wreaths of small figures. Curious bacillus pattern all over it. Another Jain temple of tenth century with amalaka on top of it. A garden of exhumed antiquities surrounds it. Pattison our companion. Much life in carved figures, and some very fine execution. Rock temples with gigantic figures. Have a sort of tea breakfast at mess tent. I go round afterwards with H. E., and return just in time for tiffin. After there is a full dress Durbar, at which the rendition of the Fort and Merar Cantonment to Scindia takes place. A beautiful display of colour. In the native costume, orange predominates. Lord D. reads his speech announcing the rendition, which Durand translates. Scindia speaks a few words in a high, hesitating, querulous voice.[1] He has an absurd stammer, as has the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur. Whether it is nervousness or emotion at the rendition that makes him speak inaudibly I cannot tell. We have held the Fort pretty well continuously since 1843, and the rendition means the displacement of about 4,000 troops. We have Jhansi in exchange. After, we drive with Sir Lepel Griffin, our host, to Merar, and then to tea with Mrs.

[1] He said to the Resident, "Now I must go and tell my boy."

Bannerman at the Residency. She is a typical Resident's wife. The hills on the Chumbul which we crossed coming here are the resort of dacoits. Pattison tells me that one day he was at the station and Scindia's men dragged two wounded dacoits out from a third class carriage. He was told that there were three, and he asked for the third, when in response his head was pulled out from under the seat. Coming from the fort the commander-in-chief had a narrow escape ; the horses going over a small precipice, one of them being merely supported by a trace. Our horses coming from the station turned round twice. There is a happy-go-lucky element in all native states arrangements. [1](At three o'clock the great Durbar takes place, at which the Fort and the Merar Cantonment are handed over to Scindia. The large hall glittering with mirrors, glass chandeliers, violent-coloured satins, and outrageous-hued carpet, is filled with Mahratta chiefs with their brilliant costumes, orange appears to be their favourite colour. Scindia and Lord D. occupy two chairs at the end. Lord D. reads a speech full of compliment, which Durand translates. We only really give up the Fort because it is untenable without fortifying the adjacent heights, and the cantonments because they are unhealthy. Scindia replies in a few words excitedly and querulous in tone. He is always nervous on state occasions because of his stutter, and he is no doubt on this occasion doubly excited because he is being granted

[1] The account of this Durbar is given twice—owing probably to the hurry of the journey.

the wish of his lifetime.) When he has finished his speech he seems to grow double his former size. Mind and body in the East are very near relations. In the afternoon we drive with Sir Lepel Griffin, and have tea with the Bannermans at the Residency. In the evening there is a state dinner of about seventy people. The lady whom Mr. Wallace takes thinks she ought to have gone in with the commander-in-chief and says so. Consequently the husband, a doctor, also resents the slight put on his wife by making a speech by which he thinks he asserts his position, which is very funny, particularly as consternation at his cheek is depicted on the faces of all the officials. There are, of course, fireworks afterwards.

*December* 3.—We drive to see Mahomed Ghan's tomb, a very fine specimen with airy balconies. They were reading the Koran when we were there. We start for Dholpur at two o'clock. The Maharaj Rana, whom we have already met two or three times, is a small, active little fellow, and quite Anglicized, with a stammer. He takes us to see his menagerie—tigers, &c. And afterwards he makes his antelopes jump walls: there are fifty or sixty of them, and their jumping is a very pretty sight. His two aides-de-camp ride over the walls, they are excellent riders. I play billiards, and then we dine. After dinner we have a torchlight procession of elephants (with beautiful howdahs), some carrying pocket-handkerchiefs on their trunks, some blazing torches, camels and people fantastically dressed up, men and women dressed like kings and queens. Some men in ancient Rajpoot

armour, &c., a short Nautch, and some good fireworks. After which we start for Lucknow.

*December* 4.—Arrive at Lucknow about nine o'clock A.M. H. E. makes a speech in which he makes a graceful allusion to me. Are received by Sir A. and Lady Lyall.[1] We find Euan Smith here. He has come with us from Dholpur. We go to see the Exhibition, which strikes me as not worth much. There are some good Saharanpore chintzes. But many of the photos, native drawings, &c., are ridiculous.

*December* 5.—We go to see the Lancers' musical ride, which is a very pretty sight. There is a mistake, at which the authorities are much grieved. After this there is skirmishing exercise and artillery practice. On reaching home H. E. takes to his bed with fever. He has been very imprudent, sitting in the sun despite the warnings of his doctor. In the afternoon there is a garden party at which Rampul Singh swells about.

*December* 5.—We go to the Residency with General Wilson, who was aide-de-camp to Sir H. Lawrence and with him when he was killed. It is one of the most interesting things we have done. His narrative was so concise and graphic, especially he told us about Lieutenant ———, who made a transverse trench to cut off rebels' mines, and sat pistol in hand, night after night, to shoot rebels as they came through. Afterwards all the survivors of the Baily

[1] The Oude chiefs wore splendid jewels—each "shone like a mine."

guard and the other defenders are collected for us to see. Fine old men, some of them : others decrepit and melancholy spectacles. They are photographed with General Wilson in their midst. They hoisted old flag (that they used in siege to haul down and patch every-night) in my father's[1] honour to-day (one of the only times that it has been on flagstaff since siege).

*December* 6.—Go to the Imambara, the largest hall in India, but of an inferior style of architecture. The court is however fine with the great mosque forming one side of it. There is an ancient court near it and a place where the tagis are kept. In the afternoon we go over the Residency again by ourselves, and in the evening we go to see the Imambara illuminated. The interior of the hall is spoilt by the heavy glass chandeliers, but the court with the rings of light round the minarets of the mosque are very fine. We start with the Euan Smiths for Benares. H. E. is still ill and unable to move.

*December* 7.—Arrive at Benares, and go to stay in a bungalow belonging to Rajah of Vizìanagram ; oleographs of the Royal Family and bottles of scent in every room ; situated in a large garden of oranges and pummelos (a tree melon). We call on Rivett Carnacs. She is sister of Durand, and he is opium agent, and then we drive in the city and go out on the river, and have a misty view of the ghats, the Golden Temple, and the famous minarets. We dine with the Rivett Carnacs.

[1] Because of my father's poem on the Relief of Lucknow.

*December* 8 —In the afternoon we drive out to see the Buddhist tope at Sarnac. It is, I believe, about 2,000 years old, and the only carved specimen of the period. Can trace the honeysuckle ornament on it. Raja Siva Persad accompanies—fine old boy—very pro-English. At night we drive to Ramnagar to a state dinner at the Maharajah of Benares' palace. When we have started we find out that our Jehu cannot see at night, so Francis has to drive: and we go the short way over the river in a paddle-boat. Col., Euan and E. have gone in another carriage and wait for us, not knowing we have gone a different way, so they arrive half an hour late. We meet the old Maharajah, who gives E. his arm into dinner. E. S. charms them all by his genial manner. H. H. is a fine courteous old gentleman of sixty, looking more like seventy. At night we have native acting, which interests me very much. There is a man who acts as a sort of chorus as in the Greek play: and the subject is a mythological one. It resembles our mummers at home. Afterwards there are fireworks on the Ganges—very pretty.

*December* 9.—We go early to see the bathing at the ghâts. Saw the limbs of a corpse at burning ghât. The fine old palaces at the top of the steep steps are built anyhow. The long streams of brilliantly-robed devotees, down the long ladders of steep steps, and the bathers old and young, male and female, at their foot are very striking. Their gestures being some of them very fine, others pantomimic and absurd;

many of them seemed quite lost in the adoration of the sacred Gunga. I saw a native funeral, a long procession of camels and horses gaudily trapped, and men and women with their foreheads and hair dyed violet, shrieking like an Irish wake. In the morning we call on the Maharajah of Benares, who is as courteous as ever, and gave us all his photos, and those of his son and grandson, his rooms full of musical-boxes and chandeliers and a smell of hookahs. The son is a great Shikar, but otherwise not worth much, I believe. In the afternoon we go to see the Raja Shiva's pavilion and the Kincobs of the bazaars. They are wonderfully beautiful and cool. Costly gold and silver brocade, &c., &c., garlanded and presented with sweetmeats on leaving shop. We dine, thank Heaven, at home. We have conjurors who have not much variety, but do things I cannot understand, such as making three balls appear in your hand with two under a cup, inserting all kinds of things under a sheet under which you yourself are sitting. Afterwards we had marionettes, a representation of Akbar's Court. Offered myself to help conjuror as he wanted some one. I squatted as a lay assistant by him. Servants were too frightened, I suppose, to offer.

*December* 13.—We say good-bye to Mrs. R. Carnac, and leaving things at Clark's Hotel we see the Euan Smiths off, and very sorry we are to lose them, and start for Serampore. I forgot to say that we saw the Monkey Temple at Benares, and the inside of the Golden Temple with its buffaloes and sacred well.

*December* 14.—We arrive at Serampore (the residence of the Danish governor forty years ago, a splendid and spacious mansion) at night, having travelled through a flat country, except for a few hills, offshoot of the Vindja Mountains, gradually becoming more and more fertile as we go on. Beautiful bungalows and compounds, on the Hooghly banks. Rather like Thames, Eleanor says.

*December* 15.—I go over dispensary. Dispensaries are unpopular with natives because we do not give them separate rooms. There is one at Udeipur with separate rooms that is very popular. School, &c. Boys very dull and Bakoo. . . . . Great bearded boys of twenty who know absolutely nothing, not even where Madras is. Drive out to Indian village in jungle: ryots here very prosperous: houses clean and comfortable, women all fly at our approach thinking we are soldiers. Native complains of tanks. Tanks are private property and owners will not cleanse them properly. Vegetation here, palms, bamboos, casuarinas, parikethin, wonderfully beautiful.

*December* 16.—Go over jute mill. Wonderful machinery. Scotch enterprise and most of machinery Scotch. Outturn about twenty-four tons of gunny bags a day. The house in which the Gerald Ritchies live was residence of Danish Governor of Serampore, which was purchased by our Government about forty years ago. In the afternoon we go to Chandernagore, the French settlement, and call on the Governor, a bright and thorough Frenchman, who seems strangely out of

place here. His staff is only eleven : his army thirty natives in Zouave trousers and a drummer boy: there are about 460 Europeans of whom 300 are English. Chandernagore itself is deserted, full of large houses and streets all called Dupleix or Martin. There is a broad terrace by the side of the Hugli, a beautiful broad reach, and the opposite is a jungle of palms and bamboos. The sunset casts a beautiful warm glow over everything. This is a haven of rest after all our wanderings.

*December* 17.—Edgar, Revenue Secretary, comes, fat and full of quiet humour. I have an interesting conversation with Gerald. He says of the Local Self-Government Bill that no one believes in it. That the only road to reform is by beginning at the other end. The interest of the people is in caste questions of which we know little or nothing: all attempts at forming organizing bodies are frustrated by the existence of family feuds and work themselves out in long and ruinous litigation. In the afternoon we go for a row on the Hugli, opposite Barrackpore. The sunset is silent and solemn, and the tall palms make the scene almost Egyptian. After dinner I start for Chittagong and sleep on board in harbour. American Richmond in my cabin.

*December* 18.—Steamer starts. See the palace of King of Oude : a new and large erection on Gordon Reach with innumerable pigeons. Watch natives in boat cooking curry and rice and preparing hookah. Scenery flat and uninteresting. The passengers

are not lively, and I keep to myself and write letters.

*December* 19.—Still on the sea.

*December* 20.—We get into Chittagong about one o'clock. The shipping is very fine, the old-fashioned sort of sailing vessel. The exports are paddy, tea, a little cotton, and jute which comes from Chittagong. The principal import is salt. I find Bedford who had not received my telegram, but had been stopped on his way back to Rangamatti. From the club there is a fine view of the river Karnaphally and the Chittagong Hills and green vegetation. C. is very unhealthy in the hot weather, and rains. While we are at the club the head of the Buddhist priests comes to call. He has a very clever face and excellent dramatic action. One can tell a clever man by his variety of gesture. He looks like Talma in his classic yellow robe. We dine with the Lyalls.

*December* 21.—We get a steam-launch and go up the Karnphally to Rangamatti about sixty miles. The vegetation is wonderful. The wild plantain with its broad leaves lines the bank, the feathery bamboo, golden deciduous creepers, and noble trees, with long red and yellow flowers, cover the precipitous banks. The finest part of the river is a gorge where is a hill on which twenty years ago the last human sacrifice was offered up. We get to Rangamatti shortly after dark. Montrion dines with us.

*December* 22.—We walk about the station and inspect the school. The boys seem very clever. Chiefly

Maghs, and a few Chakmas and Bengalis. It was curious to find them as far as the fifteenth Proposition of the first Book of Euclid, and only doing the simplest sums in vulgar fractions. In the afternoon we go to a Magh village, houses of bamboo, floor eight or ten feet from ground, and they give us some rice spirit, not at all bad. We squat on our haunches and the whole village comes to see us and prostrate themselves before us. The women are of light yellow complexion and very comely in form and feature. I like their frank and unservile hospitality, though the kow-tow mode of salutation is embarrassing. The women have no chastity until they are married, and then not much. They are Buddhists. The Bengali doctor is a really able man.

*December* 23.—We walk about the station with Coombes, who has just hurt his arm from an elephant falling down with him. The views of jungle and distant hills are lovely. We start about three down the river to a Chakma village where we have dinner. The Babu is one of Bedford's accountants and accompanies us. The Chakmas are not nearly so nice as the Maghs. They are also Buddhists, but are adopting Hindu customs. Their women do not show their faces as a rule, and live behind the purdah. Caste seems to be slowly creeping in. We bring our dinner, but our host adds a curry and a kind of pudding, rice meal sweetened and spiced. A sort of polenta. Then we start with a beautiful moon and sleep, arriving at Kapti about 1 A.M. After we walk

through the jungle and for two miles wade through a stream, and cross one or two awkward bridges. I nearly got stuck on one as the piles in the middle were loose. There would have been a fall of about twenty feet.

*December* 24.—We reach Kadewla about three o'clock ; and a party of people join us at A. Dowling's bungalow, where we are staying. He is an excellent fellow. We go out snipe-shooting, but they are very wild.

*December* 25, *Christmas Day*.—We go out murghi (jungle fowl) shooting. We get very few, as the jungles are too thick to beat, and the birds go the wrong way. However, I distinguish myself in shooting most of the birds. They are exactly like rather large bantams, and their flight resembles a grouse more than anything else. In the afternoon we go out snipe-shooting and have excellent fun. I bag my first three without miss, and then get out of it with the painted snipe which is really a much easier bird. The plantations of which Dowling is manager seem very promising, and he believes there is a large future for them in Chittagong.

*December* 26.—We come down to Chittagong in a launch, starting in a dense fog. We look on at a cricket match, and I play tennis after with a pretty Mrs. Caspars. In the evening there are theatricals, poor, but Miss Lyall acts well in a subordinate part.

*December* 27.—Bedford down with fever, and I start alone and go on board at eleven o'clock. There are

only five passengers. A Scotch shipwright who came out with me from Calcutta and played tunes on the accordion, and who now gets drunk and makes a fool of himself. Willcox, a Chittagong business man, a very good fellow, a pilot, Collingwood, an American, who has been prospecting unsuccessfully for oil at Kyonkpyow, but believes that a great deal of oil can be found in India, under the Himalayan range, and an excellent captain. The foredeck of these steamers is a wonderful sight. We carry 300 natives. They all bring their own food and sleep on deck in an incessant babble of voices. We spend most of the day at whist.

I may note here some things that Bedford told me of his people. The Maghs have a custom at funerals of having a tug of war over the corpse, which is put on a truck. One team represents the good spirits and another the evil spirits. Occasionally the evil spirits get excited, and then all the bystanders have to rush in and help the good spirits. They call shooting-stars the excrement of the stars. The Hindus think the eclipse of the moon is caused by a man of low caste trying to touch her. The Magh laugh is a kind of demon cachinnation in chorus. Teak is being tried in the reserved forest, but is said not to be a success. It looked to me very flourishing. Our passengers all seem to sit in the same place all day and all night without stirring. The air is redolent with hookahs in which they smoke gauja or hemp-preparation. And at sunset a little knot of Moham-

medans go through their devotions chanting and praying, with endless prostrations and change of attitude.

*December* 29.—Arrive at Calcutta and go to Government House. Find Lady Sykes installed. Sir Tatton is suffering from melancholia.

*December* 30.—We go to races, where I see various of my fellow passengers on the *Mirzapore*. Am much struck with the plainness of Calcutta females. We drive with the Henry Cunninghams, and meet Beck, Ralli, and Cross (I think), principal and professors of the Mohammedan College at Alijur. Beck always interests me, though he repeats himself. He seems to get a footing in exclusive Mohammedan families where no other European except, perhaps Wilfrid Blount, has ever been. His idea is that the Mollahs, being the most influential people amongst Mohammedans should be recognized officially.

*December* 31.—We call on Mrs. Wilkins. Tells us about Calcutta society, and how previous to Lord D.'s time, it has been ruled by aides-de-camp. It strikes me as being miserably cliquey and narrow.

*January* 1, 1886.—A great state dinner, only men and ladies of household. Sit between W. W. Hunter and Cunningham. Former praises my report. I enjoy it very much. Talk afterwards to Dr. Cunningham, the archæologist.

*January* 2.—Lady Sykes goes. We go down to Barrackpore. A charming place like England on banks of Hooghly (magnificent trees, and there is a

tree close to Lord William's bungalow with crimson flowers all over and no leaves).[1] We go in steam-launch which takes about 2½ hours. We play games most of the way. A reviewing game at night.

*January* 3.—Go to church. A good sermon. Play tennis and shoot in afternoon. Hide things in the evening. Poor General Wilson very ill. Lady D. photographs us at luncheon. She pays much attention to a Persian cat into the possession of which she has just come. I read the *Life of Silas Lapham*, by Howells. A very good work, with admirable description of *parvenu* Americans in it.

*January* 4.—Get up early to ride after hounds, only found one jackal which we lost. I ride horse given H. E. by Abdurrahman, a very strong animal. Mr. Wallace rushes about in a furious way on the "masher." Lord Dufferin walks with a Persian policeman daily in order to learn Persian. We breakfast on board, and lunch with Mrs. Wilkins after. Dinner party here ; I sit next to Mrs. Cockerell. Afterwards we have Remenyi the violinist, a fairly good player and accurate, with good tone.

*January* 5.—Go with Sir G. Bowen to see High Court, Town Hall, and Museum. A fine portrait of Impey in High Court. Play chess with Lady H. A dinner party, I leave early with a headache. Play tennis here in afternoon. [Viceroy's speech on income-tax in Council said to be good.]

[1] Breakfast at Barrackpore is under a banian tree, and the hawks used to swoop down for food.

*January* 6.—State ball. Dine with C. Moore before. Still got a headache, so only look in at the ball and go to bed early. Read Howells' *A Woman's Reason*, a very weak book. Play chess with Lady Helen. Hawthorne's *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* has many of the author's delightful literary qualities, but is incomplete and unfinished. I talk to his Excellency in the morning in his study. He is very kind to me, but I feel I am doing little good here and shall be glad to get to Delhi.

*January* 18, Delhi.—I have been having a most active week, riding a camel to-day out to see the manœuvres. On Wednesday the great battle took place, which was a most beautiful sight. The field in which the manœuvres took place is an open plain thirty or forty miles square, and from the hillocks you can see all the operations perfectly. We had a perfect view of 16,000 men and sixty guns, attacking a village, defended with entrenchments and a dry canal, in semicircles, and supported by cavalry, with a continuous hurricane of musketry and cannon. The commander-in-chief is certainly the most popular man, next to Lord Dufferin, in India, though (it is said) he carries the practice of nepotism to extremes. There was tent-pegging, and there were games, then cutting the carcase of a dead sheep, that was not so successful, only one man, an Englishman, succeeding in cutting the sheep in two. Fancy riding by the native cavalry who performed all sorts of feats, hanging by a toe, or a heel, or an eyelid, and a camel race. Yesterday we

went out to the Kutub which is the site of old Delhi. In the space of about 100 square yards it contains two wonders of Indian architecture, the Kutub Mundi, 240 feet high, the highest isolated building in the world (built of red and yellow sandstone 800 years old). The four stories are marked by balconies of different design, and vertical lines of pillars varied in every possible way. It is erected in the court of a mosque which is formed of the ruins of Hindu temples. Here are arcades of the most wonderful pillars in the world, which it is impossible to describe, but of which I hope to bring back photographs. There are very airy, ruined, Gothic-like arches of Hindu construction that are of the most soaring and fairylike description. There is not much in Delhi itself to see in the way of architecture, except the Fort, the Motee, the Jumna Masjid, and the ordinary eternal mosques and arcades of inlaid marble, which are, of course, lovely in themselves, but of which one wearies. The Taj at Agra being the culmination of this particular style, every other example looks poor after it. The famous Ridge and the siege of Delhi constitute the real interest of the place, but I have not really gone over this yet. . . . . I am writing about 1 A.M. after a reception of the commander-in-chief's to meet the Viceroy. He has had the Highland and Cuttack dances. The latter are a tribe on the N.W. frontier who dance a sort of warlike dervish dance round a bonfire that is very striking and picturesque, suggestive of bang, &c.

*January* 24.—I am writing this in the train, which is not easy. I have enjoyed my time at Delhi immensely, and the Euan Smiths are the kindest people in the world. The march past was a very fine sight, though it was much spoilt by the rain. The Viceroy sat four hours in a drenching rain on horseback without a coat on, because all the troops were coatless. This of çourse made him very popular. I have had a telegram to-day, he is none the worse. I get to Calcutta to-morrow, and we start for Darjeeling on February 1.

*January* 25, Government House, Calcutta.—I have had a very happy time at Delhi, which I left on Saturday. The Euan Smiths have been very kind to me, and they are people with whom one feels most thoroughly at home. He is an excellent talker, with an immense fund of anecdote. He was political agent on the famous marches between Candahar and Cabul, and Cabul to Candahar. Mrs. Euan is very sweet and attractive, as well as being an excellent musician—a remarkable musician I should have said. The whole military world was there, and it was very interesting to make the acquaintance of so many people who have done something in the world. Among the people I liked best, there was "Padre" Adams as he is called, an army chaplain, the only civilian who ever got a V. C. He put a wounded trooper on his (A.'s) horse at Maiwand, and ran for his life which he very nearly lost. He has, I believe, a wonderful influence with the soldiers, and no wonder. One of the most interesting spectacles I saw was the presentation

of new colours to the 96th Manchester regiment. The marching away of the old colours to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," one of the most moving things.

The march past was spoilt by rain. The native soldiers wear shoes, and the consequence was the shoes kept coming off in the mud, and many of the poor soldiers had to go barefoot. After the review there were gangs of workmen with spades digging out the shoes. It was in many ways a very great test of the true military qualities of the army, their having to walk through mud ankle-deep; though, of course, the absence of sun spoilt it as a picturesque spectacle. I acquired quite a military fervour at Delhi, surrounded as I was with bands and bugles from dark to dark. The sports they had were very interesting, combats of lances and swords; and very exciting contests between a man on horseback with a lance and a soldier on foot with a bayonet, the former's object being to ride over the latter. There were no accidents, but occasionally a native lost his temper, called for *real* arms, and had to be dragged off. Tent-pegging is a great amusement in India. A mounted man rides as hard as he can and tries to pick a tent-peg out of the ground with a lance. . . . .

The Kutub, twelve miles from Delhi, we visited twice. It is the tallest isolated tower in the world, and has a wonderful variety of design, which saves it from looking like a factory chimney. It is next to the Taj the most wonderful thing in India. At its foot are the ruins of an old mosque, erected from Jain pillars,

which are the most lovely pillars I ever saw. There are also fairy Gothic-like arches of wonderful soaring proportions. Then there are the Ridge ; the Cashmere Gate where Nicholson entered with his storming party ; and the old Mohammedan battle-ground, &c., &c., so there is plenty to see and remember independent of the architecture.

Lord D. says papa has never written anything better than the last volume (*Tiresias*), and he has the support of my humble opinion. I have only just got it, but I have read it through this morning. We dine to-night with Durand F. S. so I must stop.

(So glad about Gordon camp.)

Part of his last letter (written in pencil on his birthday) :—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA,
"16*th March* (1886).

"We sent you a telegram this morning in reply to yours, for which many thanks. I am really beginning to turn the corner now, though I cannot quite pick up strength enough to start on 21st, so we wait till 4th April.

"One of the cleverest doctors in India is going home then, and as I shall still be in doctor's hands, this is a great advantage. I cannot yet say whether doctors will allow me to get to England before end of May. It seems very odd all this splendour, stir and interest suddenly ending in six weeks perfect blank. The kindness of the D.s is unspeakable."

# MY BABY OR MY DOG?

WHAT a question for a paterfamilias to put! But how else can I put it? "My baby *and* my dog," I hear some one suggesting; but, dear reader, that evades the difficulty. Baby or dog is just as much one of those alternatives that have convulsed the world as Athanasian or Arian? Guelph or Ghibelline? Cavalier or Roundhead? Sheite or Sunnite? Dizzy or Gladstone? And I wish to treat of that alternative.

But as for the title, now my purpose is discovered, it shall be as thou wilt, thou who perusest. Let me now explain my meaning.

A craving for authority is the most potent of human ills. The dignity of the Upper House, the upper housemaid, the upper scullion, the upper anybody, is of countless importance in their own eyes. And why not? for provided number One can find a number Two to be lorded over, with respect to that number Two he is as supreme as the Emperor of all the Russias. The swallow-tails of Mr. Jones, the butler, are just as much an object of reverence to poor Jeames, arrayed in the gaudy livery of servitude, as

the blacksmith's apron of Irak to the meanest soldier in the Persian hosts. Man and woman are alike in this respect; but the former is generally gratified with the exercise of authority long before he is fit for it. Woman, on the contrary, is baulked of her desire till she has taken the most momentous step of her lifetime. With her there is no gentle sliding into the ways of command. When she leaves the marriage-altar she feels that a strange new burden has been imposed on her: she has now to assume authority. It is with a sense of reluctance that she issues commands; witness the bashfulness of the young housekeeper. The tiara of wedded life and wedded responsibilities sits heavy on her brows until many weeks of office be past. Ultimately, I grant you, her rule is the more effectual by reason of the soft sympathy of her sway.

Hitherto marriage and motherhood have been considered the proper field for woman's talent; and what nobler vocation can there be than the construction of that human architecture? "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer," was Iago's cynical summary of the feminine functions, and has been a constant thorn in the side of modern agitators. I take it, however, the suckling of fools is a bigger business than is generally imagined, for "she who rocks the cradle sways the world." Until within recent times a woman's happiness or unhappiness was summed up in the alternative, marriage or no marriage. Marriage opened out to her a prospect of increasing responsibility and

varied interests ; while, without marriage, life was a mere barren waste, an *aer senza stelle*, a blank. In those days a mother lived for her children, who constituted the permanent link between herself and her husband, and gave her her little realm of absolute command. How wisely her affairs were managed is no affair of ours ; doubtless, as it was an absolute monarchy, the administration was more or less subject to abuses. In short, the married woman was the ideal of the unmarried, and a subject of constant imitation. Did Mrs. de Vincey adore her Alfred, Miss de Vincey had an equal admiration for her Pompey. Did Lady Pommeroy ruin that child's digestion with sweetmeats, Miss Pommeroy was equally careful to distend that poodle's stomach with sugarplums. If the Baroness von Blitzen was just a little too sharp with her boy, Fräulein's *Dachshund* was sure to suffer for it. Thus, from imitation, this spurious wedlock between the human and canine rose into rivalry with the other, till old Miss Caudle was heard with something akin to interest when she stated in the roundest terms that, "as compared with her King Charles, children were more bother than they were worth—nasty squalling little brats!" At length it came to be a matter of course that all willy-nilly spinsters went to the canine race to be consoled for the evils of imperfect civilisation. Nowadays, also, though the equalising tendency of social reform is wiping out all broad and black lines, I confidently believe that if a census were instituted of dogs kept

by old maids and women in general of desolate condition, it would be found the number of these animals is reduced by just as many single ladies as are at present concerned in petitioning Her Majesty for the removal of women's disabilities.

A quaint old Greek poet, in ascribing the qualities of animals to womankind, says that some women are *like* dogs. Such a one is a curious, gossiping woman, always running about and hunting up scraps of news about everybody and everything; "nor" (I quote Mr. Mahaffy's translation) "can her husband make her stop even with threats, though in a rage he should knock her teeth out with a stone, nor though he speak to her gently, even when she is sitting in company with guests." Without wishing to make any further comparison between these unpleasant ladies and the advocates of feminine franchise than that in both cases considerable energy is displayed, we may conjecture that old Simonides detected the connection between the ungratified desire for authority as developing activity, and affection for animals, dogs in particular. We all know how high party feeling runs nowadays with regard to marriage, and "baby or dog" is only one expression of it.

In the importance of the question here concealed, the length of this preamble finds its excuse. Indeed, to attempt a discussion of the matter as it deserves is too grave an undertaking, nor is sufficient space available for it. Let it then suffice that I should approach the problem from an indirect point of view.

Reader, I am a paterfamilias.

First, then, I will give you the character of my dog. " Of course," I hear you say, " he is a remarkable dog, or why this *coq-à-l'âne?* " Not at all; I regret to have to contradict you. He is quite an ordinary dog—perfectly ordinary. The ugliest of human beings has a sort of beauty; so the most ordinary of dogs has a sort of *remarkability.* Punch—I beg pardon, he should have had a more ceremonious introduction—is no Wandering Willie, no canine prodigy, no subject for Landseer's human animalisms. Punch is always a dog, essentially a dog—a John Bull of caninity; not that he is dogged in his doggism, no! it is the natural result of his honesty. He has no pedigree—the more the dog for that perchance. He came to me from the Dogs' Home, that godsend to the persecuted. He is a short, round brown retriever, of no particular dignity of presence, of no particular silkiness of coat. He is not ill-bred, not well-bred. In short, he belongs to the respectable middle class of dogs. He has few front teeth (he gave me permission to look into his mouth, knowing that I should not misrepresent him); he has a touch of asthma and a touch of rheumatism; he feeds sparingly, but will eat anything.

The most salient point of his character is imperturbability. He is apparently at home everywhere; no locality, no combination of circumstances appears unfamiliar to him—kitchen, drawing-room, phaeton, guard's van, kennel *sub Jove*, pursuit of the rabbit

pursuit of the omnibus, all are alike to him. He brings the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall* with equal contentment. The streets of London contain no novelty for him : Lord Mayor's shows, steam-rollers, electric lights, and menageries are dignified with a pause and a sniff, for Punch is satisfied that he has seen something very like them all before.

His master he recognizes as such with respectful deferentiality, not with obtrusive servility. He is grateful for attention, but never solicits it. Towards mankind in general he preserves a confiding and liberal attitude ; strange to say, one and all, he trusts them. And why ? Because, stranger still, they are always kind to him ; they care about him twenty times as much as he cares about them. As he trots along the pavement, no one—not even the old women are afraid of him ; he looks so sane, and his tail oscillates so contentedly. I have often wondered how he passed into this condition of mind, that mankind in general were *not* to be treated with distance and suspicion. Was it the result of long acquaintance ? Hardly, I think, because it is just this independent attitude which disarms them towards him. Was it and is it his goodness and singleness of heart ? This is more probable. Or is it some such reason as made the German philosopher remark that, amid the wickedness of mankind, it is good to look into a dog's face and say, " Here, at least, is an honest friend " ? Does Punch say, " Dogdom is full of all guile ; mankind is too stupid to be dishonest " ? Who knows ?

He has one weakness, and that is a cat; all his superfluity of spirits is merged in an immoderate desire to behold, run after, and bark at a cat. The love-song of that tile-haunting animal is a source of pleasure to him, even when its echoes reach the genteel atmosphere of the drawing-room—not that he ruffles the tranquillity of that sanctuary with a whine or a bark; you wrong him if you think that for a moment. He merely beats time with his ears, elevating first one and then the other. Freed from these trammels his behaviour is different. The sight of a cat makes him frantic. He will rush down a whole street, not to murder one of these innocent creatures, only to bark at her and make her run away—which, by the way, she never does, for she knows it is only his joke. "Here we are again!" "Be off now, or I'll——!" represents the sum total of the bellicose operations between them. Once, however,—I blush to repeat it; and yet why should I? for that has been his only crime, and one sin, be it a sufficiently heinous one, makes a good man greater—*si non errâsset, fecerat ille minus*—once, I say, he killed a cat; but *dux femina facti*, a woman was at the bottom of it. He was keeping company with a lady of superior breeding, but less morality, and she doubtless egged him on. She made it the price of her attentions. "Show me your pedigree," asked the haughty dame. "Ich habe Nichts und doch genug," he replied, with something of the modern spirit. "Then prove me your worth by prowess in

the field." "If doughty deeds my lady please," he said—and straightway did the deed. But the ghost of the victim haunts him in his dreams.

There is one habit he has which perplexes me, and seems to indicate the existence of complex mental phenomena. Each morning, as the appointed hour draws near for me to quit breezy and suburban leisure for the stifling fogs of officialism, whither it is my habit to proceed on foot, Punch becomes excited; and when at length I go into the hall, and put on my coat, his excitement is tremendous. But he does not caper about or bark in the house; this, he knows would be unmannerly. Consequently he retires into the library, and simulates indifference. He cannot, however, suppress an occasional whine of impatience and his frequent change of position indicates the unrestful condition of his mind. Now he hears the sound of the latch, and his agitation reaches a climax. Still, however, he maintains his self-control. If the front door slam without the permissive whistle, he yields to despondency; but if I give him leave to accompany me his joy is great, and he testifies his gratitude by offering to carry my umbrella. This side of Punch's character I confess my inability to explain. Either he is actuated by motives of pride, which prevent his wishing to appear in the light of asking a favour; or he is apprehensive of being betrayed into an unseemly exhibition of feeling; or, perchance, like others I wot of, he will not give expression to his opinions for fear of being contradicted.

Dr. Johnson remarks that our natural inclination is to obtain things in the nearest way, and that we are only cured of this by education. Punch's conduct, then, seems to indicate a very advanced stage of civilisation. So much for my dog, and I think you will allow that he is an interesting and lovable companion.

As to my baby, I must inform you that my impressions are only first impressions, the infant in question having but lately attained to the dignity of a nurse.

It was the practice, old Samuel Butler tells us, amongst a people whom he calls "Chineses," who, whoever they may have been, were many centuries nearer the acme of civilisation than ourselves, for the father, on the birth of a child, used to retire to his bed and receive the condolences of his friends, while the mother was sent about her duties as usual. This is sensible; but what a lamentable inversion of this practice exists with us! Upstairs the father is treated with ignominy, insulted by a stranger whose sex prevents him from retaliating, regarded as an interloper, and scarcely even allowed to inspect the *origo mali.* He retires to his library, and seeks consolation in study, looking forward to meal-time in order to break the monotony of the day. Time wears on. He rings his bell, which is not answered; he wants coals, but is forced to do without them; the fire goes out and he puts on an overcoat; he hears the frequent slam of the area gate, and the sound of strange male

laughter in the basement. Dinner-time arrives ; he has ordered a simple meal in order not to give trouble ; the cover is lifted, and discloses a chop. The servant departs in haste, as well she may ; for when he inserts the knife the result is too nauseous for description. The meal has evidently *not given much trouble.* He rings the bell, and, with a satirical emphasis worthy of a more intelligent audience, requests that "*that* may be removed and have the chill taken off." Next night he dines with a few friends at the club, goes to the play, and returns to find the doors barred against him. From this period of a man's existence might well be dated the commencement of a depraved career.

Such being the attendant circumstances, it cannot be imagined that a father is naturally predisposed to be favourable to his offspring ; the treatment he experiences during the short and scanty interviews he has with it is not calculated to increase his feelings of paternity towards it. If he asks questions, they are answered with a curtness amounting to incivility ; if he makes remarks, they are regarded as the gibberings of a baboon or the mutterings of a lunatic, while it is dinned into his ears that the child is an exact reproduction of the mother, and bears no resemblance whatever to himself. This is evidently meant for an insult, and, whether it may mortify the parent's feelings or not, the obvious malevolence with which the sentence is pointed cannot fail to be unpleasant.

Let it be granted, then, that a father who loves his newborn child must indeed have a partiality for babies. Now a baby *per se* I have a rooted objection to, an objection founded on a long and varied experience. Who does not know the misery of paying an afternoon visit to a young and charming mother, who thinks "you must just see baby before you go"? The bell is rung, and nurse and baby are sent for. The interval is lengthy. The mother hints that "nurse does not like bringing baby downstairs." You begin to imagine that "nurse" must be a sensible sort of person. The moments lengthen, and conversation becomes more and more impossible; you both sit facing the door in a state of nervous anxiety. Presently footsteps are heard, and likewise those unearthly sounds which nurses imagine to be pleasing to babies. The door opens. Now the momentous question flashes across you in all the terrible earnestness of reality: Are you to rise and rush to the door with outstretched arms and mingled expressions of joy and gratitude? If so, be sure you can sustain your effusive attitude, for a collapse will entail upon you untold ignominy. On the contrary, stop where you are, and you lay yourself open to the charge of brutal indifference. Here is a fit occasion for the intervention of the heavenly powers! So, when at length you are brought face to face with this terrible object, what course are you to pursue? The same dilemma again. Your inaction begets suspicion on the part of your friend, while facetious interference

brings down on you the wrath of the nurse and the squalls of the infant.

I am peculiarly unfitted to deal with humanity in this embarrassing stage. Some years ago I was travelling by train in a full carriage which contained, amongst other people, a nurse and baby of some two years of age. This ill-starred brat fixed its eyes steadily upon me; so in a good-natured way, wishing to afford it some amusement, I made a grimace. The consequences, though flattering to my powers of facial expression, were disastrous in the extreme. Howl succeeded howl. Nurse caught the babe to her bosom, and me *in flagrante delicto.* The thrilling nature of the scene caused all the occupants of the compartment, hitherto strangers, to become linked together as it were by by common sympathy against a common enemy. I never should have believed that mere looks could be so pregnant. *I* was the base man! *I* was the desecrator of hearths and homes, the oppressor of the widow and the orphan! . . . I changed carriages at the next station.

Somebody—Sheridan, I suppose—said that of all wines he liked other people's the best; this expresses my feeling about babies. Sheridan's reasons, however, differ from mine. He liked other people's wine better than his own because he saw *more* of it; I like other people's babies better than my own because I see *less* of them. In the far West, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, the title of father is so essential to respectability, that it is the custom to call a childless

man the father of his dog. Of what moment is not that step from honorary fatherhood to fatherhood proper? Shall I confess that I hanker after retrogression in this matter?

What! madam, you say I am heartless, unnatural—that I would ignore a natural law on which the whole of society is based. In short, you express your utmost abhorrence of me and my opinions. Be it so! England is a free country, and as a man may state his opinions, so may another insinuate that he thinks both them and him beneath contempt. Nay, madam, I will go a step further. Such reverence have I for the female sex, that I would give them all opportunity to enunciate their ideas. You shall horsewhip me. I am at home every day at four o'clock, and I will take every care that a serviceable horsewhip shall be in the hall. A generous offer! but you will not come.

Ha! madam, I know you! You have one house in Grosvenor Square, and another in Hampshire. The nursery is as far removed from the apartments which you inhabit "as from the centre thrice to the utmost pole." Your children are presided over by women from foreign lands, and the ghost of a squeal never ruffled "your slumbrous shrine's perfumed atmosphere." A powdered flunkey announced to you the first appearance of a "grinder" in the tender gums of your son and heir; and you went to the county ball the night he had bronchitis. Nay! hold thy peace; thou art not alone in thy generation.

Unnatural! heartless! egotistical! Yes, I fear your accusations are true. Yet these very qualities, which have earned me your dislike, may allow of their owner possessing a certain sentiment towards his infant that the charitable would construe into the gentler attributes of paternity. This egotism in me becomes metamorphosed, commercially, into a feeling of vested interest; humanly, into a consciousness of authorship. I ask—impartially, be it understood—is more than this possible for a rational creature? "Poor inch of nature," as he is there asleep, with his little animal passions translated to the world of dream—for we conjecture, by the movement of his lips, that he is plunged in visions of boundless pap—what prognostications can we discern in him of nobility and greatness? Is it not dawn without sunrise? He has the form and semblance of humanity; but what besides? Like a wooden leg in a pantaloon, there is a sense of incompleteness about him. He is fearfully and wonderfully made. He is constructed so as to wail when he is hungry, to sleep when he is sated. He is a perfect machine, and a powerful one; for he keeps the whole household in motion—not so unlovely neither. But, like a model steam-engine in a glass case, what is the use of him? Everybody worships him; and why? Not perhaps for what he is, but for what he will be. Presumptive prescience! I have a kitten who compares with him most favourably. Firstly, it makes no noise; secondly, it feeds itself with little or no commotion; and, thirdly

Providence has furnished it with all the essentials of amusement in the shape of a tail. "Look on this picture and on that."

. . . . .

"My dear fellow, yes; this isn't the thing, you know; it isn't the thing. You start with the enunciation of a thesis, a distinct thesis, which you treat in the most discursive manner, and at the end you haven't really discussed your problem or recorded your own views upon the question. Form, my dear fellow, is a primary condition of art."

This is the dictum of Savile Brown, most dreaded when anonymous. Perhaps he is right. But I deny the *right* of any man, except Marwood—and his time has not yet come—to force me to a conclusion. There is, however, a solution to the problem. Let me whisper it in your ear, reader—but no! the problem solves itself. Listen to those sounds of infant wailing, not so hard to hear. Perchance, though, you are not a family man; then, doubtless, your compositions are models of lucid diction, harmonious proportion, clear common-sense. No housemaid, big with orders from the *other* department, enters your study in your absence, brushes away the cobwebs of imagination, and effaces the dusty evidences of former toil, which should be the germs of triumph to come—who sees no order where order is. "Brutal housemaid! base-minded, dull-headed wench!" you say; but that housemaid and those

sounds of wailing are just as much elements of this essay as the thesis with which I prefaced it. It was not a blind, not a covert device to bribe your attention. You may be angry and disappointed; but remember you are not a family man, and that others of us are. "When fools speak, a wise man should be there to hear." I am the fool, of course; you are the wise man. But grant me this, that I have put before you a state of things which cries aloud for reform, and for which there appears to be no practicable remedy. Let me, too, make a suggestion, a suggestion shadowy and delicately implied; for, to tell you the truth, I have some fears on the score of the Hampshire lady, and I feel bound to keep my word about the horsewhip. It was a main sociological principle of one of Swift's mythical peoples, that the child had no cause of gratitude to its father or mother for bringing it into the world, being a world of misery and strife. This peculiarity was attended with a peculiarly happy result: the child was educated apart from the parental roof. A reversal of premises often leads to a like deduction. My theory of the relations between father and son is diametrically different. A man, when he becomes a father, is born anew—is translated, as it were, to another world. Before this his life was all joy and peace; it is only now that he makes acquaintance with that "world of misery and strife." He is transmogrified; he descends the scale of creation; he becomes an inferior animal. From the depths of his degradation he beholds his servants

draining his pockets, and lording it over himself and his belongings ; his home has become a house of bondage. His child is his father who brings him into this world, and society expects that between it and him there should be a constant interchange of grateful sentiment. Bah ! if society were not impersonal, I would kick it.

# PLEA FOR MUSICIANS

I HAVE before me an impression of Hogarth's "Grub Street." How well the woes of the poor author are told! A sense of aspiration disappointed pervades the apartment. The milk-woman clamours for money, the baby wails for milk, in vain; the cat and kitten, trespassing in search of warmth on their master's coat, will shortly be turned off with ignominy; the dog, who is making free with the scanty viands reserved for a future meal, will be discovered; and so on, down to the poor poet, who,

> Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound,
> Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
> Then writ and floundered on in mere despair.

Such were, such are, the woes of undiscovered authorship; and the world sympathises. But there is another class of composer, whose ranks are crowded with indigent members similarly endeavouring to subsist on a barren imagination—I allude to musicians. No Hogarth has delineated their griefs; it has been reserved, I believe, for melodramatists of recent

years in rambles after fresh subjects to paint mixed pictures of their absurdities and sufferings. The world has no sympathy with them, and what is the reason of her insensibility? Is she not grateful to them for the many hours of happiness they have afforded her? How could she give her evening parties without Signor Rimbombo and Herr von Strom, whose joint efforts create a satisfactory emulation amongst the voices of the conversationists?

The world has no gratitude; no memory for aught but disagreeables. And yet I know not why one should speak of her so hardly, making her, as it were, the scapegoat of individuals—so meek and unrevengeful as she is too. I suppose the cause is cowardice; a collective hatred, too, has all the relish without the bitter after-taste of a personal animosity. But to continue. The world hates all musicians because they make a noise. She classes them with German bands, barrel-organs, paper-boys, old-clothes-men, the irrepressible sparrow, the matutinal quack of the park-haunting duck and the town-bred chanticleer, who, by crowing throughout the night, forfeits his only claim to respect. Musicians violate the peace of the domestic hearth; their art is an obtrusive one. The poet who recites his verses and tears his hair is not, though his ravings equal those of the Cumæan Sibyl, as a rule, audible through that razor-like partition which, as in Swedenborg's other world, separates many a heaven and hell; but the abortive efforts of the tyro-musician cannot be restrained by the thickest and hardest of

walls. Shut the window and door, the detestable flat notes drift down the chimney with perplexing perseverance. Do what you will, short of stopping your ears with wax, you cannot escape those unsirenish sounds. The only resource left to you is to fly to your piano—I don't ask if you have one—has a prize-fighter fists? Did Fitzgerald possess a pair of pistols?—to fly to your piano and revenge yourself on your unoffending neighbour on the other side. Thus the musician is not only the direct means of destroying other people's comfort, but is indirectly the author of multitudinous evils, and consequently an object of universal execration. Would not the composer of *Home, Sweet Home*, whoever he may be, turn in his grave if he knew that his innocent composition was daily torturing the most Christian souls into mingled thoughts of hatred and revenge? The Persians have doubtless lived to curse that king who, in mistaken kindness, when he saw his subjects dancing without music, introduced 12,000 musicians and singers from abroad.

Yet no one will say roundly that he hates music. "Are you fond of music?" you ask your partner in the mazy waltz. "Very," she replies with a look of rapture; "but," she adds, "I don't care for Mozart, Handel, Beethoven," &c. One of England's wisest men is devoted to music, but *dislikes all compositions in the minor.*

Music is like the quack panacea for all ailments, to which, if it be successful, each attributes a particular

virtue. "Ah! it may not be of any use in cases of pericarditis or acute mania, but it has often saved me from a fit of gout. Jim, you know, takes it for the hiccough." Music is the good fairy of our childhood, in whose basket is something good for every good boy. *Il Barbiere* for me; the *Eroica* symphony for you. It is not her fault that we little boys will quarrel as to which gift is the best, and abuse the donor.

The many-sidedness of music makes her many enemies. That which pleases everybody delights nobody; and music, like everything else, has points that invite criticism. London walls are not built to withstand the battery of sound with which they are so often assailed. Hence the surly attitude of the householder, enhanced, no doubt, by British idiosyncrasies. "An Englishman's house is his castle," is a favourite English proverb, a typical "John-Bull-itude." The blessings of privacy are little understood in southern climates, where the necessity of a house as a shelter from the elements is not so imperative. A well-known artist, travelling in the south of Italy had occasion to make lively protestation against an ancient sow for a bedfellow, and he subsequently heard the natives exclaiming among themselves, "Son matti! son matti! tutti gli Inglesi son matti." We Englishmen resent the slightest circumstance which forces us to acknowledge ourselves as part of the community; and there is no more forcible reminder, except perhaps a summons to serve on a

grand jury, that such is our position, than the impertinent intrusion of the music of our neighbours. The faintest sound that penetrates the sacred *paries* we regard as violating our national privilege. We harden our hearts against it. We blunt our æsthetic sensibilities. We have a stereotyped formula to express our opinion of all music so heard. It is execrable. I once had lodgings next door to a famous tenor. I thought he sang atrociously; and it was only when I found out who he was that I was obliged to recognise in him the artist who had so often entranced me at the opera. We are, in fact, like dogs—dogs in the manger—who howl at all music alike, good and bad. True it is we are not always so fortunate. True it is that the vicinity of the ambitious amateur is not to be coveted—nay, hardly to be borne.

> Music, when soft voices die,
> Vibrates in the memory.

But if those voices be *not* soft, and if those concords be discords, the vibrations of which the memory is sensible are more pronounced, more prolonged. We mark our disapprobation of the noise-loving qualities of Frenchmen by calling them "our lively neighbours," but if we apply these words to "the people next door" it is with a ghastly facetiousness that masks a world of concentrated spite and hoarded venom appalling in these days of civilisation. We are shocked at the immodesty that causes them to give publicity to their abortive efforts. We cannot understand their

want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others; we fail to imagine how they can derive enjoyment from such ill-assorted harmony (?); we are at a loss to comprehend why their common sense does not step in and put a check upon them. Our dilemma is excusable, and the horns of it are wide apart and grievously pointed.

My facetious friend T. H. says that every man, when he is under an arch, thinks he can sing; echo is the cause of many a self-admiration. Now there are people who are born, who spend their existences under an arch—a moral arch, I mean. To them, if their bent be musical, crescendos and diminuendos are fantastic adornments, time an unnecessary restriction, semitones needless refinements. They thump, they bang, they bellow, they roar, they shout, they scream, they squeal. But to them the meanest, the most erratic sound they make is better than heaven's sweetest music. It is trying to listen to the facile, well-connected amateur who dashes off a *pot-pourri* of the popular airs of the day. It is trying to detect the laboured efforts of the humble, untiring, untalented student, who is ever striving, ever failing, to attain the correct rendering of a well-known classical composition. But, reader, have you ever lived next door to a family of orthodox ladies who every afternoon sing a selection of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, artfully so contrived that there is at least one note in each tune half a tone beyond the compass of the performer's voice? Why is it—I submit it to you—why is it

that all musicians, good as well as bad, are prouder of their extreme notes than of any other portion of their voice? Why should the bass be ever struggling to perform feats natural to the tenor? why should the soprano be constantly endeavouring to commit larceny on the property of the contralto?

Is it because the result attained, though perchance unsatisfactory to others, is endeared to the performer by reason of the difficulty of the undertaking? Is this why these sorry sounds are prized as things of beauty, the more precious because they cannot last for ever? Perhaps! But I think a deeper moral truth is here involved.

Gentle friend, have you ever been stirred into consciousness in the early morning, when the fires are unlit, when the housemaid is in bed, when the winter snow is on the ground, and the east wind is howling unreasonable retribution—by the sounds of the piano? Has the citadel of your slumber ever been thus rudely assaulted by the scaling ladders of perversely laborious young ladies? If not, you have not known regret. Young ladies, I weep tears—no *crocodile* tears—over your *scales*.

Thou, wicked old creature, with thy sallow notes, thy withered legs, thy cracked voice, of what hours of misery, of what ghastly profanities, of what needless chilblains hast thou not been the cause? Picture me, reader, as I lie in bed, thus bereft of two hours of blissful forgetfulness. "The people next door"—that is to say, that portion of the people next door in

whom I am so painfully interested, consist of five young ladies ranging from twelve years of age to twenty—"sweet and twenty," it is called—all immolating themselves on the altar of fashion, striving to be musical. They succeed each other, for to each is allotted a certain period of anteprandial martrydom. As there are family characteristics in voice, in figure, in face, so are there in music. I have heard of a self-made man, who purchased a nobleman's castle in the north and employed a skilled painter to construct him a gallery of ancestors, in which his plebeian bottled-nose was palpably deduced, through a hundred nicely modulated gradations, from the delicate aquiline that came over with the Conqueror. A similar study is now presented to me, not in noses but in ears ; here are five young ladies all playing in succession the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, with a stress of varying degrees of diabolicity on the last note of each triplet. There is some interest in the subject, but it is soon exhausted. This species of torture is enhanced when the torturer is scientific. I was calling the other day on some friends who have the impudence to imagine that living in a flat is the secret of true comfort. I found them in the wildest despair. I asked "why?" They only answered, "Listen." I listened. Overhead was a piano. They told me it was *tenanted*—I say tenanted, because I fancy the piano was of more importance to its owner than the room in which it stood—it was tenanted by an operatic composer. He was rehearsing a storm. "Tee-

tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—rom ! pom !" There was no mistake about its being a storm, and what a storm it was ! If I thought the composer was in any way attempting to be faithful to nature I would not visit even Paris again. I have since come to the conclusion that he must have studied meteorology, and in theory only. The hero was probably a meteorologist gone mad, that is, one who had over-meteorologised himself. An ideal or complete storm was visiting him in his dreams ; a storm with fixtures ; a storm with all possible accessories ; a storm with frightful, unheard of, auxiliary occurrences. Such a storm in fact as would have effectually prevented Æneas from *eating his tables*—such a storm as Walt Whitman would delight to catalogue :—

I hear the so-ho of the sailors and the creaking of the chain that uplifts the anchor :
I hear the squelch of the billows on the gunwale :
I hear the cheery champing of hungry jaws at dinner :
I hear and rejoice ;
For am not I part of them and they of me ?

I hear in the morning at breakfast the champing of jaws diminish :
I hear the angry warnings of the rising gale :
I hear the mutterings of the animated ocean :
I hear and fear, for am not I part of them and they of me ?

I appreciate the bravado of the captain :
I appreciate the sang-froid of the officers :
I appreciate the futile questionings of the anxious passengers.
For am not I part of them and they of me ?

I fear the whirlwind, the whirlpool, the tornado, the simoon, and the scirocco :
I fear likewise the thunder and the lightning.
I fear the plagues of Egypt.
For am not I part of them and they of me?

I listen to the creaking of the straining cordage :
I listen to the orders of the captain amid the overbearing din of the tempest ;
I listen to the clatter of the axes and the crashing fall of the mainmast :
I listen to the thud of the keel on the shingle :
I listen to the unbounded licence of the crew :
I listen to the screaming of the affrighted passengers :
I listen to the awful *ultimate* silence.
For is *that* not part of me and I of *that?*

So did we listen perforce, and we wished it had been. He pauses breathless. We congratulate ourselves that Providence has placed limits to human exertion even in moments of the wildest inspiration. Silence at last! But no! tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—tee-tee-tee—rom! pom! Another storm is brewing. I bid my friends farewell and return home—I confess it—to speculate on the enormous advantages that would accrue to mankind if operas could dispense with composition. But was I right thus to give way to irritability? Let me calculate the comparative importance of my discomfort and my musical friend's unpleasant undertaking! Am I penning an epic that will eclipse *Paradise Lost?* Am I writing a history that will outdo Macaulay? Or rather, do I think I am? Then let me use all my endeavours to suppress my tuneful neighbour. I fear, however, that it is only

when I am idle that I find time to grumble, or that there is aught to grumble at.

Most of us run in a groove and make ourselves very unpleasant if that groove is not well oiled for us ; and thus it comes that the minor calamities of life constitute its real unhappiness, just as the little unexpected pleasures furnish the chief contribution to its happiness. After all, we are little better than children to whom the divine justice of nature has decreed that so many sugar-plums entail so much castor-oil. Therefore let us not repine if the permission to sleep in a warm, soft bed is qualified with a seasoning of adjacent discords.

We tolerate infancy, let us be charitable to infant musicians. We gloze over that period of our children's lives when their existence is a hideous nightmare—a constant alternation of famine and surfeit ; when the wail of inanition follows hard upon the stertorous breathing of repletion, for the sake partly of the sudden random gleam of inner light that breaks from them, and reminds us of the great Anti-Darwin. But, to make prose of one of England's most beautiful poems, an admixture of the world's baser influence is necessary to utilise the divine essence of man. Experience teaches expression, though in that expression the subtler, ethereal quality of the mind becomes for the most part bewildered into commonplace. Divine wisdom must conform to the rules of grammar and the coarse sounds of current speech : so must the harmony of Apollo himself be thrust through the

straitened mould of chromatic scales and made to thread the intricacies of counterpoint.

Therefore grumble not, O hardened unsympathetic Londoner, if thy morning slumbers be broken by the shriek of the fiddle, or the shrill pertinacity of the flute. You cannot, of course, bring yourself to believe that futile attempts to master a simple theme may be the untutored stammering of a soul bursting with music, whose lot perhaps in some future day, in some future world, will be to entrance his thousands, even as Israfel holds spell-bound the denizens of Paradise with the music of his heart-strings. This, you say, is hard to believe; therefore let me put another picture before you!

The scene is a garret; it is a bitter winter's day; the wind howls around and enters through a hundred crevices; an ember or two smoulders on the hearth. At a rickety table, huddled up into the corner in a vain attempt to elude the network of draughts which intersect the apartment, sits, lost in his work, the young musician. He has just completed the score of his symphony; it is his first. Smaller works he has done, and has tried in vain to get them performed; but this is that work which will make him famous for centuries to come. Perhaps it is the last thing he will ever do. Pinched by famine, benumbed with cold, he has, sown in his veins, the seeds of a fatal disease. He has just finished his score, which he regards with admiration. He has no doubts of its success. He turns to the beginning, hums the theme, gets more

and more excited, rises to his feet, and seizes the crutch on which he drags himself to the nearest eating-house when he has money for a meal. He fancies himself in the National Concert Hall. Thousands of eager spectators throng that vast auditorium behind him. He hears the hum of expectancy. He gives the signal. The muted violins whisper forth the air ; the basses and the 'cellos give it body ; it develops ; the brass contributes a mellow fulness ; a running wave-like accompaniment is heard from the harp ; the whole body of instruments is now at work. "Crescendo !" The action of the young composer's arm becomes animated. The time is quickened. Faster ! Faster ! The movement is reaching a climax. "Forte ! forte ! più ! più ! fortissimo !" There peals forth a tremendous unison. But no ! poor soul, there is no answer to his call but the trembling of the crazy boards on which he sways his feeble frame. There are no thousands in whose hearts he can raise a kindred glow of emotion. That symphony, too, like his other works, will decay unknown in the closet. He sinks into his chair in a passion of weeping.

No doubt he is one of those whose efforts at composition, before he was forced to sell his piano, have educed many a muttered oath from his luckless neighbours. But he is a man of a great soul and a noble useful life.

You deny ; you disbelieve. You deny the utility of a life that achieves nought but disappointment. Reader, the fame of many a contemporary is built on

*such* disappointments—the disappointments of others. You disbelieve that the history I have sketched is possible in these days of enterprising managers, of universal good taste, of charity organisations. Reader, the world is a wide world, and there is many a dreary spot in it. You ask: "Why does he waste his time and his life in seeking after the unattainable?" You hate the pride that spurns what you call "a useful life." You would have him scrape the fiddle in a music-hall. You would wish him to dance attendance in the schoolrooms of the rich. But you forget that where nature bestows fine brains she seldom adds a broad back. You forget that the subtle imagination of the artist may be blighted in the tussle with mechanical routine and enforced inferiority. And yet you doubtless have friends whose existences have been embittered by the impossibility of exercising a fancied creative power, but to whom the necessity for bread has appeared paramount. Our poor friend did not so regard that necessity; and seeing the alternative, there is much to be said for his way of thinking. I beg pardon, I have unwittingly become serious.

Hogarth, I said, had not represented the woes of musicians—I meant the woes of unrecognised musical talent. His picture of the "Enraged Musician" portrays the outrage of musical sensibility. The ear that has, by long use, become accustomed only to sweet concordance, feels acutely the babel of that barbarous serenade. The sufferings of the "Enraged Musician" are our own intensified. It never, I

confess, occurred to me till the other day that a musician who had thus suffered might mentally transfer his martydom to his neighbour, and thus become so struck with the brutalities he is committing as to desist altogether from music. This possibility suggested itself to me while reading Mr. Schuyler's interesting book on Turkestan. There appears to exist among the Tartars a refinement of feeling not credited to European votaries of harmony. Mr. Schuyler will doubtless pardon me for not quoting the anecdote *verbatim*; as certain variations of language are necessary to elucidate the meaning which I attach to the fable.

Its hero was a local saint, Khorkhut by name, whose stature, fourteen feet, made him an object of some eminence in the country. He was fond of music and had a desire to learn to play upon the lute. Accordingly, being of a sensitive temperament himself, and knowing of what discomfort to others are the ill-harmonies evoked by the unskilled hand, he unselfishly withdrew to the edge of the world in order to complete his musical education. In this hope, however, he was disappointed. Visited one night by a dream, he thought he saw some men digging a grave. "For whom is that grave?" he asked. "For Khorkhut," they replied. He awoke, and the result of this short but plainly-pointed conversation was that he speedily removed his abiding-place. So hasty a determination, so evident a care for life, may strike the reader as inconsistent with that strength of character which

marks every truly great man. A word about this hereafter. From the edge of the world Khorkhut now removes to its eastern corner. No rest, however, can this giant son of harmony find here. The same vision again assails him and with the same results. Now he pitches his tent on the western corner; now on the northern; now on the southern; but all in vain. At length it dawned upon him that his only resource was to try the centre of the world; and he consequently encamped upon the banks of the Syr-Daria, which, as every well-informed person knows, *is* the centre of the world. But alas! there too these hideous phantoms pursued him. "Must I," he cried in piteous lamentation, "must I then resign all hope of being able to discourse with thee, O lute, O mistress, in that sweet lauguage which thou alone understandest? Ye Gods, if there be any pity in heaven," he continued (unconsciously quoting Æneas's stock phrase), "have mercy on your hapless slave, who, after all, only wants to learn to play upon the lute." Then seeing the dark waters of the Syr-Daria rolling beneath, and despairing of pity, he cast his mantle on the stream and himself on the mantle. But, wonderful to relate, those murky waters did not engulf him. He floated, and there, in this unassailable position, he found peace at length. He played his lute; he played it for a hundred years; and *then* he died. The manner or the cause of his death has not been transmitted to us. It must ever remain a mystery whether his passion for the lute was the secret of his longevity; or

whether, had he been no musician, and lived like other folk, he might not have attained to even a greater age. Perhaps the mere fact of having so completely his own way delayed the process of natural decay. But, be that as it may, the issue is foreign to our subject.

The question which now concerns us is why was Khorkhut sainted? In some rustic European calendars we find such undeserving saints as Pilate and his wife; but the Easterns have generally some sufficient reason for their canonisations. Of his pedigree we know nothing; we may conclude therefore that the dignity was not hereditary. Stature is a sign of distinction in the East, but it is an attribute of devils as well as heroes. Thus we may conjecture that his sainthood was conferred on him for some such reason as the following. He was a man who lived a long life with a distinct object in view, and, despite the difficulties thrown in his way, at last attained that object. These difficulties were aggravated—1, by the fact of his enormous stature which rendered his proceedings a matter of general notoriety; 2, because of his extremely sensitive nature, which did not allow him to interfere with the comfort of his fellows; for the nightmares which haunted him were nothing but the reproaches of his unselfish conscience. Once, however, in the midst of the desolate flood of the Syr-Daria, he knew that he was at length alone, and could learn how to unburden his music-laden soul without annoyance to any one. These are nice points of feeling to be commemorated

by barbarian Tartars, say you. Timour was a Tartar; and the reasons he alleged for conquest were substantially the same as those now put forward by Christian Russia.

Music is a physical necessity for certain people. No one will be inclined to doubt this who has been at the university, and heard the simultaneous burst of melody which arises the very instant that the clock marks the hour when the authority of learning is placed in abeyance and music sways the alternating sceptre. Thus, without doubt, there are many of us whom delicacy of feeling prevents from seeking to express our thoughts in harmony, herded together, as we are, in the metropolis, and since, unlike Khorkhut, we cannot play nomad.

Half of us thrive on noise, and the other half cannot subsist without absolute quiet. What, then, can be done? Can we, like the reverse of a solution I once heard of the poor-rate difficulty in London, namely, to surround each rich man's house with a circle of squalid hovels—can we banish all pianos and such like inventions of the evil one to one quarter of London? Imagine, if you can, the difficulties of this! And if it were accomplished, imagine the rivalry that would spring up between the musical and the non-musical members of the community.[1]

[1] A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* evidently imagines that some such division of London was necessitated by the bitterness of party-feeling there, when he defines "le West-end" as "partie occidentale de Londres habitée par les Torys."

Our boasted London would then be little better than the Indian village of which Sir William Sleeman writes, where there are two Mohammedan parties, who celebrate their religion, one in silence, the other to the sound of the tomtom. (N.B. I should think the quietists would ultimately adopt the rival mode of worship.)

I know of no remedy for this state of affairs. To me the problem appears insoluble. But let us not sit with folded hands! There is a palliative which suggests itself to me—a medicine prescribed by the most famous physicians—a medicine easy of application, but difficult to meet with. It is *charity*.

Do I doctor myself with the medicine I prescribe to others? you ask; or am I a musician and thus plead the cause of my profession?

Between ourselves, dear reader, neither is the case. I certainly do not practise what I preach, but being capable of some sort of studied noise which the lenient might possibly recognise as music, I am thus in a position to exercise the *lex talionis* which I do rigidly—"an eye for an eye," a headache for a headache. For further particulars inquire next door.

## EDGAR IN *THE PROMISE OF MAY*

FROM *Daily News*.

EDGAR is not, as the critics will have it, a free-thinker, drawn into crime by his communistic theories ; Edgar is not even an honest Radical, nor a sincere follower of Schopenhauer ; he is nothing thorough and nothing sincere. He has no conscience until he is brought face to face with the consequences of his crime, and in the awakening of that conscience the poet has manifested his fullest and subtlest strength. At our first introduction to Edgar we see him perplexed with the haunting of a pleasure that has sated him. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" has been his motto ; but we can detect that his appetite for all pleasure has begun to pall. He repeats wearily the formulæ of a philosophy which he has followed because it suits his mode of life. He plays with these formulæ, but they do not satisfy him. So long as he had on him the zest of libertinism he did not, in all probability, trouble himself with philosophy. But now his selfishness compels him

to take a step of which he feels the wickedness and repugnancy. He must endeavour to justify himself to himself. The companionship of the girl he has betrayed no longer gives him pleasure ; he hates her tears because they remind him of himself—his proper self. He abandons her with a pretence of satisfaction ; but the philosophical formulæ he repeats no more satisfy him than they satisfy the poor girl whom he deserts. Her innocence has not, however, been wantonly sacrificed by the dramatist. She has sown the seed of repentance in her seducer, though the fruit is slow in ripening. Years after he returns, like the ghost of a murderer, to the scene of his crime. He feels remorse. He is ashamed of it ; he battles against it ; he hurls the old formulæ at it ; he acts the cynic more thoroughly than ever. But he is changed. He feels a desire to "make amends." Yet that desire is still only a form of selfishness. He has abandoned the "Utopian Idiocy" of communism. Perhaps, as he says with self-mockery that makes the character so individual and remarkable, "because he has inherited estates." His position of gentleman is forced on his notice ; he would qualify himself for it, selfishly and without doing excessive penance. To marry the surviving sister and rescue the old father from ruin would be a meritorious act. He sets himself to perform it. At first everything goes well for him ; the old weapons of fascination that had worked the younger sister's ruin now conquer the heart of the elder. He is comfortable in

his scheme of reparation, and lays "that flattering unction to his soul." Suddenly, however, the girl whom he has betrayed, and whom he thought dead, returns; she hears him repeating to another the words of love she herself had heard from him and believed. "Edgar!" she cries, and staggers forth from her concealment, as she forgives him with her last breath, and bids him make her sister happy. Then, and not till then, the true soul of the man rushes to his lips; he recognises his wickedness, he knows the blankness of his life that is his punishment. He feels then, and will always feel, aspirations after good which he can never, or only imperfectly, fulfil. The position of independence on which he prided himself is wrested from him; he is humiliated. The instrument of his selfish repentance turns on him with a forgiveness that annihilates him; the bluff and honest farmer, whom he despises, triumphs over him, not with the brute force of an avenging hand, but with the pre-eminence of superior morality. Edgar quits the scene, never again, we can believe, to renew his libertine existence, but to expiate with long-life contrition the monstrous wickedness of the past.

# PHÆDRA AND PHÈDRE

"Of the servile expressing antiquity in an unlike and an unfit subject, it is well said: 'Quod tempore antiquum videtur, id incongruitate est maxime novum.'"

BACON, *Advancement of Learning.*

HAPPY was that portion of Sarah Bernhardt's audience in London last summer whom Nature had laden with a sufficient weight of years to remember the great Rachel. Salvini, Ellen Terry, and a hundred others were brought into requisition by rival and less fortunate critics, but in vain; their remarks were unheeded, they were mere babes in theatrical knowledge, and those who had seen the great Rachel sat, as it were, on a glorified pinnacle of experience, where it was impossible to approach them. Unfortunately acting is not, or rather people's opinions about acting are not, to be gauged by ordinary tests, such as evidences of application or natural qualification; nor, in the generality of cases, is any neutral ground furnished where adversaries can meet in fair field of argument. One man's dictum is as good as another's, and an actor's greatness, being in fact

equivalent to his success, is put to the vote and decided by the majority. Neither is there any strong connecting link between actors of the present and the former generation, for the power of retailing impressions is rare, and acting is not amenable to description.

Much of modern criticism is little more than an attempt to number "alpha" "beta" without the setting forth of any particular why or wherefore, and this is more especially the case with regard to the theatre, where the why and wherefore are difficult of application. Now this system of subordination does not, I confess, recommend itself to me, especially as many of us are not careful to insure absolute similarity of conditions before making comparison. I cannot understand why your gratitude to your host of to-day should be at the expense of last night's entertainer. Are we all stomach and no heart? "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," it seems to me, should be the art-critic's motto in theatrical matters, where his enjoyment is entirely dependent on ephemeral conditions; but if he is spared for the day after, and the day after that, let him tax his memory with the recollection of his enjoyments.

The critic may compare without finding it necessary to record his verdict as to the relative greatness of the subjects of his comparison.

With respect to the stage, however, as few critics have sufficient special knowledge to treat of representation in regard to technical ability, the best test of which is the momentary effect on the audience or

on a series of audiences, he must either confine his criticism to a retailing of subjective impressions, or look to exceptional opportunities in order to make any just comparison between rival actors. Such an opportunity is afforded by different interpretations of one *rôle*—not, I mean, as regards minutiæ, where one rendering must be contrasted directly with the other, but with respect to the broad conception of the character as the author drew it, where the critic is not hampered by ignorance of dramatic *technique*, but can form an independent judgment for himself.

A comparison of the two renderings of that *rôle*, Phèdre, which is to the French theatre what Hamlet is to the English, cannot, I think, fail to excite interest, even if the task be indifferently done. The interval which has elapsed between the death of Rachel and the advent of Madame Bernhardt, of course enhances the difficulties of the undertaking. We are conservative in our appreciations, and what we have admired in our youth is hallowed to us by association, so that we are perhaps prone to be perfunctory in our judgment of the rising star of our maturer years. Let me ask my reader, then, to put aside all recollection of Rachel as he has seen her, if indeed he has had that good fortune, and consider without prejudice the evidence which I shall here adduce, for which, where space permits, I shall cite chapter and verse.

My purpose is not, as I have said, to form any comparative estimate of the greatness of the two actresses. No ! let the admirers of Rachel believe in

her ; let Sarah Bernhardt's disciples still continue to sit at her feet. This is no concern of mine. All I wish is to consider which has been most faithful to the original conception of the author.

I may be pardoned, I think, for reverting to the Greek original, and to the circumstances attendant on its production, when I cite the following passages as proving the existence of manifest errors of fact in those books to which people anxious to be informed on the subject would naturally have recourse. Alfred de Musset speaks of Racine as a poet who "spent two and a half years in translating almost verse by verse the *Phædra* of Euripides," while Mr. Hallam calls Racine's play "a more splendid work of genius than the Greek," and says that "in both tragedies the character of Phædra herself throws into shade all the others."

It is evident from the prompt action and extended character of dramatic criticism that dramatists are of all authors most influenced by the prevailing sentiment of their day. In any truly dramatic age the drama has given expression to the national ideas.

Greek drama sprang from the worship of Bacchus, in all probability the indigenous religion of the country, and, as it gathered development, absorbed the creeds of the other component tribes, till the very form of tragedy, as it existed in the days of Æschylus, had a deep religious and ethnical signification.

Given a passion and an obstacle, we have the modern drama, says Alfred de Musset ; and so with the Attic tragedy. The prevailing principle of the

Greek religion was harmony: an act wrought in violation of the universal harmony was invariably followed by natural retribution; and as the gods were deified natural laws, they became the instruments of revenge. The mythical repertory of the Greeks, bound up with every religious and patriotic sentiment, was taken to illustrate this broad principle. Hence the Æschylean drama drew not so much upon the sympathy of the spectators as upon their religious feelings. It excited not compassion, but awe.

The scenic conditions contributed to the intensification of this effect. Tragedy was, we know, the offspring of chorus and rhapsody; but, as the dramatic element was developed, the office of the chorus decreased in importance till it became nothing more than a mediator between author and audience—"an idealised," or rather typical, "spectator." It was necessary also to the religious character of the drama to merge the individuality of the actor. This was effected partly by the mask, which insured a suitable cast of countenance, though of course not subject to variation of expression; partly by the cothurnus, which equalised the stature of the actors; and partly by padding the chest, which increased their bulk. Mechanical contrivances were, for a like purpose, inserted in the mask, in order to increase the power of the voice; so that the effect of these appliances was, while doing away with the natural inequalities of the actors, to raise their natural powers to a level more than human. This magnification was necessi-

tated by the vast size of the theatre, which was built to contain the whole male population of Athens ; for, if we accept the calculation of Professor Donaldson, the furthest spectator must have been at least a hundred yards from the stage.

Thus tragic representation was divorced from the circumstances of every-day life, which would have been by no means consonant with the mythical and antique character of the Æschylean drama. It was also no doubt partly in accordance with this feeling, and partly because the contrivances above detailed rendered rapid movement impossible, that all action was eliminated from the stage ; all delineation of mental conflict became impossible, and the dialogue was therefore retrospective. The archaic effect was also heightened by the employment of antique phraseology. The representation of Greek tragedy has been likened to a group of figures in a frieze, presented in profile and in a state of semi-quiescence. De Quincey calls Attic tragedy "a breathing from the world of sculpture," and says with regard to the development of the tragic interest: "The story of the tragedy was pretty nearly involved and told by the implication in the *tableaux vivants* which presided through the several acts," expressions of actual emotion being probably limited to such actions as veiling the face, lying on the ground, or conveyed by variations of the voice, though these must have been limited in number if we believe that the dialogue was delivered in monotone. Such was the Æschylean drama.

it existed in his day. Still he associated with Aspasia, and must have known many highly cultured members of the Hetaira class, whose freedom from the restraints to which respectable women were subjected left them open to the influences of the time. Nearly all his great characters are of women. He seems to have laboured for their emancipation from the stringent laws which made them mere slaves of the harem, while their husbands were at liberty to gratify every chance appetite.

He had doubtless additional motives, both in the fact that this was comparatively untrodden ground, and in the knowledge that the solemn tragedy of Æschylus and Sophocles had already begun to pall. Euripides drew the character of women in all their relations capable of dramatic treatment: he drew them "as they were"; he drew them "as they ought to have been"; he drew them as mothers, wives, and daughters; he drew them also as victims—victims of defective social organisation, victims of divine wrath. We have no means of knowing what he really thought and felt about them, but doubtless it was some such moderate view as this:

> *τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερῆ πρὸς ἄρσενας,*
> *κἂν ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἀγαθαὶ μεμιγμέναι*
> *μισούμεθ'.*[1]

The scenic conditions bequeathed to Euripides were not highly favourable to the representation

[1] "Difficult is the relation of woman to man;
The good and ill are confused together,
And we are hated."

of feminine passions. The stately movement and the cumbrous costume of the old tragedy consorted but ill with the rapid alternations of woman's emotion. In like manner the absence of all action from the scene furnished no field for the display of these emotions. Accordingly Euripides was forced into innovations ; he endeavoured to compensate for the stationary character of the scene while in representation, by interweaving and contrasting scene with scene. The three great tragedians were all moral teachers, but we may make this distinction between them. Æschylus endeavoured to educe moral consistency from the popular mythology ; Sophocles dealt with morality as necessary, but subordinate to art ; Euripides treated special questions of morality intimately connected with his audience. Thus we express the superficial difference between these poets rather crudely when we say Æschylus wrote to please the gods, Sophocles to please himself, Euripides to please the people. An Athenian audience was, we know, possessed of extraordinary critical acumen, but, like all audiences, it was liable to errors of judgment. It was necessary for Euripides, however, in his capacity of reformer, to flatter its predilections. Hence the sophistical tournaments and other blemishes by which his plays are disfigured. He flattered them, however, in another and more laudable fashion—by narrative passages containing some of his most vigorous poetry, by contrast of costume and external circumstance, by a display of metrical skill. These

characteristics are to be perceived in the play of *Hippolytus*, of which I will now give the plot.

The prologue spoken by Venus[1] consists of a recital of the insults offered her by Hippolytus, son of Theseus, who lives in chaste and mystical communion with Diana. The plan of her revenge follows, involving also the death and disgrace of Phædra. In the first scene Hippolytus enters from the chase, does acts of worship to Diana, but, despite the warnings of his attendants, neglects the shrine of Venus. He quits the scene, and Phædra, already enfeebled by disease and voluntary starvation, is brought on. Her nurse extorts from her the secret of her love for her stepson Hippolytus, and her consequent resolve to die; then, under pretence of procuring a remedy for her mistress's disease, she quits the scene in order to divulge to Hippolytus the real state of affairs, and thereby save the life of Phædra. The noise of Hippolytus abusing the nurse discloses to Phædra this act of treachery. Hippolytus enters, curses the race of women, and departs. Phædra then, imprecating vengeance on her nurse, goes to her death. Theseus returns from a visit to the oracle to find his wife hanging a corpse with a letter clutched in her fingers. This he reads, and discovers therein that Hippolytus is accused of having betrayed his father's trust, and accomplished by force the object of an unlawful passion; he prays to Neptune for vengeance; and Hippolytus appears

[1] I have employed Latin nomenclature throughout for conveniences of comparison.

to defend himself, but, being bound by an oath to the nurse not to reveal the secret, cannot convince his father. Shortly after his exit a messenger enters with the narrative of the execution by Neptune of the vengeance of Theseus; and Hippolytus is brought on, a palpitating mass of wounds and dislocation. Diana comes from heaven to clear his character, ascribes the catastrophe to Venus, threatens in a mysterious way to take vengeance on her by killing Adonis, excuses herself for not having interfered, as, in addition to being afraid of the Lord of Heaven, it is not etiquette for one god to thwart the desires of another, but promises Hippolytus compensation in the shape of worship and remembrance on earth. Hippolytus then pardons his father, and the play ends.

The motto of the tragedy is:

> τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεών,

which may be translated:

> We must conform to the prerogatives of the gods,

*i.e.* we must not neglect to worship a deity because her ways are not our ways. Euripides made tragedy descend from the mystic heights of fable where it had reigned before. The misfortunes of Hippolytus and Phædra are caused by the petty jealousy of Venus, the meanest character in Euripides' plays; and we find her sacrificing an innocent woman for a personal grudge which she has against some one else. It is possible,

however, that the requirements of poetic justice were satisfied in other plays of the tetralogy with which each poet contended for the tragic prize. It seems too as if Euripides meant in some of his tragedies to teach a lesson by rousing anger in the minds of his audience against a religion and a state of society which allowed such consummations as these to be literally in consonance with the received ideas as to piety and morality. I shall presently have occasion to say more about the character of Phædra, and will now pass on to a consideration of the theatre of Louis the Fourteenth and Racine's play of *Phèdre.*

It is characteristic of the history of France that the changes, political and religious, which it has undergone, have been supported only by insignificant minorities. It has been agitated for a brief space by startling revolutions, soon to relapse into quiescence under a strong hand. The revival of classic literature which followed the fall of Constantinople, while, in other countries, it sank deep enough to create the desire and the means of religious reform, took no deep root in France, but served only to beautify and render attractive the existing tenets and institutions of the Jesuits. In the times of which I write, the simple faith of Loyola and Xavier was no more ; religion had been subordinated to a lust for political power ; and the closely knit body of the Jesuits ruled, to the exclusion of the lay nobility. Cardinal Richelieu had divorced the interests of the land proprietors from their estates, and they, splendid

satellites forsooth, danced attendance upon minister and monarch. So, when the internal dissensions of the Fronde were agitating Paris, and the more sensible portion of the nobility had begun to see that they were sacrificing their real interests for a few gaudy ornaments and decorations, no real fusion betwixt the discontented nobles and the oppressed people could be created, and a little seasonable suppleness on the part of Mazarin gained the victory. These circumstances, however, contributed to produce perhaps the most splendid circle of courtiers that Europe has ever seen. Lord vied with lord in magnificence, and a man was happy if the splendour of his *fête* was the current topic of a few passing days. It was not surprising, therefore, that patronage of the theatre should be in vogue, and that dramatic representation should play a part in the general pageant of the times.

At Athens every citizen had an interest in political theories, the practicability and popularity of which meant life or death to his state. But at Paris the political existence of the citizen was no more. Both Euripides and Racine wrote in a time of war. In the former case, the war was one which imperilled the supremacy of Athens, and the city had a voice in the condemnation or otherwise of the generals. In the latter case, the wars of France were for the most part carried on beyond her borders, and were the fruit of Louis the Fourteenth's ambitious designs, in which the people had no further interest than having to make up the deficiencies in the royal

treasury. The court and the people lived, as it were, in separate kingdoms; the one was occupied with petty intrigues, dreams of universal conquest, and the championship of Roman Catholicism; the other dragged on uneventful lives in servile penury. It has been said that the resources of France were developed during this reign by distant expeditions and colonization: but these were the result chiefly of personal or Jesuitical enterprise, and did not affect the masses. The empire of Louis the Fourteenth might be compared with his summer palace at Versailles. It was no natural growth; it was a splendid excrescence. Like that costly paradise, it was built with the life-blood of the people: gold, won by the sweat of their brows, was torn from them and bartered for foreign wares. It was not French in character, and France had no sympathy with it. As Louis tore up the bills of the expenditure on Versailles, so he refused to consider the consequences of his unceasing warfare. He saw at last it was a mistake, but not till his palace had been stripped of its ornaments, and his country of its wealth and its defenders.

Of this vainglorious folly of Versailles classic tragedy may be said to have become a part. Owing its origin chiefly to Richelieu, and in its early days supported by his munificence, the theatre, when Louis stepped into the place of general patron, fell under his dominion. The most constant of actors himself in the realities of life, he was attracted by

the mimic triumphs of the stage. The mighty monarch who would take his tent for a few weeks into the plains of Flanders, and call the expedition a campaign—who would make a journey to a tottering city, in order that he might get the credit of having forced it to capitulate—who was head of spiritual France, king of secular France, and arbiter of Europe—did not disdain to point the dramatic criticism of his court. As the literature of Greece was chained to the triumphal car of Rome, so in later times it played lackey to the majesty of the French king. His approval was sufficient to insure the success of Racine's comedy, which had previously been hissed. A few rhymes of flattery to him on his marriage were worth a yearly pension to Racine of £600; and that worthy tragedian himself was never more happy than while reading his royal master to sleep. Racine had, however, no lasting hold upon his audience; a court cabal banished *Phèdre* from the stage for a year in favour of the composition of a wretched dramatic hack. He retired for fifteen years from theatrical life, disgusted with the prejudice of his compatriots, and when at length he returned he could only gain a hearing in the particular clique to which Madame de Maintenon belonged. Every circumstance under which he wrote was calculated to cramp the free exercise of imaginative intellect. The Academy, who haggled over particular expressions like fishwives at market, and wrote long treatises upon the immorality of the conjunction "car," called upon

him to obey a set of arbitrary rules, founded upon a misconception of a passage in Aristotle, which have ever since formed the creed of French tragedians until M. Victor Hugo had the courage to trample it under foot. For the most part he drew his subjects from a material which awakened but little interest even in the minds of the educated courtiers who frequented the theatre. "Quod tempore antiquum videtur, id incongruitate est maxime novum." The subject was Greek, and the form was quasi-Greek; but for the Greek thought, for the Greek theatre, for Greece itself, were substituted France and the court intrigues of an idle and self-seeking nobility. Racine felt that it was not a reproduction, but rather a rehabilitation, of the Greek, that was required. He had already had a warning as to the too literal rendering of classic matter into French in the ill-success of his *Britannicus*; and Racine was peculiarly sensitive to the failure with which the irony of fate so often embittered his triumphs. He brought his peculiar gifts to bear upon the subject in hand. "Personne," says St. Simon of him in his private character, "n'avait plus de fonds d'esprit, ni plus agréablement tourné: rien du poëte dans son commerce, et tout de l'honnête homme." This may in part be applied to him as an author. His perseverance, his common sense, his gifts of pleasing and facile expression, rising from time to time to genuine power, and lastly, his unaffected and religious conscientiousness, rendered him especially fitted for the task of adaptation,

or rather re-creation. While preserving as far as possible the outward characteristics of Greek tragedy, he endowed his composition with that simplicity which makes a true work of art always modern. Despite the wonderful skill of his verse, he employed a very limited vocabulary. We are reminded by Boileau's words—"Il n'y a en effet dans les vers de M. Racine aucun terme qui ne soit commun et fort usité"—of the question put by Sir Roger de Coverley while witnessing an adaptation from one of Racine's plays. "Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of." But the concessions which Racine made to the requirements of modern civilization will best be seen from the plot of the play itself.

With reference to the controversy between Schlegel and La Harpe as to the comparative merits of the Greek and French plays, we may say that the former is wrong in treating Racine's play as inferior to the Greek in proportion as it varies from it, and in failing to perceive the different aim of the French author; while La Harpe is of course absurd in such statements as "On dirait que toutes les fois que Racine se sert de ce qu'un autre a fait, c'est pour montrer comment il fallait faire;" and "Racine a partout substitué les plus grandes beautés aux plus grands défauts." Again, the question whether Phèdre is a legitimate character as Racine drew her—that is, to attract sympathy—is hardly relevant: it seems

scarcely necessary to repeat such a platitude as that to excuse a crime and to excuse the person who commits it are leniencies of very different degrees of morality. Racine had the disadvantage of an inferior language, an unrepresentative audience, and a material which was in no way an historical element of the society of his day. The first two evils he was obliged to stomach as best he might, but the last he endeavoured to remedy with considerable ingenuity. He seems to have made an estimate in his own mind of the conception, and the amount of knowledge, which his audience had of ancient Greece, and to have coloured his subject accordingly. Nothing, for example, is more skilful than his preservation of the determining influences of the Greek gods without a display of such anachronistic feeling as to amount to apparent incongruity. He appears to have conveyed the idea of a presiding deity chiefly by passages of reference and description—some of which are among the finest in his play—which have no direct connection with the action of the play, or concern a personage who has finally quitted the scene. The stage Thésée, however, hardly realises one's conception of the hero of the mythical exploits with which he credits himself on his first entry. A man must be very great to blow his own trumpet, but I suppose Thésée is not Theseus.

The impossibility of representing divine agency on the stage rendered necessary several important modifications of the story, as will be seen from the follow-

ing plot. The scene is laid at Trézène, whither Phèdre had originally banished Hippolyte, and where she herself has now been brought by the desire of Thésée.

In the first act we are made acquainted with Hippolyte's love for Aricie (sole survivor of a house, the bitterest of his father's political enemies), the condition of Phèdre, and her resolve to die. Phèdre then confesses to her nurse Œnone her unlawful love for Hippolyte, and a messenger announces the death of Thésée and the consequent anarchy at Athens. Thereupon Œnone exhorts Phèdre to live, in order that her children may benefit by her political influence, and suggests that her love is now only "an ordinary passion." To these arguments Phèdre yields.

*Act II.*—After a love scene between Aricie and Hippolyte, Phèdre seeks her stepson's presence and declares her passion ; he receives it in silence. Then with remorseful frenzy she throws herself upon him, and adjures him to kill her. An announcement of the election of the son of Thésée and Phèdre to the Athenian crown concludes this act.

*Act III.*—Phèdre commissions Œnone to bribe Hippolyte to love with the offer of the Athenian crown, but the nurse speedily returns with the news that Thésée lives and has arrived at Trézène, and accordingly persuades Phèdre to allow her to slander Hippolyte to his father. Thésée returns, and Phèdre rouses his suspicions by an enigmatical speech ; but

Hippolyte, not choosing to defile his lips with the odious secret, refuses an explanation, and, incredulous of Phèdre's evil intentions, resolves to gain his father's sanction to his marriage with Aricie.

*Act IV.*—Œnone has already accused Hippolyte to his father of a passion for Phèdre and of a "projet audacieux" "pour parvenir au but de ses noires amours," adducing as proof his sword.

A scene follows between father and son, in which Hippolyte is met with the accusation of his alleged crime, but he protests his innocence and confesses his love for Aricie. But neither this nor his vague hints of Phèdre's infidelity gain the credence of Thésée, who calls on Neptune for vengeance, and banishes Hippolyte from his native land. Remorse now prompts Phèdre to confess her guilt, but her jealousy, aroused by the disclosure of Hippolyte's love, checks the good impulse. Œnone endeavours to palliate her mistress's sin with blasphemous remarks about the domestic life of Olympus, but the latter turns upon her, and accuses her of having been the author of all her woes. Œnone quits her presence to seek self-destruction.

*Act V.*—Hippolyte persuades Aricie to fly with him, and she, though still respecting her lover's secret, further unsettles the mind of Thésée. The narrative of Hippolyte's death now follows, and Phèdre, after drinking the poisoned cup, confesses her guilt and dies.

Racine knew that the virgin Hippolytus would not

gain much sympathy from the gallant Frenchman; he knew also that any attempt to connect the gods with the direct action of the play would verge on absurdity; he was therefore constrained to the invention of Aricie, whose moderate and lawful love would contrast with the violent and illegal passion of Phèdre. Hippolyte, too, deprived of the chaste fellowship of Diana, would have hardly conformed to the poet's ideas of dramatic symmetry. Thus we may note the following innovations as introduced by the French author.

1 The substitution of Phèdre for Hippolyte as the principal character. The change is indicated by the title of the tragedy.

2. The amplification of the political background.

3. The invention of Aricie and her love for Hippolyte.

4. The personal declaration by Phèdre to Hippolyte of her love for him. This is borrowed from the Latin tragedy *Hippolytus* of Seneca.

5. The various incidents which contribute to the justification of the character of Phèdre, to be noted hereafter.

6. The postponement of Phèdre's suicide.

7. The display of jealousy on the part of Phèdre on learning of the love of Hippolyte for Aricie which forms the motive of the fourth act.

8. The confession by Phèdre of her crimes, taken from Seneca.

9. The omission of the revolting display of the

bodies of Phèdre and Hippolyte, justified in the Greek play by the size of the theatre, and the necessity, in the absence of action, of the production of striking effects.

Let us return for a moment, before we analyse the character of Phèdre, to the Greek Phædra.

We may be justified, as I have before remarked, without disrespect to the Greek author, in failing to perceive the dramatic justice of the *Hippolytus*. We may feel that the punishment of Hippolytus is out of proportion to his crime; that Phædra, who is represented both by Venus and the chorus as an illustrious woman, has done nothing to merit her awful fate. Euripides felt this too, and put the traditional presiding influence of the deity into a somewhat bold and abrupt form in order to justify her. But Phædra is a secondary character, whose office is to furnish justification for the diatribes of Hippolytus against womankind in general. If it is true of the principal characters in Greek drama that they are drawn with little light and shade, it is doubly true of the secondary characters. For example, compare Medea and Phædra, handed down to us as having roused the indignation of the Athenians on account of their unqualified wickedness, and we shall find that justificatory passages are few in the *Hippolytus* compared with the other tragedy. Although the poet introduced some touches of pathos in the character of Phædra, such as her love for her husband and her children, they will be found on examination to be qualified with

more selfish expressions of feeling with regard to her own good name. She appears also to have inherited something of the brute, from the frequent allusions to the amours of her mother Pasiphae. The aim of Euripides appears to have been to represent Phædra as an object of horror ; he has invested her with none of the characteristics which are wont to awaken sympathy. No doubt he was aware that, in order to keep the interest fixed on Hippolytus, Phædra's character must be made persistently unsympathetic. The scenic conditions, too, as I have before explained, did not allow of the delicate shading of character which a modern poet would have adopted in such a case. Phædra is never flattered with a gleam of hope ; she comes on the stage prepared to die ; and her every action shows that, unless she can conquer her passion, her death is inevitable. Her promptness of action shows that her mind is made up. The crime which she really commits is the betrayal of her secret. The intention of Euripides was, as I have said, to present her as an object of horror ; she is almost at the point of death when she is brought on the stage ; disease and famine have wasted her face, the chorus frequently call attention to her horrible appearance ; she raves under the influence of Venus ; she recounts how her ancestors have been the victims of that goddess ; she describes how she has wrestled with her rising passion, but she now recognizes it as inevitable ; she feels it gaining the mastery over her ; she must silence it by death ; she betrays her secret ; she is

advised to yield and live, but such mean counsel she rejects with scorn; her nurse plays traitor; and Phædra turns on her, blasting her with a terrific curse, and, having uttered mingled sentiments about her husband, her children, and herself, leaves the stage to die. She is discovered, when the folding doors are opened, with a letter in her hand, that falsely accuses Hippolytus. She perjures herself with her latest breath. Such a crime as this is peculiarly repugnant to modern sentiment. La Harpe expresses his horror at the deed very forcibly when he says: "Ainsi la mort, qui est pour tous les hommes le moment de repentir, a été pour Phèdre le moment d'un dernier crime." The deed, however, must not be judged altogether from a modern standpoint. It was not a crime to practice deceit in Attic times: to break one's oath was sacrilege, but a Greek was bound by the words, not by the spirit, of his promise. Hippolytus keeps his oath, but because it is so worded that he cannot escape. To deceive your enemy and keep your oath was, for a Greek, the triumph of diplomacy and patriotism. But the last act of Phædra, regard it how you will, bears testimony to her unalterable strength of purpose.

Such is Phædra: her will and her passions are strong, but her body is weak, and that is the slave of heaven. Where she chiefly exhibits strength is in her power of repression. She relaxed once, and the momentary weakness was fraught with woe to her and to her good name. Euripides intensifies the horror of her

personality by an insistence on the loathsome features of her illness. He intensifies this effect by the contrast which he has so pointedly made between her first entry and that of Hippolytus, coming as he does girt with his hunting apparel and bearing fresh flowers from the dewy woods, his face all ruddy with the glow of healthful chastity. Euripides deprives Phædra of all sympathetic qualities by giving her no gleam of hope that the object of her passion will be realised, nor does she herself desire it. The expression of her love itself is without tenderness, for in treating of the love of man and woman the Greeks laid less stress upon its intellectual than upon its animal features.

I have said that Phèdre is the French Hamlet. What I meant was that both these characters furnish the quick transitions from emotion to emotion which make a good acting character (Voltaire called Phèdre the *best*), and that these transitions proceed from a reluctance to perform a certain action enjoined them. There, however, the resemblance ends : with Hamlet, this reluctance proceeds from an intellectual and emotional activity which presents to him in detail the consequences of that action ; with Phèdre it is caused partly from a want of courage to take the necessary step, partly from the hope that something will occur to change the face of events. Phèdre is a good acting part ; the Greek Phædra would have by no means fulfilled the dramatic conditions of the modern stage, or even of the ancient as the Medea did. I have pointed out how the Greeks endeavoured to

secure a monotone in acting, consonant with the religious feeling, antagonistic to the predominance of the individual actor, and caused by the machinery employed to magnify the person and voice of the performer so as to accord with the vastness of the theatre. On the French stage, however, there were no such conditions ; the actor was predominant and responsible for the success of the play, nor was there any chorus to break the contact between author and audience. There was no religious feeling to create indulgence in the mind of the spectator, and tide over the unattractive passages of necessary "business." The actor, or the author in proxy, stood face to face with the audience. He must be provided with varied scenes and varied emotions to enable him to display his different powers : "the breathing from the world of sculpture" was impossible now. There must be no cessation in the action ; the whole drama must be replete with modern sentiment ; the broad contrasts of the Greek must be modified to the subtler refinements of modern art. Compassion must take the place of horror, and love must be written in accents of tenderness. Such a revolution did Racine work in the character of Phèdre, whom he now made the central personage of the piece.

The status of woman had altered since the Attic age. Roman Catholicism and the songs of the Troubadours had inculcated a reverence for her ; and these were the last of those chivalrous days in which her love had urged the flower of knighthood to

do battle for her sake. The heroism of the weaker sex during the stirring times of the Fronde, the power they exercised in the conduct of political intrigue, the influence of the king's mistresses, the courteous bearing of the monarch himself towards them, and, perhaps more than all, the misfortunes and death of the exiled queen of Charles the First, who had taken the rival tragedians, Racine and Corneille, under her wing, and inspired them to write in her honour, rendered Louis the Fourteenth's contemporaries peculiarly sensible to the worth of woman. So, if the Phædra of Euripides had stirred the resentment even of the slavish wives of Athens, Racine must make considerable changes in that character before it conformed to the enlightened ideas of his time. He modernised and he humanised her ; she is no longer, as Mr. Swinburne calls her in his fine lines,

> Half a woman made with half a god.

" Ce sont les entrailles d'une marâtre, qui s'émeuvent à l'aspect d'un beau jeune homme."

It will be seen that Racine sacrifices a great deal in order to excuse the crimes of Phædra and render her sympathetic. He displays her as a wife outraged by the infidelity of her husband ; he makes her credit the news of his death, which is announced by a messenger in a circumstantial manner, so that she believes that no obstacle exists between her and the object of her passion, except the bar of relationship, which Racine takes care that Œnone should explain

is only objectionable on the ground of sentimental scruples. With a like object the repulsive details of her personal appearance are not insisted on, and her madness is modified. The amours, too, of her mother are all but ignored.

The political background is painted more clearly in order that her love for her son may serve the distinct purpose of placing him on the throne. The hint of her maternal affection is taken from the Greek play, and made the keynote of her character. Her excuse for speaking to Hippolyte is that she wishes to intercede with him for her son.

Souvenez-vous d'un fils qui n'espère qu'en vous

are the words with which Œnone restores her failing courage. She begins the interview with pleading for her child. But the likeness of Hippolyte to his father strikes her, and the tide of uncontrollable love sweeps over her soul. In vain she tries to persuade herself that it is this likeness to Thésée which is the cause of her tenderness. The dam is burst, the waters are out, and the dreadful truth leaps forth:

La veuve de Thésée ose aimer Hippolyte.

This personal declaration by Phèdre of her passion, contrasting as it does with the reserve of Phædra, has been censured. It however accords with the impetuous character of Phèdre, and cannot be considered as vulgarising her. It is the scene on which hinges the whole play, and one of the most dramatic ever

written. Phèdre almost justifies herself by offering her breast to the sword, and Hippolyte for the first time displays his true character by casting that sword from him as a thing defiled.

Racine has managed very skilfully to relegate the action of the play to this particular scene. To the audience the true characters of the *dramatis personæ* are disclosed, but to Phædra the silence of Hippolyte is ambiguous. He is savage, she says, like his mother, the Amazon, and cannot love. Œnone, too, despairs and counsels flight, but Phèdre cannot fly At the very word she rouses herself to further effort.

> Et l'espoir, malgré moi, s'est glissé dans mon cœur,
> Toi-même rappellant ma force défaillante,
> Et mon âme déjà sur mes lèvres errante.

She hopes. Hippolyte does not know *how* to love, she says.

> Œnone, il peut quitter cet orgueil qui *te* blesse.

That "te" is a fine dramatic touch, and indicates an important feature of Phèdre's character, viz., to shirk responsibility. She forgets her former excuse for her interview with Hippolyte, the good of her son. She cannot rule; her energy is absorbed by her fatal passion. She bids Œnone bribe Hippolyte with the crown of Athens. But she excuses the change of feeling:

> Il instruira mon fils dans l'art de commander,
> Peut-être il voudra bien lui tenir lieu de père.

Œnone has hardly left when she returns with the news that Thésée is alive and in the country. Phèdre is overwhelmed; she fears the wrath of Thésée, but excuses her fear with the remark that she is not a hardened sinner, and cannot rest with a guilty conscience. Death is inevitable.

> Mourons! de tant d'horreurs qu'un trépas me délivre!
> Est-ce un malheur si grand que de cesser de vivre?
> La mort aux malheureux ne cause point d'effroi.

The prolixity of the announcement betrays her infirmity of resolution. She laments the hard lot of her children, and a few words from Œnone suffice to draw from her the exclamation that, as regards Hippolyte,

> Je le vois comme un monstre effroyable à mes yeux.

A sudden revulsion of feeling, but in accord with her character. Œnone suggests that she should slander Hippolyte, but from this her better nature revolts.

> Moi! que j'ose opprimer et noircir l'innocence!

Her maternal feelings are again worked upon by Œnone, and her morality is quenched by the appearance of her husband; though even then she cannot bring herself to pronounce the wicked words. She throws out a dark hint, and quits the scene. But scarcely has Œnone poisoned the father's mind against the son, and Thésée prayed to Neptune for Hippolyte's destruction, when remorse drives Phèdre upon the stage to confess her crime. There, however, she learns

that the heart of Hippolyte has been conquered by another than herself; and again her good resolves are swept away.

> Hippolyte est sensible et ne sent rien pour moi,

she exclaims—" moi ! "—jealously. She pictures to herself the innocent love, rival of her guilty passion, which now bursts upon her in all its native hideousness. It is now that she first really reconciles her mind with the idea of death. She has no more hope now. The meeting with Minos on that awful throne of justice is presaged by her in grand realistic lines. One feels it will be a meeting between a father and a daughter. There is still, however, a feeling of irritation in her mind, which a blasphemous speech from Œnone calls into words. She turns upon her old nurse. Her fidelity is forgotten ; but the indiscriminate nature of her friendship is remembered. It is Œnone who is the cause of her evils. The Phèdre of Racine has no independence of character. This act of justice done, and Hippolyte dead, Phèdre, with the poison of Medea sapping her life, confesses her crimes and dies ; and Thésée, sinking his political feud in regret for his son, adopts her to whom Hippolyte has pledged his love.

Phèdre is a weak, emotional woman, full of excuses for the commission of crimes which she has no strength to forego. Sympathy is awakened for her, because infirmity of will renders possible, and so furnishes an excuse for, a passion seeming unlawful

only in name. From time to time she is buoyed up with the hope of realizing her object, but no sooner are these hopes raised than they are dashed again to the ground. For a while she resists the disclosure of her secret, but when a chink is once made in the barrier of her conscience, her whole morality oozes through, and she is tossed hither and thither by currents of emotion, while the broad flood bears her on to destruction.

The whole part is one in which realistic representation of physical horror and moral depravity should play a lesser part than that quality which Alfred de Musset describes as "ce qui vient du cœur" et 'va au cœur'—pathos, sympathy, human nature or whatever you care to call it. The interest of the audience is centred in the woman, not in the crime. The sense of her struggle is made possible by the secret recognition of the freedom of the agent, and her want of steady purpose becomes a natural accompaniment. Her fall may be likened to the fall of a man from a lofty tower: she clutches first at one projection and then at another. When she reaches the ground she is dead; but her features retain their human mould, when the body of Phædra is a shapeless mass like one who has been hurled from heaven. The subject is repugnant to our feelings; but Racine wrote at a time when Greece was a synonym for propriety, moral and artistic.

Rachel appears to me to have represented Phèdre rather as Euripides drew her, *i.e.* as an incarnation of

evil from above, with attendant details of ghastly disease and disfiguring famine.

I had hoped, when I began to write this paper, that I should have been able to prove my point by citations from the contemporary criticism of Rachel's day respecting the particular intention and relative importance given by her to different passages ; but I have been foiled in my endeavour by the impossibility of discovering sufficient literal criticism either in French or in English. In this I have been thwarted, but I have collected, I think, a sufficient number of passages to exemplify the general feeling exhibited by the press towards Rachel, and thus make good my assertion. It would be useless for me to conceal the fact that I have here and there come across passages which seem to be in opposition to my view—passages penned by critics who appear to have found in Rachel's Phèdre those qualities which I do not suppose really existed there ; but I would add that in many articles where I have been struck with the coincidence of the critic's views with my own, I have had the satisfaction of learning that the author was one who was entitled to credence. Oral evidence also supports me.

For a general idea of the main features of Rachel's acting, I must refer my readers to the famous chapter headed "Vashti" in Charlotte Brontë's *Villette.* Rachel was undoubtedly a remarkable phenomenon. By her own unaided genius she brought back the French tragic muse to Paris after an absence of, I think, ten years. She drew greater crowds to hear

her than even Talma had done. But her power was not sufficiently varied to keep them at her feet; she tried play after play and failed in them. She never really gained the sympathy of her audience; for that which a Frenchman prizes so highly, the expression of pathos, was, except with peculiar qualification, foreign to her dramatic nature. The criticisms which are known to most of us, and very delightful they are, are Alfred de Musset's. He finds pathos in her acting; but it must be remembered that he wrote from a personal knowledge of Rachel, and at a time when her youth, her poverty, and her simplicity of living cast a sort of pathetic charm about her. He wrote at a time when Rachel was tender over the reputation of her fellow-actresses, and when she was disgusted with the vulgarity of Corneille for writing such a line as

> On peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux.

But it was not till many years after this that she played Phèdre. The truer view will be found in the following extracts from criticisms on Rachel's rendering of that character.

*Athenæum:*

It would be impossible to speak of Rachel as a careless or meagre actress, but it is as impossible to deny that she is monotonous. Nature has bound her round with bars of adamant through which her genius either cannot or will not break. The softer affections and tenderer emotions, which give even a redeeming grace to Lady Macbeth and Shylock, seem to be as far beyond Rachel's grasp as ever. She awes more than moves

us: her power corrodes, but does not subdue. Few spells as strong as hers leave us wish as little wish for their repetition.

Four years previously the same paper said:

With every intention to display the intensity of her passion for Hippolyte, she has neither sufficient tenderness nor fascination in her control. She moves a fiend, not a gorgeous queen—destroyed, not intoxicated, by her fatal desires. With all her grace, dignity, and intensity, we felt she was hardly on her own ground till she turns on Œnone with 'Malheureuse,' &c. It is impossible for art to go further than this.

The *Times* marks the realistic manner in which Rachel depicted the physical condition of Phèdre in the first act: "The state of suffering, the weakness of the limbs, and the utter hopelessness of heart are exquisitely rendered by Rachel, who gives to every syllable a mournful expression." The paper also adds a similar criticism of the portrayal of the decline of physical power at the end of the play.

I will also add, at the risk of wearying my readers, quotations from three authors who are pre-eminently qualified to form a judgment in the matter—Macready, Madame de B——, Rachel's biographer, and Mr. George Lewes.

Macready's *Diaries*, 1847:

It was a very striking performance, all intensity, all in a spirit of vehemence and fury, that made one feel a want of keeping. I could have fancied a more self-contained performance, more passionate fondness—not frenzy—in her love, and more pathos. I could imagine a performance exciting more pity for the character than she inspired, and equal effect in the scenes of rage and despair.

Speaking of the first representation by Rachel of Phèdre, Madame de B—— says, in allusion to Rachel's immediate predecessor in the character:

Mademoiselle Duchesnois was, certes, very inferior in some points to her young successor, but she possessed qualities most indispensable to tragedy, of which Rachel was entirely destitute. She had from nature the faculty of expressing tenderness in its most moving form, depth of feeling in its most sympathetic, heart-stirring, passionate moods. Phèdre, the *rôle* of her *début*, had remained her favourite one throughout her long career, and she had never acted it without drawing tears from every spectator (?).

Again of Phèdre in 1854, when some people considered that Rachel was at her best, Madame de B—— gives the following description:

She concentrated the tragedy on herself. She embodied the event, began and developed it, foreshadowed the end. She incarnated the character, the action. When she appeared as Phèdre, bending under the weight of the diadem that burned that brow like a fiery circle, shrinking from the veils that enrobed her, she was the type of suffering, the living image of Destiny's victim: her curse and her crime are present throughout the play.

I cannot imagine a more truthful description of Euripides' Phædra than this.

Mr. George Lewes ends my list:

Rachel's range, like Kean's (he says in *Actors and Acting*), was very limited, but her expression was perfect within that range. Scorn, triumph, rage, lust, and merciless malignity, she could represent in symbols of irresistible power; but she had little tenderness, no womanly caressing softness, no gaiety, no

heartiness. She was so graceful and so powerful that her air of dignity was incomparable ; but somehow you always felt in her presence an indefinable suggestion of latent wickedness.

The portion of Mr. Lewes' paper which refers to Phèdre was copied from an earlier paper of his, written in 1850, from which I shall quote in preference as being slightly more explicit :

> Nothing finer could be seen than this picture of the unutterable mournfulness and yielding despair of a soul torn with an incestuous passion, conscious of its guilt, struggling with its guilt, yet so filled, moved, possessed by it, that the verse, ' C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée,' was realized. Her appearance as she entered, wasting away with the fire that consumed her, standing on the verge of the grave, her face pallid, her eyes hot, her hands and arms emaciated, filled us with a ghastly horror. . . . In the second act (the declaration) Rachel was transcendent. There was a subtle indication of the diseased passion, of its fiery but unhealthy, irresistible and yet odious character, in the febrile energy with which she portrayed it. It was terrible in its vehemence and abandonment, eloquent in its horror, fierce and rapid as if the thoughts were crowding upon her brain in tumult and varied with such amazing compass of tones that when she left the scene our nerves were quivering with an excitement almost insupportable.

This ends my list of quotations, which I think will prove my point as far as any point can be proved by quoting the opinions of others, that the Phèdre of Rachel was strong in those parts alone which bear resemblance to the Greek. But I have shown what relation they have to the whole play.

It is not my purpose to enter into detailed criticism of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's rendering of the char-

acter, since most of those who are interested in such matters must have seen it again and again. M. Sarcey gives it as the opinion of those of his acquaintance who have seen both actresses that in the first three acts Rachel is surpassed. It is in these acts that the qualities of Madame Bernhardt supply the deficiences of Rachel; and it is in the last two acts that the characteristics of the Greek Phædra are predominant, notwithstanding the fact that they possess nothing of the Greek original in them, and that the other acts contain whole passages adapted. Phèdre has returned again to Mdlle. Duchesnois; and to my mind that is the truest reading of Racine's Phèdre.

# PERSIA AND ITS PASSION-DRAMA[1]

The eminence, the nobleness of a people depends on its capability of being stirred by memories, and striving for what we call spiritual ends, ends which consist not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul—GEORGE ELIOT, *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.*

OF the great dramatic literatures of the world—the Indian, the Greek, and the modern European—we may say that the two last were essentially popular in origin, while the first did not display unmistakable popular characteristics till somewhat late in its history. The requisites for a national drama are (setting aside the individual genius of authorship) a national history, a national progression or expansion, and a refining influence : a national history supplies material with which the audience is familiar ; a national expansion creates a unanimity and interest which bestow encouragement on those connected with the representation ; a refining influence—the result, of

[1] I express my grateful acknowledgments to Monsieur Chodzko and Mr. Wollaston for their supervision of the proofs of this article.

course, of many and varied circumstances—endows the literature with an ennobling and lasting truth.

The first beginnings of the Indian and the Greek theatre are shrouded in obscurity. The modern European drama owes so much to the influence of the Renascence that, though probably in no country did a truly national drama come into being, unless the elements of dramatic, and original dramatic, representation, had previously existed in that country, yet it was the revival of ancient letters that gave to the modern drama its form, its literary value, and its popularity. Such being the case, an inquiry into the originating causes of the theatre of to-day in a great measure resolves itself into a due appreciation of the influence first exercised upon its rude beginnings by the Renascence, and to what extent each branch of it ultimately emancipated itself. Such a simplification may be said to deprive in some degree the inquiry of its interest.

It is with eagerness, then, that students of such matters should turn to Persia, where there exists at the present time a Passion-drama on a scale hitherto unknown, and which seems to give promise of a standard drama which may fulfil the conditions of the best national literature. To what extent it does so now I purpose to investigate. Before proceeding, however, I would disclaim all hope and desire of casting any new light on subjects which have already been sifted by Orientalists, or of in any way appearing in competition with those to whom any pretension of

mine to Eastern learning must seem arrogant and unwarrantable. The Persian Play has been treated of, in its contemporaneous aspects, by M. Chodzko, the Comte de Gobineau, and Sir Lewis Pelly (each of whose works contain selections from the plays themselves), and Professor Dozy, in an essay which also deals with the whole history of Mohammedanism.[1] I may claim, however, to have pushed my inquiries somewhat further than these authors, with a view to ascertaining, from works of travel and history, how far the existing phenomena can be accounted for by pre-existing and co-existing circumstances.

In respect to its Passion-drama, Persia stands alone amongst Mohammedan nations. The Sheeah doctrine has been called "a protest of Aryan thought against Semitic ideas"—a protest which has gradually created for itself a dramatic form. "There is no instance of a drama, properly so-called, in any Semitic language." The contrast between Aryan and Semitic civilization is of the utmost importance in the appreciation of Mohammedan history. In it lies the key to the long succession of Mohammedan dissensions, had it not been for which, Charles Martel might have succumbed on the plain of Tours, and Eastern Europe, too, have failed to stem the tide of infidel invasion. The Semitic mind is not in the highest sense imaginative. This higher imagination contracting, as it does, a

[1] I may also mention Mr. Vereschagin's work on the Caucasus, which, though written in an unfamiliar language, contains illustrations of the Passion Play by his excellent pencil.

belief in immortality is at the bottom of all drama. The Semitic peoples had no such belief; it was unknown to the early Arabians, to whom it at length found its way through Persia and colonists from the East.

Sheeism may be said to be, in one of its aspects, a want of appreciation of the individuality of Mohammed, resulting from the anti-Aryan restriction of thought which such a belief imposed.

The domination of Mohammed was the principal cause of the rapid propagation of Mohammedanism, and entailed the simplicity which rendered that religion easy of adoption : but in this, its essence, lies the secret of its non-pliability. It is a religious despotism : a monarch elected by acclamation is often the most despotic of kings. Thus it will be readily understood that while Persia resented the freedom of institutions introduced by their nomad invaders, they were none the less opposed to the exclusive tyranny of the Caliphs. After the domination of the Greeks and Parthians, the Sassanid dynasty came to the Persian throne as part and parcel of the national life and reviving the national religion. The circumstances themselves, however, of the Sassanid restoration defeated the hopes of its supporters. The constitution had lost its popular character and the monarchy had ceased to be elective. The idea introduced by Buddhist missionaries from India of "the divine right of kings" had been incorporated in the national creed; and thus it was that, despite the retention of many of the liberal characteristics of ancient times, reverence for kingship

militated against the domination of Mohammed. The antagonism between Sunnee and Sheea is not so much religious as political and national. In point of fact it resides in a difference of belief as to the transmission of the supreme power.

On the death of Mohammed Aboo-bakr, his uncle, was declared his successor to the exclusion of the inhabitants of Medina, who had claimed the office as a reward for the priority of their belief in the Prophet. This election was probably intended by Mohammed, and was politic inasmuch as it invested Mecca with the hegemony of Arabia. Omar and Othman succeeded Aboo-bakr, and after them Alee, the son-in-law of Mohammed ; the latter was assassinated shortly after his accession, and the Caliphate no longer continued in his family. The Sheeas, however, refuse to recognize Aboo-bakr, Omar, and Othman as Caliphs ; and declare that Alee was Mohammed's only lawful successor, and after him his two sons Hasan and Husain. This is the main subject of difference between Sunnee and Sheea. The dispute is as old as Alee himself, who was not only called the first Caliph by his contemporaries, but was said to inherit the divinity of Mohammed. His death, too, originated the doctrine of the "concealed Imam" which has been since transferred to the twelfth Imam, Mahdee. The Persians of the present day believe that the government is held for Mahdee by his lieutenants, and that he will return one day to claim his kingdom. The establishment of Sheeism as the prevailing religion

may be ascribed to the ninth century, and in the succeeding century Ahmad Muizz-ed-Daulat founded the Muharram celebration ; but during the repeated dynastic changes and invasions to which Persia was subsequently subjected, the attachment to the national religion became weakened, so that it was not till the accession of the Sufawee kings at the end of the fifteenth century that Sheeism reasserted itself and was constituted the national religion of *modern* Persia. The victory won on the plains of Kadisia was of vital importance to Mohammedanism ; for, though the sons of the desert were corrupted by the luxury of the conquered people, yet the Persians became proselytizers of the new religion, and coloured it with their national beliefs. By her superior civilization, the cause of her downfall, Persia was enabled to reassert her own identity. In the ages directly succeeding Mohammed, Sheeism spread itself far and wide. East and West the Moslem colonies succumbed to it. It invaded the holy places themselves, so that the true descendants of the Prophet, from the isolated table-lands of Spain, whither they had been driven by internal dissensions, beheld heresy committing sacrilege in their shrines, and exclaimed with indignant amazement: "In our country not a shadow of heresy is tolerated ; churches and synagogues have vanished from the land." It seemed indeed as if the Prophet looked down from Paradise, under which it was fabled that the Alhambra stood, and guided his people in the way of the true faith. But in Persia alone did

Sheeism become the national religion, and its establishment as such gave to a country " in which patriotism was unknown, a principle of union, of equal, if not greater, force." The misfortunes of Alee, Fatima, and the holy Imams, typify the melancholy past and the dreary present of the Persian nation. It is on these scenes of calamity that the Passion Play dwells, awakening an answering echo in the breast of the spectator. Perhaps there is no better instrument for arousing the public spirit of a country than the discovery of a parallel to the wrongs of the present in the annals of the past.

The annual theatrical performances of the Muharram constitute a most sacred ceremony ; the whole of Persia unites to commemorate the history of "the family of the Tent," as the Shee martyrs are called. Every one strives to render assistance. Mothers send their sons to distribute provisions amongst the crowd ; rich men lend their costly rugs and garments for purposes of decoration. The atheist, the infidel, and the alien are all equally requisitioned, for the cause is national. There is a *takyah*, or theatre, in every town (excepting in parts of the country where the drama is not known) ; in each quarter of every city there are *takyahs* belonging to guilds, to nobles, to merchants, to the king himself. To give a *tazyah*, or representation, is to do a meritorious act. The description of the *takyah* of the Shah is a curious one. It stands in the principal of those wide and dusty spaces, broken only by low mud walls, and filled with irregular

mounds and deep, break-neck ruts, which in Teheran, as in other Persian cities, represent the squares of Western towns. The appearance of the façade is characteristically described by Mr. Arthur Arnold.

> The front of this building is a good specimen of modern Persian architecture, which in England we should recognize as the Rosherville or Cremorne style, the gewgaw, pretentious, vulgar, and ephemeral style, erected in those places of amusement only to be seen at night and to last for a season. The façade is shaped like a small transept of the Crystal Palace and covered with florid coarse decorations in plaster, with beadings of bits of coarse looking-glass, bright blue, red, yellow, and green being plentifully laid upon the plaster wherever there is opportunity.

How strange a contrast to the solemn scenes that are enacted within! yet how typical of the want of discrimination of Persian taste! [1]

The interior is one vast parallelogram or circle, in some theatres containing only one or two thousand spectators, in others as many as twenty thousand. In the midst of this stands the *sakoo*, or stage, about five feet above the level of the floor and accessible by steps at either end. Around it are erected black posts, bearing poles of the same sombre colour, whose

[1] In the *tekyehs* belonging to the town wards, some convenient square is chosen so that the upper classes look down from their windows and galleries on the performance while the crowd squats below. A parallel to the beginning of our own theatre is here suggested.

office it is to sustain the coloured lanterns and lamps to give light during the interludes of music and preaching that continue throughout the night. Over the audience is stretched a *velamen*, or awning, to protect them from the summer heat or the winter blast, for the time of the Muharram celebration varies from year to year. Opposite to the *sakoo*, or stage, is a *loge*, or box, called the *tajnuma*, raised about fifteen feet from the ground, the residence of stage-royalty. There, surrounded by the most costly stuffs, the rarest china, the most brilliant glass-ware, Yazeed the traitor, the murderer of Husain, holds his court. Round the walls of the *takyah* are the boxes of the nobility, which, in like manner, glisten with barbaric splendour. These are free to the first comer, if not occupied, before the representation begins. On the folds of the costly shawl, wrought in the highlands of Kashmere, leans the unwashed brow of the mendicant; in the silver goblet, at other seasons reserved for princely lips, he plunges his greasy mouth and uncleansed moustachios. Prince and peasant, Ghebre and Barbar, Jew and Christian, jostle together in indiscriminate confusion.[1] Only the Sunnee is absent. ' Hasan and Husain " is all their thought; " Hasan and Husain!" they wail forth in inharmonious concord. One is reminded of those times, long before Sunnee or Sheea existed, when, once a year, king,

[1] From recent accounts it appears that the freedom of entrance is being restricted by the priests, brought about *ostensibly* by the misconduct of European *attachés*.

courtiers, and people used to dine together in one splendid banquet.

In and out of the motley multitude that crowd the arena, wander beautiful Persian boys, sons of wealthy parents, who have made a vow of their children's services on this occasion. They are a picturesque sight, with their jewelled turbans and flowing ringlets as they distribute water in memory of the martyrs. Venerable old men, wealthy merchants, learned mirzas sprinkle rose-water in the name of Hasan and Husain. Even the noblemen's servants, reckoned in Persia, as in most countries, the proudest of all classes, do not disdain to circulate refreshments amongst the dregs of the populace. Mixed with the throng are also the vendors of pipes and pastilles scented with musk made of dust from the holy desert of Karbalà, the scene of the Imam's sufferings ; on these the Sheea rests his forehead and prays. There are sellers, too, of cakes and lozenges of millet which is supposed to induce tears.

The play begins at 5 A.M. and consists of the representation of a single scene of which each *impresario* possesses a varied collection. Throughout the night large processions bearing banners draped in black—for the whole nation mourns during the Muharram—troop from *tekyeh* to *tekyeh*, headed by the Said Roozé Khans, or friars, chaunting wild refrains and crying " Ay Hasan ! Ay Husain !" while in the *tekyehs* the friars preach simple, moving discourses touching on the sufferings of the martyrs, till the throng shouts

again and again "Ay Hasan! Ay Husain!" Particular days in the festival are illustrated by characteristic processions.[1]

As they sit waiting for the commencement of the play they present a strange medley of haggard faces which tell of that power of sleeplessness so incomprehensible to Europeans. They are silent till some one rises and starts a refrain of "Ay Hasan! Ay Husain!" which the audience take up and continue with increasing vehemence, beating with the hollowed palm on the naked shoulder, for during the Muharram the men of the lower classes throw off all clothing from the right side of the breast. At length, however, the leader falls back exhausted, and the wild sound ceases. Now enters a band of Barbars, Moslem Africans by descent, whose ancestor, it is said, derided Mohammed. They dance the fanatical measure of the Dervish, pricking themselves with needles; the sight of blood inflames the audience, and as Barbar after Barbar sinks dizzy to the ground, their excitement becomes intense. At last the dusky leader gives the signal to cease, and the wearied dancers lift their hands to heaven crying "Ya Allah!" Some such part as this did the Jews play in the carnivals of

[1] During the Muharram the entire *répertoire* is performed, but not necessarily in chronological sequence; only on the 10th, which day is consecrated to the death of Husain, it is the custom for all the companies of actors who happen to be performing in a certain town to combine and play that stirring scene on an open space outside the walls. Also the 7th is generally devoted to the marriage of Kasim.

the Middle Ages. A sermon now follows from one of the Said Rouzé Khans, and continues till the *kernas*, or trumpets, announce the arrival of the players, and the actual play begins.

Of the three translations of the Persian drama which exist—*i.e.* those by M. de Gobineau, M. Chodzko, and that produced under Sir Lewis Pelly's superintendence —the latter is the only one which professes to give the whole narrative of the tragedy, and together with Mr. Wollaston's excellent explanatory notes, constitutes a very interesting and complete account of the Passion Play. It is this work that I shall follow in my outline.

The performance begins with a prologue, in which, inasmuch as it may refer only indirectly to Sheeism and be chiefly concerned with secular history, M. de Gobineau recognizes the possible beginning of a standard secular drama. The conversion to Sheea belief of the conqueror Timur is a favourite subject for the prologue; but in Sir Lewis Pelly's collection the theme chosen is "Joseph and his Brethren." The disappearance of Joseph, the treason of his brothers, the woe of Jacob, are all prototypes of the martyrdom of the Imams. Gabriel appears to Jacob in his grief: "God sendeth thee salutation, saying, 'What thinkest thou, O stricken man? Is thy Joseph more precious than the dear grandson of Mohammed?'" Jacob sees his error, and replies, asking to be shown the desert of Karbalà. "A thousand Josephs be the dust of Husain's feet. The curse of God rest on Yazeed for

his foul murder!" The answer of the archangel terminates the scene. "Alas! the tyranny of the cruel spheres! who can hear the sorrows of Karbalà! Injustice and oppression, hatred and enmity on that plain of trial shall be consummated in the children of God's Prophet. Nought shall be heard from that family but the cry for bread and water. Their sad voices shall reach the very throne of the Majesty on high. Their tears shall soak the field of battle. The children of that holy King of kings shall feed on their own tears alone." The desire of Jacob to see Karbalà is therefore the dramatic *raison d'être* of the *tazyah.*

The first scene as given by M. Chodzko differs in motive from that of Sir Lewis Pelly's version. In the former, the voluntary sacrifice by Mohammed and Alee of Hasan and Husain for the *redemption* of the Sheeas is more emphatically put forward. The latter, however, appears to possess the greatest literary merit, and is, perhaps, the most natural scene in the collection. Gabriel exacts from Mohammed the sacrifice either of his own son Ibrahim or of his grandson Husain, since God has judged that there should "not be two loves in one heart, for no end is gained thereby." Mohammed yields up his own and only son in pity for his daughter Fatima, and in return for this act of generosity Gabriel promises that God shall have mercy on Mohammed's people in the Day of Judgment for Husain's sake, if Mohammed will grant his grandson in propitiation for their sins. The Prophet consents

to this second sacrifice, and with Israeel the Angel of Death goes to fetch Ibrahim from his school. They find him reading the Koran, and at the sight of the beauty of his child the father is smitten with sorrow. Ibrahim starts with terror at the appearance of Israeel, but his father endeavours to calm his fears by a speech that exhibits something akin to the irony of Greek tragedy. "Fear not this venerable man; he is the companion of thy way, my child. He will accompany thee on this thy journey." They return to Mohammed's house; the child is smitten with fever, and a touching scene between Ibrahim and his sister ensues, while the awful Israeel stands over them. "Dost thou fear Death?" Fatima asks. "I fear rather the Angel of Death," her brother replies with natural simplicity. His sufferings are at length terminated by smelling an apple which Israeel gives him, and he dies with the Mohammedan confession of faith on his lips. "I therefore bare witness that there is no other God but God."

Other scenes follow which have for their motives the simplicity and generosity of Mohammed, the chivalry of Alee, his right to succeed to the office of the Prophet, and the power and importance of Husain. The historical events thus delineated are the death of Mohammed, the seizure of the Caliphate by Aboo-bakr, the assassination of Ali in the mosque at Kufa; and the martyrdom of Hasan, poisoned, it is said, by his wife at the instigation of the Syrian governor Muawiyah. Then the tragedy of Husain, for which all the

preceding scenes are merely preparatory, commences, and step by step, scene by scene, the sad story is told. The end is foreshadowed by the martyrdom of Muslim and his sons, whose helpless wanderings are most pathetically described. The inhabitants of Kufa had invited Husain to come amongst them, saying that they would support his claim to the Caliphate ; but Husain is advised to test the sincerity of their offers by sending Muslim before him as his herald, with the result that Muslim and his sons are added to the list of Sheea victims. At length Husain, who has persistently refused to take the oath of allegiance to Yazeed, feels his insecurity at Mecca, and is induced to try his fortune at Kufa ; but it is with a sense of approaching doom that he comes to this determination.

"Troops of gloom have suddenly invaded the heart, capital of the soul of man ; they have plundered all her property—patience, resolution, and fortitude ; they have laid waste her fortifications. Fate has become the guide to the commander of the caravan of faith, and Doom ever and anon cries out : 'Bind up your litters and start!' We must one day set out, O my soul, from this transitory abode, and travel onwards to our eternal home." He leaves Mecca on the first day of the Muharram. The next scene relates how Husain and his followers are compelled, even in sight of Kufa, to turn aside from the road by the approach of an army sent against them by Yazeed. For a moment Husain becomes impatient and wrestles

with his destiny. "Ye crooked conducted spheres, how long will ye tyrannize over us? how long will ye act thus cruelly to the family of God's Prophet?" But it is love for his sister that produces this momentary revolt. In vain he turns to go back to Medina; his fate has already encompassed him. His horse becomes dull and spiritless. "Art thou," he exclaims, "art thou exhausted by the burden of trust? Dost thou know, winged horse, what awaits us in Karbalà?" He exchanges his horse for another; but this, too, has lost its courage. "Tell me, good man, what plain is this?" he asks the camel-driver. "Karbalà," the man answers. "Then," says the Imam, "my lot therein will be affliction and trial." He gives the order to halt, and his followers pitch the camp on the fatal plain. The Sheeas are now decimated by the losses they sustain in single combat, and earn the crown of martyrdom by disdaining to be seduced into treachery by the offers of their enemies.[1] The patient Husain again begins to repine and to rail against the spheres, as he sees his faithful comrades fall, and those whom he most loves tortured by the pangs of thirst; soon, however, he recovers himself, and after calmly prophesying his death on the morrow, exclaims: "It is not a thing to be grieved at, that I and all my companions should be slain, since it works for the

[1] Dr. Brugsch mentions a pretty custom now existent in Persia, and evidently a relic of the old Sheea brotherhood. At this season of the year two Persians go before the "Moolla" and swear a lifelong brotherhood with each other.

salvation of the people of my father's father, the Prophet." Yet when he witnesses the death of his eldest son, Alee Akbar, he breaks for the first time into an uncontrollable passion of grief. Misfortune follows on misfortune, death on death, while the horrors of thirst intensify their sufferings. A strange and characteristic incident is the marriage of Husain's son, Kasim, to the daughter of Hasan, in fulfilment of an agreement previously made between the two brothers. It is a favourite with both audience and actors—with the actors because they receive for their own the wedding gifts presented by the wealthier among the spectators ; with the audience because of the moving and ghastly contrast of the forms of joy in the midst of the realities of woe ; the marriage bed of Kasim lies by the side of the bier of Alee Akbar. The nuptials are celebrated, and the bridegroom sallies out to death amongst the foe ; once he returns crowned with victory ; a draught of water would make him strong again, but no water is to be had, and he goes forth to meet his fate. (M. de Gobineau's version of this scene is considerably fuller than that of Sir Lewis Pelly.)

At this point of the drama, Husain's temptations are presented in a physical form ; he is miraculously transported to India in order to save a Sheea Rajah from the jaws of a lion, which noble beast offers to help him against his enemies. Similar offers are made by the angels and the *djinns ;* but nothing can prevail upon Husain to abandon his trust, for he

has resolved on martyrdom and the redemption of the world.

The Imam now takes leave of his relations, plunges into the fight, and returns wounded to his camp to die. His mother appears, in company with the Prophet, to comfort him, while his enemy Shimar watches his dying struggles, brandishing a dagger at the throat of his victim. Husain after a few loving expressions to his relations, expires, with the words, "Forgive, O merciful Lord, the sins of my grandfather's people, and grant me bountifully the key of the treasure of intercession." Thus ends the tragedy of Husain.

The fortunes of his survivors are now followed out, and the connection of Persia with early Sheeism, through Husain's Persian wife Shahrbanu, is especially insisted on. The influence of the Shee doctrine on other nations is exemplified by the conversion of a Christian ambassador at the sight of Husain's head, of a Christian lady to whom Mohammed appears in a dream on the plains of Karbalà, and of a Christian king, who having punished a party of Sheeas for their celebration of the Muharram, is brought to a sense of the truth by being made to experience prematurely the torments of hell. Nor must we omit to mention a scene which appears to be represented on some occasions with the most ruthless realism, so that the feelings of the audience are excited to such a pitch that they fall on the chief actor in it, and make him pay a heavy penalty for his histrionic power. A camel-driver comes on the stage where has been set

up the tomb of Husain, which he breaks into and rifles, defiling the body of the martyr with the most insulting expressions and actions. The concluding scene represents the Resurrection. At the third blast of the trumpet of Sarafeel, Jacob, Joseph, David, Solomon, Mohammed, Alee, Hasan, and all the Sheeas, except Husain, assemble to watch the sinners being borne away to punishment. Mohammed tries to save his followers; Alee and Hasan help him, but their joint efforts are of no avail, and the Prophet, angered by the slight thus put upon him, casts away his turban, his rod and his cloak. At length Gabriel explains to Mohammed that Husain must assist him to obtain pardon for his followers, and that he must yield the key of intercession to him who has suffered most. Husain now appears, and an altercation arises between him and Jacob as to the relative magnitude of their sufferings; this dispute is settled by a message from God in favour of Husain, and the prophet thus charges him: "Go thou, and deliver from the flames every one who has in his lifetime shed a single tear for thee, every one who has in any way helped thee, every one who has performed a pilgrimage to thy shrine, or mourned for thee, and every one who has written tragic verses for thee. Bear each and all with thee to paradise." "God be praised!" chant the sinners as they enter Paradise, "by Husain's grace we are made happy, and by his favour we are delivered from destruction."

Such is the Persian Passion Play. Mr. Matthew

Arnold was struck with the peculiarly Christian character of the virtues displayed by the Imams; and, throughout, the reader is not only astonished by the likeness of the principal doctrines to those of Christianity, but he is constantly reminded of the New Testament even in the most subsidiary circumstances. There is, however, one great radical difference between the Persian play and all the other mystery-plays of the Middle Ages: the Persian play is "the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation."

Before I am at liberty to treat my subject in the manner I propose, I must record my reasons and my proofs for considering the Persian drama as an outgrowth of modern times. Previous and subsequent to the Greek conquest Persia was thoroughly conversant with the Attic drama. Greek was the language of political and commercial intercourse throughout that part of Asia. Mr. Morier speaks of having discovered the ruins of a Greek theatre in the centre of the country; but when Greek civilization was minimised by the Parthian domination, Greek drama was blotted out from the literature of Iran, and does not appear to have recovered its popularity, though subsequently Greek philosophy became the favourite study of the courts. Whether there still remain traces of it in the tragic dance of the Bakhtyaree, or in certain details of the drama itself, is merely food for speculation. The origin of the present drama is involved in obscurity. I have in vain applied to orientalists for information; but neither I nor they,

who have access to documents, alas! inaccessible to me, can find any authoritative statement on this point. It may have commenced under the national dynasty of the Sufawees in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, as some have thought, or it may not have arisen till considerably nearer our own time. It may have been introduced from India, where, as at Beejapore, the Portuguese established an imitation of the European mystery-play, or it may have been imported direct into Persia from the Portuguese settlement at Ormuz. The mere question of origin and date of introduction, however, matters little to us. There is sufficient proof, I think, that the drama, as it now exists, was not popularized in Persia before the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, though, since any test that I can apply is by elimination, it is of necessity subject to correction. M. de Gobineau writes of having spoken with Persians who remembered when the *tazyah* was acted with one or two actors alone, which, arguing from Greek analogy, would point not only to the date of the commencement of the drama, but also to the fact that it was never introduced, and arose, like the Greek drama, out of the country itself. The first mention that I can discover of its existence is by Francklin, who travelled during the years 1786–87, and would seem to imply a somewhat earlier origin than M. de Gobineau assigns to it. It is a slight description, and merely recounts how the Said recites the story of Husain out of the *wakaà*, which is "written

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with all the pathetic elegance the Persian language is capable of expressing," and how "each day some particular action of the story is represented by people selected for the purpose of personating those concerned in it." He also notes the marriage of Kasim, as being the favourite scene, and adds, "The frenzy which exists during the processions is such as I never saw exceeded by any people." A still more important point is the absence of any allusion to dramatic representation by those authors who devote considerable space to the Muharram. Such being the case, there is no assumption in stating that the popular influence of the Persian drama dates from quite recent times.

At the beginning of this paper I proclaimed my purpose of investigating how far the Persian drama contained the requisites of a great national dramatic literature, and the first of these I stated was a national history, as supplying material familiar to the audience.

The reader will have already perceived that the history of Sheeism is the history of Persia. From the time of the Abbassides to the present dynasty usurpers have constantly played upon the religious feeling of the people in order to compass their own ends. It has been remarked how great a stimulus is given to Sheeism by the fact that the tombs of the Imams are on Turkish ground. The founders of the last two dynasties and the infidel Nadir, though he afterwards dreaded the feelings he had aroused and

prohibited the practice of Sheeism under pain of mutilation and death, did not fail to strengthen themselves by appealing to the religious patriotism of their subjects and pointing to those holy relics across the frontier. Sheeism has preserved the continuity of the nation ; and throughout the many dynastic changes which Persia has undergone, its steadfast light has never ceased to burn, and when threatened with extinction, has only exhibited a brighter flame.

Nothing proves more completely that the present of Persia is centred in the past than a glance at the existing state of her literature. The legendary past contained the entire history of Persia's greatness when her famous poets Firdusee, Sadee, Hafiz, and others wrote, and they appear to have handled these legends in such a manner as to stamp them on the memories of their countrymen in verses which have become proverbial, and thus to preclude the popularity of any other rehabilitation of the same themes. Such also seems to have been the case with Homer. Rustam and Sohrab and the snow-haired Zal, Ardasheer, Shapoor, Noosheerwan, still remain the Persian ideals of greatness, of moral excellence, of nobility, of chivalrous valour ; and the most natural way for one Persian to express his admiration for another is to institute some comparison between him and those heroes of old. The famous apron of Kaf had often led the Iranese to victory and conquest ere that banner bowed its head before the green standard of

Islam. Thus the Persian of to-day looks back through the vistas of history on the past pre-eminence of his country, and sighs for those glorious times till the remote figures of antiquity become "larger than human" in the mist of legend that gathers round them, like Sir Bedivere's figure as he strode across the frozen hills. The traveller, as he journeys across the arid plains of Iran in the tedious caravan, is ever looking backward or forward to some splendid range of mountains, the natural colour of whose cliffs as they rise abruptly from the plain, their summits crowned with snow, present a striking contrast to the burning sands of the desert. Seldom is his gaze directed to his immediate surroundings; he hastens forward to the hallowed city with its precious water, its waving palms, its towering cypresses, its mysterious fanes, its silent streets, its thronging bazaars. He hurries forward or he regrets the city he has left behind. So the interest of the Persian is divorced from his surroundings and centred in the distance of historical and mythical times. He lives for the past. In his mouth are the quotations of poets of the olden time, who in their turn celebrated the deeds of heroes long antecedent to them. The libraries of the greatest nobles contain little else than the works of the classical poets—a knowledge of them "is a liberal education." A certain portion of every day is devoted to their study. An appropriate quotation makes a friend for life. A *fal* or *sors* taken from Sadee or Hafiz determines the most important

matters. A historian, an astronomer, or a poet is respected by all, and has a place of distinction in every company. But for a few shillings any schoolboy can turn off a copy of verses in honour of a stranger. There are many poets in Persia. The meanest artisan of the principal cities can repeat passages of the Persian classics ; the rudest and most unlettered soldier will listen with rapture to the mystic love-songs of Hafiz. There is an instance on record of a native who, with no other pretensions to be a leader than a good voice and the ability to sing a song of the olden time, created a provincial revolution. But with all this worship of literature there appears to exist no spontaneity of invention at the present time. It may be that the constant looking back on the past has destroyed the capacity to grapple with the problems of the present, and that owing to this their compositions are little else than a literal imitation of their classics ; or it may be that the old mine is exhausted, and that a new shaft must be sunk. A sentence out of Mr. Green's *History of England*, referring to the period of English literature between the death of Chaucer and the Elizabethan revival, presents a literal description of the condition of Persian letters, if not actually of the present, at least of the previous generation :

> The only trace of mental activity is to be found in the numerous treatises on alchemy and magic, on the elixir of life, or the philosopher's stone, the fungous growth which most unequivocally witnesses to the progress of intellectual decay.

Yet since this was a passing condition, one may consider it not so much a decay as a stagnation of literary energy; the running stream was dammed by a temporary obstruction, but the water in the meantime filtered through the porous soil till it reached new germs of life beneath. The revival of English literature came from the middle classes; the dramatic movement in Persia springs from the lower under the leadership of the middle classes. And here we arrive at the second division of our subject, viz. that a national expansion or progression is necessary to the establishment of an original drama.

We are told that Mohammedanism is rapidly becoming extinct in Persia and giving place to Soofism and free-thought, that the contact with Western civilization is resulting in the introduction of Western ideas. M. de Gobineau, however, whose keen good-sense has thoroughly analysed the Persian mind and pointed out its illogical character, indicates how far free-thought has in reality made its way. The Persian will graft on to one system another quite at variance with it, and believe in both till the energy of youth yields to the repose of middle age, and he returns to orthodoxy. One is reminded of the beautiful poetical contradiction of thought in Mr. Fitzgerald's translation of the Soofee poet, Omar Khayyam,

> The stars are setting, and the caravan
> Starts for the dawn of nothing. Oh, make haste!

The Persian character is the reverse of analytical, the reverse of consistent. He resembles a child now haughtily reserved, now babbling his personal secrets. He shrinks from the commonplace of existence. His everyday ride must be varied with *jereed* or some other boisterous game. It is a serious problem how to prevent the Persian from using the white telegraph insulators as marks for his bullets. He seeks to enliven the monotony of life with practical jokes. He will pardon any liberty for the sake of amusement. He has earned the title of Frenchman of the East, because of his intelligence, politeness, quickness, and agreeableness. He gauges a man by his powers of conversation. But passion and avarice have corrupted his better qualities. Hospitality—a virtue common to most nations early in their history and recommended in the Avesta—has degenerated into ostentation: and the host, during the entertainment, constantly endeavours to get the better of his guest in some point of etiquette; indeed the love of ceremony is carried so far that a noble travels at night with lanterns that indicate his rank. The ancient Persians, says Herodotus, were taught to ride, to speak the truth, and to draw the bow. Two-thirds of their education still remains the same, though the bow has been superseded by the rifle. But the truth is a stranger to Persia. "Believe me, for, though a Persian, I speak the truth," is a common form of asseveration amongst them. Mr. Morier and Lady Sheil agree in thinking that "the people are false, the

soil is dreary, and disease is in the climate." The one redeeming point of honesty in Persian character appears to be his affection for his country. In the midst of the comfort and luxury of Western Europe, and surrounded with its delicate meats and drinks, he is ever longing to be in his native land, to slake his thirst at the fountain-head of the far-famed wine of Shiraz, and listen to the rapturous odes of Hafiz. Such is the character of the Persian upper class, to all appearance incapable of spontaneous and combined movement; let us descend in the social scale.

Early travellers have told us how the constant shifting of the crown from usurper to usurper weakened the old nobility, and an aristocracy sprang up of adventurers whose interests ran counter to those of the true Persian. In most Eastern countries the aristocracy and official body have no sympathy with the inferior classes: in Persia this division is very strongly marked. Amongst the lower classes of a European country we look for earnestness and conviction; in the East, where character is more volatile and despotism unmitigated, we cannot expect to meet with these qualities in the same degree, but there are features in the constitution and social composition of Persia not to be found in other Mohammedan countries.

"The most absolute sovereigns of Asia are the slaves of public opinion," says Sir John Malcolm; and the monarch of Persia is exceptionally so, indeed her government has been called the most absolute

of monarchies. Externally it justifies such a description.

"To maintain an opinion," says Sadee, "contrary to the judgment of the king, were to steep our hands in our own blood: verily, were the king to say 'This is night,' it would behove us to reply 'There are the moon and the seven stars.'"

The king's will is law. A passionate or drunken word may cause to fall the head of the highest in the land. The circumstance of the Shah's court is truly despotic, for he is waited on by magnates who literally perform the menial offices indicated by the titles of European courtiers. When the Shah experiences that desire to wander which is the degenerate remnant of the nobler instinct that moved his nomad ancestors, he travels in a magnificent progress like a flight of locusts spreading desolation through the land. The poor man's fold is plundered, his crops are gathered, his store of sustenance for barren months impounded for the table of the royal wanderer; and, in the words of Sadee, "from the plunder of five eggs made with the sanction of the king, his troops stick a thousand fowls on their spits, so that the advent of the sovereign among his people is far from a matter of rejoicing to them. They have been known to prevail on him to stay at home with offers of money. After the fashion of the Tudors, the reigning Shah makes away with possible rivals, or leaves them utterly wrecked and crippled for life. In this respect, however, the Kajars have reversed the policy of their ancestors. They no longer

immure their princes in the Zenana till they become innocuous victims of sensuality, but send them as governors to the provinces, to plunder the people and save the coffers of the State.[1] In the hands of the Persian despot rests unlimited patronage, and office is only coveted as a means of emolument. However there is another side to this dreary picture. The people possess weapons and safeguards which can in a measure protect them from oppression. The State ministers are men of low origin elevated by the king, and subject without restriction to deposition: accordingly this precariousness in their tenure of the seals renders them to a certain degree circumspect in their exactions, for the whole nation has free access to the person of the king; and the reigning Shah, having usurped much of the power delegated by his predecessor to representatives, the despotic power of the throne has of late years become distinctly weakened.[2] Similarly the publicity of the courts of

[1] Mr. Anderson relates a significant anecdote illustrating the present policy of the Shah. When Zil-i-Sultan (Nasr-ud-deen's eldest son but not the heir-apparent) presented, as is customary, his sword to the Shah, on the renewal of his appointment as Governor of Irak, it was inscribed with the pregnant motto

"The keenest edge wins the prize."

[2] The present Shah is aware of the instability of his power, and possesses a morbid, but not unwarrantable, dread of the antagonism of despotism and knowledge. This feeling he not long ago evinced by suddenly recalling from Paris thirty or forty young Persians, sent there to reap the benefits of Western civilization.

law provides a considerable guarantee, even in Persia, against injustice; and, lastly, one of their most valuable privileges the people can command—the good offices of the upper priesthood as mediators with the king. I shall presently have to speak of the priesthood at greater length.

In the larger towns there is a system of trade-guilds, each presided over by an officer elected by the members of the guild, subject to the king's approval: these appointments, when once made, are hardly ever cancelled or interfered with. The chief magistrates are also selected from the inhabitants, and must of necessity be acceptable to them in order to be able to carry on their duties. They are often, it is true, compelled to be the instruments of oppression, but their sympathies are regulated by the interests which they have in common with their fellow-citizens. Sir John Malcolm considered the liberties of the towns-people in Persia well secured. Yet throughout that country the poorer classes have substantial grievances. The war against the encroaching desert can only be waged with the aid of money and perseverance, neither of which essentials is forthcoming in Persia. The proprietor of lands on the flat eastern coasts of England knows what it is to battle with the encroaching sea, but the desert is a far more deadly and insidious enemy. Every inducement is given by the Government and encouragement by the Church, but the desert is still advancing. "The best districts in Persia," says a traveller, "are but an oasis surrounded

with desert." And it is at the expense of those struggling combatants with drought and famine that the State maintains itself, and that inducements are furnished to office-seekers. The noblemen and the richer merchants are almost privileged classes. But the spirit of the town populations, only in a lesser degree sufferers from extortion, has lately received a new element of freedom. In the victorious days of Persia, her troops were chiefly recruited from the nomad tribes. Soldiers drawn from this source had fifteen centuries before excited the admiration of Alexander the Great, and still create a favourable impression on the minds of the military instructors furnished by the civilized powers of Europe. But Persia has ceased to be a military power, and the occupation of these tribes is gone. Fath Ali broke the power of the Iliats, and the great Khans have disappeared. The Persian tribes never had the riches of the Turk tribes, and soon fell into abject poverty. They therefore graduated towards the towns, where in recent years they have established themselves as citizens, and submit, for the sake of employment and a livelihood, to the same restrictions as the towns-people themselves. Yet such an acquisition of new blood has given a stimulus and breadth to their endeavours after emancipation. This composite body finds its natural leaders in the merchant class, who are but little amenable to the fiscal government, and who, having spent a considerable portion of their lives in civilized countries, are fully cognizant of the

backward condition of their own country. Their sentiments, if not their interests, are antagonistic to the sentiments and interests of the aristocracy and the Government. Another element of freedom is the liberty of speech which all classes seem to possess.

The exercise of these influences on the lower classes does not, however, appear to have diminished their religious belief. It would seem as if, on the contrary, their intolerance towards the infidel was still on the increase, while the hatred of Sheea for Sunnee, however much it may be mitigated amongst the upper classes, has not abated its ancient virulence amongst the people. The old quarrel between the Imams and the followers of Yazeed remains as fresh in their minds as if it had happened yesterday. The Persian archer, when he shot his arrow into the air, Chardin tell us, cried, " May this go to the heart of Omar ! " so, in modern days, the streets of the Persian towns echo to the monotonous chaunt of the workmen, invoking curses on the head of Omar.

> Give me a brick then, my life,

sings the master-bricklayer,

> And may the curse of God light on Omar !
> Give me another now, my darling !
> Omar will not have any luck.

The woes of Alee and the wickedness of Omar, Mr. Eastwick tells us, now form the subject-matter of the songs of itinerant minstrels. Their own hard-

ships, and the natural disadvantages of their country, combine no doubt to keep the love of Alee and his followers in the minds of the people. Mr. Arthur Arnold gives a striking instance of this affection and veneration for the Imams.

> I showed a sketch of Karbalà (he says) to our servants and to a knot of bystanders, telling them what it represented. Immediately the picture was in danger : all tried to kiss it, to press it to their lips, and cried, " Ah Husain ! " with an expression of deep regret more true and tender in the ardour of sincerity than one expects to find uttered over a grave which has been closed for twelve centuries.

Husain is indeed the favourite of all Persia : love for him seems to have superseded veneration for the founder of Mohammedanism.

In the lower classes, then, in contradistinction to the higher social grades, we find earnest convictions together with a vague and hardly realized desire for freedom favoured by local institutions : and we may reasonably expect therefore to discover traces of an extended popular movement. Such a movement is undoubtedly being accomplished, gradually and in silence, even while I write : the chief evidence afforded of it is the gradual transfer of popular influence from the higher ranks of the priesthood to the lower, and its chief symptom the development of the Passion Play. The full significance of this shifting of the seat of popularity cannot be understood without a glance at these two bodies of ecclesiastics. Zoroastrianism was a hierarchy—Monotheism grafted on to Magian

sacerdotalism. The importance of the priest is everywhere insisted on in the early history of Iran : it is laid down in the Sudder that good deeds are worth nothing without the approval of the priest as a passport to Paradise : the great king Ardasheer placed the highest value on an alliance between Church and Throne. Notwithstanding, however, that Persia stands alone among Mohammedan nations in this respect, the hierarchical and temporal powers have never amalgamated. The priesthood maintains an existence apart. It has a separate legal system over which it presides. It abstains from active politics. It shrinks from interference with the decrees of the temporal courts ; but when it tenders its advice to the Shah that advice is seldom, if ever, neglected. Its dwellings are sanctuaries and its influence has often lightened the burden of cities. The principal ecclesiasiastics are called *mootjahids* and in them alone the chief privileges of the order are vested. All travellers agree in according them the highest respect ; even Kaempfer, who is not otherwise complimentary to those priests, says the title of *moojtahid* "is only granted to him who is master of seventy sciences, and even then he must be held in the highest consideration both by the king and the people."

But the decline of the priesthood has long ago commenced, and dates from the days of Nadir Shah, who pillaged the Church to pay his soldiery. Any change in their position of later years may be ascribed to the want experienced by the people for a class of

instructors who would stand in closer relation to them than the canonised priesthood. The immediate cause of the perception of this want is not apparent, but in all probability is owing to influence from the West, to which the lower classes would presumably be easily accessible; for though the aristocracy receive an imperfect education, disproportionate to their social position, the lower classes, as such, are, it is said, well instructed. Thus, while the upper priesthood have gradually separated themselves from contact with the people and drawn closer to the throne their places have been occupied by the popular friars, the Said Roozé Khans. These courtiers of the people did not receive a good character from Sir John Malcolm at the beginning of the century; and from a glance at this passage it will be readily perceived that a change has taken place since his day. The Said Roozé Khans, he says, consist of pretended descendants of the Prophet, *moollas* who lay fictitious claims to learning, and *hajjees* who have gained a sort of cheap sainthood by having visited the holy city of Mecca. "Take the ass of Jesus to Mecca; on its return it will still be an ass," Sadi remarks of the Hajjees. In the words, then, of the English Herodotus, "the lower ranks of the priesthood are seldom entitled to that praise which has been bestowed on some of the superior branches. They neither enjoy nor can they expect popular fame. . . . So that we can believe that there is truth in those accusations which represent them as being equally ignorant

corrupt, and bigoted." No historian of to-day could write these words of the supporters, the authors, the originators of the Passion-play of the Muharram.[1] That it owes its origin to the Said Roozé Khans I will endeavour to make evident.

The dramatic element was existent in Persia centuries before it acquired the dramatic form. The *ballet* performed in Chardin's time was in itself a mute drama, and as complete as the similar representations in Turkestan at which Mr. Schuyler lately assisted. This seems to have survived in a curious dance of sixty-four of Husain's relations mentioned by Mr. Morier in his description of the tazyah in 1818. The story-tellers, too, presented in their own persons studies of many characters and passions ; so vivid, indeed, were their impersonations that they moved to laughter and tears persons ignorant of the language in which their tales were told.[2] Then there were the Marionettes, who, long before flesh and blood, trod the Persian stage. Of these the principal is the Punch, Kachal Pahlawan, of whom M. Chodzko gives a very interesting account. Kachal Pahlawan derives his name from his baldness, and is curiously typical of

[1] There is no contradiction here, since the Passion-play had at this period attained little popularity, and Malcolm himself says that the Persians possess nothing worthy the name of drama.

[2] Monsieur Ferrier gives so striking a description of a story-telling Said, that I cannot forbear quoting it *in extenso* : "A tale indifferently well told, though most improbable in fact, will interest a Persian intensely, and if in a sermon the Syud

M 2

the Persian. He is the Persian Tartuffe, and the personification of a people in whom thirteen centuries of oppression have produced hypocrisy, dexterity of evasion, and suppleness of conscience. And lastly, this actual dramatic form has existed from beyond historical times in the strolling buffoons, the Eastern *jongleurs* or *lootees*, whose representations are varied with apes, bears, and jugglers, and whose impromptus bristle with local allusions, personal *bons mots*, and improprieties of word and action. But in Persia and throughout the East, as in mediæval Europe, these illiterary performances seem to have had little or no influence on the rise of the drama proper, which

thoroughly understands his business and arranges his subject skilfully, developing it by degrees, and in a way to rouse little by little the emotions of his hearers, which he will do easily by dexterously throwing in the marvellous and the sentimental, he reaches the climax: his voice falters, he is overcome with feigned emotion, and a deluge of tears is seen to flow down the cheeks of his audience. His own are always at his command; is he telling a tale, he is sure to shed them at the proper moment; for example, when his hero sprains his ankle, or wants to smoke and there is no kalian; but, if he is dying of thirst, or falls into the hands of his enemy, oh, then the groans and lamentations are past belief; the men cry like calves, the women like does, and the children bawl loud enough to make a deaf man hear; and the unfortunate victim who, like myself, is condemned to listen to all this trash, has no resource but to stop his ears, or resign himself to be kept awake by these scenes of desolating grief. The tale or sermon finished, the Syud proposes a cheer for the Prophet, and after that, one for Ali, the same for Houssein, for Hassan, for Abbas, for all the sainted Imams (and there is a long list), and lastly one for himself the Syud."

originated out of the Muharram ceremonies established nearly a thousand years ago. The burning of the body of Omar furnished one of the chief interests of these celebrations, and still survives. It is mentioned by Sir Antony Shirley in 1601 : Abbas the Great,

> first to extirpate intrinsicke factions, then to secure himself more firmly against the Turke . . . had in use, once a yeere, with greate solemnitie to burne publicly, as maine Hereticks, the effigies of Omar and Ussen ; then doth he cause his great men publickely (in scorne of their institution) to goe with a Flagon of Wine, carried by a Footman, and at every village where they see any assemblie of people to drink ; which himself he also useth, not for the love of wine, but to scandalize so much more the contrarie religion, that by such a profaning of it they may wear the respect of it out of the people's hearts.

Another account of the burning of Omar is given by Herbert about a quarter of a century later, and contains a mention of the origin of the Passion-play in the prominence of the part played by the "Caddy" who "bawles out a pathetique oration." But neither this nor the exceeding quaintness of the style justifies its insertion in this already too lengthy paper. A more pertinent quotation may be made from the works of Della Valle, who travelled about the same time as Herbert. The entire population is dressed in black, the streets are filled with naked fanatics, some painted black, others red, singing "the praise of Houssein, and descriptions of his martyrdom ; beating time with pieces of wood or ribs of certain animals which produce a melancholy sound, and dancing all the while in the midst of the crowd," At noon "a

mulla of the race of Mahomet" mounts an elevated pulpit and proclaims the virtues of Houssein, recounting the circumstances of his death, "exhibiting occasionally to the people, extremely attentive to what he says, *certain figures representing the circumstances to which he alludes, and endeavouring to excite commiseration and tears.* This ceremony is likewise copied in the mosques and the most public parts of the streets, which are adorned and illuminated for the purpose; the audience, all the while bathed in tears, sighing and moaning, beating their breasts, and displaying the greatest affliction, frequently repeat, with much expression of agony, these last verses of one of their poetic monodies: 'Va Hassaun! Shah Hussein!'"

We have in these quotations the history of the Passion-play very plainly indicated. The Persian nature is, as Mr. Morier says, peculiarly adapted for the drama: this is evident from the practices which existed in centuries gone by. The popular sentiment clung to the Muharram celebrations, the people felt themselves the modern types of the Imams, and the Saids were required to excite those feelings of commiseration in which generous pity was mingled with selfish complaining. Whether the discourses of the preachers sometimes failed of their object, or whether a rivalry between them led them to adopt other means more effective than words, is a matter of conjecture; we find them, however, appealing to the eye with images of the Imams, and such a presentation was no novel idea; for many years the effigy of the

hated Omar had been burnt with savage exultation by the populace. Then in the latter half of the last century we read of the Passion-play in the travels of Francklin as a recognized institution. The other point to which I drew attention, viz. that the Said Roozé Khans were the originators of the Passion-play, I think, admits of no doubt. The higher priesthood has constantly inveighed against these performances, nominally because the representation of life is contrary to the principles of the Koran and brings ridicule on their religion, but really because they perceive that the popularity of the Saids involves the decline of their own importance. Stringent measures have been attempted to suppress the tazyah: the present Shah actually issued a proclamation to that effect, but it was without result. It has become part and parcel of the national life: in times of illness or calamity a number of tazyahs are vowed to Husain, just as Roman Catholics promise masses to the Virgin: and the ministers, to whom popularity is of paramount importance, like the Greek and Roman politicians of old, make bids with tazyahs for the favour of the people.

I may add another sign of change in the popular temperament, which is more significant than it at first appears. Chardin and travellers of his time note the costume of the Persian as bright and full of colour; but, according to the descriptions of travellers of the present day, the dress of the lower classes has now adopted a sombre tone.

Whatever direct refining influence may be exercised on the tazyah, it must of necessity come from within: for, though the takyahs have profited already by imitation of the *technique* of Western theatres, the Persian play is a thing so peculiar in itself, that any modification of it in the direction of our manner of dramatic representation must be degradation.

As to the literary qualities of the tazyah, we find various estimates recorded. Francklin speaks of the elegance of its language, Malcolm and Morier are contemptuous over it; M. Gobineau so rapturous that M. Chodzko considers him suffering from the common malady of translators. The tazyah, it seems, is written in the simple language which speaks to the hearts of the people, with the same avoidance of Arabisms that distinguished the patriotic poets; and, though to our ears its style may seem overburdened with florid imagery and involution, we must not forget that these are characteristics of all Eastern literature. We fail, however, to discover therein the grander elements of the Attic drama, or the rude but lifelike touches of humour and character that enlivened the mediæval moralities of Europe;[1] and

[1] Mr. Mounsey describes a comic scene in which Yazeed is seated at a table covered with medicine bottles, attempting to cure himself of indigestion. His efforts are however, fruitless, until a messenger enters bearing the head of Husain on a platter, at which sight Yazeed's malady vanishes. There appears, however, to be no comic intention in this scene, which is a popular one. The writer of the eloquent article in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1880, remarks: "There is

since, like the Ober-Ammergau play, the tazyah resolves itself into a succession of pictorial scenes, there is an entire absence of that forcible language which accompanies definite action. The only relief which is afforded to the "wo, wo, unutterable wo" of the whole representation is to be found in some pretty touches of child-life and the arrogant boasting of the Syrian enemies. In the irresponsibility of the dramatists—who, being an inferior order of clergy, write anonymously for fear of sacerdotal interference—the tazyah is deprived of the ameliorating agency that arises from the rivalry of authorship: yet, the Shah and the aristocracy having become its patrons, men of real literary taste have been found to revise the versions which have become their property. The direct action of collective criticism by the audience on the text is peculiarly effective; as, throughout the performance, the whole body of spectators is expected to wail and weep, any portion of the text which fails of producing this result is condemned, and in the succeeding representation gives place to a passage of a more stirring nature.

> Quand l'autel est souillé, la douleur est l'encens.

This catering for tears is not, of course, an unmixed good, from a literary point of view, but it brings

no attempt to individualise characters. They are all alike and talk alike. The only trace of originality we can find is in the child Sukaina, who is perpetually screaming and defying all her aunt Zaineb's attempts at consolation."

together the auditorium and the stage in a manner incompatible with our civilisation and mixed audiences.

Another proof of the sensibility of the Persian, and one which relates to the necessity of purification of the manner, as well as of the matter, of the words uttered by the heroes of the tazyah, is the fact that the sympathetic characters speak in music, while the antipathetic personages are not allowed to ascend above the level of ordinary speech. (The same peculiarity is observed in the Chinese Drama.) This curious distinction, paralleled in some degree by Shakespeare's use of prose and verse, necessitates a recognition by the audience of the merits of different performers. A boy with a good voice earns a handsome income, and, for the time being, is almost as much a notoriety as a Western histrionic genius, though boys are associated with "the only really weak part of the performance," the female *rôles*.[1] But beyond this there is nothing, not even applause, to give prominence to the individual actor, "on ne témoigne jamais une admiration venant de l'esprit."

[1] The Persian music, which, as in all religious drama, heightens the effect produced by the representation, is of a very simple character, though the principal *rôles* are highly ornamented, and therefore necessitate considerable execution on the part of the performer. In the beginning of European musical history, and at the time of the Crusades, there can be little doubt that many of its salient features were borrowed from the East; Persia, for example, had developed a system analogous to that in use at the present day. Since then, however, she has made little progress in the musical art, and there, as throughout the East, the study of harmony is not practised.

Were this not so the impersonator of the holy Imam would become an object of interest as well as the Imam himself, and the drama would speedily be secularised. The peculiar position of Ober-Ammergau has enabled it hitherto to resist the influence of idolisation, and thereby to preserve the sacred character of its Passion-drama. There is, however, one person connected, though indirectly, with the representation on whom the Persian audience vents its approval ; he is the modern representative of the *choragus ;* on him the success of the whole performance hinges. He does not retire behind the scenes when the play begins, but remains to form the connecting link between the actors and the audience ; he makes audible comments and explanations ; he solicits the pity of the spectators where he considers an exhibition of pity due ; he arranges everything ; he perfects the children in their parts, places them on the stage, buckles on the swords of the actors, and supplies them with anything they may require. He is recognized as the mainspring of the tazyah, and his person is sacred. He is called "oostad" or master, a title which retains something of the simple reverence of the olden time. It is an act of piety, and a part of the performance itself, to present him with costly gifts. Many a rich shawl is handed to him in sight of the whole audience.

The excessive impressionability of the Persian precludes the necessity of any attempt at realism on the stage, and thus, while facilitating the expression

of approval and disapproval, swamps the self-critical faculty, and creates a uniformly low standard of literary excellence. There is an entire absence of illusive effect in the dramatic accessories; and though here and there we find evidence of a feeling for æsthetic unity, all artistic propriety seems to be sacrificed to the attainment of barbaric magnificence.[1] A vague and inharmonious splendour reigns throughout the tazyah; and the actors—even the Prophet himself, who was wont to attire himself in the coarsest garments—are clad in the costliest and most brilliant apparel. There is no attempt to maintain the illusion of entries and exits, or differences of place and time; a distance of miles is represented by steps; an actor never quits the *sakoo,* but only withdraws to the side. A mark of distinction is conferred on the hero of the particular scene enacted by his being permitted to sit on a couch by the side of Husain. No scenery is possible, since there is no background to the stage. Chopped straw represents the sand of the desert, which is poured on the head in sign of grief, and a copper basin the waters of the Euphrates. It is evident that in a theatre where half the audience are gazing at the actor's back the finer touches of acting would be wasted, and it is curious to remark that, when we are spectators of acting in such or similar conditions, our intellect does not demand a greater artistic perfection than that of which the cir-

[1] The poles which surround the stage are covered with skins of wild beasts, and adorned with warlike weapons.

cumstances admit. This truth lies at the bottom of all progress in the histrionic art. We are not, therefore, astonished that the actors of the tazyah do not pretend to the science of the professional artists of Europe, but possess as their sole accomplishments grace of action and resonance of voice, which, combined with a natural simplicity and earnestness, render deeply affecting, even to persons ignorant of their language, the woes of "the Family of the Tent." They even carry their parts in their hands and refer to them when their memory fails them. It is with no feeling for art or verisimilitude that the Sheea attends the Muharram celebration ; he is no rational being at this season, merely a fanatic. He goes to weep. Husain, he believes, "will intercede in favour of every one who has shed a single tear for him." The representatives of the brutal Syrian soldiers themselves burst into weeping as they insult the holy Imams. From the earliest times the *moollas* have preached the value of such an offering. Tears so shed were collected by the priests as a sovereign remedy against death. The sole object, therefore, of the dramatists is to elicit "the passionate music of tears."

Les sanglots (says M. Chodzko), tout aussi contagieux en l'Orient que le rire chez nous, devinrent de plus en plus bruyants et finirent par le cri spontané ou, pour mieux dire, par un rugissement d'un millier d'individus qui nous saisit d'effroi.

No artistic consciousness can reside in the minds of people so irrational as to incur the risk of death by

suffering their bodies to be buried in the earth in order to represent the decapitated Imams, and who cannot restrain themselves from lynching the impersonators of the enemies of their country.[1] Fanaticism is a dangerous, if not an insuperable, antagonist to any refining artistic influence, since it lacks, and militates against, the reflective quality without which progress is impossible.

The only question which seems now to remain for discussion is, whether the fanaticism will, or can, ever be toned down into the moderation requisite for development. Prof. Lewis Campbell has truly said: "Intense participation in a great cause, as in Dante and Milton' . . . is 'but little favourable to purely dramatic art."

We find an upper class supporting the representation of the Passion-play, not so much from motives of patriotism as from a selfish desire to obtain popularity. It is possible that this feeling, which is entirely removed from fanaticism, may, first from the necessity of rivalling contemporaries, next from a true feeling for art engendered by such rivalry, familiarise the lower classes with the moderation necessary for the development of self-criticism. It may be, too, that the merchants who preside over the practical working of the Muharram celebrations will form for themselves a higher ideal, based on the

[1] In the little town of Damawand a fight annually takes place in which several persons are killed. But whoever dies during the Muharram goes to Paradise.

master-pieces of foreign literatures, and so influence the people. But this is mere speculation. We must, however, signalise the absence of a great central metropolis, which, in the case of all great European dramas, has always furnished a focussing centre and school of improvement. At present we can only console ourselves by pointing to the beautiful mosques at Koom, Ispahan, and other Persian cities, to the classic ruins of Persepolis, and—if the conjecture of Major Murdoch Smith be correct—to the famous Alhambra itself, as evidences of the artistic capabilities of Persia. The Muharram Play is not the cry of a people raising itself from oppression ; it is not the outcome of regret for greatness that is past. The legends of pre-Mohammedan kings and of the Persian Hercules have no place therein. It is a passive complaint for the misery of the present, the *dæmon* of a people that has discovered its own degradation. Art cannot exist on grief alone : it requires quiescence for its development, and quiescence implies a degree of prosperity. If we wish, therefore, to prognosticate favourably with regard to the drama in Persia, we must forget that its mosques and minarets are tumbling to decay, and that its precious tiles are trampled under foot by the passing traveller ; we must forget the encroachments of the desert and the ravages of famine, and remember that it is still the desire of great nobles and influential ministers to leave behind them public works as memorials

and that the Persian may in the few weeks of spring, at Ispahan where nature assumes her loveliest garb, and around the classic walls of Shiraz, amongst the shrubberies of cypress and orange with their beautiful latticework of light and shade, and their long and lovely vistas terminated by lordly mountains, together with the vision of possible happiness and content, store up materials for a literature that will deal with the bright as well as the gloomy side of life.

The great danger is, that a vicious and effete administration may not survive to yield gradually to the pressure exerted upon it by an expanding and unanimous people, but may be swept away by a sudden invasion or revolution; and that the palace of art, its foundations undermined, should collapse, and the work of an age of peace be swept away by the violence of a moment.

# POEMS

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## ON THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

BY LIONEL TENNYSON

(*While an Undergraduate at Cambridge*)

YOU think—because I stand in sunny hours
Upon the solitary shore, and watch
The channell'd sand between the sudden waves
In golden lattice glow—and hanging on
The gunwale over the near blue I love
The billows ever-climbing whisper white,
Or through the silent night ambrosial,
To see my oar in rushing silver swing:—
You think that while I learn the loveliness
Of each fantastic shell, I scan no wave
Of all the rolling miles beyond; or note
When stormy sunlight breaks on distant seas;
That never seaward on the breezy down

I lie high up, and far beneath me mark
The booming breaker beat upon the roof
Of the weed-glutted cave ; and do not feel
That restful season when a gradual gold
Steals on the dim blue of the fading east
With tender power of sleep ere yet the moon
Heaves her broad shoulder o'er the stilly earth.
You think, to speak in plainer phrase, I live
On sweets of Nature cull'd with little pain,
All heedless of her grander mysteries,
All careless of the thought that moves the world,
The births of empire, or the mind of man.
You deem me dreamer, misanthrope, and drown'd
In self and soulless reverie, ignorant
That on the bosom of our mother Earth,
That takes us tenderly when our rough years
Are o'er, not only where in solitude,
Deep-valed, or on the deeps or mountains, must
The God be sought, but where the city stands,
And from a hundred crowded gates outpours
By road, and sea, and stream her merchandise.
Yet have I linger'd long contemplative
Beside the petulant lapping of this sea ;
And, while I read that on this day was born
That Child-republic aged a century,
America, across the deep there comes
A chorded sweetness in the sad salt air
As of far bells, until I seem to stand
In Boston's streets, surged round by tides of men ;
And wonder why he lingers dreamily,

And she with tight unsteady lip, and eye
Of dew, threads intricately through the maze
Of men in haste; and, whether this man's smile
Is graven by the joy of years, or if
Here is one moment in a life of pain,
That with a hasty foot imprints it there—
A rich bee poised upon a broken flower
Made hueless, honeyless, by the storms of Time.—
Well, well may England mourn with head low-bow'd
And face afire with recollected shame
Her greed and narrowness of policy:
But you God's children of the fair, free, West,
If e'er the aspect of a nation's joy
Can soothe the suffering of a widow'd heart,
Or dull the biting edges of remorse,
O here to-day let dreary sorrow sleep!
This is no time for grief! away, away
With mournful memories! Strike each your note
In the universal chord of jubilee!
Bring merry madness from the swinging bell,
And in loud salvo let your cannon sound
Across the sounding ocean! Raise the cry
Of Liberty once more, but Liberty
Restored; as did your fathers, while across
The illimitable tide of garden wastes,
The prairie blazing with a thousand hues,
They sped the sworn companions of the sword,
Banded together to resist the wrong!
Yea, let it thunder with the loud Pacific!
Yea, thunder on the hoarse Atlantic shores!

Yea, let it echo down the Oregon,
And with the osprey crown the crisping wave!—
O give it voice amid the voiceless gloom
Of the continuous forest! let it sweep—
With the devouring flame and roar high up
Amid the crackling pine-tops,—with the herd
That flees before it streaming in long rout
With lower'd crest or tossing antler! Like
A broadening flood that leaps from the burst banks
Of some vast reservoir, yea, let it boom
From precipice to precipice amid
The trackless snows of Andes! let it plunge
Adown Niagara's waste of waterfall!
About the silent cities of the dead
Let it put triumph in the south wind's moan!
Thro' Californian valleys let it play
With falling cataracts ever resonant!
And break the midnight of the mine! and stir
The airs all slumberous with soft essences
That scarcely breathe about far wildernesses!
To all such full-toned music chant your hymn,
Due record of those patriots who died,
To free your country from a mad misrule.

## THE DEATH CHAMBER

Bated breath and muffled voices,
  Silent footsteps on the floor;
One in that still room rejoices,
  For his sorrows are no more.

Rustling as of birds that hover,
  Ears that listen: nothing said;
Figures bending slowly over
  Him who smiles, the peaceful dead.

## GONE

When rich music rolls no more
From the vast cathedral floor;
In the roof it rests and sighs
Blent in fuller harmonies.
Then beyond our time and space,
Comes again thy spirit face!

Dews refresh the folded flowers
Through the gloom and silent hours,
Tears have given strength to me,
Strength and love to feel with thee.
O live once more and I will prove
At what worth I set thy love.

## SYMPATHY

In this sad world where mortals must
  Be almost strangers,
Should we not turn to those we trust
  To save us from its dangers?
Then whisper in mine ear again,
  And this believe,
That aught which gives thy dear heart pain
  Makes my heart grieve.

God wills that we have sorrow here,
  And we will share it;
Whisper thy sorrow in mine ear
  That I may also bear it;
If anywhere our trouble sees
  To find an end,
'Tis in the fairy-land of dreams,
  Or with a friend.

## THE LETTER

These dear words read—and all my fears are gone—
O happy breezes blown from English isles
Across the barren ocean's rolling miles,
From where the bright sea breaks for evermore
Upon the shelving of the well-known shore,

Ye come to sailors, where the waters roll
Weighted with molten steam of tropic skies,
And thoughts of home and far-off friends arise;
O happy breezes from the loving West,
Ye never fanned the fever-sunken chest
More fondly than this letter on my breast
Has fanned the fever that consumed my soul.

## THE DUPE

She drew me from my cosy seat,
She drew me to her cruel feet,
She whispered, "Call me Sally;"
I lived upon her smile, her sigh,
Alas, you fool, I knew not I
  Was only her *pis-aller*.

The jade! she knew her business well,
She made each hour a heaven or hell,
For she could coax and rally;
She was *so* loving, frank and kind,
That no suspicion crost my mind
  That I was her *pis-aller*.

My brother says "I told you so!
Her conduct was not *comme il faut*,
But strictly *comme il fallait*;
She swore that she was fond and true;
No doubt she was, poor girl, but you
  Were only her *pis-aller*."

## HUNTING SONG

A truce unto your music, and a truce unto your jest,
And while ye still are sober get you gone and take your rest!
The swift stag-chase is a terrible chase, we know that you and I,
And only the man with the steady nerve will be in to see him die;
Then, hunters, rise from slumber at the breaking of the morn,
And spring into your saddle when ye hear the echoing horn!
For the hunter hates his pillow as the good steed hates his stall,
When loud he hears with drowsy ears the hunter's bugle call.

*Chorus*—So drain the foaming flagon, and rest ye while ye may,
For ye must rise from slumber at the breaking of the day!

We shall find him in the forest near the shady beechen nook,
Where softly babbles o'er the stones the brown and rushing brook;
And he'll rear his stately antlers as he scents us from afar—
Ay, scents us as the snorting war-horse scents the wind of war,

Then forward to the open will he break the copse
 and fly
When he hears behind him ringing our full pack of
 hounds in cry,
For there's courage in his beating heart and fire in
 his eye,
And he knows that speed will conquer, and delay
 will be to die.

*Chorus*—So drain, &c.

Riders, horses, fast will follow over dyke and flowery
 mead,
Till heaving flank and faltering stride will prove the
 lightening speed;
And many a horse will bite the dust, and many a
 rider too,
But Heaven send, my trusty friend, it be neither I
 nor you!
At set of sun his race is done, see where he stands at
 bay!
Now let him feel the flashing steel, then bear the
 buck away!
And, huntsman, blow a mighty blast and make the
 mountains ring,
So brave a beast should grace the feast of Britain's
 bravest king!

*Chorus*—So drain, &c.

## THE EMIGRANT

As yet no gale—and the ship doth sail
Upon a peaceful ocean's breast,
Which gently moves, as tho' it loves
To find itself so long at rest ;
And laughing said a sailor maid,
" A fig for landsmen's foolish fears ! "
Then to her God her prayer she pray'd
For every league by which she nears
That distant land, where on the strand
Her love with seaward gaze doth stand.

But ere the day has sunk to sleep,
The sailors watch the storm-cloud creep
With sullen pace up from the West,
Like armed hosts on high behest.
It brings the night, and hides from sight
All but the billows fierce and white ;
And, as they strike the straining craft,
A shudder runs from fore to aft ;
And two full days along she drove,
With never a glimpse of the sun above,
Mid the roar of the tempest and rattle of spars,
Till drinking in death through a hundred scars,
Battered and helpless she lay on the wave ;
Then silently sank to her ocean grave.

But the maiden clung to a broken mast
That on the savage tide did drift,
And the murky wrack, that hurries past,
Is caught aside, and the sudden rift
Frames for a moment a still pure star,
A beacon to show where the angels are ;
Then she prayed to be saved from this stormy world
To sail that sea where the sails are furl'd ;
And there on the strand of that happy land
To walk with her true love hand in hand.

## OLD SONG FOR MUSIC

Love, when I leave the busy throng,
And wander the green woods among,
About me haply, as I rove,
Let every bird break into song,
And wake to music all the grove ;
But if thy voice speak in mine ear,
'Twill be the only song I hear.

Or when the silent vault of night
Is with her starry jewels dight,
Or when the climbing orb of day,
And summer heavens with dawning light,
Chase the dark dews from every spray,
Look on me, love, and in thine eyes
I'll find the only heaven I prize.

When every influence of spring
About the fresh buds lingering,
Shall gather all the balmy air,
And round me soft embraces fling,
Till rapture drives away all care ;
Then fold me in thine arms, and I
Shall be forthwith content to die.

## ACCIPE DONUM

What is a single flower when the world is white with
  may?
What is a gift to one so rich, a smile to one so gay?
What is a thought to one so rich in the loving
  thoughts of men?
How should I hope because I sigh that you will sigh
  again?
Yet when you see my gift, you may
(Ma bayadere aux yeux de jais)
Think of me once to-day.

Think of me as you will, dear girl, if you will let me be
Somewhere enshrined within the fane of your pure
  memory;
Think of your poet as of one who only thinks of you,
That you are all his thought, that he—were happy if
  he knew—
You *did* receive his gift, and say
(Ma bayadere aux yeux de jais)
"He thinks of me to-day."

## TO MY WIFE

Our love is born of perfect trust,
So many a poet sings,
And in the land of Love he must
Nor rest nor fold his wings.

But is this love, O poet, say,
Who wheresoe'er I turn
Points me that one untrodden way,
And bids me dare to learn.

O Love, I know not what thou art,
I only feel the spell,
That makes heart labour after heart
And more I cannot tell.

## GOOD-NIGHT

(*Written for Music*)

In dewy silence Nature weeps,
And we, my love, must part;
But with the shade of evening creeps
A shadow o'er my heart.
A hush prevails in leafy dales
When dor-hawks wheel their flight,
So my heart pants, my spirit fails
Beneath the wings of night;
Good-night, my love, good-night,

Yon glowing sunset marks the term
Of my short span of bliss ;
Oh, with thy glowing lips confirm !
Oh, seal it with thy kiss !
Thine oath that ere the day be born
Thou'lt dawn upon my sight,
Sun-like thou leavest me here forlorn,
To come at close of night ;
Good-night, my love, good night.

And may thy soul a vigil keep—
The while thou slumberest—
Inform my solitude with sleep,
Pour balm into my breast,
So shall no moment pass me by
Without a vision bright,
Without a loving look though I
Have bad thee, love, good-night,
Good-night, my love, good-night.

## MORNING

Since melting mists made haste away,
And rifted clouds let in the day,
Since forth the glowing sunlight came
That distant hill is not the same ;
So when I judge of this thy sin
Not knowing how it did begin,
O thou fell Sun of Justice rise
And drive the mists far from mine eyes !

## NIGHT

All hush'd, but no! the blast has stirred
  The dark haunts of the widow'd bird,
And from her melancholy throat
  Soft swells the low and liquid note,
Until the passion of her song
  Far echoes all the hills among.
The memory of her loving gives
  The rapture of a hundred lives:
And ten ten thousand future joys
  Peal in the passion of her voice.
So let me through advancing years
  Not walk as in a vale of tears,
But if the present love is dead,
  And if the friends of youth be fled,
Desire no other joy than this—
  To sing of hope and bygone bliss.

# THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD[1]

The Meeting of Diomede and Glaucus—Hector bids his Mother pray to Athene—Hector summons Paris to the Battle—The Farewell of Hector and Andromache.

So the dread conflict betwixt the Trojans and Achaians was deserted of the gods.

And many a time the battle drove thro' the plain hither and thither; each host levelling their bronze spears against the other—between the rivers of Simois and of Xanthus.

And first Telamonian Ajax, the bulwark of the Achaians, broke a phalanx of the Thracians, and gave light to his people;—striking the man who was noblest among the Trojans, the son of Eussorus, Akamas the mighty warrior.

He first of all struck him thro' the ridge of his horse-maned helmet; and pierced him in the fore-

[1] The proofs of this translation by Hallam were looked over by Lionel, Walter Leaf, and Edmund Lushington.

head, and the bronze point passed thro' the bone, and darkness covered his eyes.

And Diomede, loud in the battle-cry, slew Axylus the son of Teuthras, who dwelt in stately-built Arisbe ; he was rich in substance, and he was the friend of all men for he entreated all men friendly, dwelling as he did in his house hard by the thoroughfare.

Yet not one of those then could bar bitter death from him, and meet it in his stead ; but Diomede took the life of the twain—of him and his fellow[1] Kalesius, who was now his charioteer, and the twain passed into the underworld.

And Euryalus slew Dresus and Opheltius, and followed after Æsepus and Pedasus whom a nymph Abarbarea in the former time bare to princely Bucolion.

Now Bucolion was son of the noble Laomedon, the eldest by birth, offspring of his mother's secret love ; for shepherding among the flocks Bucolion mingled with Abarbarea in love's embracement, and she conceiving bare him twin male children.—

And the son of Mekisteus loosed their strength and their beauteous limbs by death, and from their shoulders stript off their armour.

And Polypœtes, the steadfast in battle, slew Astyalus ; and Odysseus took the life of Pidytes a Percosian with his bronze spear ; and Teucer, that of the god-like Aretaon.

[1] θεραπῶν implies more equality than "servant." Patroclus is θεραπῶν to Achilles.

And Antilochus, the son of Nestor, smote Ablerus with his flashing spear : and king of men Agamemnon Elatus, who dwelt in the height of Pedasus by the banks of the fair-flowing Satnioeis.

And the hero Leïtus overtook Phylakus flying ; and Eurypylus took the life of Melanthius.

And then Menelaus, loud in the battle-cry, took Adrestus alive, for his horses being brought to trouble in a bush of tamarisk fled wildly over the plain ; and they brake the curved chariot, snapping short the pole, but themselves sped to the city, where the rest in panic likewise fled wildly onward.

And he was rolled forth from the chariot beside the wheel in the dust on his face, prostrate.

And by him stood Menelaus, the son of Atreus, with long-shadowing spear ; and then Adrestus, clasping his knees, supplicated him :

" Take me alive, son of Atreus, and accept a worthy ransom ; for large the treasure that is stored in the house of my wealthy sire ;—both bronze and gold, and long-laboured iron.

" Out of these my sire would lavishly bestow on thee an untold ransom ; if he learnt that I was still living by the ships of the Achaians."

Thus he spake and moved the heart of Menelaus, and now he would have straightway given him over to his servant to lead down to the swift ships of the Achaians ; had not Agamemnon come up to meet him running and, loudly chiding him, spake this word :

[1] "O tender-hearted brother! O Menelaus! wherefore dost thou so pity? Have such benefits indeed been wrought to thine house by Trojans? May no soul of them escape our hands, ay and violent death! not even the babe whom the mother may bear in her womb! let not even him escape! but may all be utterly destroyed together, out of Ilios unsepulchred and unknown!"

Thus speaking the prince turned the mind of his brother, counselling him righteously.

So he thrust the warrior Adrestus aside with his hand, and king Agamemnon wounded him in the loins, and the man fell backward; and Atreides, setting his heel on his breast, drew forth the ashen spear.

So Nestor cheered on the Argives, shouting aloud:

"O friends, Danaan heroes, servants of Ares! Let none now tarry behind intent on pillage, so that he may go bearing as much as can be to the ships; but let us slay men, and then of a truth at your leisure shall ye strip the dead corpses on the plain."

Thus speaking he aroused the strength and heart of each man: then again the Trojans, driven backward, cowed thro' their lack of courage, by the Achaians dear to Ares would have ascended into Troy; but that Helenus, the son of Priam, stood by Æneas and Hector, and spake; and he was the wisest among augurs:

"Æneas and Hector, since the stress of battle lies on you twain most of all the Trojans and Lycians,

[1] Possibly a mere form of address, *e.g.* in ix. 252.

in that ye are the best thro' every enterprise in council and in combat ; stay here !

"And, moving hither and thither, restrain the people in front of the gates before they, flying, fall into the arms of the women, and become a triumph to their enemies.

"And when ye have cheered on every phalanx, we will fight with the Danaans, tarrying here, altho' we are exceeding weary ; for the need of it compelleth us.

"But, Hector, do thou go to the city ; and then speak to thy mother and mine, and let her gather together the aged women to the temple of the clear-eyed Athene in the citadel !

"Let her open with the key the doors of the sacred house ; let her set on the knees of the flowing-haired Athene the robe which seemeth to her the largest and the most beautiful of those that are stored in her palace, and that in which her soul most delighteth.

"Let her vow unto her to sacrifice in the temple twelve yearling heifers, which have never felt the goad, so she have mercy on the city and on the wives of the Trojans and their infant children !

"So haply she may hold back from holy Troy the son of Tydeus, the fierce warrior, the mighty man, the creator of panic ; for sure am I that he is even now the mightiest of the Achaians.

"Nay, we have never had such dread even of Achilles, the leader of men who they say was born of a goddess ; but now indeed this man greatly rages, and no one is able to countervail his anger."

Thus he spake, and Hector did not disobey the word of his brother, but forthwith sprang all-armed to the ground from his chariot,

And brandishing his keen spears passed everywhere thro' the army, arousing them to the combat; and he awoke the dread battle.

And they wheeled round and stood front to front with the Achaians; and the Argives gave ground and paused from slaughter.

For they thought that one of the immortals had descended from the starry heaven to help the Trojans, in such wise they had wheeled themselves round; and Hector cheered on the Trojans, shouting aloud:

"High-hearted Trojans and far-famed allies, be men, my friends, be mindful of your eager prowess! —while I go to Ilios, and speak with our aged councillors, and with our wives, that they pray to the gods, and vow unto them hecatombs."

Thus speaking, Hector of the glancing helmet departed; and the black-hided rim that was outermost round his bossy shield smote him upon either side as he moved on his neck and on his ankles.

Then Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus, and the son of Tydeus, longing for the combat, met in the midmost field betwixt either army; and when they had approached nigh unto one another, first spake Diomede, loud in the battle-cry:

"Who art thou, good sir, of mortal men? for I have never seen thee heretofore in the battle which

giveth glory to the warrior ; but now thou hast far surpassed all men in thy valour, in that thou hast awaited my long-shadowing spear.

"Those who confront me in my might are the children of hapless parents.

"But if thou art one of the immortals out of heaven, I indeed with the gods of heaven will not do battle.

"Nay, not even the son of Dryas, the strong Lycurgus, lived long ; who fought with the gods of heaven :

"He who in a former time chased the nurse-nymphs of maddened Dionysus down the hallowed Nysean mountain ; while they all together cast abroad on the ground their vessels of sacrifice, for the manslaying Lycurgus with his ox-goad chastised them.

"And Dionysus in fear plunged into the wave of the ocean ; and Thetis below received him scared into her bosom, such a mighty terror gat hold of him at the angry shout of the warrior.

"Whereat of a truth the gods who live at ease were aggrieved ; and the son of Kronos made him blind, nor did he live long, since of all the immortal gods he was abhorred.

"Nor indeed with the blessed gods am I willing to combat ; but if thou beëst of mortal men, who eat the fruit of the earth, draw hither, that thou mayst find full soon the limit of thy doom."

And the glorious son of Hippolochus answered him :

"Great-hearted son of Tydeus, wherefore dost thou

ask of my lineage? even as is the generation of leaves, such is that of men.

"The leaves—a wind streweth them on the ground, and the forest flourisheth and produceth others, when the hour of spring descendeth; so one generation of men produceth, and another ceaseth altogether.

"But if thou wouldst yet learn of me these things, hearken, that thou mayst know my lineage: many a man there is that knoweth it.

"There is a city of Ephyra, in a nook of horse-pastured Argos; and there dwelt Sisyphus who was of all men the shrewdest; Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, and he begat a son even Glaucus; and Glaucus begat the princely Bellerophon.

"And the gods bestowed on him the beauty of fair manhood, but Prœtus imagined evil in his heart against him; he drave him forth from among his people, since Prœtus was strongest among the Argives; for Zeus had subdued them unto his sceptre.

"And the fair Anteia, the wife of Prœtus, maddened to mingle with him privily in love's embracement; but in no way could she prevail over the noble nature and wise heart of Bellerophon.

"And she with lying words spake to king Prœtus, 'Mayst thou die, Prœtus, or mayst thou slay Bellerophon who would mingle in love's embracement with me altho' I would not!'

"So she said, and wrath possessed the king when he heard thereof; yet he was loth to slay him, for his

soul felt awe at the doing of it ; so he sent him to Lycia, and gave him devices of doom, marking on a folded tablet many a deathful symbol.

"And he bad him show them to his father-in-law, in hope that he might perish ; but he went to Lycia under the gods' good guidance.

"And when he had come to Lycia, and to the river Xanthus, the king of broad Lycia honoured him with all graciousness ; nine days he entertained him, and nine bulls he sacrificed.

"But when now on the tenth day the rosy dawn appeared, then he questioned him, and asked to see the token ; that which had been brought from Prœtus his father-in-law.

"But after he had received that evil token of his father-in-law, the nindeed he first bade him slay the unconquerable Chimæra, which was of birth divine not of men ; in front a lion, and behind a dragon, and a wild goat in the middle and breathing out the dreadful might of burning fire ; and obeying the signs from heaven, he slew her.

"And next he fought with the glorious Solymi—of a truth the fiercest fight, he said, he ever underwent with warriors ; and thirdly he smote down the man-like Amazons.

"And another plot full of cunning the king wove for him returning—he chose from out broad Lycia the men that were bravest, and set an ambush ; but those no more came homeward ; for princely Bellerophon smote them all to the death.

"But when now the king was aware that he was the strong offspring of a god, he kept him there with himself, and gave him to wife his own daughter, and bestowed on him half of all his kingly honours.

"And the Lycians meted unto him a richer portion of land than all the others; fair with tilth for corn and with plantations, so that he might dwell therein.

"And his wife bare three children to the wise Bellerophon; Isander and Hippolochus and Laodameia.

"[And Zeus, the sage in counsel, lay with Laodameia; and she bare him the godlike Sarpedon of the brazen helmet.]

"But when even he likewise to all the gods grew to be hateful, then alone through the Aleian plain he wandered, eating out his heart, and shunning the track of men.

"And Ares, insatiable of war, slew his son Isander, when he fought with the glorious Solymi; and Artemis, goddess of the golden rein, in anger slew Laodameia.

"But Hippolochus begat me, for from him I boast to be descended; and he sent me to Troy, and many a time enjoined me 'ever to excel and to surpass all others, and not to bring shame on the race of my fathers, who in Ephyra and broad Lycia were ever the bravest warriors.'

"It is from *this* noble race and blood I boast to be descended."

So he spake, and Diomede, loud in the battle-cry, was gladdened.

He planted his spear deep in the rich-pastured earth, and in mild words addressed the shepherd of the people :

"Of a surety thou art bound to me by old, ancestral bonds of hospitality ; since in former days the godlike Œneus was the host of the princely Bellerophon in his own palace, and kept him twenty days.

"Each also gave to the other fair gifts of hospitality ; for Œneus gave a baldrick gleaming with purple, and Bellerophon gave a goblet with double handles of gold, a cup.[1]

"And I left it behind me in my home when I parted ; but I do not remember Tydeus, for he left me still an infant—when in Thebes there perished the people of the Achaians.

"Wherefore now I am thy kindly host in the midst of Argos ; and thou mine in Lycia, whensoever I may visit their people.

"So let us avoid the spears of one another even in the mellay ; for many are the Trojans and their noble allies that I may slaughter,—whomsoever the god shall give to me, and whomsoever my feet can overtake and many too are the Achaians ; for *thee*, to destroy whomsoever thou art able.

"But let us exchange arms with one another ; that these our comrades may likewise know that we proclaim the friendship of ourselves and of our fathers."

Thus they twain held converse ; and rushing down

[1] For ἀμφὶ κύπελλον as a "two-handled cup" see Helbig in Schliemann's book. Probably the question is now settled.

from their chariots, each took the other by the hand, and each plighted his troth to the other.

Then indeed Zeus, the son of Kronos, took away the reason of Glaucus ; so that he exchanged his arms with those of Diomede, the son of Tydeus,—golden for bronze—the worth of a hundred bulls for that of nine.

Meanwhile when Hector had come unto the Scæan gates and the oak tree, around him ran the wives of the Trojans, and their daughters, asking him of sons and brothers, kinsmen and husbands.

And he straightway bade them go pray to the gods, all in procession ; but grief brooded over many.

But when at last he came to the fair house of Priam, that was built with polished colonnades (and in it were fifty chambers of polished stonework, ranged near to one another, where the sons of Priam slept by their wedded wives; and there too for his daughters on the other side opposite within the court were twelve roofed chambers of polished stonework, ranged near to one another, where by their modest wives slept the sons-in-law of Priam), then his noble mother, the giver of kindly gifts, met Hector, leading to him Laodice, the fairest to see of her daughters ; and she put her hand in his, and spake to him, and called him by his name.

" Son, why art thou come, leaving the impetuous battle ? Surely now the ill-omened sons of the Achaians afflict thee, fighting around the city ; wherefore a yearning hath sent thee hither to come and to lift thine hands in prayer to Zeus from the citadel.

" But tarry until I fetch thee the sweet wine, wherewith thou mayst first pour libation to Zeus the father, and to the other immortals; and then thyself shalt better thyself if thou drinkest.

" For wine greatly exalteth the courage of the weary heart, even as thou art weary thro' fighting for thy kinsmen."

But then the great Hector of the glancing helmet made answer to her:

" Bring me not the heart-alluring[1] wine, my noble mother, lest thou unnerve me of my valour and I forget my might; and I fear to pour out to Zeus the sparkling wine with unwashen hands, for it is not at all meet that one polluted with blood, and with mire, should offer prayer to the cloud-girdled son of Kronos.

" But do thou go to the temple of Athene, the Gatherer of Spoil,[2] with sacrificial gifts, gathering together the aged women; and the robe that is to thee the most beautiful, and the largest, of those stored in thy palace, and that one in which thy soul most delighteth—set that on the knees of the flowing-haired Athene.

" And vow unto her to sacrifice in the temple twelve yearling heifers, which have never felt the goad; so she have mercy on the city, and on the wives of the Trojans, and on their infant children.

" So haply she may hold back from holy Troy the son of Tydeus, the fierce warrior, the mighty

[1] Or " honey-hearted."

[2] Or stronger, " Goddess of Havoc."

creator of panic ; ay, go thou to the temple of Athene, the Gatherer of Spoil,

"And I will go after Paris that I may call him ; if haply, when I speak, he hearken.

"I would that the earth would yawn for him straightway ![1] for Olympian Zeus hath nurtured him to be a mighty curse to the Trojans, and to the great-hearted Priam and to his sons also. O that I might see him go down into Hades ! then could I say that my soul had forgotten all her joyless misery."

So he spake, and she passing to the palace called her attendants ; and they gathered together the aged women throughout the city.

But she herself descended into her fragrant chamber, where were the robes of divers colours, wrought by Sidonian women (whom lordly Alexander himself had brought from Sidon, sailing over the broad seas on that voyage when he brought Helen the daughter of a noble sire) ; and choosing one of these Hecuba bare it as a gift to Athene —that one which was the fairest with divers colours and that which was the largest ; and it glittered like a star, and it lay below all the rest.

So she passed on, while many an aged woman hastened after her ; and when they came to the temple of Athene in the high city, the fair-faced Theano opened the doors unto them, the daughter of Kisseus, the wife of the horse-taming Antenor ; for the Trojans had made her the priestess of Athene.

(Or according to some "in the place where he is.")

Then all of them crying aloud lifted up their hands to Athene; but the fair-faced Theano, taking the robe, set it on the knees of the flowing-haired Athene, and with sacred vows she prayed to the daughter of Zeus the mighty:

"Sovran Athene, saviour of cities, fair among goddesses, break thou now the spear of Diomede! and grant also that he himself fall headlong before the Scæan gates!

"That we may forthwith sacrifice in thy temple twelve yearling heifers which have never felt the goad, so thou have mercy on the city, and on the wives of the Trojans, and on their infant children."

Thus she spake in prayer, but Pallas Athene shook her head.

Thus they prayed to the daughter of Zeus the mighty; and Hector had passed to the beauteous house of Alexander which he had built along with men who were then the best of craftsmen in all rich-pastured Troy; they wrought for him his chamber, his hall, and his courtyard, nigh to the houses of Priam and Hector in the capitol.

There Hector, dear to Zeus, entered; and in his hand he grasped his spear, eleven cubits in length, and in front glittered the weapon's bronze point, and around it ran a golden ring.

And he found Paris in his chamber, busied about his beauteous armour, his shield, and his breastplate; and handling his crooked bow.

But Argive Helen sat with her women-servants,

bidding those about her, work on the glorious broideries.

And Hector, when he saw him, upbraided him in words that were bitter:

"Good sir, thou dost not well to conceive this anger in thine heart: the people waste away, fighting around the city and the towering ramparts; and it was all for thy sake that the war and the battle-shout are kindled about our stronghold.

"Yea, thou thyself wouldst be angered with one whom thou sawest hanging back from the grievous battle! Up then, lest quickly the city be burnt with a consuming fire!"

And the lordly Alexander spake to him in answer:

"Hector, since thou upbraidest me in reason and not beyond reason, therefore will I speak unto thee; but do thou heed, and hearken unto me.

"Surely not so much in anger, nor in indignation against the Trojans, abode I in my chamber; but I would fain abandon myself to sorrow.

"And now my wife hath counselled me with soothing words, and hath urged me forth to the combat, and even to myself it seemeth that so it would be better; and victory shifteth now to the one man, now to the other.

"But come then, tarry; let me put on my armour for the battle; or go, and I will follow after, and I deem that I shall overtake thee."

So he said, and Hector of the glancing helmet

made no answer ; but Helen spake to him in gentle words :

"Brother of me the shameless ! the contriver of mischief ! the baleful !

"Would that on the day when my mother at the first bare me, an evil hurricane had wrapt me along, and borne me away to a mountain, or to the wave of the loud-roaring ocean where the wave would have swept me far off, before these evils had happened !

"But seeing that the gods have thus ordained this bitterness, then would that I had mated with a nobler husband, who could have felt the indignation of men and all their reproaches !

"But this man hath not any sound mind, nay, nor will have in the future ; therefore I believe that he will reap the fruit of his doing.

"Yet come now, enter, and be seated on this couch, O my brother, for the trouble toucheth thine heart nearer than any of us ; all thro' me poor wretch, and thro' the guilt of Alexander.

"We two—for whom Zeus hath ordained an evil destiny ; that even hereafter we may be sung in song by men that are to be."

Then the mighty Hector of the glancing helmet answered her :

"Albeit in love, Helen, do not urge me to be seated, for thou wilt not persuade me ; since now all my desire is to go and help the Trojans, who greatly yearn for me in mine absence.

"But do thou arouse *him*, and let him haste himself to overtake me even while I am within the city ; for I shall go now to mine own home, that I may look upon my household, and mine own beloved wife, and mine infant son.

"For I do not know if I shall ever return back to them again ; or whether now the gods will slay me by the hands of the Achaians."

So Hector of the glancing helmet spake and departed ; and then full soon came he to his house, that goodly dwelling ; but he did not find within the halls the white-armed Andromache.

But she with her boy and the fair-robed nurse was standing on the tower, weeping and wailing ; and Hector, when he did not find his noble wife within stayed on the threshold, and spake among his servant-women :

"Come now, O women, tell me truly ! whither hath the white-armed Andromache gone from the palace ? Is she gone to my sisters, or to my fair-robed sisters-in-law ? or to the temple of Athene, where the other long-haired Trojan women are propitiating the awful goddess ?"

And the busy house-dame made answer to him :

"Hector, for thou bad'st me speak altogether truly ; she is gone nor to thy sisters, nor to thy fair-robed sisters-in-law, nor to the temple of Athene, where the other long-haired Trojan women are propitiating the awful goddess.

"But she passed to the great tower of Ilios,

hearing that the Trojans were sore beset, and that the Achaians mightily prevailed ; she departed in great haste toward the rampart, even like a frenzied woman ; and the nurse beareth the boy along with them."

So spake the house-dame ; and Hector sped from the palace, back the same way, down thro' the stately streets.

And when, after passing thro' the great city, he had come to the Scæan gates whereby he thought to pass out into the plain, there his richly-dowered wife ran to meet him, Andromache, the daughter of great-hearted Eëtion.

(Eëtion who dwelt beneath wooded Placos in Hypoplacian Thebes, and was king of the Cilicians: for his daughter was wedded to Hector of the bronze helmet.)

Lo then, she came to meet him ; and the nurse went with her, holding in her bosom the tender boy, the babe[1] the darling son of Hector.

Him Hector used to call Scamandrius ; but the others Astyanax, "king of the city," for Hector alone upheld Ilios.

Even then he smiled, looking upon his boy in silence ; while Andromache stood nigh unto him weeping, and she put her hand into his, and spake, calling him by name :

"Dearest, thy courage will destroy thee, nor dost thou have pity on thine infant son, nor on me the

[1] Like unto a fair star.

forlorn, who full soon will be thy widow; since full soon the Achaians will murder thee, all of them falling on thee.

"But far better would it be for me to descend beneath the earth if I lose thee; for never again will there be comfort for me, when thou—mine own—hast met thy doom, nay, nought but sorrow.

"And I have no longer a father, nor a noble mother; since of a truth the lordly Achilles slew my father, and wasted the stately city of the Cilicians, the lofty-gated Thebes. Yea, he slew Eëtion, but he did not despoil him; for his soul felt awe at the doing of it.

"But he burnt him with his rich-wrought armour, and raised a mound above him, and the nymphs of the mountain, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus, planted elms around it.

"And those my seven brethren, who dwelt within our palace, in one day—all of them—went down into Hades: for the swift-footed, lordly Achilles slew them, as they watched by their slow-footed oxen, and by their white-fleeced sheep.

"But my mother—who was queen beneath wooded Placos—her he led captive hither with all his other trophies; and again he freed her taking a boundless ransom; yet Artemis, who poureth forth her arrows, smote her dead in the palace of her father.

"But, Hector, thou art to me my father, and noble mother, and my brother, and thou, my own strong husband! I pray thee now have pity, and tarry here

on the tower, lest thou make thy boy an orphan, and thy wife a widow.

"And range our host by the figtree, where the citadel is easiest to climb, and the battlement to be scaled: for thrice there have their bravest striven to enter with either Ajax, and the far-famed Idomeneus, and with the sons of Atreus, and the valiant son of Tydeus.

"Whether some one wise in prophecy instructed them; or their own spirit biddeth them, and commandeth them."

And the mighty Hector of the glancing helmet answered her:

"All these things indeed have I looked to, my wife, but I am in exceeding shame before the Trojans, and the long-robed Trojan women, if cowardlike I stand apart, and avoid the combat.

"Nor doth my spirit suffer me to avoid it, since I have learnt always to be valiant, and to fight foremost among the Trojans, striving to win great glory for my father and for myself.

"For well I know in my mind and secret heart, the day will be, when sacred Ilios shall perish, and Priam, and the people of Priam of the ashen spear.

"But not so much do the woes to come of the Trojans grieve me, nor of Hecuba herself, nor of Priam the king, nor of my brethren who may fall—many a brave one—in the dust by the hands of our enemies, as those of thine, when some one of the

bronze-armoured Achaians shall lead thee away weeping, and rob thee of thy day of freedom.

"And then thou wilt abide in Argos, and thou mayst weave at the loom by command of another woman; and thou mayst bear the water of Messeis and Hypereia, all against thy will, but strong necessity will compel thee.

"And haply some one may say, when he seeth thee weeping: 'Lo the wife of Hector, who was the foremost in battle of all the horsetaming Trojans, when they battled around Ilios.'

"So haply some one shall say hereafter, and a fresh sorrow will be thine thro' longing for such a husband to turn away from thee the day of captivity: but may the earth cover me beneath the mound of the dead, before I live to hear thy cry when thou art dragged away!"

So speaking, the glorious Hector leaned forward to take the babe, but back the babe shrank into the bosom of his fair-zoned nurse, crying; troubled at the sight of his beloved father, scared at the bronze, and at the crest of horse-mane—seeing it nod grimly from the top of the helmet.

And his beloved father and revered mother laughed aloud.

Straightway from his head the glorious Hector took the helmet, and set it upon the ground, glittering.

Then when he had kissed his darling son, and danced him in his hands, he spake in prayer to Zeus, and to the other gods:

"Zeus and ye other gods, grant now that this my babe may also become even as I am, a man of renown among the Trojans, like me mighty in strength, and full of power to reign over Ilios, and then men may say, when he returneth from the battle, 'Lo he is far nobler than his father!' and may he bear home blood-dyed trophies of his slaughtered foemen; and may his mother rejoice in her heart!"

So speaking, he laid his babe in the hands of his dear wife, and she received him into her fragrant bosom, smiling tearfully; and her husband pitied her as he looked upon her, and he caressed her with his hand, and spake, and called her by name:

"Darling, be not grieved in thine heart overmuch —for no man shall send me against my fate to Hades; but sure am I that no one hath escaped his doom, nor the bad man, nor even the good, when once he hath come to be.

"But go thou to thine home, and busy thyself about thine household cares, the loom and the distaff; and command thine handmaids to ply their work also.

"But we men will look to the battle—all of us—most of all myself; all we who were born in Ilios."

Thus speaking, the glorious Hector took his horse-maned helmet; but his beloved wife returned homeward, always turning back to look after him, and always weeping tear upon tear.[1]

Then quickly she reached the goodly home of

[1] Or "warm tears."

Hector, the slayer of men, and she found within many a handmaiden ; and she aroused a wailing in all of them. And for Hector still living they wailed in his own home, for they deemed, " He will nevermore return from the combat, nor escape from the strength and the hands of the Achaians."

Nor did Paris linger in his lofty halls, but when he had girt on his gorgeous armour, all of varied bronze, then he rushed thro' the city, glorying in his airy feet. And as when a stall-kept horse, that is barley-fed at the manger, breaketh his tether, and dasheth thro' the plain, spurning it, being wont to bathe himself in the fair-running river, rioting, and reareth his head, and his mane flieth backward on either shoulder, and he glorieth in his beauty, and his knees bear him at the gallop to the haunts and meadows of the mares ;—so ran the son of Priam, Paris, from the height of Pergamus, all in arms, glittering like the sun, laughing for lightheartedness, and his swift feet bare him.

And straightway he found his god-like brother Hector, even while in act to turn from the place where he had holden converse with his wife ; to him first the lordly Alexander spake :

" Fair sir, in very truth I have kept thee back now in thine eagerness by my tarrying ; nor came I in due time according to thy commandment."

And Hector of the glancing helmet spake in answer to him :

" Good sir, no man who is just could scoff at thee

for thy works in war, for thou art valiant; but of set purpose art thou a laggard, and hast not the will!

"And mine heart grieveth within me, when I hearken to the reproaches heaped on thee by the Trojans who suffer so much for thy sake.

"But let us pass, and we shall make amends for this hereafter, if Zeus ever grant us to consecrate in our halls the cup of freedom to the everlasting gods who dwell in heaven, when we have driven forth out of Troy the well-greaved Achaians."

H. T.

**THE TABLET, May 8th, 1886**

THE death of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson of jungle fever, on his way home from India, at the early age of thirty-two, will be felt acutely by a large number of friends in London and elsewhere. Mr. Tennyson had given great promise of success both in literature and in his official work in the India Office, and a career which could not have failed of being a brilliant one is thus early cut short. But his social personality was yet more remarkable. His simplicity and originality of mind, his hatred of shams and love of truth, were an excellent moral tonic to all who knew him; while his warmth of heart and genial nature, and his fund of dry humour in conversation—rendered all the more effective by the slightest possible hesitation in speech, which would just come before the smartest point in his repartee —made him the most delightful of friends and companions. The funeral hymn sung to his memory last week at Freshwater was, at the especial desire of Lord and Lady Tennyson, Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light."

**ALLEN'S INDIAN MAIL**

The Honourable Lionel Tennyson, the intelligence of whose death at Aden on the homeward voyage from India has just reached this country, was a younger son of the Poet

Laureate. Though possessed of a fair share of this world's goods, he scorned a life of indolent ease and aimless inactivity; so at an early age he entered the public service in the Political and Secret Branch of the India Office. But the routine of official life was, in a measure, irksome to him, and he never concealed his dislike to the "red-tape" existence which is the lot of every one who aspires to high place and station in the employ of the State. Nevertheless, he could do honest work, and do it well, as is conclusively proved by the circumstance that the *Moral and Material Progress Report*, which bears his name, is deemed by high authorities one of the most satisfactory compilations amongst the many of the sort which have seen the light of day. Inheriting in some measure the literary instincts of his father, his thoughts naturally inclined to the attractions of letters, and the name he bore afforded him in early life that position and repute which are, as a rule, only attained after diligent toil and repeated effort. His labours were possibly spasmodic, but they were undeniably sound, and he never placed before the public statements which he had not taken pains to verify, or hazarded opinions hasty and inconsiderate in their inception, and ill-digested and crude in their origin. An honest writer, he gained honest admiration, an admiration in no way diminished by the circumstance that he was always glad to avow assistance and proclaim help. Inspired, too, with an enthusiasm for the mighty East, he embraced every opportunity of rendering his home a centre for Indians and Indian thought, and, with the sympathetic co-operation of a wife in every way fitted to second his efforts, his house was rapidly becoming a focus of Eastern thought and oriental ideas. In the midst of this sphere of usefulness the acceptance of his friend, Lord Dufferin, of the exalted post of Viceroy of India, afforded Mr. Tennyson an opportunity of visiting Hindustan, and contemplating with his own eyes scenes which were known to him only by repute and hearsay. While on this intent he had the misfortune to get jungle fever and was compelled to flee for his life; but the arrow of destiny had fled from the bow, and ere he

reached England the intelligence arrived that his place was fated to know him no more. His race was short, but during a brief span of years he had succeeded in ingratiating himself with those with whom he came in contact, and not a few in the great metropolis, alike colleagues, acquaintances, and companions, will miss the genial smile of a man who never made an enemy, and who never lost a friend.

## ATHENÆUM

Wherever the name Tennyson is a word of music—that is to say, wherever English poetry is read and enjoyed—the news that a son of the Laureate's was lying dangerously ill of jungle fever in India caused sympathetic anxiety and alarm. And we do not exaggerate, we think, in saying that the mournful announcement of his death (which took place in the thirty-third year of his age, on board the *Chusan* at Aden, on the 20th ult.) will darken with a deep sorrow not only every door in Great Britain, but every door in that great cordon of British homes which girdles all the seas and all the world. This it is to be the beloved son of the most beloved Englishman of our time; yet it would be unjust to the memory of Lionel Tennyson to suppose that the sole reason why his death demands a word of notice in the *Athenæum* is that he was the son of his father. Had he lived he could hardly have failed to make his mark in the contemporary struggle of Literature, severe as that struggle now is; for there was a subject that he made specially his own, and this subject he could treat in what may be called a special manner. Thus, as it seemed to his friends, he could command the two great requisites of literary success. With many young men of the present day the study of English dramatic poetry is not only a favourite pursuit, it is a passion. No doubt there are among us many students of Lionel Tennyson's age—contemporaries of his, perhaps, at Eton or at Cambridge—whose knowledge of Elizabethan drama would, before the publication of Lamb's *Specimens*, have been

considered profound learning; but by confining themselves too closely to this one field their criticisms fail in "extensive greatness" by the very causes that lend them their "intensive strength." It was Lionel Tennyson's ambition to study English drama from the European point of view, or rather from the point of view (as far as his equipment would allow him) of universal criticism. The relation of English dramatic poetry to the strange and colossal dramatic growths of Asia had a special fascination for him. Though he was not an orientalist, and never professed a special knowledge of anything, certain papers of his (such, for instance, as that on the "Persian Play" in the *Nineteenth Century*) show how true was his insight into those first principles of dramatic art which are eternal and universal as the harmonies of the sea and wind and as the colours of sunrise. It was impossible to talk to him upon these subjects without perceiving that into dramatic methods, and into the deep economics of all dramatic art, he had that true insight which no culture can give—the true insight which can only come of temperament and instinct. He never produced original imaginative work, but had he lived to do so, it would most likely have been of a humorous kind; for no one could spend an evening with him without perceiving that his endowment of humour was rich and rare—a humour, by the by, which was in its flavour curiously like that of him who gave us *The Northern Farmer*, and *The Spinster's Sweet'arts*, the humour of an imitation so accurate and sure that its very truth can raise the smile which most humorists seek to awaken by the very opposite method of fantastic exaggeration. Nor assuredly could any one spend an evening with Lionel Tennyson without realizing what a fine character he was, what a true type of the frank, fearless English gentleman—how worthy, in a word, of the great name he bore.

He had for some years held a post in the Political and Secret Department of the India Office—a post for which his intense interest in Indian subjects well fitted him. His report on India last year showed that his practical mastery of details,

his power of generalizing heterogeneous masses of facts, were quite as strong as the literary faculty we have been glancing at. The visit of himself and Mrs. Lionel to Lord Dufferin had been a happy and joyous one until the fatal jungle fever crossed his path. He married, it will be remembered, the brilliant and accomplished daughter of one of our most brilliant writers of society verse, Mr. Frederick Locker ; and it is to one of the children of this marriage that the Laureate addressed a poem which every one knows by heart.

**MELBOURNE ARGUS, July 24, 1886**

We have an unexpected addition to our passengers at Aden. Five young American ensigns, or midshipmen, as they would be called in the English service, have been ordered home from the United States man-of-war, *Richmond*, lying at Zanzibar, to pass their examination for a higher grade at Annapolis. They are a great comfort to me in the miserable passage of the Red Sea. Most uninteresting is this four and a-half days' voyage. Most travellers know little more than that the Red Sea is 1,100 miles long, by 80 to 200 miles broad. They are warned that the temperature is usually very high, and exposure to the sun must always be carefully avoided. At its entrance the island of Perim is passed shortly after leaving Aden, and at its other extremity is Shadwan Island. At this point the Red Sea joins the Gulf of Suez—180 miles long with a width of 6 to 10 miles—having ridges of table land about 3,000 feet high on both sides. But to the passengers on the *Chusan*, the Red Sea will always be remembered from a very sad event. Three hours after leaving Aden the Hon. Lionel Tennyson quietly " passes away."

By all repute he was noble son of a noble father. No mistaking the likeness in the massive head, the flowing beard and hair, as he lay, pale and wan, on a couch on deck. Six hours afterwards, at nine o'clock, the crew is mustered by the tolling of a muffled bell. We have left Perim and its lighthouse and garrison of eighty men behind, and being clear of the narrow

strait, only a mile wide, and a straight course before us, all available hands can attend the funeral. In dark clothes the officers, passengers, stewards, and sailors, assemble around the gangway at the port side, whilst a reverend clergyman and missionary reads the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, which seems more impressive here than on shore. There are many wet eyes at the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead." Then the coffin slides with a solemn splash into the black water, a bubble of phosphorescent light is seen for a moment, the waves close over it, and broken voices repeat "Our Father."

### G. H. R. D.

Mr. Lionel Tennyson's death removes a charming personality from the circle of contemporary friendship. I was privileged to know him very well, but he was not one easily or soon known. To those who did know him he will not be soon or easily forgotten. He was the moving incarnation of utter, transparent, irreproachable veracity, a veracity that never "tripped" even in slight, or occasional, or even humorous conditions; his sense of humour, albeit, most keen and far-reaching. Under a different manner there lurked always the penetrating insight that was surely hereditary; his judgment was slowly compassed ever, but wisely directed always.

In his friendships he was constant and firm, but his friends were slowly and carefully chosen; in his literary favouritism he was conscientious and painstaking, but properly and utterly exacting; he knew the true art of the real artist too well to be led astray by any ambiguous counterfeit. Of his private and domestic virtues I could not trust myself to write, even if so to write would be in any way fitting or proper. His death has "eclipsed the gaiety" of his friends, of whom I am proud to believe I was one, but our memories of his every thought and word and deed are stainless memories.

His short, sweet life was a life of living love; his early death will remain a very present regret to all who knew his life, and therefore love his memory.

**DAILY NEWS**

A correspondent writes :—Mr. Lionel Tennyson, whose death was reported yesterday, will be long and sorely missed by all who knew him well at Eton, at Cambridge, or in London. His premature death (he was only thirty-two) cut short a career of great promise, which could hardly have failed to be one of usefulness and distinction. Few men took a keener interest in Indian affairs, and it is melancholy to reflect now upon the eager expectation of profit as well as enjoyment with which he set out last autumn on his Indian tour. It was remarkable in him that in his choice of occupation and of reading he followed his own bent entirely, never being guided merely by the fashion of the hour or the suggestions of others. He was essentially original, a voice and not an echo. Fond of all kinds of society, he had a singular gift of finding interest in people whom the world at large failed to notice or appreciate. But I think his most remarkable quality was an absolute, invariable, uncompromising truthfulness in every word and act of his life, great and small. He was incapable of affectation, or pretence of any kind. Though he had a strong sense of humour, he would spoil a good story rather than not describe events exactly as they occurred. His was a singularly independent character. His principles and opinions were the result of his own reasoning, and his own effort to live up to his own ideal of truth, strength and honour. In that beautiful poem the "Buried Life" Mr. Matthew Arnold laments that "hardly have we, for one little hour, been on our own line, have we been ourselves." Perhaps many who are thinking now with pain that they will not in this world see Lionel Tennyson's sunny smile, or feel his genial grasp of the hand again, may also find some comfort in the thought that they

have known in him at least one man who was content to be simply himself. Certainly they have lost a true friend, on whom they could always rely, the same in absence as in presence, strong and self-reliant, one who "followed up the worthiest till he died."

## ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE and THE TIMES

The *Times* states that the Honourable Lionel Tennyson died on the 20th of April, aged thirty-two, on board the *Chusan* at Aden. He had been with Mrs. Tennyson on a visit to Lord Dufferin, and while in India caught a jungle fever, which proved fatal. Mr. Tennyson will be mourned by a large circle of friends, for he was a man of unusually wide sympathy, kindly childlike nature, fine humour, and of a frank, courageous common sense. His feeling for India and Indians was well known, his house in London being always open to Indians when they came to him, whether as friends or strangers. He had inherited a great deal of literary ability and imagination from his father, and was a frequent contributor to different periodicals; among them the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Cornhill*, and the *Saturday Review*. Last year he compiled a valuable report on India for the India Office, where for some years he had held a post in the Political and Secret Department.

## ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS

A notice of the death of the Honourable Lionel Tennyson will be found in another column. The intelligence of this sad event was received at Freshwater, where "Mr. Lionel" was so well known and beloved, with the profoundest sorrow, and every home here is full of the deepest sympathy with Lord and Lady Tennyson in their overwhelming grief.

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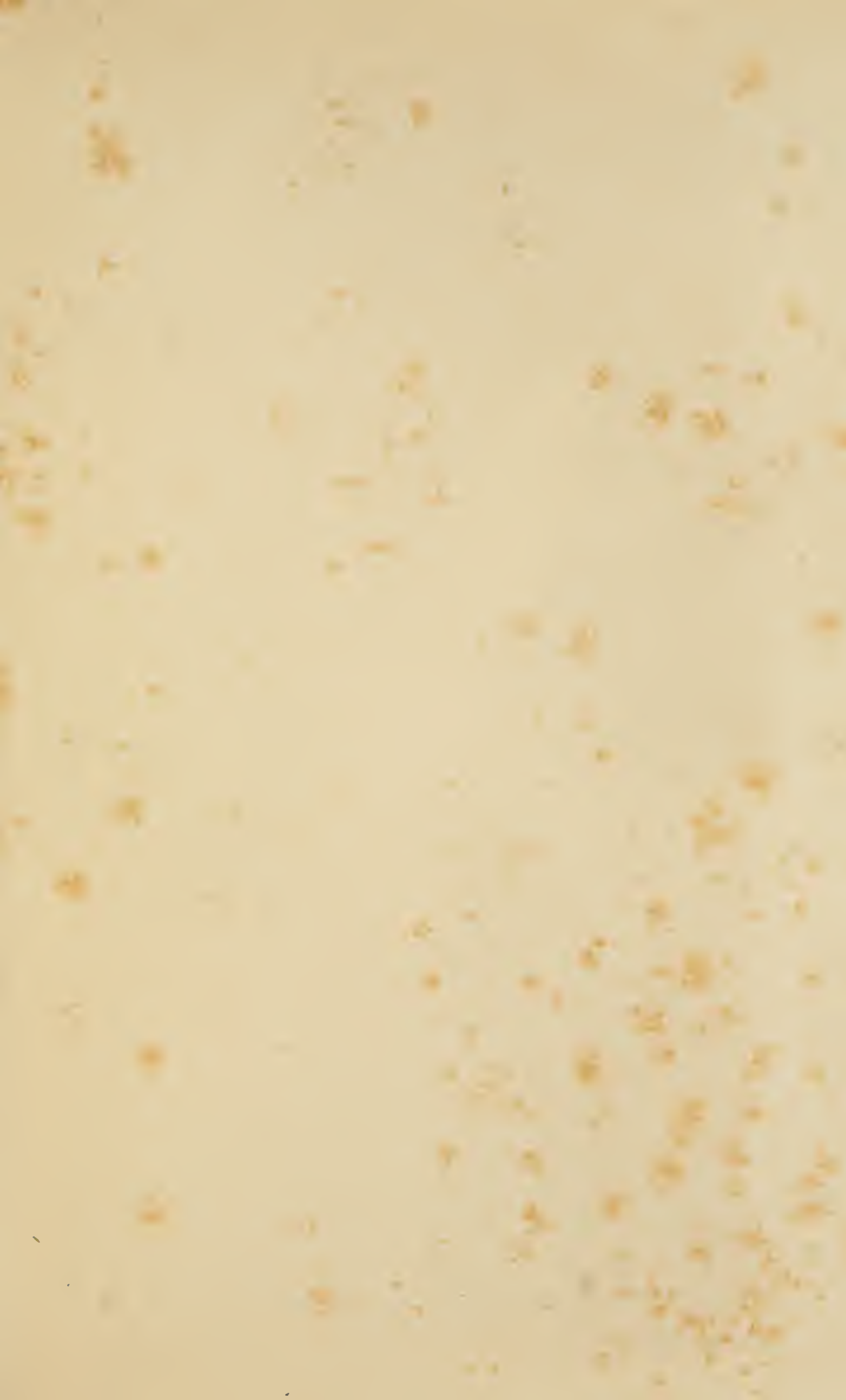

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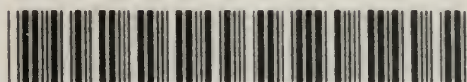

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